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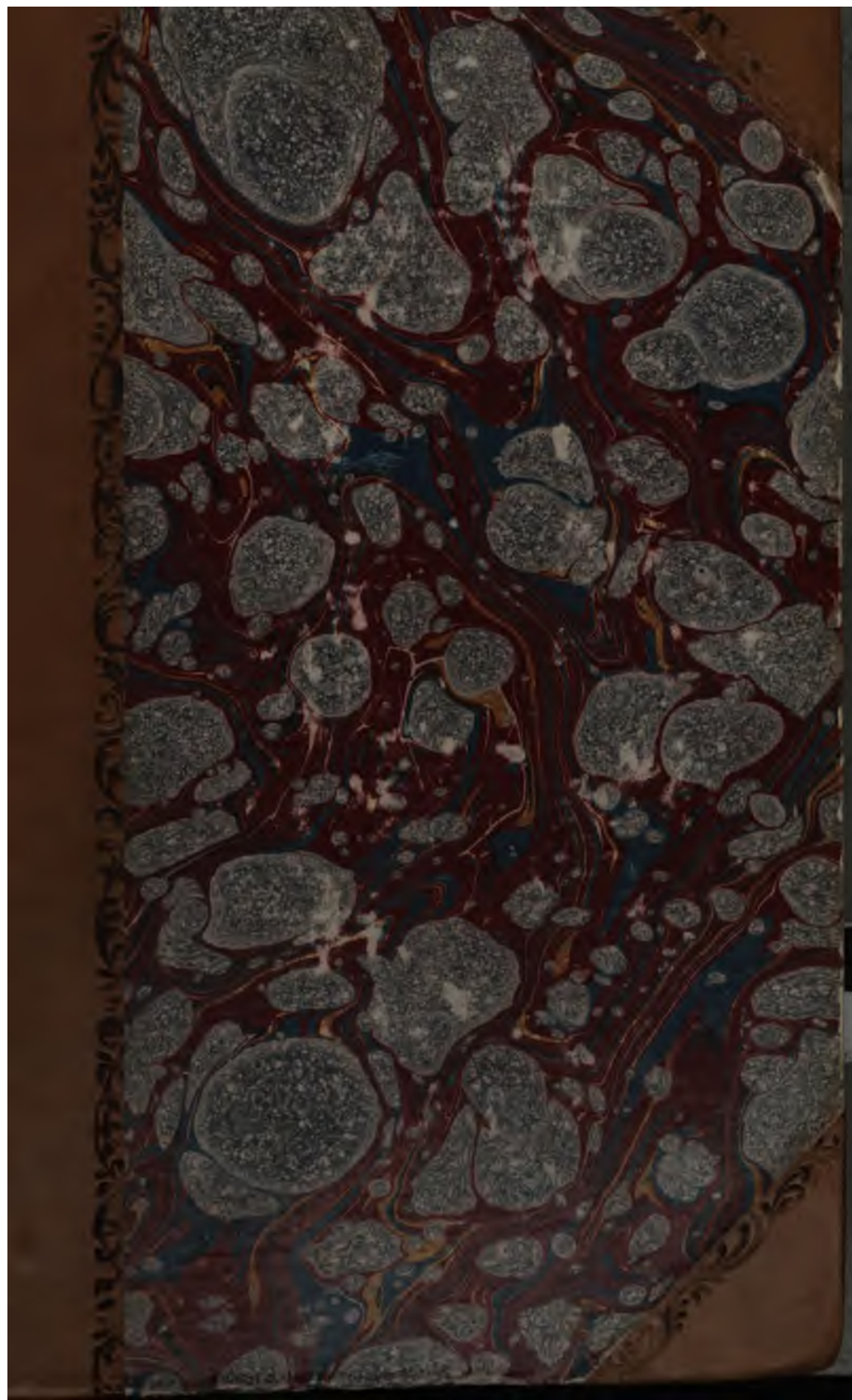
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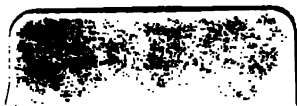
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VOL. CXXI.

THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR.

I.

A RIVER, eighty or a hundred yards in width, flowing with a strong current—a rounded point projecting well out on its eastern bank, and changing just there the general direction of the stream—the region, in the western part of North Carolina, before the hills rise into mountains,—these are the only features of the general landscape which the reader of the following narrative will have to bear in mind.

On the point mentioned, elevated some twenty feet above the water, stood, at the time when I saw it, many years ago, a plain house of wood in the ordinary carpenter's style. Unlike most houses of its class, which are usually placed as near the public road as possible, this was but a few yards from the river; while the road that followed the main course of the stream cut across the base of the projection on which the house stood, and which included the fifty acres and more of the small farm attached to it. With the road at a distance in front, and a broad stream, fringed with trees in

its rear, the house and its occupants were very nearly shut out from the observation of all but persons who directly approached it.

It had been built and occupied for a few years by William Dempston, who, with the wife he brought with him, made his appearance as an entire stranger to the neighbourhood. He said nothing of his affairs, except that he wanted to purchase a small property. He invited no questions, and, if not surly, was unsocial. His wife was one of the subdued sort—in the cut and colour of her dress, the tone of her voice, the meekness of her manner, and even the washed-out hue of her complexion. People felt, somehow, that they learned more of him by looking at her than in any other way.

There was little learnt, however, in any way. Dempston bought the land lying between the road and the river; paid for it in cash; seemed to have money enough to do what he wanted, but evidently wanted to do as little as possible—

except in building a house much larger than he had need of. When a year or two went by, the problem which his coming had presented took a new form: not, why he

came and who he was; but, what was the use of a house and a farm to a man who was not using either for the purpose that other men would?

II.

"William, will you let me speak to you?"

"Speak! why not? I haven't stopped you."

"Yes, you have, again and again; for you know what I mean, and I can't keep still about it."

"I guess you can, for you've got to. It's you that have shut us both up; for if I let you begin on anything, you get round right off to the same cursed old subject again."

"That's not true now, William, and hasn't been for a long while, as you know; for it was something harder to bear than blows that shut my mouth, except when I had to speak, as I must speak now."

"You can't say I ever struck you," returned the man, with the manner of one who was willing to get up an altercation, if he could change the subject in that way.

"Nor have I said you did—with your hand; nor, for that matter, though you are speaking so harshly now, with hard words either. But you've laid a weight on me by your looks and manner that's just crushing the very soul in me. Don't go away,"—and as the man rose to his feet she rose also,—"I'll go with you if you do. I'll wait till you come back, if it's all night. Speak I will, and of nothing else, even though the worst happens I've been afraid of."

She had just acquitted him of using hard words, and one look into his face showed that he had no need of them. Sombre-visaged as he always was, and with strongly-marked features, he was not ill-

looking, with some smoothness of skin and freshness of complexion. But while his wife was speaking, the skin seemed more tightly drawn across the forehead; sharp lines cut the smooth cheek; the deep-set eyes half closed, as if to hide the expression that glowed within; and the paleness of repressed passion spread over his face.

"What are you afraid of?" He uttered the words quietly; but there was a change in his tone like that in his countenance. The woman evidently observed and felt that gathering up and preparation of the spirit to do ill, which is more fearfully suggestive even than its outbreak. Her hands, pressed against her bosom, trembled; her voice sank lower in a compressed tone that seemed to exhaust the lungs with the one word "Murder."

For a brief pause they stood—he with his eye fixed upon her, she shrinking from it, yet as one resolved to go through what she had begun. Then suddenly, with an impatient movement of his head, he exclaimed, "Pho! what put that into your head?"

Slowly drawing a long breath, as if something had not happened she expected, the woman answered—

"You put it there, William. I've seen it in your eye; I've read it in your manner. I can't be mistaken. I'm sure the thought of getting me out of the way has come to you more than once. It hasn't frightened me for myself. What good is life to me? I'd be glad to leave it—but not by your hand. Yet it's

not that that's breaking me down, and has closed my lips till the words come in spite of me. It's not of myself and you together that I've been thinking, but of you and murder together. You say that I always came back to the same subject. That is why I did, because there is murder in it."

"Are you crazy?" here Dempton broke in. "In what was there murder? Do you know what you say?"

Perhaps it had not surprised him that she had entertained some personal apprehensions; indeed, he had somewhat played upon her fears. But her last words evidently touched upon something for which he was not prepared. There was a startled as well as inquiring look upon his face as he raised his head abruptly. Her reply, though still in the same repressed voice, was prompt and distinct.

"I ought to know, for I've been saying it over to myself for years, and as much of it to you as I dared—for your sake, William, more than for my own."

"Say it out then now, once for all, and have done with it. The last time you broke out in this way, I told you that once more would end it, and now we've got there. As sure as we are living now, one or both of us will be dead before there's another chance."

"I knew it," said the woman; "I knew it wasn't only because I wanted you to give up living here, and kept telling you that your plans about it would never end well, that you looked so black, and spoke as you did."

"Any man would look black," returned her husband, "who had such a dead drag on him as you have been since we first set foot on this place."

"I would have dragged you back, if I could, when you took the first

step to come here. I knew before we started we were coming for no good."

"Why did you come then? I told you to stay behind till I sent for you, but you would come."

"So you did; and your sister wanted me to stay. But you knew I couldn't live with her, and you wanted all the money. And as God hears me, I *would* come because I was your wife, for worse as well as for better; and I believed the worse was at hand. I meant it should not be the very worst, if I could help it."

"This was all for my sake, was it?" said Dempton, with a sneer, yet in a tone of inquiry that seemed designed to lead his wife on.

"It was for your sake, William, and my own too; for when I married you I meant to keep my promise, God helping me, to the end. He knows I did not look for this; but He knew that this was to be, and that this was my part, and I mean to be faithful to Him as well as to you."

"Oh yes, yes!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "I know all that. We've lived a hell on earth because you were too good to let it be anything else. See here, Jane"—and as he spoke he laid his hand on her arm, which shook in his grasp as though the passion he suppressed in his voice was quivering through his nerves—"let's have it all out now in plain terms. What I understand about your meaning is this. You think I've wanted to kill you rather than stand your croaking about the way we live here, and not going back to respectability and the old home, and your prophesying evil to come of it. Keeping that sort of talk up and nothing else for years is enough to make a man think of killing himself or somebody. If I have let such thoughts out sometimes, it's you

and your doleful ways that have made me. But I begin to think you mean more, and that's just what I want to understand. What is it, woman? What did you mean by saying there was murder in the old subject? Speak out! I'm not afraid to hear if you ain't to tell."

She met his stern gaze with a steady eye, and answered still in the same distinct, subdued tones; but there was a huskiness in her voice that indicated the agitation within.

"I hoped you would understand me, William, without any plainer words. There shall be no doubt about them now. The time has come when there's nothing left but to speak out. What I am going to say came to my own eyes and ears—no one helped me to it. When father died and left the old homestead and all his securities to brother James because he was feeble in mind and body both, and couldn't make his way as you could, I saw the change that came over you. Every one saw it, but not as I did—for you were always grave, and no one wondered that you were cut down at getting only the money in the bank and the little house and acre lot we lived in. You were never bitter or sullen to me till then. I had learned before to be afraid of offending you, but I never thought you were a dark man who could have any deadly secret. When you married me, William, you said you liked me because I was quiet but quick." As she said this, she caught her under lip between her teeth, and a movement in her throat showed her effort to keep down her emotion. The man never moved, and continued to regard her with the same fixed look.

"The six months after father's death made me quieter than ever, and quicker to notice all that was going on. I knew that you felt

one way about Jim and talked to him another. People thought it good of you after the first disappointment was over, to be pleasanter with him than you ever were with any one else. I soon began to feel that it was bad. I saw you were playing a game, and don't mind saying that I set myself to watch you. Not as your enemy, William"—she said this quickly, breaking out of the low tones she had used, for a grim expression passed over the steely countenance into which she was gazing—"not as your enemy, but as your faithful wife who would no more let you do harm if she could help it, than she would let harm come to you. I couldn't tell you now, if there were any use in it, all that happened to make me sure I was right, and to show me what you were about. It came to me by little and little; one thing after another. It turned my heart cold, and I went about as if I had drawn a thick veil round me to keep people from seeing what was in my thoughts."

All this while Dempton's hand was on his wife's arm. He had relaxed his hold but not abandoned it, as if by some magnetic influence of his touch he could dominate her spirit. But at this moment the passion he had so long repressed was too much for him. Tightening his grasp, he raised her arm and shook it violently between his face and hers which he had brought near together, and then with, "Curse your cunning," flung her hand back upon herself. It struck her across the eyes. The lids instinctively closed with the suddenness and violence of the blow. She kept them so a moment and then raised them—her eyes undarkened by a shadow of fear, but dilated with an expression of horror and sorrow combined that had its effect even upon the man before her. She

muttered, "The first blow! the first blow!" and with the other hand pressing back the hair from her forehead, looked at him as if his eyes had a dreadful fascination. There was no confusion in his, but somewhat less of intentness as he said quickly "Go on, Jane; I'm sorry. Go on; there's no stopping now."

"No," she said, repeating his words with a long-drawn breath, "there's no stopping now. Better get to the end as quick as I can. The end is, William Dempton, that I made up my mind you were coming here, not because you could get more land and make your little money go farther—there were less out-of-the-way places for that than here—but because you had talked James into the idea of one day following you, pretending the climate would be good for him, and a large plantation down here would be a good investment. You meant to get his money somehow, I was sure. How, I could not think, but you would find a way—there was no good way to such an end. I got a glimpse of it at last, just before we left. Do you remember that evening when the lawyer came who managed the purchase of our house and lot, and you told him about father's will, and why you sold out and were coming down here? I wondered at your being so free to talk with him. It was not natural in you; and when you raised your voice so that every word could be heard as you went with him to the gate, I knew you meant that those people passing by might hear how good-humouredly you made light of his asking why you did not break the will. I had followed you out on the stoop, and had stepped down on the path behind you. As you came back with a slow and heavy tread—I couldn't but notice it—you said to yourself, bringing each

word out in the same slow, firm manner, 'There's a surer way than that.' It was pitch-dark, and you went by without seeing me. There was no light in the entry, except what came through the door of the room where we had been sitting. It fell on you as you turned to go in, and then I saw for the first time that dreadful look that struck my heart as you struck my face just now. Had it been my way to scream as some women do, I should have cried out 'murder' then. But the idea of it and the fear of it sank deeper into my mind. It's the word that has been ringing in my brain ever since. I went quickly round to the back door, and perhaps you thought that I had been up-stairs, for when I came into the room you said nothing. The black look had nearly passed away, but my eyes met yours, and I was willing they should speak for me. You never asked and I didn't say anything. But I tell you now, William, that from that hour I have had but one purpose in living—to be what you called me, but not as you meant it—a drag upon you. I have meant to hold you back from doing what it was you had planned or thought of doing, and from going any way towards it. It was not to make you unhappy. I believe that you know well why it was, and that you believe me when I say it was only for your sake. Not for anything that might happen to me or to James, but to keep you from murder—murder—murder."

Her voice sank with each repetition of the word, and her lips moved once when no sound issued; as if, now the dreadful thought and fear were uttered that had so long been brooded over, there was a dismal necessity to repeat it. Her brave spirit had struggled on so far. She had borne up under the twofold horror—that while trying to impede

her husband's advance towards the crime he meditated in the distance, she might possibly provoke its commission sooner and in a still more fearful way. She had reached the end. She could say, and do, and bear, no more. The one word, in the utterance of which her worn-out spirit exhausted itself, was simply the token of the strife within. The pale face grew more pallid; the quivering lips became rigid and bloodless; the keen expression of an anguished soul died out of her eyes, and she fell to the floor in a swoon.

No further words passed between her husband and herself on the subject that had so powerfully agitated her. He raised and not ungently laid her on the bed by the side of which they had been sitting. Such simple means of restoring her as were at hand he promptly used. Not even a look was exchanged as she recovered. "Will you lie still for a while?" he asked; to which a faint "yes" was the only reply, when he left her.

A day in February was drawing to its cloudy end as she moved about the house again: more feebly than her resolute spirit would have allowed, had there not been an unusual reaction from the scene through which she had just passed. The subdued air with which she usually appeared would not, to a close observer, have had the effect of weakness. It was that of one who submitted rather than was crushed. But now an utterly broken spirit was evident in her countenance and every movement. She had made her last effort—with what result?

Somewhat later than usual the preparations for their evening meal were completed. Dempton had once come in, but, finding the delay, had gone out again among the outhouses. When he returned, the

table was ready, the candle shedding its dim light; but no other sign of life appeared. He called her name: there was no answer. He opened the door, calling again and peering round in the last glimmering of the twilight. He waited a few moments and called once more. He looked for her bonnet and shawl; they hung upon the nail as usual. He took the candle and went up to the storey above; the whole unfinished space was bare and empty. His eye glanced round upon the articles in ordinary use. Where was the water-pail? He caught up the lantern—and there was an unwonted tremulousness in his manner as he hastened to light the candle within. Going round to the rear of the house, the outline of the footpath that led down to the river was dimly visible. After taking a few steps, he opened the door of the lantern and let its light fall full on the path. It was soft and sloppy with the rain that had fallen during the day, so that the latest footprint was well defined. There could be but two sorts—hers and his; and there could be no doubt whose was the fresh mark of the narrower sole and smaller heel. Striding quickly onward till he reached the bank, he paused at the top of the steep descent, and, supporting himself by a tree as he leaned forward, he said, in a tone that, unconsciously to himself, was low and hushed, "Jane! are you there?" Unconsciously to himself, also, the idea that was growing more solemnly distinct before his mind gave a gentleness to his voice which, if her ear had caught, would it not have brought her back from the very gate of death? As he listened intently, the rush of the river swollen by the rains was all that he heard. It needed all the courage of that resolute man to descend the bank, trying to distin-

guish the forms of objects amid the darkness, and at last to stand upon the log that was put there for convenience in dipping up the water. The stream was higher, the current stronger than he expected, and swept close up to the log with bitter force. He turned the light on either side. He raised it above his head to cast its rays far out upon the stream—as if there could be any use in that! If anything had happened there only a moment before, no trace of it remained. It happened in the utter loneliness and darkness, and vanished into the night.

He needed no evidence in sight or sound. Only in this way could her absence be explained. While waiting for his return, she had noticed that water would be needed, and as she was accustomed, went for it herself. It came to him, now, that of late she had never asked

him to do this for her, and he had never once offered. His bosom heaved—wretched as he was, there was something of manhood's best in him still—as he thought of her in her feebleness going out into the dark, for he had taken the lantern with him. Still, perhaps, somewhat light-headed, she had bent over the stream, and the first grasp of the pail by the current had drawn her in. Once off her feet, the curve of the bank would project her into the full force of the river, which would bear her far down before anything could arrest her course till life was extinct.

So it proved to be. The next day her remains were found amid some drift-wood on the opposite side of the river, and a long way down, her hand still clutching the pail. Her countenance, scarce more pallid than before, had a placid expression it had not worn for years.

III.

How William Dempton met his neighbours, and went through the scenes that followed the death of his wife, need not be told. Though, as I have said, not surly, he was repellent in manner, so that as few words were exchanged as circumstances permitted. Whether or not the idea crossed his mind that he was the object of suspicion, it made no perceptible difference in his conduct. He stated the facts as they had occurred, in immediate connection with the accident, and left them to make their impression, apparently careless of the result.

Yet he felt what had happened, as his sturdy frame might have felt a blow dealt him by some powerful hand. Not overthrown, nor even staggered, he was intensely conscious that it was a blow, and a hard one.

The reader will have gathered from the conversation detailed above, the principal facts with which we are concerned. His wife had truly read his heart, and it was this disclosure of the keen discernment of the woman who, notwithstanding her occasional expostulations, had gone along in the main so quietly by his side, that provoked his unusual outburst of passion. The emotion it expressed still stirred his inmost soul. He well knew that her meekness was not weakness; that she was resolute to do whatever she thought was her duty; and that her conduct towards him had been governed by this principle. Though not prepared to learn, as he did, from her own lips, how soon she had detected the purpose which he kept in the background of his own

mind, he had counted on her knowledge of his character as one means by which he would keep her silent: he had never supposed that he could bend her to participate in his plans. On this account he had exaggerated his natural sternness of manner, and though never abusive or violent, had affected a roughness of speech. She would take refuge in silence rather than keep up contention. Perhaps, just glancing at the future, he counted on her sense of a wife's duty as a shield when it might be needed. Thus he had explained to himself their manner of living for the three or four years past, and his own object in keeping it up.

The blow, then, which was given him by her death, following so suddenly on their last interview, was received by him mainly in his conscience. Though utterly without religious principle, he had religious ideas that were as unquestioned by him as the sunlight. If he had wanted to do anything the sun must not shine on, he would not attempt to deny the sunshine, but would simply wait for the night. So in matters of conscience. God, and another world, and a day of judgment, were undisputed facts. But he acted as if there were a moral night-time: not for him to hide in—that would have implied activity in getting out of the way of objects keenly discerned and felt—but to wait for, and be passively enveloped by it. Then he would do what he pleased, unseen. A state of mind by no means singular, for it explains many a man's conduct.

At the point where he now stood, however, a ray of light darted through the gloom of William Dempton's mind.

If all that while his wife had believed that his plans were tending towards the commission of a deadly crime, what held her back from speaking out as she had done that

last day? There had been many an opportunity as good. He had encouraged her idea that he might meditate personal violence against herself: it helped him to govern her more easily. But when he saw that she had not been trembling merely at this imagination of her own, but was overpowered by her apprehension of the very truth that never till now had seemed so vast an object to his own mind, he sought for an explanation. That he did not shrink from doing so was characteristic of the man. There were certain objects that were troublesome to look at. If darkness covered them from his sight, he was satisfied. But he was no coward; and if he must see, would look with all his eyes.

She, then, that shrewd, discerning woman, who he knew was his friend as well as his wife, had judged him to be one who could neither be persuaded nor driven from his set purpose. Intense as her desire was to arrest it, she thought the attempt would be hopeless except through the workings of his own mind. He could supply the very phrase with which she would support her own spirit under that long trial. She would pray God to work in his heart through the few words which only she could wisely utter. Perhaps he had overheard some such prayer, or something that had fallen from her lips in conversation had suggested the idea. She had done all that she could without lessening her chance of success, and left him to his own conscience and to God. What an idea of him she must have had, if, being the woman she was, she would not attempt more than this!

Then, for the first time in his life, William Dempton understood what it was to be left to his own conscience. During the first hours of his pondering over it, conscience

was not an idea only, but a reality. He felt that his wife had more influence over him in her death than in all her life before.

Had this occurred at a time when there was a pause in the course of events which he had started—when some fresh impulse was required to continue it—it is probable that no such effort would have been made. But when such affairs as his are in progress, they gather momentum which renders it hourly more difficult to stop. He would have to be tenfold more in earnest to do it now than a year ago. Yet at this very moment there was a special motive for him to be active in the way.

Happy for herself in the time of her death, his wife was ignorant that he had received information only the day before, of the success of his long-laid plan. The post, that arrived in that remote region only once a-week, had brought him word of his brother-in-law's final resolve to join him, and that he was on the very eve of carrying it out. All the communications between the two families passed through Dempton's hands. His wife knew only what he thought fit to impart. Her own letters he faithfully delivered, but they were few and brief, and the correspondence was mainly his. He neutralised the effect of her representations, partly by admitting their truth, partly by toning down her strong language; but mainly by his own plausible statements as to the prospects which that region opened to a new-comer. Let James Elsey come and see for himself. Let him bring the money to pay down, which, in the unbusiness-like ways of the people, would make the sum seem twice as large as if he only promised to pay, and he might suit himself as to land on his own terms. In that case Jane and he would be together again. They would both

have a better chance in that climate to live long, and they would all have an opportunity to rise in the world such as Dempton by himself could never hope for.

Such were the ideas suggested, with variations, from time to time, that prevailed with a lonely man, somewhat feeble in health, and skinking from society, to convert his property into ready money, and join the sister who was his only intimate, and her husband, who, besides showing a generous and friendly spirit, had some claims on the score of his disappointment. As often happens, the resolve that had so long been pondered was taken suddenly at the last, and acted upon promptly. The letter Dempton had received, announced the writer's immediate departure. He would be some days upon the road; nor, had Dempton been so inclined, was there any way of arresting his journey by the news of his sister's death.

Here, then, the crisis in the fate of those three persons came almost in one day, and suddenly.

Men who meditate crime seldom study it out in all its detail. The dark result is in the future—known to be there, but not actually seen. The first step, and the next, and the following, are evident and easy; after that, the general course itself is hardly distinct. There is an indefinite interval yet to be passed over before the result. Few spirits are so hardened as not to receive a shock when, all at once, there appears but one step more before the irreversible event.

This was what befell William Dempton. All that had as yet distinctly occupied his thoughts was to persuade Elsey to make the move. There was no reason as yet to look beyond that point. It had been uncertain if he should ever get even so far. Thus matters stood only a few hours before,

while he yet held that unopened letter in his hand. The news it brought startled him with its significance, and he had purposely let a day go by without speaking of it to his wife. With the event of that day, however, the final issue of his whole scheme advanced upon him at one stride. For James Elsey to come while his sister was living, creating all the stir of such an arrival with its preparations for the routine of their new life, was one thing—and seemed progress quite fast enough for the steady-moving spirit of a man like Demp-ton. Just because he was so deliberate, it came as near as anything could to take his breath away, that things suddenly assumed a shape so imminent. What effect would his sister's death have upon Elsey? Would he still be inclined to remain? Would he not attract more observers into their little circle than Demp-ton cared to have? Obviously there was less margin for opportunities than the latter had counted on. There was a necessity to do promptly whatever he decided on doing.

And why should he not be prompt? If he seriously held to his purpose, why delay to carry it out? Why not grasp the opportunity so suddenly within his reach, and that might not remain there?

For this once only, he looked in the face that truth which his wife's words, aided by the impression of her death, brought before his mind—only long enough fairly to see it, and make his rejection of its promptings deliberate and wilful. Should he and Elsey meet and mingle condolences as the afflicted widower and the sorrowing brother, and he himself take his chances for bettering his condition that way? Where everything had so unexpectedly proved favourable to his purpose, should he give it up because of what happened on that one day?

A coarse ruffian would have broken out into an oath and sworn to have his way in defiance of heaven and hell.

William Demp-ton only paused in his walk up and down that path which his wife had last trod between the house and the river, and raising both hands tightly clenched above his head as though he were about to deal a double blow, brought them forcibly down again by his side. It was the only sign of emotion that escaped him—except the measured heavy tread which, like his slow, determined utterance, had always been noted by his wife as indicating the immobility of his spirit.

The die had been cast: Satan had won.

IV.

A day or two passed by when Demp-ton had occasion to drive to "Spicer's Store," as it was termed—the centre of business and gossip to the whole neighbourhood.

No one would have thought from his appearance and manner that anything unusual had happened, or that he had anything but the tenor of his ordinary life before him. He returned the greet-

ings of the few persons whom he met, and then went through the process which had been the unfailling astonishment of the lookers-on ever since he first came among them. He had a few purchases to make, and he made them at once and was done with it. Any one else would have drawn them out into half-a-day's bargaining. What a waste of opportunity!

In one respect he departed from his usual manner. He mentioned that he was preparing to receive his wife's brother—which, as he had never volunteered before a statement about his own affairs, made a marked impression. Not much was said, indeed: simply that Mr Elsey was coming, with a view to "settle" in the neighbourhood; but what he would do when he learned what had happened, Dempton could not foresee.

This was all that was made known of the circumstances of Elsey's coming, except what the neighbours saw with their own eyes. Dempton drove past one day, having with him a slight-built, delicate-looking man, respectably attired, whose dejected air was fully accounted for by the dreadful news he had so lately heard. Those easy-going people took their excitements mildly; but Mrs Dempton's sudden death had roused them to a keener interest than usual in all that pertained to her husband's affairs. On the day of her funeral, when his house was necessarily thrown open, much speculation had been started by the unfinished condition of the upper part. It was now concluded across the counter of Spicer's store that, with the articles he had lately bought, Dempton would fit up a sleeping-place for the "stranger" up-stairs, and probably, if the latter remained, would finish off a room, for which, it had been noticed, there was abundance of unused materials. This conjecture received confirmation not long afterwards, when sounds of hammering came over to the public road, and the figures of the two men were seen as if busily at work. With which incident the record up to this period in the history ends.

A month more went by. The spring opened slowly. There were frequent rains, and the roads were bad. Dempton had been seen now

and then in his waggon with Elsey, and once they attended the nearest place of worship, exchanging a few words with the neighbours as they went in and out. There was nothing in this to excite comment, as the one was a stranger, and the other an unsocial man; and they might both be reasonably credited with a special reserve, in view of the late painful accident.

But one day Dempton appeared, with horse and waggon, at the store, unaccompanied by Elsey. Less sparing of his words than usual, he took occasion to say that his visitor had left. He had wished to go up into Virginia, and had started before daylight the day but one before, so as to catch a conveyance on a road at some distance to the north.

One Dick Pender, who happened to be present, here struck in with—

"Why, that was you, then, squire, comin' across the creek t'other side of my house just after sunrise. I was wonderin' what brought you there so early."

"Yes," said Dempton, "we started soon after three o'clock, the roads were so deep; but I made the distance over to the Corners in pretty good time, and came across a man there who belonged over towards Wilkesville, and was on his way home. He agreed to carry Mr Elsey right on to Wilkesville, and as that saved a good deal in distance, Elsey got in with him, and I turned back. I got to the creek, as you say, Mr Pender, after sunrise, but it was a good while after; and I remember thinking you had overslept yourself, from the way in which you shaded your eyes, as if the light had taken you by surprise."

This was not only more than any one had ever heard Dempton say before, but the only instance in which he had been known to attempt a pleasantry. A laugh went round at Pender's expense, who,

under the circumstances, felt rather flattered by it: indeed, it figured largely in the accounts he afterwards gave of his share in this history. At the same time, every one noticed that Dempton spoke with unusual freedom, and even with an approach to heartiness that seemed forced. Elsey was coming back, he told them, probably to remain; but his sister's death had somewhat disturbed his plans, and required his presence at his former home on business. On his way thither he thought he would take a look at the up-country of Virginia, for which he had always something of a fancy. Meantime he, Dempton, meant to finish the house, for he was confident of Elsey's return, and wished to have it as comfortable as possible. He was about to plaster the rooms up-stairs, and came to the store now to procure something he wanted for that purpose.

All this was very naturally said, and excited only the attention such particulars always gain from such people as he addressed. No remark was made upon it after he left, except of surprise at his "coming out quite sociable." The incident was told and retold till interest was exhausted, and everything connected with Dempton had fallen into its usual train.

One pleasant evening not long after, a group was collected at the store, on the outskirts of which a half-dozen negroes shifted round, ready to put in a word or let out a guffaw as opportunity offered. Some one happened to mention Dempton's name, when Nep, a free negro, who owned a skiff on the river, in which, when the water was not too high or too low, he spent a good part of his time, struck in with, "I 'speck Mas'r Dempton gwine to hab de fustratest corn in dese parts dis year."

"What do you say that for, Nep?" asked one of the party.

"'Cause he got mighty rich heap of manoor. I smelt him toder day. Golly!" Everybody laughed, each negro in particular, as if he himself had to laugh for everybody.

When the yah-yahing ceased, questions poured in from all sides. "Where were you, Nep?" "How did you happen to be there?" "What were you doing?" "Didn't you get a good whiff of yourself, old boy?"

"You needn't poke no fun at me," replied Nep; "'twas jest as I tell yer. I was a-tryin' to git de skiff up roun' de pint, and had amost gib it up, de current was so wilent, when I tought I'd jump asho, and work up stream dat way. I pulled de skiff along, tuggin' most like to break my back, and nebber tinkin' nuffin' ob Miss Dempton till I got sight ob de log whar she tumbled off. It kind o' skeared me, and I stopped, and sez to myself—Nep, you gwine to put foot right dar on dat welly spot? And jest den de wind cum ober de bank, I tell yer—thick. Sez I, dis chile don't stop long h'yar. Git de roomatiz in de nose, or de knock-down, or sumfin wus, if I does. So I jump into de skiff, and off she went for kill down stream. Didn't hold on to nuffin' 'cept my breff, and when I let dat go, de sploshun cum mighty nigh upsettin' de skiff."

Nep's energetic description brought the "house down," his sable friends fairly rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of fun. The negro had no more to tell, though cross-examined till he lost his temper, and walked off, saying, "Dey might go and smell for demselves, if dey liked." But every one felt there was something in his story more than his own imagination. Its truth was not questioned, for Nep's manner carried conviction with it, in spite of its ludicrous accompaniments. No one hinted at anything

suspicious, the most likely suggestion being the simplest—that Dempton's old cow had died, and that he had buried her near the river-bank.

So matters stood, or rather, from this point they started. Nep's adventure was repeated with variations till the whole neighbourhood heard of it. Who can tell how the seeds of suspicion are planted? The birds of the air bring them. The winds gently waft them about. Some slight warmth of excitement is created by an incident like that narrated above, and all at once a tinge of doubt spreads itself over the whole community.

Such a process, however, takes time, and that was a community where everything and everybody took plenty of time. Weeks passed away before people began to wonder why Elsey did not return. Dempton seldom gave any one the opportunity of speaking to him. He was frequently seen about the house and farm, and he seemed busy. Yet a sharper curiosity than usual noted how little after all he did. Was he only trying to seem busy? He was regularly at the store once a-week, where the group, always larger when the post-bag was opened, were conscious of a growing desire to have more light thrown on the point of common interest; but none of them cared to question Dempton, for he was eminently a man to be let alone. There was no want of pluck among those people. Their slouching, lazy ways covered any amount of that quality. The very existence of such a spirit, however, made them feel that whenever things got to be serious, words had to be weighed on both sides, or trouble would come of it. So Dempton came and went, impressing them more than ever by his never taking a step, nor speaking a word, nor spending a moment, more than what he was doing required.

Still, even under a slow fire, steam will get up, and Dick Pender was the valve through which it announced its pressure. He had more occasion than any one else to go by Dempton's place. One day his lanky figure on an equally lanky nag was seen approaching the store with an evident eagerness to get there, regardless of risk to man or beast. The sun was now powerful enough to make the shady and breezy side of the house attractive; and as this happened to be the front, all the loungers, black and white, witnessed Pender's unusual style of approach. Not a man of them uttered a word, which was itself significant. Before he opened his lips, there was not one of them but thought of Dempton—so quick is the magnetism of feeling on a subject of engrossing interest.

"What's up, Dick?" uttered by one of the party, was sufficient to unlock his lips. Not much, after all. Yet in the mood they were in, it seemed everything. Pender had been slowly jogging by, his eye ranging over Dempton's house and fields from the moment they came in view, as if they were a MS. in unknown characters, and he were searching for the clue to read it. Suddenly a cloud of smoke rose somewhat on one side, and towards the rear of the house—such as might be produced by a quantity of damp rags thrown on a bed of coals. Pender's one gift was a keenness of vision that had helped to give him the name of the best hunter in all that region. A slight rise in the ground and the bushes by the roadside gave him the opportunity to study out what Dempton was about. The result was to satisfy Pender that he was burning—not rags simply, but clothing and other articles, among which he was sure were the fragments of a trunk that had been pulled apart.

There would have been nothing in this a few months ago. The passer-by would not have stopped to notice it. Even Pender could not then have seen so much, for there would have been no intentness of feeling to bring his vision to its sharpest; nor was it till he had told what he had seen with unwonted point and promptness of expression, that he and his hearers were aware how deep was the source of their excitement. He had lifted the stone from the spring, and its waters flowed freely. Then and there for the first time were the suspicions that had been gathering strength in every mind openly expressed, and the possibility discussed that James Elsey had come to a violent end by Dempton's hand.

Yet I should not say it was discussed. There was much less among those people of the spirit that makes mischief than prevails in a busier,

sharper community; less readiness to meddle; more consciousness of responsibility in touching another man's character. Such, at least, was the impression I brought away with me from a two months' sojourn among them; and all the experience of after-years has not made the value seem less of such qualities—be the circumstances what they may that foster them. The dull-est-minded in the group to whom Pender told his story, felt that it was not a subject for tattle. And it must give some elevation of spirit even to the dullest man when he sets a guard upon his thoughts and words about a possible criminal, in respect for their common manhood.

At any rate, the seriousness that pervaded that whole community, from that day onward, had something dignified in it—rudely as it was sometimes indicated.

V.

It was Dempton's habit, as it was that of many others, to come to the store once a-week and on the same day, both on the chance of a letter arriving and to make what purchases might be required.

When the time next came round, the company was larger than usual, and contained more persons of consideration. As, on his asking for letters, one was handed him, it seemed to be a sort of signal to the lookers-on. No sooner was it in his hand than one of the persons present said—

"Squire Dempton"—so he had been called from the first, by a tacit recognition of his superiority—"will you allow me to ask if you have lately heard from Mr Elsey?"

"No, sir, I have not," was the prompt response, on which Dempton fixed upon the speaker a somewhat surprised look.

The pause that followed indicated the common feeling that some good reason must be forthcoming for asking this question at this time. Yet ordinarily it might have passed for a mere expression of friendly interest.

"Well, squire," said Atkins, the man who had spoken, "we all heard that Mr Elsey was coming back; and it has been talked round a good deal that he was going to settle among us, and it seems natural to show an interest in it."

"Did you make his acquaintance, sir, when he was here?" asked Dempton.

"Not exactly, squire; I only spoke to him once, and was rather taken by his pleasant voice and looks, and should be glad to learn when he is coming back."

"That is to say, Mr Atkins, you

knew him just as much as you know me. I believe we have been named once to each other."

This brought Atkins to his feet, with a sense of being called upon to show his ideas of propriety and self-respect.

"Very true, Mr Dempton, and I think once was enough to make my question a proper one. I hope you don't dispute it, sir!"

"I have no wish to dispute with you or with any one," said Dempton, "but I have a right to my way, which is to come and go, asking and being asked no questions. It's not your question, Mr Atkins, but your asking it, that surprises me; and between neighbours who want to live quietly, the quicker such a thing is understood the better."

In saying this, Dempton's manner was so quietly resolute as to produce the effect which he intended of making every one feel that he took the position of one who had been interfered with. The more trivial the interference, the stronger such a position. Only a weighty reason can justify interference at all, especially in the eyes of a people jealous as they were of personal rights. Atkins felt this instantly, and had sense enough to treat it in the only manly way.

Dropping his tone of self-assertion, he said: "I ask your pardon, squire, for seeming meddlesome, which I didn't mean to be. If a gentleman speaks civilly when he meets a neighbour, and don't choose to do more, it's nobody's business but his own. But I must say, squire, for myself and the rest of us here, that all we know of Mr Elsey was what you told us yourself, and that's the reason, perhaps, why I was readier to ask about him."

Dempton saw that Atkins had drawn back, and was too shrewd not to concede something himself. Neither party could have had more

than a general notion what was in the mind of the other. Each was intensely conscious of his own motive that gave importance to an incident in itself utterly trivial.

"That is true, Mr Atkins," Dempton replied; "had I thought of it, your stopping me on my way out might not have struck me as it did. I don't like to be stopped; and to show you that I minded that more than your question, I'll give you an answer to it when I have read this letter, which, I think, has something to do with it."

So saying, he walked out to where his horse and waggon stood, while the party indoors awaited his return in silence. The contrast between what appeared upon the surface and what was underneath imposed restraint upon them all. Dempton presently returned, and holding the open letter in his hand he said, with perfect naturalness of manner—

"Gentlemen, this is a very grave business indeed, and, as it turns out, I am not sorry for what has passed between us this morning. This letter informs me that Mr Elsey has never reached his former home, and that no communication has been received from him. I have been anxious about him for some time. When he left, it was understood between us that if he were detained by the way he would write, but otherwise I should not hear from him till he had completed his journey. Not hearing I thought little of it at first, supposing that when the letter came it would explain the delay. But, growing uneasy, after a while I wrote to the person with whom he left what business he had, and this is my answer. They are as much in the dark as I am; and I must admit I am seriously troubled."

As he ceased, Dempton glanced round, as expecting the remarks

that would naturally follow. Looks were exchanged, but no words. The utter silence and grave faces of the group were very marked. Dempton's compressed lip and darkening countenance showed how he felt it. He half turned towards the door, when Atkins interrupted him with, "It does look very bad, indeed." Deliberately folding up the letter, and keeping his eyes fixed upon it, Dempton replied—

"It looks very serious, Mr Atkins, and I should expect my neighbours to show some interest in it. My friend may have fallen ill on his journey; he may even have died suddenly. But——"—and as he said this, he looked full at Atkins—"I was not prepared for your feeling it so much."

Here again what he said was so reasonable, his manner so in keeping with his recognised character, as to render it difficult even to hint at the suspicions that were entertained by every one present. Atkins again showed himself the readiest man among them.

"It seems to me, squire, that if Mr Elsey had been taken sick among Christian people, or died in a Christian way, word would have been sent to you, or to his other friends. I suppose he had something about him to show who he was?"

"That's plain enough to be thought of," replied Dempton, "and makes it more of a trouble to me. It is possible that Elsey has come to a bad end—if that's what you meant. But I think you meant more; and the rule I have gone by all my life is to hold my tongue altogether, or speak out all my mind. I am no fool, sir, not to understand when a thing like this happens, and a man's neighbours meet him, as I've been met here to-day, that there is something under-
neath had better be brought on top.

I wish to know what it is, if there's any one here man enough to tell me."

This bold challenge took every one by surprise. Here was the very man himself opening a way to the secret which they had taken for granted would be wrung from him only when he could hold it no longer. He could not have roused them up more thoroughly than by the taunt contained in his last words—yet they rather liked him for it. The stir that showed a half-dozen of them eager to take his words up, referred more to this taunt than to their suspicions. Atkins promptly interposed a milder and more judicious answer than the others would have been likely to give.

"Well, squire, I must say that's frank and fair; and none of us is going to resent a hard word at such a time—not I, for one. You mustn't think hard of me if I answer you just as plainly as you've asked. But you know, squire, why none of us is very ready to begin talk with you—which, I must say, has gone against you in this matter pretty bad."

And then Atkins went on in his blunt way, but not unkindly, to tell what the suspicions were, and how they had been excited. Nep's adventure and Pender's inspection figured largely, but somewhat to his own surprise, Atkins got to the end of his story sooner than he expected. Those two incidents and the mere fact of Elsey's sudden disappearance, contained the substance of it. He felt unwilling to go back to the circumstances of Mrs Dempton's death which, in truth, had been the first unnoticed stimulant to suspicion; nor could he very reasonably dwell on the disposition which prevailed to suspect Dempton on account of his manners and mode of life. When he ceased speaking, the cork was drawn but the fluid was flat; the pent-up en-

citement of the past weeks suffered a collapse. In his simplicity, Atkins felt half ashamed of himself, and provoked at his neighbours as if they had got him into a scrape. He was too sincere and manly, however, not to give Dempton distinctly to understand that there was something to be explained, if it less than fully justified the suspicions that had been entertained.

The singular vigour of Dempton's mind and character now showed itself. Whatever the likelihood beforehand of some such occurrence, its gravity and the turn it took had to be met on the moment. He saw his advantage and used it with decision, but very calmly; did not press over eagerly the points in his favour; and promptly forestalled future proceedings by proposing an immediate investigation, which, he said, he had a right then and there to claim at their hands.

Never did a man, starting under such disadvantages, go so far and so quickly to reinstate himself in public opinion. Not only that: he gained what he never had before, some measure of personal regard—he seemed so manful, bore himself so well under a trial so sudden and so severe. There was not a sign of begging off or of evading any point of the inquiry. He seemed not to notice the favourable disposition which began to show itself, and which might have been readily applied to ease off the pressure.

His explanations, which we need not closely follow, were minute and full. The letter, which he put into Atkins's hands, was what he had said. A grim smile passed over his face as he acknowledged that there was some cause for Nep's disturbance, though it was only a dead dog that he himself had been compelled to dispose of the next day by the simple process of throw-

ing it into the stream. They all knew how a negro's imagination would magnify such a circumstance. Pender, too, was right. He had been destroying some old clothes of his own that were made utterly worthless by the work he had lately been engaged in: and there was an old moth-eaten hair-trunk that had belonged to his wife which he burnt at the same time. He touched skillfully the prejudice against him on account of his manners. There might be causes unconnected with evil, yet implying much sorrow and trouble, to render him silent and reserved, not to speak of natural disposition. Must a man publish all this on coming to a strange place, or be suspected?

The master-move on Dempton's part then followed.

"Gentlemen," he said—and the plainer the white people of that region, the more punctilious are they on formal occasions as to that title—"had you been invited to meet me here for this purpose"—the shrewd man suspected they had come by a *quasi* agreement—"there could hardly be a better representation of the neighbourhood. I am willing to trust myself to your judgment. Your verdict, as I may call it, will be accepted by the whole community. I propose, then, gentlemen, that we proceed at once and together to my house, and that a full and thorough search be made of the premises. I am ready to abide by the result. If there were anything else that I could do to back up the assertions that I have made, I would do it. But this is the utmost in my power. I think the law itself would not require more."

Dempton had taken them entirely by surprise when he offered to begin his explanation. His present proposal redoubled the sensation. A battery suddenly captured and

turned upon its defenders could not have done more execution. He was master of the situation.

There was nothing demonstrative, however, in his manner or theirs. His suggestion was instantly and quietly acted on. It was obviously the only test of his explanation that was within reach; but by bringing it forward himself he had greatly added to his credit. He went out at the head of the little procession that followed him as an escort rather than a guard. There would have been a promiscuous accompaniment of boys and negroes, and Dempton's cheek flushed as he observed it, but he said nothing. Some remarks passed in an undertone among the others, and one of them said aloud, "Gentlemen, we are going to visit Mr Dempton's premises at his invitation, and I'm of opinion that it will be proper for the children and niggers to stay behind." One or two others beside youngsters and "boys" took the hint, so that the party, as finally composed, was fairly respectable and representative. Dempton's manner rose almost to dignity as he said, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and raised his hat; the response to which, though very unconventional, showed how the innate sense of propriety is brought out by a serious purpose or any high-wrought feeling. The half-hour's drive was made for the most part in silence, and they were soon gathered in one group before the door. Dempton then spoke.

"I ask it both as a favour and a right, gentlemen, that you will conduct this search thoroughly in your own way, so as perfectly to satisfy yourselves. I am ready to answer any questions, and to comply with any request you may think proper. Will you go through the house first?"

"Seeing we are at the door, squire, perhaps we may as well do

that first,"—whereupon Dempton threw the door open, and the whole party entered.

It is unnecessary to accompany them in every step of what proved to be a long, and, so far as any discovery was concerned, a fruitless search. The house and everything in it were closely scrutinised. There were a bundle of papers and some letters, and a pocket-book with a few bank-notes in it, which Dempton offered to put into the hands of any two of their number for closer inspection, if they desired it. With like carefulness the outhouses and all the surroundings were examined; every part of the farm was visited; any suggestion that was made by any one of their number, however improbable, was followed up. And any one of them might as well have submitted his own premises to inspection, so far as producing any evidence against Dempton. Throughout the whole proceeding nothing could be more frank than all his actions, though his words were very few, and the expression of his face intensely rigid. But that was natural to the man and the occasion.

Several hours were thus occupied, and towards the close the examining party showed a tendency to stop and consult together. Dempton left them to themselves; and when the last point of the search was passed, they all found themselves together again where it began—at the front door—Dempton standing a little apart. There was a moment's silence, broken by Atkins.

"Our friends think, Squire Dempton, that as I took upon myself to begin this day's work by the question I asked you, it's my part to end it; and I have to say for myself and them that we don't find the first thing against you. It's all the other way. We couldn't say less, if we were disposed to, and you may depend upon our saying

this whenever the subject is mentioned. It seems as if some apology ought to be made; yet we don't like to admit that we were quick to suspect a neighbour. We want to hear from you that you don't bear us any grudge for this day's business."

Dempton addressed his reply to the whole company.

"I hold that what Mr Atkins has said is no more than my due; and feeling it to be so from the very beginning, I can't thank you, gentlemen, for coming to this result. But I bear no grudge, and shall deem you better neighbours for the part you have performed. What I have said and done to-day ought to be my sufficient defence; but I may as well let you know that if you are satisfied, I am not. I have something more to do, and that is—to follow up James Elsey's track and see

if I can find some trace of him. I do not yet give up all hope, and shall set about my search as soon as I can arrange about the livestock and other things I've got here that must be looked after."

"I reckon, squire," said Atkins, "that that's the best thing you can do, and you may be sure we shall all wish you good luck at it."

And so this momentous affair ended. Before nightfall it was rehearsed far and wide, with generally the same result—a more favourable opinion of Dempton than had ever been entertained, and an expectation that the inquiry he was about to make would solve the fate of James Elsey.

Not so: that entire community was utterly misled. Our acquaintance Nep was the sable digit providentially selected to point out the clue.

VI.

Agreeably to the intention he had announced, William Dempton lost no time in preparing for his proposed journey. He simply did what was absolutely necessary, arranging with one of his nearest neighbours to look after his small crops, and disposing of his livestock among two or three others. A special readiness to oblige was found on all sides. The result was, that without its taking that form distinctly, he virtually distributed pledges of his good faith throughout the neighbourhood, and insured the utmost possible patience should his absence be prolonged. No one thing conduced more to this than his leaving his house as it was, simply fastening down the windows, and giving the key to Atkins. There was no danger, he said, that any white man would disturb it (tramps were unknown in those

days); and as for the "darkies," they wouldn't venture it in the daytime, and no one of them would dare go near the house at night.

On the morning of his departure, Atkins, whom he had asked to be present, received the door-key from his hand, and was the only one to see him throw his saddle-bags across his horse, and take the lonely road among the hills towards Wilkesville and Virginia.

Under ordinary circumstances, had a second month followed the first without bringing news from the traveller, it would not have caused much comment, beyond the remark that he was "taking it mighty easy." He had told Atkins that the limit of his journey would be a town which he named in the interior of Pennsylvania, and that he would there communicate its result.

When four weeks went by, quite a lively expectation showed itself that the fifth would bring word from Dempton. At the sixth, the whole neighbourhood was confident, and looked blank when the post-bag produced nothing. Here the part Dempton had played so well told powerfully. Caught badly once in yielding over readily to suspicion, their minds were slow to turn that way again. Every squeal of Dempton's pigs, and mooing of his cow, was an appeal in his favour. The key of his house would have burned Atkins's fingers had he handled it suspectingly.

Still, it was generosity, not stupidity, that was enlisted on his side. All at once the idea awoke in almost every mind, that such a mystery could not be left to sleep out its third month, while they waited for what some of them began to think might never come. Where people act under such circumstances, they are apt to make up for lost time by an exaggeration of vigour. Their patience swung over to the opposite extreme. Their quietness became clamour. The stir throughout the community was unparalleled. A demonstration of some kind was inevitable. A spark would have kindled it, and a very live coal was suddenly thrown into the inflammable heap.

The postmaster had remembered that the letter mentioned already as having been received by Dempton was in answer to one of his own, addressed to "Sprage Tompkins, Esq.," in the town to which he told Atkins he was going. To this person Atkins had written, stating the circumstances of Dempton's departure, and inquiring about his movements. The reply disclaimed all knowledge on the subject, and sharply added, that by a slowness which seemed to the writer extraordinary, they had probably given

a crafty criminal who counted upon it, ample time to escape. There was a large gathering at the store, in expectation of news, when this letter arrived; and the moment it was read aloud, as it was called for, the whole thing seemed as clear as day. They were made very mad by such a snubbing from a "Yankee lawyer;" but the deeper feeling was of indignation at being the dupes of Dempton. In two or three hours' time, the whole community had risen *en masse*, and lighted down on Dempton's place — ransacking it to the very inside of an old tin kettle.

The negroes of course were there, but trod gingerly, and hunted in groups. Even if it were broad daylight, not a "chile" among them was going to catch, or be caught by, a "spook" unawares. They peered, with Nep, nostrils dilated and specially intent, over the bank beneath which he sniffed the first suspicion of this now exciting history. Nep himself, with a companion or two, ventured into the house and upstairs. "Whar you gwine, Nep?" said one of them as he led the way. "Why you go up dar fur?" But Nep persisted, with a shake of his head, as if he had at last made up his mind; and up they went, relieved to find they were not alone. Spicer the storekeeper, Atkins, and another respectable planter were in one of the back rooms, engaged in earnest conversation over the affair. "Well, boys!" said one of them, "there's nothing to be seen here; you'd better go down again." "Yes, mas'r," replied Nep, but still protruding his head through the doorway, and staring round with a peculiar expression that struck the three observers. "Why, you fool," said Spicer, "the walls aren't going to jump at you; what are you looking for?" Nep fairly caught his breath as he answered, "I—I—I don't see it, mas'r." "See what?

what did you expect to see?" "Only a door, mas'r; I tought there was a door hy'ar."

"Nep," said Atkins, quietly, "come in here." Nep obeyed, his skin getting a greyish tinge, and his eyes glancing round rapidly. A tremendous scuttling on the stairway told what had become of his companions.

"Now, Nep," said Atkins, "you've got something to tell, and don't be scared about it. Were you ever in here before?" "Nebbar, mas'r, so help me——" "There," interrupted Atkins, "you needn't take your oath just yet. Only tell us the truth, and all you know about it. If you were never here before, what made you think there was a door here?"

I could not do justice to Nep's reply without so large an infusion of that irresistibly comic element which marks the unsophisticated negro in his most serious moments—and the more so on account of his seriousness—as would hardly agree with the tragic interest of the facts involved.

Nep's part therein was, in itself, very trifling—but on what trifles do the gravest events sometimes depend!

He told a straightforward story, helped occasionally by Atkins's considerate questions, to this effect:—

Some months before, about the time of Elsey's disappearance, Nep had been caught at nightfall on the opposite side of the river. He had crossed in his skiff, and remembered it as the first time he had been able successfully to stem the current after the unusual floods which had prevailed. Having to go some distance back into the country, he was belated on his return, and struck the river a good way above the spot where he had fastened his skiff. To reach it he had to follow the curve of the shore opposite the point on

which was Dempton's house. He admitted that he did not like being there in the dark; and, according to his own account, must have been stumbling along at a great rate among the roots and bushes on the bank, when, all at once, he could not help crying out, "O Lord! what's dat? for sure's you lib, I see'd a light 'cross de ribber, right 'bove de place whar Miss Dempton must a come down de night she got drowned." He was afraid to move at first, and stared at the light, expecting—he did not know what. There was no stir, however; and he soon saw that it was higher up and farther back than the top of the bank, and came from the house itself. His childish alarm changed to a child's curiosity, and he stood for some minutes watching the shadow of the person who was holding the candle. At last it seemed to be set down on the floor, and the person who had it—apparently Dempton himself—crossed the window, and opened what Nep was certain was a door, for he saw its dark substance come before the light, and noticed also the edge of its shadow drawn up and down the window. Dempton presently came back, closing the door behind him, and bringing his own shadow full against the window as he stooped to take the candle up. All this must have been noted by Nep with a simple pleasure at the idea of seeing so much of what Dempton was doing when he thought himself unobserved. "I sez to myself—guess Mas'r Dempton would a blowed dat light out if he tought I see 'um." Nep then thought no more about it, but made his way to the skiff, and crossed the stream.

"Did you never speak of it?" asked Atkins.

"Oh yes, mas'r—told de old woman when I got home, and some ob de boys de nex' day; but dar

wasn't nuffin much in it, and I soon forgot all about it, till I cam hy'ar dis mornin'."

"Well, what scared you so to-day when you came in here?" It was not strange, for such obtuseness occasionally happens to us at critical moments. But not one of his hearers seemed to catch as yet the point of his story, of which the negro himself had only a dim idea.

"Dunno, mas'r;—made me feel mighty queer to cum hy'ar whar I seed Mas'r Dempton all by hisself. It kind a cum back to me, and I 'membered de candle on de floor, and de shadow of de door; and when I didn't see no door 'tall, seemed as if de debbil must 'a been at work."

"I don't see that this nig's story goes for much," said Spicer; "there's a closet in the next room with a door to it—I suppose it's there Dempton was."

"So there is," replied Atkins; "I noticed it when Dempton showed us his wife's clothes hanging there. Now I think of it," continued Atkins, half to himself, as if studying out the point, "I noticed, too, in what a clumsy way the door was hung, so that it opened right back against the window, and shut it up. Spicer! *that* door would have shut in all the light of the candle, and not let Nep see half of it."

The three men stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the planter, who had hitherto said nothing; "do you suppose he could have hid the body *THERE*," pointing to where the door, by the negro's account, should have been, "and then walled it up?"

Spicer was leaning with his hands behind him against the very spot, and shot from it with a convulsive spring. Atkins raised his hands and eyes to heaven. Conviction came like a flash with the words just spoken. Nep disappear-

ed, with how much or little of noise no one of them noticed till a loud cry arose out of doors, and, as those who saw him said, the negro went tearing down the path like a crazy creature, crying, "Dey's foun' de body! dey's foun' de body!" and then suddenly the poor fellow fell down in a fit.

The excitement created was fearful. Women screamed. Shouts of men were presently mingled with deep oaths. A rush from all sides was made for the house. The three men in the fatal room above had scarce time to recover from their first shock, when their silence was broken by the tramping and struggling of the excited throng. So unseemly a thing could not have happened but for the fact that the nervous tension to which they had all been subjected had become nearly unbearable, and nature itself demanded some physical outlet. Atkins now gave proof of that sturdiness of spirit of which indications have already appeared. He met the first who reached the upper floor, looking almost like madmen, with an uplifted hand, and a manner so collected and solemn, that its calming effect was instantly felt.

"For God's sake," he cried in a strong, earnest tone, "keep cool! Don't act in this wild way. It's all too soon. Nothing's found out yet. Let us behave like men who have a most solemn duty to perform."

They were crowding him more and more into the doorway from the larger into the smaller room, those behind still pressing up in the fierce excitement of the moment. He raised his voice to its full pitch, with the authority such exigence gives.

"Friends! neighbours! listen to me. Some of you back there, stop that rush, and help me to keep order. What are you after? There's nothing here that we've seen yet but an empty room. If there's any-

thing to be found, we've got to find it. Let's go about it as orderly men should. Keep quiet, and I'll tell you all that has happened."

Such words, so spoken, had full effect. Indeed their passion had spent itself in its own outburst. Order was soon obtained, and then in a few clear words Atkins explained what the clue was which the negro had so unexpectedly put into their hands. By this time the front room, which was equal in size to the two smaller ones at the back that opened into it, was literally packed full—an idea of something proving powerful enough to keep them from passing through the door at which Atkins stood, except a little way under the great pressure from behind. No one stepped in of his own accord. To their credit it must be said, that as soon as the necessity for greater freedom to move about appeared, most of their number voluntarily descended and awaited the result below.

Of the three rooms, one, as already stated, ran across the front of the house. The two at the back opened from it, and were made of unequal size by a rough stairway up into the loft, under the peak of the roof, constructed against the partition that divided the rooms. The space underneath this was fashioned into the closet which Atkins had observed. All three rooms had been roughly plastered by Dempton himself at the time when he had professed to be preparing for Elsey's return.

The first step taken was to examine the closet. With their attention thus directed to it, its depth, which should have been equal to the width of the stairway into the loft, seemed considerably less; on measurement it proved to be so. They listened at the inner partition of the closet while a strong rapping was made upon the wall of the next room. It was evident that there

was a space between that deadened the sound. Thus the presumption of a secret there to be disclosed increased. Why need they approach it so gradually when a few blows of an axe would penetrate the concealed space—if it were there? Men naturally shrink from breaking violently in upon the dark silence of such a spot. They move about it till grown somewhat familiar with it. But at last there was nothing else to be done. Dempton's own store of tools supplied what was wanted. All the rest stood back while one vigorous arm knocked away the plaster and lath till there was made—a ghastly hole indeed! Who wanted to look at it? The recoil was general; and the expectant throng below, so eagerly awaiting the issue of the sounds they heard above, felt as if the horror were descending to them when they saw one strong man after another come almost tottering down the stairway, white as a sheet, and without uttering a word.

This was the first effect. At the immediate spot measures were soon taken to bring the whole secret to light. And a marvel of contrivance it was for such a purpose. A space some eighteen inches wide was carefully and closely plastered all round, except a concealed passage to the outer air at the upper part. A layer of stones, also thickly plastered, composed its floor. On this bed—a bed of death, truly—were stretched the remains of a human form—rightly so termed, for the means taken to consume them had left but little. There was nothing to tell whose form it was, but of that there could be no doubt.

To the few who had gone through that house before, and to whom that iron-nerved man had offered to take down the sister's clothing from the very partition that concealed the brother's fearful tomb, how strange it seemed that they could have been

so blind, when now the story of his proceedings could be so plainly read in almost every step.

Dempton's first care, having slain Elsey, was to conceal his body; how he did it is sufficiently indicated above without entering into detail. The closet under the stairway to the loft was an afterthought. The rooms had originally communicated through the door which the negro had so strangely seen; and when he had completed his plan, Dempton had taken the door down and carried the side wall of the room smoothly over.

But what a head and heart, and what nerves, that could plan and execute all this, and, when done, endure to be with it day and night for months! There were some tokens, indeed, that Dempton had spent a portion of his time in and around the small barn; but they were so slight as not to carry conviction. One would like to believe it. Not that the actual difference between being under the same roof and only a little way off was so great; but it would indicate that the man had not stifled all his humanity.

It was afterwards ascertained that Elsey had taken with him to Carolina a large sum of money—the proceeds of his whole property. It was for this that Dempton had planned craftily, sinned ruthlessly, and succeeded. For he was heard of no more. There was no one to press inquiry and pursuit. He had gained a start, at any rate, that probably would have rendered pursuit useless. It was a half-century ago, when telegraphs were unknown, railways scarce beginning, and the policeman not yet evolved out of the constable. Dempton was content to renounce utterly what little property he left behind for what he carried with him.

He succeeded—that is, he was

not pursued, brought back, and hung; without which palpable demonstration that justice overtakes the criminal, it seems to some minds as if the moral government of the world were not vindicated.

Nor am I able to tell that the money that was so ill got brought a curse with it in the shape of vicious indulgence, and entanglement in other snares of sin, from the immediate consequences of which there was no second escape.

But I have failed in giving an idea of this man, if they who have followed this history must have ocular proof of his punishment. It was no shallow nature that had so yielded to the tempter—no nature to be enervated by bad success. Money could purchase no sensual indulgence that he would care for, to stupefy that vigorous mind. But strong natures, vigorous minds, and purposes that are not only bad, but base, often go together in this world. For years he had trained himself to think and act for such a purpose. That training invigorated him, not only to attain his end, but, what he did not think of, to be punished afterwards. Neither in meditating nor in consummating that crime had he joined himself to the criminal class, to live their life henceforth. Their excitements and pleasures were not for him. Let him go where he might, and apply himself to any occupation that suited a spirit like his, the characteristic qualities he could bring to it were stamped with the mark of those years of dreadful training. He could but coin fresh tokens of the parts in every act and hour of his future course, which—shall we call it successful, because it did not end on the gallows? Though no record of him remains, one saddens at the idea of the gloom in which such a life must have been passed, and ended.

INSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE newspapers inform the public of what is done in the House of Commons. All the speeches are duly chronicled, and the course of business is duly reported. But the inner working of the machinery is not laid bare, and as little is really known of it outside the House as the works of a clock are known by merely looking at the dial-plate, and seeing the movement of the hands. It is, we think, not unnatural that people should wish to understand something of the machinery, and get a glimpse, as it were, into the interior of the Commons House of Parliament, where so many mighty interests are at stake, and so many questions which affect the wellbeing of the community are determined.

What would we not give for a full and authentic account of the working of the Boulé at Athens, and the Senate at Rome—of the rules which regulated their proceedings, and the mode in which they carried on their business from day to day? Take, for instance, the Senate of Rome. How was the order in which senators were to speak determined? What analogy was there between the position of the *Princeps Senatus* and that of the modern leader of the House? How many were a *quorum*? How came there to be “senators of the foot,” *Senatores Pedarii*, who, we are told, had the right to speak but not to vote, but when the others had voted might step over and join the one or the other party which had already voted?—for what purpose?—what was the exact force of a *Senatus Consultum* as distinguished from a *Lex*? These, and many other questions we should like to have satisfactorily answered; but the night of antiquity has settled

over them, and we can only grope in the dark, and by the aid of such critical acumen as scholars can supply, guess blindly where we desire eagerly accurate information.

Happily we have for the ‘Law Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage’ of Parliament, an admirable guide in the exhaustive work of Sir Erskine May, of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is the Bible of the two Houses of Parliament, and is more often referred to therein cases of difficulty than any other book. But it is a bulky volume, not much, we suspect, read by the general public; and some things of which we propose to speak could not find a place there, for they are, perhaps, beneath the dignity of a grave and learned treatise, and yet not without interest, as showing the mode and manner in which the representatives of the constituencies of this great empire comport themselves in the House of Commons. At all events, we think we shall be doing a service to the public if we venture to bring under their notice, in easy gossiping fashion, some of the peculiarities and manner of transacting public affairs in that honourable House. We do not intend to observe any formal order in our remarks; and it must be remembered that our limits will not allow us to do more than touch lightly upon many of the topics which are elaborately discussed in the work of Sir Erskine May. What we propose is to sketch a kind of Flemish interior, and exhibit the House of Commons in its ordinary work-a-day dress.

The rows of cushioned benches that run down each side of the House are divided crossways, at a distance about one-third of the whole length, by a narrow passage,

called the Gangway, which used to have a more important significance than at present when parties are not so sharply defined, although even now it indicates a certain line of separation in politics. Above the gangway, on the Ministerial side, are supposed to sit the most thorough-going supporters of the Government, while below it sit those who profess to be more independent, and give a general but not indiscriminate vote to the Ministry. Not that the line is too strictly drawn, and it is, to a certain extent, a cross-division, like that of the famous one of bread into white bread, black bread, and French rolls — for it would be easy to name members who sit above the gangway and occasionally speak and vote against particular measures of the Government; and still more easy to name some below the gangway to whom the word of a Minister is law, and who have never been guilty of the crime of thinking the Government in the wrong.

The same general distinction does not apply so strongly to the Opposition side of the House. The front row there above the gangway is occupied by the ex-Ministers; but behind them sit many who, if the whirligig of fortune brought those ex-Ministers into power, would give them a good deal of trouble by their speeches and their votes. Below the gangway, however, on the Opposition (now the Liberal) side, the more Advanced Liberals, or Radicals as they used to be called (although the name is falling into disuse), range themselves with undoubted preference. There sit Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr McLaren, Mr Rylands, Mr Mundella, Mr Anderson, Mr Richard, Mr Peter Taylor, Mr Joseph Cowen, Professor Fawcett, and others, who are likely to cause no little embarrassment to any Liberal Government which asks for a ma-

jority on which it can steadily rely. There also, either on the front bench or on that immediately behind it, cluster the Irish members, whose watchword is Home Rule.

It is a rule that no one may cross an imaginary line drawn between the Speaker and a member who is addressing the House. When we say "addressing the House," we mean, addressing the Speaker; for every member who speaks, unless he is merely asking a question, is supposed to address Mr Speaker, and not the assembly. And hence the reason of the rule just alluded to. As the Speaker is the person addressed, it would be an act of rudeness to interpose the body between him and the member who is speaking to him. Sometimes, however, in the heat of debate a member (especially if he be a new member) forgets that he is speaking to the Speaker, and apostrophises his audience; and we have more than once heard an excited member, full of recollections of some meeting of his constituents, say "Gentlemen!" instead of "Sir!"—an impropriety at once rebuked by loud cries of "Order! order!" As the rule about not crossing the line would sometimes necessitate a rather tortuous circumnavigation to enable a member to reach his seat, it is amusing to see how it is evaded by ducking the head and stooping and almost creeping along until the point of danger is passed.

No one may rise from his seat either to speak or change his place, or leave the House, without taking off his hat. In other words, whenever he is upon his legs, he must be uncovered. And he may not cross the floor or walk up or down the House on entering or leaving it without making a bow or obeisance, as it is called in parliamentary language, to the Speaker. But let not the uninitiated imagine that it is a

Sir Charles Grandison bow. The merest inclination of the head is sufficient; and it often looks more like a familiar nod to the awful occupant of the chair than a dignified homage to his authority. But still, however done, it is a mark of respect, and contributes something to the preservation of order and decorum. But as in the House of Lords the woolsack is not part of the House, so in the House of Commons there are within its sacred precincts (exclusive of the lobbies) spaces where a degree of liberty is allowed that is denied elsewhere. On entering the House, you will see a line drawn across the matting of the floor from the seat occupied by the sergeant-at-arms to the opposite bench, and within this line members may *stand* with their hats off and listen to the debate; but outside of it they must *sit*, or be instantly called to "order." They cannot, however, address the House in this position; but if they wish to do so, must go to one of the benches and speak from that place. When Mr Plimsoll began his impassioned attack on the Ministry for withdrawing their Merchant Shipping Bill in the session of 1875, he was standing at the door, but he had to move to the benches and continue his philippic there. There is also within the House a space behind the Speaker's chair where members may *stand* with their hats on—the reason of which, we suppose, is, that as it is a physical impossibility for Mr Speaker to see them, they can show him no disrespect by being covered.

As the body of the House is by no means large enough to hold all the members on a full night, the overflow must betake itself to the galleries, and members may speak from them, although we never saw such a case actually happen. The general attitude of the occupants of

the benches is hardly that which a sculptor or a painter would approve of. Perhaps we may best describe it as that of undignified ease. Some with hats on, and some with hats off, they may be seen lolling, lounging, sleeping, and even gently snoring. A favourite attitude of one distinguished member is to sit with his legs crossed, and beat time with his foot to some imaginary tune.

Every variety of costume is admissible—from the evening dress-coat and white neckcloth, which frequently appears after dinner, to the pea-jacket and wide-awake—the latter happily confined to very few. When an embassy from Carthage entered the Senate-house at Rome, and saw the Conscript Fathers seated in their curule-chairs, they were so struck with their flowing *laticlaves*, the gravity of their aspect, and the dignity of their demeanour, that they exclaimed, "This is an assembly of kings!" If a Chinese embassy were to look down from the gallery of the House of Commons upon the scene below, with members bustling in and out and across the House, as if it were an ant-hill—with its cries of "Order," and cheers and counter-cheers, the frequently loud buzz of conversation, and sometimes inarticulate groans—we fear that it would be inclined to think that it was gazing upon a body of noisy school-boys. But if a question of profound interest is asked—say, for instance, as to the result of the Conference at Constantinople—then instantly all is mute silence and fixed attention. You might hear a pin drop or a mouse stir, and the faces of all the members are turned with eager and painful interest to the speaker.

Formerly the outside lobby was open to strangers who had, or pretended to have, business with members. But the inconvenience of the

crowd was felt to be such that they are now excluded, and wait in the outside passage or hall until summoned by one of the door-keepers, who applies his mouth to a speaking-tube when the member who is asked for is ready to receive the applicant. When a debate on a subject of great interest is expected, the outside passages are filled by an impatient crowd, provided with orders for the strangers' gallery; and as these vastly exceed the number of places, the order of admission is determined by ballot amongst the strangers. There is, besides, a Speaker's gallery for peers, foreign ambassadors, and those whose names have been previously entered in a book kept for the purpose.

We shall now say something of the mode of procedure on an ordinary night.

Before the Speaker takes the chair, the first thing done is to have prayers said by the chaplain. They are short and well-chosen: one for the Queen, another for the royal family, and a third for the Commons, praying the Almighty to grant that their deliberations may be conducted "without prejudice, favour, or partial affection." These are followed by the collect, "Prevent us, O Lord," and the whole occupies less than ten minutes. Only those members who are present at prayers have a right to keep the seats they have chosen for the rest of the sitting. This is done by depositing a card, on which the name is written, in a little brass groove on the rim of the bench; and however long the member may be absent afterwards, whenever he returns, the seat, although it may in the meantime have been occupied by another, is invariably given up to him. But how is a member to secure a particular seat at prayers? Several may have a fancy for it,

and this might lead to unseemly jostling and controversy. It is managed thus: At any time before the meeting of the House, a member may place his hat on a seat, and this is a token (always respected) that he intends to occupy the seat at prayers; and if he does so, but not otherwise, he retains it as we have already mentioned. A practice of late has been creeping in of making a glove or a bundle of papers do duty for a hat; but this is improper, and, in fact, contrary to rule, for the presence of the hat is supposed to indicate that its owner is somewhere in the building, and merely absent for the moment; whereas an old glove might be put there by himself or a friend, or one of the policemen on duty, at any time in the morning, although the owner of the glove might then be miles away, and thus an unfair advantage would be gained. But we are glad to know that the door-keepers have become alive to this; and we have seen them walk off with the gloves or papers, for the well-settled reason that such waifs and strays are not allowed to keep a seat. Of course, a trick might be played if an M.P. kept an old hat on the premises for the purpose, and got a friend to put it on a particular seat while he was himself away. But, to say nothing of the embarrassment of his having to deal with two hats—the one in his hand and the other on the seat—when he entered the House, this would imply an unfairness of which no gentleman would be guilty. But it is not in all cases necessary to secure beforehand a seat. Even without the agency of the hat and card, by courtesy particular seats are considered to be appropriated to members who have long been in the habit of using them, and they are yielded to them without a murmur when they enter

the House at any time. Who would think of keeping the seat of the venerable Nestor of the House, Mr Henley, at the extreme end of the third bench above the gangway on the Ministerial side, when he comes to take possession of it? And as a general rule, even in placing the hat before prayers, respect is paid to the customary usage as regards a seat, and it is seldom that any difficulty occurs.

When the prayers are over, the chaplain walks out of the House backwards, bowing all the way; and if forty members, including himself, are present, the Speaker takes the chair. If the members look suspiciously few he counts them, and if they do not muster forty, except on Wednesdays, the House immediately adjourns. We say "except on Wednesdays," when the House meets at 12 o'clock, and there is this curious rule. Every member who attends prayers on those mornings must wait imprisoned in the House until four o'clock, unless the number forty is sooner made up. This makes members rather shy of being present at prayers on a Wednesday when it seems likely that the attendance will be very thin. We ourselves were once caught in this way, and when we were innocently about to leave the House we were stopped by the serjeant-at-arms with a *molliter manus*, and compelled to stay. Since then we have been more wary, and have declined pressing invitations "just to go in and make a House."

The first thing done after prayers is the Private Business. But what is that? Is not all business in the House of Commons of a public nature? Not so. There are Public Bills and Private Bills. By Private Bills are meant such as do not affect the whole community, but only particular interests—for instance, Rail-

way, Canal, Gas, Water, and Private Estate Bills. These Bills, when they have been read a second time in the House, are referred to Select Committees up-stairs, who take evidence and examine witnesses, and report to the House whether the preamble is proved, and the Bill as amended by them ought to pass. The Chairman of each Committee, at the close of its labours, comes to the Bar of the House and holds up in his hand the Report. The Speaker, seeing him, calls on him by name. He states what he has in his hand, and then walks up the floor and deposits it on the table. The next step is the consideration of the Bill as amended by the Committee; and their amendments are generally, but not always, adopted as a matter of course. We say "not always," for it is open to any member to object to the further progress of the Bill; and we have known instances where, notwithstanding the report of a Select Committee in its favour, a Private Bill has been rejected by the House at large. The management of these Private Bills in the House is intrusted to a member appointed by the Speaker, and this duty has for many years been discharged ably and assiduously by Sir Charles Forster, M.P. for Walsall.

Next comes the presentation of Petitions. But stop! What do we hear? What happens now? The door of the House is suddenly closed, and three loud knocks are heard. "Open *sesame*!" and one of the door-keepers comes forward, and in a stentorian voice calls out, "Black Rod." Slowly, with many bows, up walks, with a cocked hat in one hand and a sort of sceptre in the other, a gentleman dressed in black shorts, and, like Roland the Just, "with ribbands in his shoes," who, reaching the table, and bowing to the Speaker, informs "this honour-

able House" that the Lords desire their presence to hear a Royal Commission read or the Royal Assent given to some Bills. He then goes backwards out of the House, bowing all the way, and we think it requires some practice and dexterity to do this without tumbling. The Speaker then leaves the chair, and, accompanied by a *posse comitatus* of such members as choose to follow him, goes to the Lords, and the House waits in confused groups until he returns.

But yet another unwonted apparition! Suddenly a thick brass bar is drawn across the House from the serjeant's seat to the opposite bench, and two gentlemen clad in scarlet present themselves behind it—one of them with a paper in his hand. "What have you there, Mr Sheriff?" asks the Speaker; and the answer is, "A petition from the Corporation of London." "Let it be brought up and laid upon the table." The two red-cloaked gentlemen then hand the petition to one of the clerks, who takes it to the table, and they retire. These were the two sheriffs of London, who, as all lawyers know, make the one sheriff of Middlesex—the only case, so far as we are aware, of "two single gentlemen rolled into one." From time immemorial it has been the custom of the Corporation of London to present their petitions by the hands of the sheriffs in this fashion; and petitions from the Corporation of Dublin are presented by their Lord Mayor in like manner. It was once proposed by Lord Cochrane that the same privilege should be extended to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, but he was unsuccessful. Mr Tierney, who opposed the motion, said "that the Scotch were generally thought a prudent people, and the Corporation of Edinburgh would know better than to send their Provost four hundred miles to

present a petition." But that was before the days of railways. Once the mace of the Lord Mayor of Dublin was on such an occasion brought into the House, but it was ordered to be removed. No mace but that of the House itself, which Cromwell so irreverently called "a bauble," may awe the sight of the Commons of England. Long may the custom continue, so far as regards the Corporation of London; for it is the laudable practice of the sheriffs then to give an excellent dinner in the dining-room of the House to such of the members as they may choose to invite. Whether the expense of this comes from the pockets of the sheriffs or the funds of the Corporation, we know not, and have never cared to inquire.

But now as to Petitions. We fear that the public would be a little scandalised if they saw the way in which they are generally dealt with. There are two carpet-bags hanging on each side of the table; and the usual practice is not to rise and announce the presentation of a petition, but silently drop it into one of the bags. The member charged with it first writes his name on the petition itself, and then writes his name and the subject-matter as shortly as possible on two pieces of paper, one of which is handed by a messenger of the House to a reporter of the 'Times,' and the other to the reporters of the other newspapers in the gallery. The House of Commons, therefore, *hears* nothing of these petitions; but next day they appear duly chronicled in the newspapers. But any member who likes to take the trouble, and wishes to hear the sound of his own voice, may wait until he is called upon by the Speaker (from a list of names before him), and rising in his place, he then mentions the name of the petitioners, and the subject-matter of the petition. He

then walks to the bag and deposits the petition in it. He may, if he choose, require that the whole petition be read aloud by the clerk at the table; but this is really an idle ceremony, for it is very rarely that members pay attention to it—the buzz of conversation goes on, and it is thought a bore to listen. No comment whatever may be made on a petition (unless, indeed, notice is taken of something objectionable in it). It must be presented, and that is all. All of them are referred afterwards to a Committee on Public Petitions, who classify and arrange them, counting the number of signatures, and deciding which of them they consider of sufficient importance and interest to print. These are sent in due course, with other Parliamentary papers, to members at their respective addresses.

From what we have said, it might be thought that petitions are of no use. But this would be a great mistake. Although little attention is paid to them at the time of presentation, they become of great importance when the subject-matter to which they refer is embodied in a Bill, or a motion brought before the House. The number of petitions, and the number of signatures to them, for or against a particular measure, is generally dwelt upon with much force, as showing the state of feeling in the country on the question. It is amusing to see how this argument is met by those who are opposed to the views of the petitioners. They throw cold water upon the whole thing. They assert that nothing is easier than to get up petitions on any subject. They find out that several of the signatures are written in the same hand, and they have heard that paid canvassers have been employed to procure signatures. In short, they do all they can to minimise the effect. But still the fact remains;

and if a vastly preponderating number of petitions and signatures appears to be in favour of a measure, it is impossible not to recognise the weight that is due to them. For obvious reasons, no member likes to oppose a Bill in favour of which a majority of his constituents have petitioned. No doubt the right of petitioning is sometimes abused, and it is not difficult to get up a factitious show of popular feeling; but it is one of the most valuable privileges of the free citizens of a free country. It is as old as the time of Edward I.—that is, the right of petitioning Parliament, although no petitions have been found addressed exclusively to the House of Commons which are earlier than the reign of Richard II.

The language of petitions must be temperate and respectful, and contain no offensive imputations upon the constituted authorities. They must not allude to debates in either House of Parliament, nor to intended motions if merely announced in debate; but when notices have been given and printed with the votes, petitions referring to them may be presented. If a petition containing improper matter has been inadvertently received, when attention is called to this, the order (usual in all cases) that it do lie upon the table, may be read and discharged. There is one rule, not sufficiently known, that no petition may pray directly or indirectly for an advance of public money; and we have had a petition which we had presented returned to us by the Committee on Petitions because it violated this rule. It must not be supposed that we have exhausted this part of our subject; for there are many other technical rules, for which, however, we must refer those who are curious about the matter to that great repository of all Parliamentary law, Sir Erskine May's book.

Next come Notices of Motion. They may be notices of Questions, or Resolutions, or Bills, or in fact almost any conceivable subject on which it is desired to take the opinion of the House. Now, here, we must go a little into detail, which we will endeavour not to make tedious. It may be readily imagined that a good many members are desirous of bringing forward questions on a future day, and it is necessary that there should be some rule determining their precedence. First, however, let us see what days there are available to private members for this purpose. Saturday is a *dies non*. Of the other days, Mondays and Thursdays are absolutely monopolised by that boa-constrictor the Government, and it is hopeless to give notice of any motion for either of these days. On Tuesdays motions take precedence of the Orders of the Day, which Orders mean generally those Bills which are appointed for discussion on that particular day. On Friday, Supply is always taken, but any number of members may give notice of motion "On Going into Supply," and these will be discussed before Supply in their order of precedence. Wednesday is appropriated absolutely to private members, and it is on that day that the private Bills introduced by them are almost always brought forward for second reading and debate.

The first point is to settle the order of precedence, and it is done in the following manner. There is a paper on the table called the Notice Paper, on which runs a row of printed figures from 1 onwards, with a space opposite to each figure on which any member may write his name. Let us suppose that 20 do this. The second clerk (Mr Palgrave) then puts into a box 20 cards or pieces of paper, each inscribed with a separate number ;

and the third clerk (Mr Milman) hands the Notice Paper to the Speaker who calls out, "Notices of Motion !" Mr Palgrave then drops his hand into the box and calls out a number, say 5. The Speaker looks at the Notice Paper, sees what name is opposite that number, and calls upon the member, who rises and gives notice of the motion which he intends to bring forward, and the particular day he selects. The same process is then gone through with all the other figures and names, and thus the order of precedence is settled.

The great rush for notices is on the first day of the Session, when private members have pet Bills to bring forward, which they fondly hope may after the due period of gestation come to the birth, and become Acts of Parliament. This is the time for airing all kinds of legislative crotchets and redeeming promises made to constituents. Poor innocents ! the members little dream of the difficulties in their way. We shall suppose that it is the first day of the Session, and twenty-five members give notice that they will on the morrow ask leave of the House each to bring in a Bill. To-morrow comes, and the Speaker calls on each in his order of precedence, as previously determined. He rises and asks leave of the House to bring in his Bill, which as a matter of course is granted—and the Bill is then supposed to be read a first time, although it is not yet printed, and perhaps not yet even drawn.

In the course of the evening, when the other business has been disposed of, the twenty-five members march to the bar of the House, each armed with a blank sheet of foolscap folded into the shape of a brief, and tied round with a piece of green tape, on the back of which are written the title of the Bill, and

the names of the members who are its sponsors, of whom there must be at least two. These "dummy" Bills are provided by the officers of the House. Holding them in their hands, the twenty-five members stand in close array at the bar until each is called upon by the Speaker in turn, according to his order of precedence, and goes to the table, when he is asked what day he wishes to fix for the second reading of his Bill. Now here comes the difficulty, and the opportunity for judgment and strategy. The session lasts from the middle or earlier part of February until the middle of August. This gives so many weeks, and of course so many Wednesdays. But then there must be deducted the Easter and Whitsuntide recess, Ash Wednesday, and the Derby day, which is always on a Wednesday, and the House does not then sit. Any Wednesday falling in these periods would be a *dies non*, and the luckless member who chose one of them would find the House closed. Moreover, to choose a Wednesday at the fag end of the session would be lost labour; for what chance would a private member have if he fixed the second reading of his Bill in the sultry days of July, with a wearied House and the slow delays of subsequent stages, and after that the House of Lords before him? It is therefore all-important to choose a Wednesday as early as possible for the second reading. Now the members who stand within the first twelve or even fourteen can have little or no difficulty, for each may choose a separate Wednesday during the first twelve or fourteen weeks, carefully eschewing those on which they know beforehand that the House will not sit. But they must not forget to note when Easter falls and

when the Derby day is likely to occur. The case, however, is different with those who stand lower down on the list. Each naturally wishes to have the second reading of his little Bill taken before the end of May if possible, and how can he be sure that all the previous Wednesdays have not been already appropriated? He must listen attentively and hear what days have been chosen by those who have gone before him. Now, suppose that *all* the practically available Wednesdays have been appropriated. What is he to do? He must on the instant determine which of those Wednesdays seems most likely to afford an opening to squeeze in his own Bill. Of course its second reading can only come in upon that day after some Bill which has got precedence is disposed of. The question, therefore, is, which of the Bills before him is most likely to give rise to only a short debate? To decide this on the spot requires quickness, judgment, and discretion. For instance, suppose that a previous Wednesday has been chosen by Sir Wilfrid Lawson for his Permissive Bill. It is quite certain that the debate on this will last the whole day, and therefore *that* Wednesday may be dismissed from the category of possibilities. And we may say the same of almost any Irish or Scotch Bill; for the Irish are gluttons to talk, and the Scotch are gluttons to fight. But possibly some English member may have chosen a Wednesday for his Bill, which is of a quiet, innocent character, not likely to provoke much opposition, and no one else has named the same day for his own Bill to come after it. Here is a chance. "Surely," he says to himself, "that subject cannot take up more than two or three hours, and I shall have the rest of the day for introducing my own

bantling to the favourable notice of the House." This is no imaginary case: *Experto crede*.

After Notices of Motion come Questions. The order of putting these is determined in the same way as the order of notice of motion. Any member who has given notice may put a question to a Minister, or indeed to any other member, upon any conceivable subject of public interest. It is, however, a most useful and indeed necessary rule, that no member, either in asking or answering a question, may make a speech. He must indulge in no comments, but confine himself strictly to question or answer. Otherwise it is clear that a long and irregular debate might ensue, and throw all the other business of the night out of gear. The range and variety of these questions are surprising, and nothing is too large, nothing too minute, for their scope. Some members seem to employ their time in hunting out cases of supposed hardship or catching up rumours in the newspapers, for the mere pleasure of catechising Ministers. We think that the member of the Government who is most badgered in this way is the Home Secretary. His duties are so miscellaneous and multifarious, that almost everything is supposed to come within his knowledge and jurisdiction. But the privilege of putting questions is an admirable safety-valve. It may be called the political catechism of the Ministry. And many an imaginary grievance is thus set at rest; many an unfounded report is authoritatively contradicted; and, at the same time, many an obscure wrong is redressed, and many a useful piece of information is given. Indeed, although the privilege of questioning is sometimes abused, we think it is difficult to exaggerate its utility and importance.

Of course there are different modes of answering a question. There is the full, the curt, the serious, the jocular, the courteous, and the sarcastic manner of reply. And the tone of the voice may convey a meaning which the words do not imply. Sometimes the way in which a question is answered is rather provoking to the member who puts it; and not unfrequently he then rises and says that he will repeat it to-morrow, or he will call the attention of the House to it on some future day. We think that no Minister should take advantage of his position—which has advantages enough—to try and *snub* a member; and yet this has been done. It is well known that Lord Palmerston lost a good deal of his popularity, and some of his support in the House, by the flippant way in which, at one period of his career as Prime Minister, he answered questions that were put to him.

After the questions are over, the House proceeds to the Order of the Day; that is, a debate begins on some Bill or subject fixed for discussion.

When several members rise at the same moment, in the course of a debate, the Speaker has the absolute right of determining which of them shall address the House. This is called "catching the Speaker's eye," and happy is the man who succeeds in doing so. It is obvious that it affords the opportunity for some partiality and some favouritism. It is impossible to speak too highly of the perfect fairness of the present Speaker in this respect. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine that any one could surpass him in dignity of demeanour, courtesy of manners, and complete impartiality, to say nothing of his masterly knowledge of all the forms and usages of the House. It is a proud thing for any man to possess the confidence of the Commons of

England, and to be able to rule such an assembly, even in their most heated moments, by that union of suavity and firmness which so eminently distinguishes the present occupant of the chair.

The first commoner of the land, elected by the gentlemen-commoners of England, has always shown himself, *par excellence*, a gentleman; and no finer type of this was ever exhibited than in the stately person of the former Speaker, Mr Shaw Lefevre, now Viscount Eversley.

As to the rule, however, that the Speaker chooses whom he pleases to speak out of several rising at the same moment, there is one exception. By the courtesy of the House, a new member who has not yet spoken (we are not now speaking of the beginning of a new Parliament, when, of course, all are on an equal footing in this respect) is always allowed precedence; and even if a dozen others rise at the same time, the cry of "New member, new member," resounds on all sides, and the Speaker invariably calls upon him. But let the new member beware. Much, very much depends upon a first impression. He may make or mar his opportunity. Not that failure in a first speech at all implies failure in the future. Remarkable examples of this, from Sheridan to Disraeli, are too well known to be quoted here. But the *kind* of failure is the thing to be noted. If it arises from nervousness, timidity, or excessive modesty, although distressing at the time, it proves nothing as to future capability of getting the ear of the House. The Commons of England are a generous body, and make every allowance for a first attempt when they see that there is modesty and mere nervousness in the speaker. But not so when he assumes a dictatorial, ambitious, or declamatory style, with plenty of

fluency but little thought. The House does not like to be lectured by anybody, and to be lectured by a novice is intolerable. Let the new member banish from his mind all thoughts of Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Chatham, or Pitt, or Canning, or Gladstone, and try and remember that he is plain John Stubbs, who has something pertinent and useful to say, and wishes to say it in the simplest and clearest language. Even this is not so easy as might be supposed. The novelty of the position, the awful sight of two or three hundred up-turned faces, the chilling silence of the House, the thought of the reporters and the far-distant constituents who are watching for the effect of the maiden speech of the member of their choice;—all these combined are enough to shake the nerves of a strong man; and we should augur badly for the success of any one who rose to address the House of Commons for the first time without an inward tremor. Indeed we believe that very few men worth listening to ever speak there without painful misgivings as to how they will acquit themselves. We have sometimes heard members take a desponding view of themselves on this account. But if this is all, they have no cause for fear. The greatest speakers have been those who have been diffident of themselves. Who was a more consummate orator than Cicero? and yet Cicero in his *De Oratore* puts into the mouth of Crassus the confession, *Equidem et in vobis animadvertere soleo, et in me ipso sæpissime expior ut exalbescam principiis dicendi, et totâ mente atque omnibus artibus contremisco*. Who was more fluent—at times more eloquent—than Canning? and yet De Quincey tells us that even at a Mayor's dinner at Liverpool Canning was so nervous before he

was called upon to speak that he twice left the room in order to collect his thoughts.

It is not unusual for a member who wishes to speak on a question to intimate his wish privately to the Speaker, and he may be sure of always meeting the most courteous attention. But let him not be too sanguine. The events of the evening may be too strong for him. Perhaps at the very moment when he thinks his chance most favourable, and he has risen, up gets a Minister and down *he* sits. For a Minister on the one side or a leader of Opposition on the other is naturally allowed by the Speaker to take precedence—and, indeed, the House would insist upon it. No one, therefore, has a right to complain of this. But oh the torture and agony of suspended speech! We have seen an unhappy member rise half-a-dozen times in the course of a debate, and each time fail to catch the Speaker's eye. His throat gets dry, his lips get parched, his hands get hot, his ideas become confused, and his nervous system is deranged, while he is eagerly waiting for the closing words of the speaker whom he wishes to follow; and then when he rises he hears another called upon. But there is something worse than the mere distress of waiting. He hears his pet argument anticipated, his cherished quotation forestalled; and, half in anger, half in disgust, he says to himself (if he knows Latin), *Pereant isti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. The best opportunity for an outsider to make a speech generally occurs between half-past seven and nine P.M., when the great bulk of the members are dining either in the House or at the Clubs or elsewhere. The House is then generally at zero point; and a debate has often hardly vitality enough to

be kept going. The stars refuse to shine in so obscure an atmosphere; in other words, the chief speakers refuse to speak, and "waste their sweetness on the desert"—benches. To be sure it is dispiriting to any one to have to address a row of green seats opposite, empty of their former occupants, and to see member after member, even on his own side, slipping out of the House, with a base preference to beef and mustard rather than stay and listen to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." But then there are the reporters, who never dine! The speech will take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the kingdom, though shorn perhaps of its fair proportions; and the speaker will get accustomed to the sound of his own voice—an acquaintance which is not so readily and easily made as some people imagine. After all, what matters it that the House has gone to dinner? There are fewer critics left to make unpleasant remarks, and the silence of solitude is not so awful as the silence of a multitude which refuses to be moved or stirred even to the utterance of a single "hear!" The travail is past—the speech is spoken, and if only a select few cared to stay and listen, so much the worse for the rest. He can go and dine with an easy conscience, for he has done his duty to his country, his constituents, and himself.

There can be no debate or discussion or speech when there is no question before the House; but a member may even then rise at any time and put himself in order by moving the adjournment of the House, and this gives him the opportunity of speaking on any subject he pleases. He generally prefaces his remarks by saying, "I will put myself in order by con-

cluding with a motion," which means the adjournment of the House. A debate may thus spring up as unexpectedly as a sudden gale at sea, when the water previously has been as smooth as a duck-pond. The right of moving during a debate the adjournment of the House or the adjournment of the debate, is a powerful weapon in the hands of the minority to prevent the tyranny of the majority. For if the minority think that an attempt is being made to close a debate and force on a division prematurely, any one may at any time, when the previous speaker has sat down, move the adjournment of the debate or of the House, and if he finds a seconder, press his motion to a division. If beaten, another member may then rise and move the adjournment of the debate or of the House (alternating "debate" or "House," according to the terms of the former motion), and again divide. And so it may go on *toties quoties*, until the patience of one side or the other is exhausted, and it gives in. We have known more than a dozen divisions, one after another, taken in this way, and the Commons of England have been occupied from near midnight to near the approach of dawn in the dignified task of trotting round the lobbies, while their constituents imagined that they were busily engaged on some important discussion *circum ardua regni*.

We have alluded to one advantage possessed by the occupants of the front benches — namely, the privilege of catching the Speaker's eye whenever they please once in the course of a debate. But there is another not so obvious, but still of exceeding value. Each of these speakers has the table immediately before him, on which he can place his notes and the books to which

he wishes to refer, and he can rest with his arm upon it as often as he chooses. These are real helps, the want of which is painfully felt by those who are outside the charmed circle, and have to crumple their notes in their hand, and dive down in order to find some book which they wish to quote, and which very possibly has tumbled on to the floor. When a man has a desk or chair or table before him, there is much less chance of that feeling of lost bewilderment which sometimes comes over a speaker and paralyses his tongue.

Unlike the Tribune in France, no member in the House of Commons is allowed to read his speech. A story is told (we will not vouch for its truth) of a very distinguished lawyer who wrote out the whole of his speech, and placed it in his hat, which he held under his eyes when he rose, and his attitude and manner became so suspicious, that loud cries of "Read, read," were heard from all sides of the House. He, however, ventured on a fib, and assured the House that he was not reading his speech. They good-humouredly pretended to believe him, and allowed him to go on, although all the time he continued to cast his eyes down upon his mysterious hat.

It seems a paradox to say so, but, as a general rule, speeches both gain and lose in the newspaper reports. They gain by being made grammatical. It is extraordinary how few speakers there are who do not break Priscian's head. If their speeches were reported *verbatim et literatim*, there is not a school-girl who would not detect numerous breaches of the laws of grammar. We remember hearing a member of Parliament say in an after-dinner speech at a public banquet, "Him and me is very good

friends." We admit that this was an extreme case. But mistakes of grammar are all put right by the reporters. This is a decided gain. But, on the other hand, the necessity of abridgment—except in the case of a few leading and distinguished speakers—makes the reporter, in his hurried work, put down only catch-words in a sentence or chief points in an argument, which he afterwards fills up in his own manner. Many a pointed sentence thus becomes a platitude, and many a happy illustration is lost. We do not wish to make invidious comparisons; but it cannot be denied that the reporters of the 'Times' are unrivalled for their skill in seizing the salient points of a speech, and giving its pith and spirit, however much they may omit some of the details, and shorten and transmute much of the phraseology.

When we look back to the fiery days of the first Reform Bill, and read the passionate language in which the speakers addressed the House—when we remember the fierce onslaughts of O'Connell, the bitter sarcasms of Stanley, and the strong invectives of Macaulay—we are struck with the difference between the tone of parliamentary oratory then, and its tone now. There is much more decorum, but it must be confessed there is much more dullness. Hardly ever—if ever—now are the feelings excited to fever heat, and the tameness of the thought is only equalled by the tameness of the expression. In fairness to our forefathers, who sometimes sinned against propriety, it must be remembered that there were in the first half of the present century great wrongs to be redressed, and great abuses to be swept away. There then existed a host of grievances and inequali-

ties, now absolutely gone—and we cannot wonder that strong feeling produced strong language, and men thought more of what they had to say than the manner in which they said it. But, indeed, the language of literature and society was much more plain-spoken then than it is now. It is curious and instructive to notice the difference between the tone of the newspaper press in those days and the present. Journalists flung epithets at each other with a reckless violence which would now be thought in the highest degree indecorous; and we could quote leading articles attacking rival journalists and public men in a manner that is happily now impossible.

In pagan times, when the softening influence of Christianity was unknown, we need not wonder that the orators of Greece and Rome expressed themselves with a vehemence of personality that shocks our feelings. The most astonishing specimen of scurrility on record is the speech attributed by Dio Cassius to Fufius Calenus in the Roman Senate, when he attacked Cicero, who had moved that rewards should be given to the legions that had joined Octavian at the commencement of the civil war. It is really too offensive to quote; but we do not believe that it was ever really spoken, for Fufius Calenus would not have *dared* to provoke the tremendous reply with which Cicero would have crushed him on the spot, if he had had the temerity to use such language.

The days of classical quotation in the House of Commons have almost passed away. Nor is this surprising when we consider the previous training, education, and habits of the majority of those who compose its body. We may regret it, but it cannot be helped. St

Paul told the Corinthians, "Let him that speaketh in an unknown tongue pray that he may interpret;" but it would not do for an orator, after he has quoted Cicero or Virgil, to be obliged to translate it for the benefit of his audience. We fear that even that noble passage at the close of the speech of Mr Pitt on Mr Wilberforce's motion for the abolition of the slave trade—uttered just as the rays of the morning sun were beginning to stream in through the windows of the House—would now fall upon ears little able to appreciate its beauty.

"Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled—

'Nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit humina Vesper.'

Then, sir, may be applied to Africa those words—originally used, indeed, with a different view—

'His demum exactis
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas:
Largior hic campos Æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo.'"

But we have known Mr Gladstone on more than one occasion quote a classic author with admirable effect. His very earnestness seemed to make everybody understand the words. We shall not soon forget the thrill that went through the House when, defending the late Lord Lyttelton, the loss of whose office as one of the Endowed Schools Commissioners was threatened by a

Bill then under discussion, he exclaimed:—

"Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine
cæsa
Quum primum Iliacas Danai venistis
ad oras;
Sanguine quærendi reditus, animæque
litandum
Argolicæ."

It is curious to note the mannerism of different speakers, and see how inveterate is the habit of each. One distinguished member seems, while he speaks, to be always washing his hands, diversified by attempts to get hold of an imaginary pin in the back of his neck-collar. Another, at stated intervals, jerks out both his arms as if he were going to hold a baby. A third strokes his beard and pushes it up whenever he has uttered, or is about to utter, one of his numerous witticisms. A fourth stands with both his hands thrust down deep into his pockets, as if he were afraid of having them picked. Another drops his eyeglass at every third sentence, and his occupation is chiefly to recover it and try and fix it under his eyebrow. But it is strange how little graceful action is studied by Englishmen. Very different was the case with the orators of Greece and Rome. They knew all the importance of action as an accessory of speech, and it must have added no inconsiderable charm to the music of their eloquence.

No assembly, except, perhaps, a church congregation, is so easily moved to laughter by a slight matter as the House of Commons. And the reason in both cases is the same. Laughter generally arises from surprise, and a sense of the incongruous. Now, when men are seriously engaged, anything at all ludicrous comes upon them with a sharp sense of contrast and incongruity, and the

emotional feeling it excites finds relief in a laugh. And thus the mildest joke is sure to provoke laughter in a serious audience. It is not often that so good an excuse for merriment is afforded as happened when, in the session before last, while the Secretary of State for War was speaking, a cat bounded along the floor of the House, and, springing over the benches at the lower end of the gangway, mysteriously disappeared. But the House of Commons is the slave of precedent; and for this there was a precedent exactly in point. We read in Cobbett's *Parliamentary History* (vol. xxiii. p. 455)—

"While Lord North was speaking, a dog who happened to find his way into the House began to bark, and set all the members in a roar. Lord North laughed heartily; and when the House was restored to order, he threw it again into the loudest fit of laughter by jocosely addressing the Chair: 'Sir, I was interrupted by a new speaker [was he the member for *Barkshire*?]; but as his argument is concluded, I will resume mine.'"

One golden rule of the House is to forbid all personalities. It is with this view, more than any other, that no member is allowed to speak of another by his name, but must always use the periphrasis, "the honourable member for So-and-so." In this respect, it is favourably contrasted with all similar assemblies in the world; for in the French, German, and American parliaments, the laws of courtesy and good-breeding are sometimes grievously infringed. It was only the other day that, in the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Paul de Cassagnac taunted M. Menier with being a seller of chocolate; and M. Menier retorted by saying that he had supplied it to M. de Cassagnac's uncle (who was a grocer). If, in

the heat and excitement of debate, a member of the English House of Commons transgresses the laws of courtesy, he is loudly and promptly called to order; and it rarely happens, perhaps we should say nowadays never, that he does not instantly withdraw the language and express his regret. This teaches the habit of moderation, and prevents personal quarrels. It pours the oil of courtesy over the troubled waters of political strife. Indeed the general tone of the House is in the highest degree generous. The only thing it will not tolerate is boredom, and the only persons it will not tolerate are bores. But it is patient and forbearing almost to excess when any member has a personal grievance to complain of, or a personal explanation to make. He has only to throw himself upon the indulgence of the House, and if he has made a mistake, to confess it and apologise, and he may with tolerable certainty reckon not only upon forgiveness but applause.

When the House grows weary of a protracted debate, it has significant means of showing its temper. Cries of "Divide, divide;" "Question, question," echo from a hundred throats; and inarticulate groans are the melody which greets the ear and drowns the voice of the unhappy member who persists in inflicting his tediousness upon it. At last he sits down, and no one dares to get up and face the surging storm of "Divide, divide." Then rises the Speaker and puts the question for the decision of the House. If it is the second reading of a Bill to which the amendment "that it be read this day six months" has been moved, he says the question before the House is "that such and such a Bill be now read a second time, since which an amend-

ment has been moved to leave out the word 'now' and substitute 'this day six months.' The question which I have to put to the House is that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question. Those who are of that opinion will say Ay; the contrary, No." Of course those who wish the second reading to be carried desire the word "now" to stand, and not "this day six months," and therefore they cry out Ay, while the opponents of the Bill cry out No. The Speaker, then judging of the preponderance of the voices, says, "I think the Ayes have it," or "I think the Noes have it," as the case may be. And, in passing, we may say that we hardly ever, if ever, knew the Speaker to be wrong as to the ultimate result. But the opinion of the Speaker may be instantly challenged by any member who calls out "The Noes have it," or "The Ayes have it," in opposition to what has just been said from the chair—which, after all, only amounts to "I think." If the voice or voices in opposition are only faint, the Speaker generally repeats his opinion; but if any voice again challenges this, there is only one course left. "Strangers must withdraw," says Mr Speaker, and a division is imminent. He names two tellers for each side; and a sand-glass on the table, which runs for two minutes, is turned down, to give members time to get into the House. Electric bells sound immediately in all the rooms and passages, and policemen shout out "Division," at the doors of the library, the reading-room, the smoking-room, and elsewhere. In they rush, helter-skelter, some even from St Stephen's Club, at the end of Westminster Bridge (for the Club has an electric wire of its own), if they can run hard enough, and are

not afraid of apoplexy; and it is amusing to hear them say to one another, or to the Whips of their own side, "Which side are we?" "Are we Ayes or Noes?" many of them having heard little or nothing of the debate. When the sand of the glass has run down, the door of the House is closed, and the Speaker again puts the question to the assembled members in exactly the same form as before. Sometimes those who challenged his previous decision have in the meantime thought better of it, or have been persuaded to abandon the opposition; and in that case, when the Speaker says, "I think the Ayes" (or the Noes) "have it," dumb silence follows, and then he no longer says "I think," but boldly and decisively declares, "The Ayes" (or the Noes) "have it," which settles finally the question of the second reading of the Bill. But if his opinion has been again challenged, he says, "The Ayes to the right, the Noes to the left;" and those who wish to vote Ay pass the Speaker's chair on his right hand, and go into the lobby on the right; while those who wish to vote No walk down the House and pass through its inner door to the lobby on the left. In each of these lobbies at the farther end stands a desk, like that of an auctioneer, covered with green baize, and there is a narrow passage on each side for members to go through. Two division clerks stand at each desk, and each of them marks by a long dash on printed lists the names of the members who pass through on his side. The two passages are for the convenience of allowing facility for getting through; and one-half of the members present at the division in each lobby goes, according to the initial letter of their names (from A to H and from I to Z), in the one passage or the other. Having got

through the turnpike, they go through the door at the end of the lobby, where two tellers, one from the side of the Ayes and the other from the side of the Noes, keep watch and ward; and as each member passes them he lifts his hat, and the tellers keep audible count of the number. Each of these, of course, acts as a check upon the other, so as to prevent the possibility of a mistake. When this operation has been gone through in both lobbies, and the tellers are all agreed upon the numbers, they come into the House and take their places in a row of four, standing a little distance in front of the table. The usage is to allow the tellers of the side that is victorious to stand on the right hand, and read out the numbers when they have advanced to the table.

If the division takes place at a late hour, and there is nothing more of interest to detain the House, great is the rush down-stairs for carriages and cabs. The door leading to the stairs is always kept locked until the result of the division is announced, and in the meantime a crowd of members has gathered round it, impatient to be released, and each anxious to be foremost in the race, for the members are many and the cabs are few. Some take the precaution to engage a cab beforehand, but with the mass it is "first come, first served;" and as the tide rushes on, the courtyard resounds with the cries of policemen shouting out "hansom," "four-wheeler."

We have said that members must always rise and stand when they speak; but to this there is one curious exception. If, while a division is going on, any one wishes to speak on some point of order connected with the division, he must do so sitting. We do not pre-

tend to know the reason of this; but possibly it may be that as all the members are on their legs during a division, it prevents confusion if the member who speaks assumes a sitting posture. But it is sufficient to say that such is the rule—and let no man presume to question the wisdom of Parliament.

While on the subject of rules of speaking, we may mention that in general, except when the House is in Committee, no member is allowed to speak more than once on the same question. If he has moved the second reading of a Bill with a speech, he has no right of reply; but if he has merely brought forward a motion, he may reply. The reason for this distinction is too technical to be worth explaining. But, of course, if an amendment has been moved to the second reading of his Bill, he may speak on that; for then there is a question before the House different from that which he brought before it, which was "that the Bill be now read a second time."

There is one rule which is at first a little puzzling. It is that when supply is the order of the day (of which motions always take precedence), only one motion can be affirmed or negatived, however many may be *discussed*. The reason is this—Supply can be only granted in Committee, and to get into Committee the Speaker must leave the chair, and have his place supplied by the Chairman of Ways and Means. When, therefore, the order of the day—"Supply Committee"—is read by the clerk at the table, the Speaker rises and says, "The question is, that I now leave the chair." But the member whose motion stands first for that day has the right thus to bring it forward. How is this technically done? We will suppose that it is

a motion calling upon the House to affirm that the Declaration of Paris ought to be no longer considered binding, or that the advance of Russia in Central Asia is menacing to India, or that the income tax is assessed on a wrong principle, or anything else that the reader chooses to imagine. The Speaker, therefore, has to put the terms of the motion before the House as an *amendment* to the question, "That I now leave the chair;" which is, in fact, to insert after the word "that" the terms of the motion, instead of the words "I now leave the chair." Well, this question is debated, and the motion is, we will suppose, *negated*. The House has, by its decision, affirmed that the words proposed to be left out, namely, "I now leave the chair," shall not be left out; and therefore they must stand, and cannot be altered on the same evening by bringing forward another motion which, just in the same way as the first, would necessarily be put as an amendment to the question that "I now leave the chair," the affirmative of which the House had already determined. It would, we fear, be tedious to show that on the same principle, if the first motion is affirmed, an analogous consequence follows; but the result is, that the remaining motions can no longer be put as questions for discussion on that evening, and can only be spoken to—or, in other words, the attention of the House is called to them without any definite result.

An ingenious mode of evading a decision upon a troublesome or inconvenient question is by "moving the previous question," the meaning of which, at first sight, is certainly far from clear. When the "*previous question*" is put as an amendment to some other question (which we shall call the main or original ques-

tion), the words of the motion are, "that the question" (that is, the main question) "*be now put*." Those, therefore, who are anxious to shelve the main question without voting on it, vote when the previous question is put in the negative—that is, that the main question shall *not* be put; and if the negative votes prevail, the Speaker, of course, is prevented from putting the main question, which is the object aimed at. It may, however, be brought forward on a subsequent day; for all that the House has determined is that it shall not be put *now*. If the "*previous question*" is decided in the affirmative, it means that the main question shall be *now* put, and no further amendment or debate is allowed, but the House proceeds at once to vote upon it. The peculiarity of the proceeding is, that the mover and seconder of the previous question and all who agree with them, vote against it; "being thus," as Sir Erskine May says, "the most prominent opponents of the question they themselves proposed." But the process of thought rightly to understand all this at the time is too severely logical, and some confusion is caused in the minds of members. We remember once that an honourable member who did wish the main question to be put, cried out, "No," when the previous question was put, and was appointed by the Speaker one of the tellers for the Noes; so that he was actually obliged to vote that the main question should *not* be put, in direct defiance of his intention and wish.

We have said that when the House is in Committee a member may speak on a question as often as he likes. But why and how does the House get into Committee? Supply is always discussed and voted in Committee; and whenever the second reading of a Bill has been

carried, its clauses are considered in Committee, which enables members to discuss minutely their provisions, in an almost conversational tone. When an order of the day, appointing a particular Bill for Committee, is reached, the Clerk of the House reads out the title of the Bill, and adds "Committee." The Speaker then immediately vacates the chair, and at the same moment the Sergeant-at-Arms walks to the table, and lifting up the mace, deposits it on two supports below the edge. The absence of this symbol from the surface of the table is a sure sign that the House is in Committee. Another actor now appears upon the scene. The Chairman of Committee (Mr Cecil Raikes) appears from behind the Speaker's chair, and takes the place of the Chief Clerk at the table. The Speaker's chair is of course vacant; but would any one be bold enough to occupy it? Yes! even so. Any member who chooses may, while the House is in Committee, seat himself in the chair, and fancy himself Speaker for the moment, although he has not a shadow of power or authority more than if sitting on one of the benches. It is simply a vacant seat, which any one may take who chooses. We well remember how we rubbed our eyes with astonishment when, instead of the flowing wig and silk gown of Mr Speaker, we first saw the black hat and rough pea-jacket of an honourable member who had ensconced himself in the chair. We need not pursue the subject of Committees farther, nor attempt to unravel the intricacies of their proceedings, which Mr Cecil Raikes, or his predecessor, perhaps alone thoroughly understands. It will be enough to say, that when the House has finished or got tired of its work in Committee, Mr Raikes puts the question, "That I

now report progress;" which being carried *sub silentio*, he quits his seat, the Speaker reappears (often as if by magic), the Sergeant-at-Arms walks up and replaces the mace on the table, and the House is immediately constituted "as you were" again.

Shall we explain to our fair readers the way in which they get access to the Ladies' Gallery? As that gallery holds only a limited number, and there is considerable competition for places, the right of each member to nominate two for a particular evening, which must always be a week in advance, is determined by ballot. Immediately after prayers, a cluster is formed round the seat of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who has before him a book in which names for the gallery are entered. If the seats wanted (two to each member) seem to be more than the gallery can contain, the members rush off into the lobby, and write their names down on a slip of paper, which they fold up and hand to Colonel Forester, the Assistant-Sergeant, who puts them into a glass bowl, just like one for gold-fish, and after mixing them up with his hand, he takes them out at hap-hazard, one after another, calling out each time the name of the lucky individual (who must be present and answer on pain of losing his chance), which is written in the book, with the names of the two ladies whom he wishes to get into the gallery.

It would be a serious omission in an attempt to describe the interior of the House of Commons not to mention the Smoking-room, the scene of so much good-humour and good-fellowship. The House has been called the best Club in London, and we think this description eminently applies to the Smoking-room. Here, in a good-sized but

not very comfortable chamber, opening out upon the Terrace, all party distinctions are forgotten and political feuds are laid aside. Over its doors might be written the words of Dante, with one alteration—

“Voi ch'entrate lasciate ogni *discordia*.”

Here, amidst clouds of smoke, curling upwards from pipe and cigar, there is nothing but peace—we will not say quiet, for there is plenty of noisy talk. Here some of the best stories are told, and the best jokes made or repeated. Here many acquaintances are made, and some friendships are formed. You may hate Home Rule in the House, but you cannot dislike Home Rulers in the Smoking-room. There are no more cheery and companionable men than most of the Irish members. Warm-hearted, quick-witted, and impulsive, they form an amusing contrast to the sedate Scotch and reserved English; but sedateness and reserve are apt to melt away under the genial influence of whisky and tobacco. It is a pleasant relief to seek refuge there from the strife of tongues, and the dull tediousness of a prosy debate, or to step out upon the Terrace when the moon is silvering the river, and enjoy the cool breeze and silence of the night.

We have thus rapidly sketched some of the features of the House of Commons; and although we have ventured now and then on a jocular tone, it must not be supposed that the life of an M.P. is an idle or very amusing life. He has plenty of hard work if he chooses to do it. To say nothing of select committees and fair participation in the ordinary business of the session, such as making speeches and asking questions and depriving himself of rest and sleep to be present at divisions,

he has deputations to receive and to introduce, and a cloud of correspondence to get through. Constituents generally think that their member has immense influence with the Treasury, and that he has only to ask for a favour to get it. The real truth is, that he usually gets a civil promise of attention to his request, and there the matter ends. Places are few, and the number of applicants is legion. He must therefore be content to be passed over, and digest his chagrin as best he can, thinking, perhaps, twice of how he shall be inclined to vote on the next occasion when pressed by the Ministerial Whip.

The labours of the House of Commons are, however, too great for it. It almost breaks down under its self-imposed weight. It undertakes more than it can accomplish, and professes to do more than it can possibly perform. Hence Government measures promised in the Royal Speech are either not brought forward or not passed into law, and the attempts at legislation by private members result at the end of the session in a melancholy catalogue of dead corpses. At first, like a spendthrift, the House is prodigal of its time; and towards the close, like a miser it clutches at every hour. All kinds of suggestions have been made, and all sorts of schemes proposed, to remedy the gigantic evil of waste of time; but hitherto in vain. *Labitur et labetur*. We ourselves think that the most effectual remedy would be to limit by an hour-glass (as was the case in Greece and Rome) the duration of a speech, or to adopt the French system of *la clôture*. Of course liberal exceptions ought to be made which could be easily provided for. We find it difficult to believe that the man who cannot say what he has to say in twenty minutes or

half an hour can be worth listening to for an hour. Of course there are objections that may be urged against this, as there may be against anything. There are arguments, said Dr Johnson, against a *plenum*, and arguments against a *vacuum*, and yet one of the two must be true. The question is, on which side would the balance of advantage be? On the one hand we should gain in economy of time, precision of thought, and compression of language; and on the other we should lose a wilderness of talk and an infinity of repetition, and surely the loss would be a gain.

In conclusion, we will say that we do not believe any written description can give a just idea of the lofty tone of honour and fairness which distinguishes the House of Commons. It is the Grand Inquest of the Nation, where every alleged grievance is sure to receive a patient hearing; and if it is a real grievance, and redress is possible, the wrong

will be set right. Every man may there declare his opinion without fear or favour, and will be sure to receive an attentive hearing if he deserves it. He may not have the gift of eloquence, and may fail as an orator, where, as Milton says, "that immortal garland is to be won, not without dust and heat." But if he cannot influence the senate with his tongue, he can affect a division by his vote; and the most talkative members are by no means those who are most useful or most respected. The little asperities of debate are soon forgotten, and make no breach in friendship, goodwill, and mutual regard. We know no tribunal by which we would prefer to be judged in a matter, not political, which required candour, equity, and good sense in the judges; and perhaps as Englishmen we may be allowed to express our sincere conviction that the House of Commons is the first assembly of gentlemen in the world.

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XIX.

EDWARD SEVERNE, master of arts, dreaded Rhoda Gale, M.D. He had deluded, in various degrees, several ladies that were no fools; but here was one who staggered and puzzled him. Bright and keen as steel, quick and spirited, yet controlled by judgment, and always mistress of herself, she seemed to him a new species. The worst of it was, he felt himself in the power of this new woman, and indeed he saw no limit to the mischief she might possibly do him if she and Zoe compared notes. He had thought the matter over, and realised this more than he did when in London. Hence the good youth's delight at her illness, noticed in a former chapter. ¶

He was very thoughtful all breakfast-time, and, as soon as it was over, drew Vizard apart, and said he would postpone his visit to London until he had communicated with his man of business. He would go to the station and telegraph him; and by that means would do the civil and meet Miss Gale. Vizard stared at him.

"You meet my virago? Why, I thought you disapproved her entirely."

"No, no; only the idea of a female doctor, not the lady herself. Besides, it is a rule with me, my dear fellow, never to let myself disapprove my friends' friends."

"That is a bright idea, and you are a good fellow," said Vizard. "Go and meet the pest by all means, and bring her here to luncheon. After luncheon we will drive her up to the farm and ensconce her."

Edward Severne had this advantage over most impostors, that he

was masculine or feminine as occasion required. For instance, he could be hysterical, or bold, to serve the turn. Another example—he watched faces like a woman, and yet he could look you in the face like a man, especially when he was lying. In the present conjuncture a crafty woman would have bristled with all the arts of self-defence, but stayed at home and kept close to Zoe: not so our master of arts; he went manfully to meet Rhoda Gale, and so secure a *tête-à-tête*, and learn, if possible, what she meant to do, and whether she could be cannily propitiated. He reached the station before her, and wired a very intelligent person who, he knew, conducted delicate inquiries, and had been very successful in a divorce case, public two years before. Even as he despatched this message there was a whistling and a ringing, and the sound of a coming train, and Ned Severne ran to meet Rhoda Gale with a heart palpitating a little, and a face beaming greatly to order. He looked for her in the first-class carriages; but she was in the second, and saw him. He did not see her till she stepped out on the platform. Then he made towards her. He took off his hat, and said with respectful zeal, "If you will tell me what luggage you have, the groom shall get it out."

Miss Gale's eyes wandered over him loftily. "I have only a box and a bag, sir, both marked R. G."

"Joe," said he—for he had already made friends with all the servants, and won their hearts—"box and bag marked R. G. Miss Gale, you had better take your seat in the carriage."

Miss Gale gave a little supercilious nod, and he showed her obsequiously into the carriage. She laid her head back and contemplated vacancy ahead in a manner anything but encouraging to this new admirer Fate had sent her. He turned away a little discomfited, and, when the luggage was brought up he had the bag placed inside, and the box in a sort of boot, and then jumped in and seated himself inside. "Home," said he to the coachman, and off they went. When he came in she started with well-feigned surprise, and stared at him.

"Oh," said she, "I have met you before. Why, it is Mr Severne. Excuse me taking you for one of the servants. Some people have short memories, you know."

This deliberate affront was duly felt, but parried with a master-hand.

"Why, *I am* one of the servants," said he; "only I am not Vizard's. I'm yours."

"In-deed!"

"If you will let me."

"I am too poor to have fine servants."

"Say too haughty: you are not too poor; for I shall not cost you anything but a gracious word now and then."

"Unfortunately I don't deal in gracious words, only true ones."

"I see that."

"Then suppose you imitate me, and tell me why you came to meet me?"

This question came from her with sudden celerity, like lightning out of a cloud, and she bent her eyes on him with that prodigious keenness she could throw into those steel-grey orbs, when her mind put on its full power of observation.

Severne coloured a little, and hesitated.

"Come now," said this keen witch, "don't wait to make up a

reason. Tell the truth for once—quick!—quick!—why did *you* come to meet *me*?"

"I didn't come to be bullied," replied supple Severne, affecting sullenness.

"You didn't!" cried the other, acting vast surprise. "Then what *did* you come for?"

"I don't know; and I wish I hadn't come."

"That I believe." Rhoda shot this in like an arrow.

"But," continued Severne, "if I hadn't, nobody would; for it is Vizard's justicing day, and the ladies are too taken up with a lord to come and meet such vulgar trifles as genius, and learning, and sci——"

"Come, come!" said Rhoda, contemptuously; "you care as little about science, and learning, and genius as I possess them. You won't tell me? Well, I shall find you out." Then, after a pause, "Who is this lord?"

"Lord Uxmoor."

"What kind of a lord is he?"

"A very bushy lord."

"Bushy?—oh, bearded like the pard. Now, tell me," said she, "is he cutting you out with Miss Vizard?"

"You shall judge for yourself. Please spare me on that one topic—if you ever spared anybody in your life."

"Oh, dear me!" said Rhoda, coolly. "I'm not so very cruel; I'm only a little vindictive, and cat-like. If people offend me, I like to play with them a bit, and amuse myself, and then kill them—kill them—kill them: that is all."

This pretty little revelation of character was accompanied with a cruel smile that showed a long row of dazzling white teeth. They seemed capable of killing anything from a liar up to a hickory-nut.

Severne looked at her and gave a shudder. "Then Heaven forbid

you should ever be my enemy!" said he, sadly; "for I am unhappy enough already."

Having delivered this disarming speech, he collapsed, and seemed to be overpowered with despondency. Miss Gale showed no signs of melting. She leaned back and eyed him with steady and composed curiosity, as a zoologist studying a new specimen and all its little movements.

They drove up to the hall-door, and Miss Gale was conducted to the drawing-room, where she found Lord Uxmoor and the two young ladies. Zoe shook hands with her. Fanny put a limp paw into hers, which made itself equally limp directly, so Fanny's dropped out. Lord Uxmoor was presented to her, at his own request. Soon after this, luncheon was announced. Vizard joined them, welcomed Rhoda genially, and told the party he had ordered the break, and Uxmoor would drive them to the farm round by Hillstoke and the Common; "And so," said he, "by showing Miss Gale our most picturesque spot at once, we may perhaps blind her to the horrors of her situation—for a time."

The break was driven round in due course, with Uxmoor's team harnessed to it. It was followed by a dog-cart crammed with grooms, Uxmoorian and Vizardian. The break was padded and cushioned, and held eight or nine people very comfortably. It was, indeed, a sort of picnic-van, used only in very fine weather. It rolled on beautiful springs. Its present contents were Miss Gale and her luggage and two hampers full of good things for her; Vizard, Severne, and Miss Dover. Zoe sat on the box beside Lord Uxmoor. They drove through the village, and Mr Severne was so obliging as to point out its beauties to Miss Gale. She took little

notice of his comments, except by a stiff nod every now and then, but eyed each house and premises with great keenness.

At last she stopped his fluency by inquiring whether he had been into them all; and when he said he had not, she took advantage of that admission to inform him that in two days' time she should be able to tell him a great deal more than he was likely to tell her, upon his method of inspecting villages.

"That is right," said Vizard, "snub him. He gets snubbed too little here. How dare he pepper science with his small-talk? But it is our fault,—we admire his volubility."

"Oh," said Fanny, with a glance of defiance at Miss Gale, "if we are to talk nothing but science, it *will* be a weary world."

After the village there was a long gradual ascent of about a mile, and then they entered a new country. It was a series of woods and clearings, some grass, some arable. Huge oaks flung their arms over a road lined on either side by short turf, close cropped by the gipsies' cattle. Some band or other of them was always encamped by the roadside, and never two bands at once. And between these giant trees, not one of which was ever felled, you saw here and there a glade, green as an emerald; or a yellow stubble, glowing in the sun. After about a mile of this, still mounting, but gradually, they emerged upon a spacious table-land, a long broad open grass plateau, studded with cottages. In this lake of grass Uxmoor drew up at a word from Zoe to show Miss Gale the scene. The cottages were white as snow, and thatched as at Islip; but instead of vegetable gardens they all had orchards. The trees were apple and cherry: of the latter not less than a thousand in

that small hamlet. It was literally a lawn, a quarter of a mile long, and about two hundred yards broad, bordered with white cottages and orchards. The cherries, red and black, gleamed like countless eyes among the cool leaves. There was a little church on the lawn that looked like a pigeon-house. A cow or two grazed peacefully. Pigs, big and little, crossed the lawn grunting and squeaking satisfaction, and dived into the adjacent woods after acorns, and here and there a truffle the villagers knew not the value of. There was a pond or two in the lawn; one had a wooden plank fixed on uprights, that went in some way. A woman was out on the board bare-armed, dipping her bucket in for water. In another pond an old knowing horse stood gravely cooling his heels up to the fetlocks. These, with shirts, male and female, drying on a line, and white-headed children rolling in the dust, and a donkey braying his heart out for reasons known only to himself, if known at all, were the principal details of the sylvan hamlet; but on a general survey there were grand beauties. The village and its turf lay in the semicircular sweep of an unbroken forest; but at the sides of the leafy basin glades had been cut for drawing timber, stacking bark, &c.; and what Milton calls so happily, "the chequered shade," was seen in all its beauty; for the hot sun struggled in at every aperture, and splashed the leaves and the path with fiery flashes and streaks, and topaz brooches, all intensified in fire and beauty by the cool adjacent shadows.

Looking back, the view was quite open in most places. The wooded lanes and strips they had passed were little more in so vast a panorama than the black stripes on a backgammon-board. The site was so high that the eye swept over

all, and rested on a broad valley beyond, with a patchwork pattern of variegated fields, and the curling steam of engines flying across all England; then swept by a vast incline up to an horizon of faint green hills, the famous pastures of the United Kingdom. So that it was a deep basin of foliage in front; but you had only to turn your body and there was a forty-mile view, with all the sweet varieties of colour that gem our fields and meadows, as they bask in the afternoon sun of that golden time, when summer melts into autumn, and mellow without a chill.

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale, "don't anybody speak, please. It is too beautiful."

They respected an enthusiasm so rare in this young lady, and let her contemplate the scene at her ease.

"I reckon," said she, dogmatically, and nodding that wise little head, "that this is Old England; the England my ancestors left in search of liberty—and that's a plant that ranks before cherry-trees, I rather think. No, I couldn't have gone; I'd have stayed and killed a hundred tyrants. But I wouldn't have chopped their heads off; (to Vizard, very confidentially), I'd have poisoned 'em."

"Don't, Miss Gale," said Fanny; "you make my blood run cold."

As it was quite indifferent to Miss Gale whether she made Miss Dover's blood run cold or not, she paid no attention, but proceeded with her reflections. "The only thing that spoils it is the smoke of those engines, reminding one that in two hours you or I, or that pastoral old hermit there in a smock-frock, and a pipe, and oh, what bad tobacco! can be wrenched out of this paradise, and shrieked and rattled off and flung into that wilderness of brick called London, where the hearts are as hard as the pavement

—except those that have strayed there from Barfordshire.”

The witch changed face, and tone, and everything like lightning, and threw this last in with a sudden grace and sweetness that contrasted strangely with her usual sharpness.

Zoe heard, and turned round to look down on her with a smile as sweet as honey. “I hardly think that is a drawback,” said she, amiably. “Does not being able to leave a place make it sweeter? for then we are free in it, you know. But I must own there *is* a drawback—the boys’ faces, Miss Gale, they *are* so pasty.”

“Indeed!” says Rhoda, pricking up her ears.

“Nurse no false hopes of an epidemic. This is not an infirmary in a wood, Miss Gale,” said Vizard. “My sister is a great colourist, and pitches her expectations too high. I daresay their faces are not more pasty than usual; but this is a show place, and looks like a garden; so Zoe wants the boys to be poppies and pansies, and the girls roses and lilies. Which—they—are—not.”

“All I know is,” said Zoe, resolutely, “that in Islip the children’s faces are rosy; but here they are pasty—dreadfully pasty.”

“Well, you have got a box of colours; we will come up some day, and tint all the putty-faced boys.” It was to Miss Dover the company owed this suggestion.

“No,” said Rhoda. “Their faces are my business, I’ll soon fix them; she didn’t say putty-faced, she said pasty.”

“Grateful to you for the distinction, Miss Gale,” said Zoe.

Miss Gale proceeded to insist that boys are not pasty-faced without a cause, and it is to be sought lower down. “Ah!” cried she, suddenly, “is that a cherry that I see before me? No, a million. They steal them and eat them by the

thousand, and that’s why. Tell the truth now, everybody—they eat the stones.”

Miss Vizard said she did not know, but thought them capable.

“Children know nothing,” said Vizard. “Please address all future scientific inquiries to an ‘old inhabitant.’ Miss Gale, the country abounds in curiosities; but, amongst those curiosities, even science with her searching eye has never yet discovered an unswallowed cherry-stone in Hillstoke village.”

“What! not on the trees?”

“She is too much for me. Drive on, coachman, and drown her replies in the clatter of hoofs. Round by the Stag, Zoe. I am uneasy till I have locked Fair Science up. I own it is a mean way of getting rid of a troublesome disputant.”

“Now I think it is quite fair,” said Fanny. “She shuts you up, and so you lock her up.”

“Tis well,” said Vizard, dolefully. “Now I am No. 3—I who used to retort and keep girls in their places—with difficulty. Here is Ned Severne, too, reduced to silence. Why, where’s your tongue? Miss Gale, you would hardly believe it, this is our chatter-box. We have been days and days, and could not get in a word edgeways for him. But now all he can do is to gaze on you with canine devotion, and devour the honey—I beg pardon, the lime-juice—of your lips. I warn you of one thing, though; there is such a thing as a threatening silence. He is evidently booking every word you utter; and he will deliver it all, for his own, behind your back some fine day.”

With this sort of banter and small-talk not worth deluging the reader dead with, they passed away the time till they reached the farm.

“You stay here,” said Vizard—“all but Zoe. Tom and George,

get the things out." The grooms had already jumped out of the dog-cart, and two were at the horses' heads. The step-ladder was placed for Zoe, and Vizard asked her to go in and see the rooms were all right, while he took Miss Gale to the stables. He did so, and showed her a spirited Galloway, and a steady old horse, and told her she could ride one and drive the other all over the country.

She thanked him, but said her attention would be occupied by the two villages first, and she should make him a report in forty-eight hours.

"As you please," said he; "you are terribly in earnest."

"What should I be worth, if I was not?"

"Well, come and see your shell; and you must tell me if we have forgotten anything essential to your comfort."

She followed him, and he led her to a wing of the farmhouse, comparatively new, and quite superior to the rest. Here were two good sunny rooms, with windows looking south and west, and they were both papered with a white watered pattern, and a pretty French border of flowers at the upper part, to look gay and cheerful.

Zoe was in the bedroom arranging things, with a pretty air of hospitality. It was cheerily fitted up, and a fire of beech-logs blazing.

"How good you are!" said Rhoda, looking wistfully at her. But Zoe checked all comments by asking her to look at the sitting-room, and see if it would do. Rhoda would rather have stayed with Zoe; but she complied, and found another bright cheerful room, and Vizard standing in the middle of it. There was another beech-fire blazing, though it was hot weather. Here was a round table, with a large pot full of flowers, geraniums and musk

flowers outside, with the sun gilding their green leaves most amiably, and everything unpretending, but bright and comfortable; well-padded sofa, luxurious arm-chair, stand-up reading-desk, and a very large knee-hole table; a fine mirror from the ceiling to the dado; a book-case with choice books, and on a pembroke table near the wall were several periodicals. Rhoda, after a cursory survey of the room, flew to the books. "Oh," said she, "what good books! all standard works; and several on medicine; and, I declare, the last numbers of the 'Lancet' and the 'Medical Gazette,' and the very best French and German periodicals! Oh, what have I done? and what can I ever do?"

"What! Are you going to gush like the rest—and about nothing?" said Vizard; "then I'm off; come along, Zoe," and he hurried his sister away.

She came at the word; but as soon as they were out of the house, asked him what was the matter.

"I thought she was going to gush. But I daresay it was a false alarm."

"And why shouldn't she gush, when you have been so kind?"

"Pooh! nonsense! I have not been kind to her, and don't mean to be kind to her or to any woman; besides, she must not be allowed to gush: she is the parish virago—imported from vast distances as such—and for her to play the woman would be an abominable breach of faith. We have got our gusher, likewise our flirt; and it was understood from the first that this was to be a new *dramatis persona*—was not to be a repetition of you or *la* Dover, but—ahem—the third grace, a virago: solidified vinegar."

Rhoda Gale felt very happy. She was young, healthy, ambitious, and sanguine. She divined that

somehow her turning-point had come; and when she contrasted her condition a month ago, and the hardness of the world, with the comfort and kindness that now surrounded her, and the magnanimity which fled, not to be thanked for them, she felt for once in a way humble as well as grateful, and said to herself—"It is not to myself nor any merit of mine I owe such a change as all this is."

She went into the kitchen, ordered tea, bread and butter, and one egg, for dinner, at seven o'clock, and walked instantly back to Hillstoke to inspect the village, according to her ideas of inspection.

Next morning down comes the bailiff's head man in his light cart, and a note is delivered to Vizard at the breakfast-table. He reads it to himself, then proclaims silence, and reads it aloud.

"DEAR SIR,—As we crossed your hall to luncheon there was the door of a small room half open, and I saw a large mahogany case standing on a marble table with one leg, but three claws gilt. I saw 'Micro' printed on the case. So I hope it is a microscope, and a fine one. To enable you to find it if you don't know, the room had crimson curtains, and is papered in green flock. That is the worst of all the poisonous papers; because the texture is loose, and the poisonous stuff easily detached, and always flying about the room. I hope you do not sit in it, nor Miss Vizard, because sitting in that room is courting death. Please lend me the microscope, if it is one, and I'll soon show you why the boys are putty-faced. I have inspected them, and find Miss Dover's epithet more exact than Miss Vizard's, which is singular. I will take great care of it.—Yours respectfully,
RHODA GALE."

Vizard ordered a servant to deliver the microscope to Miss Gale's messenger with his compliments. Fanny wondered what she wanted with it. "Not to inspect our little characters, it is to be hoped," said Vizard. "Why not pay her a visit, you ladies? then she will tell you, perhaps." The ladies instantly wore that bland look of inert but rocky resistance I have already noted as a characteristic of "our girls." Vizard saw and said, "Try and persuade them, Uxmoor."

"I can only offer Miss Harrington my escort," said Lord Uxmoor.

"And I offer both ladies mine," said Ned Severne, rather loud, and with a little sneer, to mark his superior breeding. The gentleman was so extremely polite in general, that there was no mistaking his hostile intentions now. The inevitable war had begun, and the first shot was fired. Of course the wonder was it had not come long before; and perhaps I ought to have drawn more attention to the delicacy and tact of Zoe Vizard, which had averted it for a time. To be sure, she had been aided by the size of the house and its habits. The ladies had their own sitting-rooms; Fanny kept close to Zoe by special orders; and nobody could get a chance *tête-à-tête* with Zoe unless she chose. By this means, by her native dignity and watchful tact, by her frank courtesy to Uxmoor, and by the many little quiet ways she took to show Severne her sentiments remained unchanged, she had managed to keep the peace, and avert that open competition for her favour, which would have tickled the vanity of a Fanny Dover, but shocked the refined modesty of a Zoe Vizard.

But nature will have her way, soon or late; and it is the nature of males to fight for the female.

At Severne's shot Uxmoor drew

up a little haughtily, but did not feel sure anything was intended. He was little accustomed to rubs. Zoe, on the other hand, turned a little pale—just a little; for she was sorry, but not surprised; so she proved equal to the occasion; she smiled and made light of it. "Of course we are *all* going," said she.

"Except one," said Vizard, drily.

"That is too bad," said Fanny. "Here he drives us all to visit his blue-stocking, but he takes good care not to go himself."

"Perhaps he prefers to visit her alone," suggested Severne. Zoe looked alarmed.

"That is so," said Vizard. "Observe, I am learning her very phrases. When you come back, tell me every word she says; pray let nothing be lost that falls from my virago."

The party started after luncheon; and Severne, true to his new policy, whipped to Zoe's side before Uxmoor, and engaged her at once in conversation.

Uxmoor bit his lip, and fell to Fanny. Fanny saw at once what was going on, and made herself very agreeable to Uxmoor. He was polite, and a little gratified, but cast uneasy glances at the other pair.

Meantime Severne was improving his opportunity. "Sorry to disturb Lord Uxmoor's monopoly," said he, sarcastically; "but I could not bear it any longer."

"I do not object to the change," said Zoe, smiling maternally on him; "but you will be good enough to imitate me in one thing—you will always be polite to Lord Uxmoor."

"He makes it rather hard."

"It is only for a time; and we must all learn to be capable of self-denial. I assure you I have exercised quite as much as I ask of you. Edward, he is a gentleman of great worth, universally respected, and my brother has a particular wish to

be friends with him. So pray be patient; be considerate. Have a little faith in one who——"

She did not end the sentence.

"Well, I will," said he. "But please think of me a little. I am beginning to feel quite thrust aside, and degraded in my own eyes for putting up with it."

"For shame, to talk so!" said Zoe; but the tears came into her eyes.

The master of arts saw, and said no more. He had the art of not overdoing: he left the arrow to rankle. He walked by her side in silence for ever so long. Then, suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of unselfish love, went off into delightful discourse. He cooed and wooed, and flattered, and fascinated; and by the time they reached the farm, had driven Uxmoor out of her head.

Miss Gale was out. The farmer's wife said she had gone into the town—meaning Hillstoke—which was, strictly speaking, a hamlet, or tributary village. Hillstoke Church was only twelve years old, and the tithes of the place went to the parson of Islip.

When Zoe turned to go, Uxmoor seized the opportunity, and drew up beside her, like a soldier falling into the ranks. Zoe felt hot; but as Severne took no open notice, she could not help smiling at the behaviour of the fellows; and Uxmoor got his chance.

Severne turned to Fanny, with a wicked sneer. "Very well, my lord," said he; "but I have put a spoke in your wheel."

"As if I did not see, you clever creature!" said Fanny, admiringly.

"Ah, Miss Dover, I need to be as clever as you. See what I have against me: a rich lord, with the bushiest beard."

"Never you mind," said Fanny. "Good wine needs no bush, ha! ha!

You are lovely, and have a wheedling tongue, and you were there first. Be good, now—and you can flirt with me to fill up the time. I hate not being flirted at all. It is stagnation."

"Yes, but it is not so easy to flirt with you, just a little. You are so charming." Thereupon he proceeded to flatter her, and wonder how he had escaped a passionate attachment to so brilliant a creature. "What saved me," said he, oracularly, "is, that I never could love two at once; and Zoe seized my love at sight. She left me nothing to lay at your feet but my admiration, the tenderest friendship man can feel for woman, and my lifelong gratitude for fighting my battle. Oh, Miss Dover, I must be quite serious a moment. What other lady but you would be so generous as to befriend a poor man with another lady, when there's wealth and title on the other side?"

Fanny blushed, and softened, but turned it off. "There—no heroics, please," said she. "You are a dear little fellow; and don't go and be jealous, for he shan't have her. He would never ask me to his house, you know. Now I think you would, perhaps—who knows? Tell me, fascinating monster, are you going to be ungrateful?"

"Not to you. My home would always be yours; and you know it." And he caught her hand, and kissed it in an ungovernable transport, the strings of which he pulled himself. He took care to be quick about it though, and not let Zoe or Uxmoor see, who were walking on before, and behaving sedately.

In Hillstoke lived, on a pension from Vizard, old Mrs Greenaway, rheumatic about the lower joints, so she went on crutches; but she went fast, being vigorous, and so did her tongue. At Hillstoke she was Dame Greenaway, being a relic

of that generation which applied the word dame to every wife, high and low; but at Islip she was "Sally," because she had started under that title, fifty-five years ago, as housemaid at Vizard Court; and by the tenacity of oral tradition, retained it ever since, in spite of two husbands she had wedded and buried with equal composure.

Her feet were still springy, her arms strong as iron, and her crutches active. At sight of our party she came out with amazing wooden strides, agog for gossip, and met them at the gate. She managed to indicate a curtsy, and said, "Good day, miss; your sarvant, all the company. Lord, how nice you be dressed, all on ye! to—be—sure. Well, miss, have ye heerd the news?"

"No, Sally. What is it?"

"What! haant ye heerd about the young 'oman at the farm?"

"Oh yes; we came to see her."

"No, did ye now? Well, she was here not half an hour ago. By the same token, I did put her a question, and she answered me then and there."

"And may I ask what the question was?"

"And welcome, miss. I said, says I, 'Young 'oman, where be you come from?' so says she, 'Old 'oman, I be come from forin parts.' 'I thought as much,' says I. 'And what be 'e come for?' 'To sojourn here,' says she, which she meant to bide a time. 'And what de 'e count to do whilst here you be?' says I. Says she, 'As much good as ever I can do, and as little harm.' 'That is no answer,' says I. She said it would do for the present; 'and good day to you, ma'am,' says she. 'Your sarvant, miss,' says I; and she was off like a flash. But I called my grandson Bill, and I told him he must follow her, go where she would, and let us know what she

was up to down in Islip. Then I went round the neighbours, and one told me one tale, and another another. But it all comes to one—we have gotten a *BUSYBODY*; that's the name I gives her. She don't give in to that, ye know; she is a Latiner, and speaks according. She gave Master Giles her own description. Says she, 'I'm suspector-general of this here districk.' So then Giles he was skeared a bit—he have got an acre of land of his own, you know—and he up and asked her did she come under the taxes, or was she a fresh imposition; 'for we are burdened enough a'ready, no offence to you, miss,' says Josh Giles. 'Don't you be skeared, old man,' says she, 'I shan't cost *you* none; your betters pays for I.' So says Giles, 'Oh, if you falls on Squire I don't vally that; Squire's back is broad enough to bear the load, but I'm a poor man.' That's how a' goes on, ye know. Poverty is always in his mouth; but the old chap have got a hatful of money hid away in the thatch or some're, only he haant a got the heart to spend it."

"Tell us more about the young lady," asked Uxmoor.

"What young lady? Oh, *her*! She is not a young lady—leastways she is not dressed like one, but like a plain, decent body. She was all of a piece—blue serge! Bless your heart! the pedlars bring it round here at elevenpence half-penny the yard, and a good breadth too; and plain boots, not heeled like your'n, miss, nor your'n, ma'am; and a felt hat like a boy. You'd say the parish had dressed her for ten shillings, and got a pot of beer out o't."

"Well, never mind that," said Zoe; "I must tell you she is a very worthy young lady, and my brother has a respect for her. Dress? Why, Sally, you know it is not the wisest that spend most on

dress. You might tell us what she *does*."

Dame Greenaway snatched the word out of her mouth. "Well, then, miss, what she have done, she have suspected everything. She have suspected the ponds; she have suspected the houses; she have suspected the folk; she must know what they eat and drink and wear next their very skin, and what they do lie down on. She have been at the very boys and forbade 'em to swallow the cherry-stones, poor things; but old Mrs Nash—which her boys lives on cherries at this time o' year, and to be sure they are a godsend to keep the children hereabout from starving—well, Dame Nash told her the Almighty knew best; He had put 'em together on the tree, so why not in the boys' insides; and that was common-sense, to my mind. But la! she wouldn't heed it. She said, 'Then you'd eat the peach-stones by that rule, and the fish-bones and all.' Says she, quite resolute like, 'I forbid 'em to swallow the stones;' and says she, 'ye mawnt gainsay me, none on ye, for I be the new doctor.' So then it all come out. She isn't suspector-general; she is a wench turned doctor, which it is against reason. Shan't doctor *me*, for one; but that there old Giles, he says he is agreeable, if so be she wool doctor him cheap—cussed old fool!—as if any doctoring was cheap that kills a body and doan't cure 'em. Dear heart, I forgot to tell ye about the ponds. Well, you know there be no wells here. We makes our tea out of the ponds, and capital good tea to drink, far before well-water, for I mind that one day about twenty years agone, some interfering body did cart a barrel up from Islip; and if we wants water withouten tea, why we can get plenty on't, and none too much malt and hops, at 'The Black Horse.'

So this here young 'oman she suspects the poor ponds, and casts a hevil eye on them, and she borrows two mugs of Giles, and carries the water home to suspect it closer. That is all she have done at present, but ye see she haant been here so very long. You mark my words, miss; that young 'oman will turn Hillstoke village topsy-turvy or ever she goes back to London town."

"Nonsense, Sally," said Zoe; "how can anybody do that whilst my brother and I are alive?" She then slipped half-a-crown into Sally's hand, and led the way to Islip.

On the road her conversation with Uxmoor took a turn suggestive of this interview. I forget which began it; but they differed a little in opinion, Uxmoor admiring Miss Gale's zeal and activity, and Zoe fearing that she would prove a rash reformer, perhaps a reckless innovator.

"And really," said she, "why disturb things? for, go where I will, I see no such paradise as these two villages."

"They are indeed lovely," said Uxmoor; "but my own village is very pretty. Yet on nearer inspection I have found so many defects, especially in the internal arrangements of the cottages, that I am always glad to hear of a new eye having come to bear on any village."

"I know you are very good," said Zoe, "and wish all the poor people about you to be as healthy and as happy as possible."

"I really do," said Uxmoor, warmly. "I often think of the strange inequality in the lot of men. Living in the country, I see around me hundreds of men who are by nature as worthy as I am, or thereabouts. Yet they must toil and labour, and indeed fight for bare food and clothing all their lives, and worse off at the close of their

long labour. That is what grieves me to the heart. All this time I revel in plenty and luxuries—not forgetting the luxury of luxuries, the delight of giving to those who need and deserve. What have I done for all this? I have been born of the right parents. My merit, then, is the accident of an accident. But having done nothing meritorious before I was born, surely I ought to begin afterwards. I think a man born to wealth ought to doubt his moral title to it, and ought to set to work to prove it—ought to set himself to repair the injustice of fortune by which he profits. Yes, such a man should be a sort of human sunshine and diffuse blessings all round him. The poor man, that encounters him, ought to bless the accident. But there, I am not eloquent. You know how much more I mean than I can say."

"Indeed I do," said Zoe, "and I honour you."

"Ah, Miss Vizard," said Uxmoor, "that is more than I can ever deserve."

"You are praising me at your own expense," said Zoe. "Well, then," said she, sweetly, "please accept my sympathy. It is so rare to find a gentleman of your age thinking so little of himself and so much of poor people. Yet that is a divine command. But somehow we forget our religion, out of church—most of us. I am sure I do, for one."

This conversation brought them to the village, and there they met Vizard, and Zoe repeated old Sally's discourse to him word for word. He shook his head solemnly, and said he shared her misgivings. "We have caught a tartar."

On arriving at Vizard Court, they found Miss Gale had called and left two cards.

Open rivalry having now com-

menced between Uxmoor and Severne, his lordship was adroit enough to contrive that the drag should be in request next day.

Then Severne got Fanny to convey a note to Zoe, imploring her to open her bedroom window and say good-night to him the last. "For," said he, "I have no coach-and-four, and I am very unhappy."

This and his staying sullenly at home spoiled Zoe's ride, and she was cool to Uxmoor, and spoilt his drive.

At night Zoe peeped through the curtain and saw Severne standing in the moonlight. Her eye drank him in for some time in silence, then she softly opened her window and looked out. He took a step nearer.

She said very softly and tenderly, "You are very naughty and very foolish. Go to bed *di-rectly*." And she closed her window with a valiant slam; then sat down and sighed.

Same game next day. Uxmoor driving, Zoe wonderfully polite, but chill; because he was separating her and Severne. At night, Severne on the wet grass, and Zoe remonstrating severely, but not sincerely, and closing the window peremptorily she would have liked to keep open half the night.

It has often been remarked that great things arise out of small things; and sometimes, when in full motion, depend on small things. History offers brilliant examples upon its large stage. Fiction has imitated history in *une verre d'eau* and other compositions. To these examples, real or feigned, I am now about to add one; and the curious reader may, if he thinks it worth while, note the various ramifications at home and abroad of a seemingly trivial incident.

They were all seated at luncheon,

when a servant came in with a salver, and said, "A gentleman to see you, sir." He presented his salver with a card upon it. Severne clutched the card, and jumped up reddening.

"Show him in here," said the hospitable Vizard.

"No, no," cried Severne, rather nervously; "it is my lawyer on a little private business."

Vizard told the servant to show the visitor into the library, and take in the madeira and some biscuits.

"It is about a lease," said Ned Severne, and went out rather hurriedly.

"La!" said Fanny, "what a curious name!—Poikilus. And what does S. I. mean, I wonder?"

"This is enigmatical discourse," said Vizard, drily. "Please explain."

"Why the card had Poikilus on it."

"You are very inquisitive," said Zoe, colouring.

"No more than my neighbours. But the man put his salver right between our noses, and how could I help seeing Poikilus in large letters, and S. I. in little ones, up in the corner?"

Said Vizard, "The female eye is naturally swift. She couldn't help seeing all that in *half a minute of time*; for Ned Severne snatched up the card with vast expedition."

"I saw that, too," said Fanny, defiantly.

Uxmoor put in his word. "Poikilus! That is a name one sees in the papers."

"Of course you do. He is one of the humbugs of the day. Pretends to find things out; advertises mysterious disappearances; offers a magnificent reward—with perfect safety, because he has invented the lost girl's features, and dress, and her disappearance into the bargain;—and I hold with the schoolmen, that

she who does not exist cannot disappear. Poikilus, a puffing detective. S. I., Secret Inquiry. *I* spell Enquiry with an E,—but Poikilus is a man of the day. What the deuce can Ned Severne want of him? I suppose I ought not to object. I have established a female detective at Hillstoke. So Ned sets one up at Islip. I shall make my own secret arrangements. If Poikilus settles here, he will be drawn through the horse-pond by small-minded rustics once a-week."

Whilst he was going on like this, Zoe felt uncomfortable, and almost irritated by his volubility, and it was a relief to her when Severne returned. He had confided a most delicate case to the detective, given him written instructions, and stipulated for his leaving the house without a word to any one, and, indeed, seen him off,—all in seven minutes. Yet he returned to our party cool as a cucumber, to throw dust in everybody's eyes.

"I must apologise for this intrusion," he said to Vizard; "but my lawyer wanted to consult me about the lease of one of my farms, and finding himself in the neighbourhood, he called instead of writing."

"Your lawyer, eh?" said Vizard, sily. "What is your lawyer's name?"

"Jackson," said Ned, without a moment's hesitation.

Fanny giggled in her own despite.

Instead of stopping here, Severne must go on; it was his unlucky day.

"Not quite a gentleman, you know, or I would have inflicted his society on you."

"Not quite—eh?" said Harrington, so drily, that Fanny Dover burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

But Zoe turned hot and cold, to see him blundering thus, and telling lie upon lie.

Severne saw there was something wrong, and buried his nose in pigeon-pie. He devoured it with an excellent appetite, while every eye rested on him: Zoe's, with shame and misery; Uxmoor's, with open contempt; Vizard's, with good-humoured satire.

The situation became intolerable to Zoe Vizard. Indignant and deeply shocked herself, she still could not bear to see him the butt of others' ridicule and contempt. She rose haughtily, and marched to the door. He raised his head for a moment, as she went out. She turned, and their eyes met. She gave him such a glance of pity and disdain, as suspended the meat upon his fork, and froze him into comprehending that something very serious indeed had happened.

He resolved to learn from Fanny what it was, and act accordingly. But Zoe's maid came in and whispered Fanny. She went out, and neither of the young ladies was seen till dinner-time. It was conveyed to Uxmoor that there would be no excursion of any kind this afternoon: and therefore he took his hat, and went off to pay a visit. He called on Rhoda Gale. She was at home. He intended merely to offer her his respects, and to side with her generally against these foolish rustics; but she was pleased with him for coming, and made herself so agreeable that he spent the whole afternoon comparing notes with her upon village life, and the amelioration it was capable of. Each could give the other valuable ideas; and he said he hoped she would visit his part of the country ere long; she would find many defects, but also a great desire to amend them.

This flattered her, naturally; and she began to take an interest in him. That interest soon took the

form of curiosity. She must know whether he was seriously courting Zoe Vizard or not. The natural reserve of a well-bred man withstood this at first; but that armour could not resist for two mortal hours such a daughter of Eve as this, with her insidious questions, her artful statements, her cat-like retreats, and cat-like returns. She learned—though he did not see how far he had committed himself—that he admired Zoe Vizard, and would marry her to-morrow if she would have him: his hesitation to ask her, because he had a rival, whose power he could not exactly measure; but a formidable and permitted rival.

They parted almost friends; and Rhoda settled quietly in her mind he should have Zoe Vizard, since he was so fond of her.

Here again it was Severne's unlucky day, and Uxmoor's lucky. To carry this same day to a close, Severne tried more than once to get near Zoe and ask if he had offended her, and in what. But no

opportunity occurred. So then he sat and gazed at her, and looked unhappy. She saw, and was not unmoved, but would not do more than glance at him. He resigned himself to wait till night.

Night came. He went on the grass. There was a light in Zoe's room. It was eleven o'clock. He waited, shivering, till twelve. Then the light was put out; but no window opened. There was a moon; and her windows glared black on him, dark and bright as the eyes she now averted from him. He was in disgrace.

The present incident I have recorded did not end here; and I must now follow Poikilus on his mission to Homburg; and, if the reader has a sense of justice, methinks he will not complain of the journey, for see how long I have neglected the noblest figure in this story, and the most to be pitied. To desert her longer would be too unjust, and derange entirely the balance of this complicated story.

CHAPTER XX.

A cruel mental stroke, like a heavy blow upon the body, sometimes benumbs and sickens at first, but does not torture; yet that is to follow.

It was so with Ina Klosking. The day she just missed Edward Severne, and he seemed to melt away from her very grasp into the wide world again, she could drag herself to the theatre and sing angelically, with a dull and aching heart. But next day her heart entered on sharper suffering: she was irritated, exasperated; chained to the theatre, to Homburg, yet wild to follow Severne to England without delay. She told Ashmead she must and would go. He op-

posed it stoutly, and gave good reasons. She could not break faith with the management. England was a large place. They had, as yet, no clue but a name. By waiting, the clue would come. The sure course was to give publicity in England to her winnings, and so draw Severne to her.

But, for once, she was too excited to listen to reason. She was tempest-tossed. "*I will go—I will go,*" she repeated, as she walked the room wildly, and flung her arms aloft with reckless *abandon*, and yet, with a terrible majesty, an instinctive grace, and all the poetry of a great soul wronged, and driven wild.

She overpowered Ashmead, and drove him to the Director: he went most unwillingly; but, once there, was true to her, and begged off the engagement eagerly. The Director refused this plump. Then Ashmead, still true to his commission, offered him (most reluctantly) a considerable sum down to annul the contract, and backed this with a quiet hint that she would certainly fall ill, if refused. The Director knew by experience what this meant, and how easily these ladies can command the human body to death's door *pro re nata*, and how readily a doctor's certificate can be had to say or swear that the great creature cannot sing or act, without peril to life; though really both these arts are grand medicines, and far less likely to injure the *bona fide* sick, than are the certifying doctor's draughts and drugs. The Director knew all this; but he was furious at the disappointment threatened him. "No," said he; "this is always the way; a poor devil of a manager is never to have a success. It is treacherous, it is ungrateful: I'll close. You tell her, if she is determined to cut all our throats, and kick her own good fortune down, she can; but, by —, I'll make her smart for it. Mind, now; she closes the theatre, and pays the expenses, if she plays me false."

"But if she is ill?"

"Let her die and be —, and then I'll believe her. She is the healthiest woman in Germany. I'll go and take steps to have her arrested, if she offers to leave the town."

Ashmead reported the manager's threats, and the Klosking received them as a lioness the barking of a cur. She drew herself swiftly up, and her great eye gleamed imperial disdain at all his menaces but one.

"He will not really close the theatre," said she, loftily, but uneasiness lurked in her manner.

"He will," said Ashmead. "He is desperate: and you know it is hard, to go on losing and losing, and then, the moment luck turns, be done out of it, in spite of a written bargain. I've been a manager myself."

"So many poor people!" said Ina, with a sigh; and her defiant head sank a little.

"Oh, bother *them*!" said Ashmead, craftily. "Let 'em starve."

"God forbid!" said Ina. Then she sighed again, and her queenly head sank lower. Then she faltered out, "I have the will to break faith and ruin poor people; but I have not the courage."

Then a tear or two began to trickle, carrying with them all the egotistical resolution Ina Klosking possessed at that time. Perhaps we shall see her harden; nothing stands still.

This time the poor conquered.

But every now and then, for many days, there were returns of torment, and agitation, and wild desire to escape to England.

Ashmead made head against these with his simple arts. For one thing he showed her a dozen paragraphs in MS. he was sending to as many English weekly papers, describing her heavy gains at the table. "With these stones," said he, "I kill two birds: extend your fame, and entice your idol back to you." Here a growl, which I suspect was an inarticulate curse. Joseph, fie!

The pen of Joseph, on such occasions, was like his predecessor's coat, polychromatic. The Klosking read him, and wondered. "Alas!" said she, "with what versatile skill do you descant on a single circumstance, not very creditable!"

"Creditable!" said Ashmead; "it was very naughty; but it is very nice." And the creature actually winked, forgetting, of course, whom he was winking at, and wasting his vulgarity on the desert air; for the Klosking's eye might just manage to blink—at the meridian sun, or so forth; but it never winked once in all its life.

One of the paragraphs ran thus, with a heading in small capitals:—

"A PRIMA DONNA AT THE
GAMBLING-TABLE.

"Mademoiselle Klosking, the great contralto, whose success has been already recorded in all the journals, strolled, on one of her off-nights, into the Kursaal at Homburg, and sat down to *trente et quarante*. Her melodious voice was soon heard betting heavily, with the most engaging sweetness of manner; and, doubling seven times upon the red, she broke the bank, and retired with a charming curtsy, and eight thousand pounds in gold and notes."

Another dealt with the matter thus:—

"ROUGE ET NOIR.

"The latest *coup* at Homburg has been made by a cantatrice, whose praises all Germany are now ringing. Mademoiselle Klosking, successor and rival of Alboni, went to the Kursaal, *pour passer le temps*; and she passed it so well, that in half an hour the bank was broken, and there was a pile of notes and gold before La Klosking, amounting to ten thousand pounds and more. The lady waved these over to her agent, Mr Joseph Ashmead, with a hand which, *par parenthèse*, is believed to be the whitest in Europe, and retired gracefully."

On perusing this, La Klosking held *two* white hands up to heaven, in amazement at the skill and good taste, which had dragged this feature into the incident.

"A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

"A circumstance has lately occurred here which will infallibly be seized on by the novelists in search of an incident. Mademoiselle Klosking, the new contralto, whose triumphant progress through Europe will probably be the next event in music, walked into the Kursaal the other night, broke the bank, and walked out again with twelve thousand pounds, and that charming composure which is said to distinguish her in private life.

"What makes it more remarkable is, that the lady is not a gamester, has never played before, and is said to have declared that she shall never play again. It is certain that, with such a face, figure, and voice, as hers, she need never seek for wealth at the gambling-table. Mademoiselle Klosking is now in negotiation with all the principal cities of the Continent. But the English managers, we apprehend, will prove awkward competitors."

Were I to reproduce the nine other paragraphs, it would be a very curious, instructive, and tedious specimen of literature; and, who knows, I might corrupt some immaculate soul, inspire some actor or actress, singer or songstress, with an itch for public self-laudation, a foible from which they are all at present so free. Witness the 'Era,' the 'Hornet,' and 'Figaro.'

Ina Klosking spotted what she conceived to be a defect in these histories. "My friend," said she, meekly, "the sum I won was under five thousand pounds."

"Was it? Yes, to be sure. But you see these are English advertisements. Now England is so rich, that, if you keep down to any *Continental* sum, you give a false impression in England of the importance on the spot."

"And so we are to falsify figures? In the first of these legends it was double the truth: and, as I read, it enlarges—oh, but it enlarges," said Ina, with a gallicism we shall have to forgive in a lady who spoke five languages.

"Madam," said Ashmead, drily, "you must expect your capital to increase rapidly, so long as I conduct it."

Not being herself swift to shed jokes, Ina did not take them rapidly. She stared at him. He never moved a muscle. She gave a slight shrug of her grand shoulders, and resigned that attempt to reason with the creature.

She had a pill in store for him, though. She told him that, as she had sacrificed the longings of her heart to the poor of the theatre, so she should sacrifice a portion of her ill-gotten gains to the poor of the town.

He made a hideously wry face at that; asked what poor-rates were for? and assured her that "pauper" meant "drunkard."

"It is not written so in Scripture," said Ina: "and I need their prayers; for I am very unhappy."

In short, Ashmead was driven out from the presence-chamber, with a thousand thalers to distribute amongst the poor of Homburg; and, once in the street, his face did not shine like an angel's of mercy, but was very pinched and morose; hardly recognisable—poor Joe!

By-and-by he scratched his head. Now it is unaccountable; but certain heads often yield an idea in return for that. Joseph's did, and his countenance brightened.

Three days after this, Ina was surprised by a note from the Burgomaster, saying that he and certain of the town-council would have the honour of calling on her at noon.

What might this mean?

She sent to ask for Mr Ashmead; he was not to be found; he had hidden himself too carefully.

The deputation came and thanked her for her munificent act of charity.

She looked puzzled at first, then blushed to the temples. "Munificent act, gentlemen! Alas! I did but direct my agent to distribute a small sum amongst the deserving poor. He has done very ill to court your attention. My little contribution should have been as private as it is insignificant."

"Nay, madam," said the clerk of the council, who was a recognised orator, "your agent did well to consult our worthy Burgomaster, who knows the persons most in need and most deserving. We do not doubt that you love to do good in secret. Nevertheless we have also our sense of duty, and we think it right that so benevolent an act should be published, as an example to others. In the same view, we claim to comment publicly on your goodness." Then he looked to the Burgomaster, who took him up.

"And we comment thus: Madam, since the middle ages the freedom of this town has not been possessed by any female. There is, however, no law forbidding it; and therefore, madam, the civic authorities, whom I represent, do hereby present to you the freedom of this burgh."

He then handed her an emblazoned vellum giving her citizenship, with the reasons written plainly in golden letters.

Ina Klosking, who had remained quite quiet during the speeches, waited a moment or two; and then

replied with seemly grace and dignity :—

“Mr Burgomaster and gentlemen—you have paid me a great and unexpected compliment: and I thank you for it. But one thing makes me uneasy; it is that I have done so little to deserve this. I console myself, however, by reflecting that I am still young, and may have opportunities to show myself grateful, and even to deserve, in the future, this honour, which at present overpays me, and almost oppresses me. On that understanding, gentlemen, be pleased to bestow, and let me receive, the rare compliment you have paid me by admitting me to citizenship in your delightful town.” (To herself) “I’ll scold him well for this.”

Low curtsy; profound bows; exit deputation enchanted with her; *manet* Klosing with the freedom of the city in her hand, and ingratitude in her heart; for her one idea was to get hold of Mr Joseph Ashmead directly, and reproach him severely for all this, which she justly ascribed to his machinations.

The cunning Ashmead divined her project, and kept persistently out of her way. That did not suit her neither. She was lonely. She gave the waiter a friendly line to bring him to her. Now, mind you, she was too honest to pretend she was not going to scold him. So this is what she wrote :—

“MY FRIEND,—Have you deserted me? Come to me, and be remonstrated. What have you to fear? You know so well how to defend yourself.

“INA KLOSING.”

Arrived in a very few minutes Mr Ashmead, jaunty, cheerful, and defensive.

Ina, with a countenance from which all discontent was artfully extracted, laid before him, in the friendliest way you can imagine, an English Bible. It was her father’s, and she always carried it with her. “I wish,” said she, insidiously, “to consult you on a passage or two of this book. How do you understand this—

“‘When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do’?”

“And this—

“‘When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly’?”

Having pointed out these sentences with her finger, she looked to him for his interpretation. Joseph, thus erected into a Scripture commentator, looked at the passages first near, and then afar off, as if the true interpretation depended on perspective. Having thus gained a little time, he said: “Well, I think the meaning is clear enough. We are to hide our own light under a bushel. But it don’t say an agent is to hide his employer’s.”

“Be serious, sir. This is a great authority.”

“Oh, of course, of course. Still—if you won’t be offended, ma’am—times are changed since then. It was a very small place, where news spread of itself; and all that cannot be written for theatrical agents, because there wasn’t one in creation.”

“And so now, their little customs, lately invented, like themselves, are to prevail against God’s im-mor-tal law!” It was something half-way between Handel and mellowed thunder, the way her grand contralto suddenly rolled out these three words. Joseph was cunning.

He put on a crushed appearance—deceived by which, the firm but gentle Klosking began to soften her tone directly.

"It has given me pain," said she, sorrowfully. "And I am afraid God will be angry with us both for our ostentation."

"Not He," said Joseph, consolingly. "Bless your heart, He is not half so irritable as the parsons fancy! they confound Him with themselves."

Ina ignored this suggestion with perfect dignity, and flowed on: "All I stipulate now is, that I may not see this pitiable parade in print."

"That is past praying for, then," said Ashmead, resolutely. "You might as well try to stop the waves as check publicity—in our day. Your munificence to the poor—confound the lazy lot!—and the gratitude of those pompous prigs, the deputation—the presentation—your admirable reply——"

"You never heard it now——"

"Which, as you say, I was not so fortunate as to hear, and so must content myself with describing it,—all this is flying north, south, east, and west."

"Oh no, no, no! You have not advertised it?"

"Not advertised it? For what do you take me? Wait till you see the bill I am running up against you. Madam, you must take people as they are. Don't try to un-Ashmead me; it is impossible. Catch up that knife and kill me. I'll not resist; on the contrary, I'll sit down and prepare an obituary notice for the weeklies, and say I did it. BUT WHILE I BREATHE I ADVERTISE."

And Joseph was defiant; and the Klosking shrugged her noble shoulders, and said, "You best of creatures, you are incurable."

To follow this incident to its

conclusion: not a week after this scene, Ina Klosking detected, in an English paper—

"A CHARITABLE ACT.

"Mademoiselle Klosking, the great contralto, having won a large sum of money at the Kursaal, has given a thousand pounds to the poor of the place. The civic authorities hearing of this, and desirous to mark their sense of so noble a donation, have presented her with the freedom of the burgh, written on vellum and gold. Mademoiselle Klosking received the compliment with charming grace and courtesy; but her modesty is said to have been much distressed at the publicity hereby given to an act she wished to be known only to the persons relieved by her charity."

Ina caught the culprit, and showed him this. "A thousand pounds!" said she. "Are you not ashamed? Was ever a niggardly act so embellished and exaggerated? I feel my face very red, sir."

"Oh, I'll explain that in a moment," said Joseph, amicably. "Each nation has a coin it is always quoting. France counts in francs, Germany in thalers, America in dollars, England in pounds. When a thing costs a million francs in France, or a million dollars in the States, that is always called a million pounds in the English journals: otherwise it would convey no distinct idea at all to an Englishman. Turning thalers and francs into pounds—that is not *exaggeration*; it is only *translation*."

Ina gave him such a look. He replied with an unabashed smile.

She shrugged her shoulders in silence this time, and, to the best of my belief, made no more seri-

ous attempts to un-Ashmead her Ashmead.

A month had now passed, and that was a little more than half the dreary time she had to wade through. She began to count the days, and that made her pine all the more. Time is like a kettle. Be blind to him, he flies; watch him, he lags. Her sweet temper was a little affected, and she even reproached Ashmead for holding her out false hopes that his advertisements of her gains would induce Severne to come to her, or even write. "No," said she; "there must be some greater attraction. Karl says that Miss Vizard, who called upon me, was a beauty, and dark. Perhaps she was the lovely girl I saw at the opera. She has never been there since: and he is gone to England with people of that name."

"Well, but that Miss Vizard called on you. She can't intend to steal him from you."

"But she may not know; a woman may injure another without intending. He may deceive her; he has betrayed me. Her extraordinary beauty terrifies me. It enchanted me; and how much more a man?"

Joseph said he thought this was all fancy; and as for his advertisements, it was too early yet to pronounce on their effect.

The very day after this conversation, he bounced into her room in great dudgeon. "There, madam! the advertisements *have* produced an effect; and not a pleasant one. Here's a detective on to us. He is feeling his way with Karl. I knew the man in a moment—calls himself Poikilus in print, and Smith to talk to; but he is Aaron at the bottom of it all, and can speak several languages. Confound their

impudence! putting a detective on to us, when it is them that are keeping dark."

"Who do you think has sent him?" asked Ina, intently.

"The party interested, I suppose."

"Interested in what?"

"Why, in the money you won; for he was drawing Karl about that."

"Then *he* sent the man!" And Ina began to pant and change colour.

"Well, now you put it to me, I think so. Come to look at it, it is certain. Who else *could* it be? Here is a brace of sweeps. They wouldn't be the worse for a good kicking. You say the word, and Smith shall have one, at all events."

"Alas, my friend!" said Ina, "for once you are slow. What! a messenger comes here direct from *him*, and are we so dull we can learn nothing from him who comes to question us? Let me think."

She leaned her forehead on her white hand, and her face seemed slowly to fill with intellectual power.

"That man," said she, at last, "is the only link between him and me. I must speak to him."

Then she thought again.

"No, not yet. He must be detained in the house. Letters may come to him, and their postmarks may give us some clue."

"I'll recommend the house to him."

"Oh, that is not necessary. He will lodge here of his own accord. Does he know you?"

"I think not."

"Do not give him the least suspicion that you know he is a detective."

"All right, I won't."

"If he sounds you about the money, say nobody knows much about

it, except Mademoiselle Klosking. If you can get the matter so far, come and tell me. But be *you* very reserved, for you are not clear."

Ashmead received these instructions meekly, and went into the *salle à manger* and ordered dinner. Smith was there, and had evidently got some information from Karl; for he opened an easy conversation with Ashmead, and it ended in their dining together.

Smith played the open-handed countryman to the life; stood champagne. Ashmead chattered, and seemed quite off his guard. Smith approached the subject cautiously. "Gamble here as much as ever?"

"All day, some of them."

"Ladies and all?"

"Why, the ladies are the worst."

"No; are they, now? Ah, that reminds me. I heard there was a lady in this very house won a pot o' money."

"It is true. I am her agent."

"I suppose she lost it all, next day?"

"Well, not all, for she gave a thousand pounds to the poor."

"The dressmakers collared the rest?"

"I cannot say. I have nothing to do, except with her theatrical business. She will make more by that than she ever made at play."

"What, is she tip-top?"

"The most rising singer in Europe."

"I should like to see her."

"That you can easily do. She sings to-night. I'll pass you in."

"You are a good fellow. Have a bit of supper with me afterwards. Bottle of fizz."

These two might be compared to a couple of spiders, each taking the other for a fly. Smith was enchanted with Ina's singing, or pretended. Ashmead was delighted with him, or pretended.

"Introduce me to her," said Smith.

"I dare not do that: you are not professional—are you?"

"No; but you can say I am, for a lark."

Ashmead said he should like to; but it would not do, unless he was very wary.

"Oh, I'm fly," said the other. "She won't get anything out of me. I've been behind the scenes often enough."

Then Ashmead said he would go and ask her if he might present a London manager to her. He soon brought back the answer. "She is too tired to-night: but I pressed her, and she says she will be charmed if you will breakfast with her to-morrow at eleven." He did not say that he was to be with her at half-past ten for special instructions. They were very simple. "My friend," said she, "I mean to tell this man something, which he will think it his duty to telegraph or write to *him* immediately. It was for this I would not have the man to supper, being after post-time. This morning he shall either write or telegraph; and then, if you are as clever in this as you are in some things, you will watch him, and find out the address he sends to."

Ashmead listened very attentively, and fell into a brown study.

"Madam," said he, at last, "this is a first-rate combination. You make him communicate with England, and I will do the rest. If he telegraphs, I'll be at his heels. If he goes to the post, I know a way: if he posts in the house, he makes it too easy."

At eleven, Ashmead introduced his friend "Sharpus, manager of Drury Lane Theatre;" and watched the fencing-match with some anxiety, Ina being little versed in guile. But she had tact and self-

possession; and she was not an angel, after all, but a woman whose wits were sharpened by love and suffering.

Sharpus, *alias* Smith, played his assumed character to perfection. He gave the Klosking many incidents of business, and professional anecdotes, and was excellent company. The Klosking was gracious, and more *bonne enfant* than Ashmead had ever seen her. It was a fine match between her and the detective. At last he made his approaches.

"And I hear we are to congratulate you on success at *rouge et noir* as well as opera. Is it true that you broke the bank?"

"Perfectly," was the frank reply.

"And won a million?"

"More or less," said the Klosking, with an open smile.

"I hope it was a good lump, for our countrymen leave hundreds of thousands here every season."

"It was four thousand nine hundred pounds, sir."

"Pheugh! Well, I wish it had been double. You are not so close as our friend here, madam."

"No, sir; and shall I tell you why?"

"If you like, madam," said Smith, with assumed indifference.

"Mr Ashmead is a model agent; he never allows himself to see anybody's interests but mine. Now the truth is, another person has an interest in my famous winnings. A gentleman handed £25 to Mr Ashmead to play with. He did not do so; but I came in and joined £25 of my own to that £25 and won an enormous sum. Of course, if the gentleman chooses to be chivalrous and abandon his claim, he can; but that is not the way of the world, you know. I feel sure he will come to me for his share some day; and the sooner the better, for money burns the pocket."

Sharpus, *alias* Smith, said this was really a curious story. "Now, suppose," said he, "some fine day a letter was to come asking you to remit that gentleman his half, what should you do?"

"I should decline; it might be an *escroc*. No; Mr Ashmead, here, knows the gentleman. Do you not?"

"I'll swear to him anywhere."

"Then, to receive his money, he must face the eye of Ashmead. Ha, ha!"

The detective turned the conversation, and never came back to the subject; but shortly he pleaded an engagement, and took his leave.

Ashmead lingered behind, but Ina hurried him off, with an emphatic command not to leave this man out of his sight a moment.

He violated this order; for in five minutes he ran back to tell her, in an agitated whisper, that Smith was, at that moment, writing a letter in the *salle à manger*.

"Oh, pray don't come here!" cried Ina, in despair. "Do not lose sight of him for a moment."

"Give me that letter to post then," said Ashmead, and snatched one up Ina had directed overnight.

He went to the hotel door and lighted a cigar; out came Smith with a letter in his very hand. Ashmead peered with all his eyes; but Smith held the letter vertically in his hand and the address inwards. The letter was sealed.

Ashmead watched him, and saw he was going to the General Post. He knew a shorter cut, ran and took it, and lay in wait. As Smith approached the box, letter in hand, he bustled up in a furious hurry, and posted his own letter so as to stop Smith's hand at the very aperture before he could insert his letter. He saw, apologised, and drew back. Smith laughed, and said, "All right, old man. That is to your sweet-

heart, or you wouldn't be in such a hurry."

"No; it was to my grandmother," said Ashmead.

"Go on," said Smith, and poked the ribs of Joseph. They went home jocular; but the detective was no sooner out of the way, than Ashmead stole up to Ina Klosking, and put his finger to his lips; for Karl was clearing away, and in no hurry.

They sat on tenter-hooks and thought he never would go. He did go at last, and then the Klosking and Ashmead came together like two magnets.

"Well?"

"All right! Letter to post. Saw address quite plain.—Edward Severne, Esq."

"Yes."

"Vizard Court."

"Ah!"

"Taddington — Barfordshire — England."

Ina, who was standing all on fire, now sat down and interlaced her hands. "Vizard!" said she, gloomily.

"Yes; Vizard Court," said Ashmead, triumphantly; "that means he is a large landed proprietor, and you will easily find him if he is there in a month."

"He will be there," said Ina. "She is very beautiful. She is dark, too, and he loves change. Oh, if to all I have suffered he adds *that*——"

"Then you will forgive him *that*," said Ashmead, shaking his head.

"Never. Look at me, Joseph Ashmead."

He looked at her with some awe, for she seemed transformed, and her Danish eye gleamed strangely.

"You, who have seen my torments and my fidelity, mark what I say: If he is false to me with another woman, I shall kill him—or else I shall hate him."

She took her desk and wrote, at Ashmead's dictation—

"Vizard Court,
Taddington,
Barfordshire."

GEORGE SAND.

NOT many months have passed since the death of George Sand, yet we fancy that not a few of her faithful readers begin to realise how greatly they miss her. It is nearly five-and-forty years since she somewhat tardily awakened to her veritable vocation, and charmed the world with a finished romance. Since then she had laboured indefatigably, if that can be called labour where the intellectual effort was so easy. Literary reputations have been made and unmade; brilliant writers have flourished and passed away; men and women of more or less talent have attained an ephemeral popularity by hitting off a passing fashion,—while the flow of George Sand's genius was as constant and as copious as at the first. France has been distracted and absorbed by dynastical changes, by political revolutions, and by a war that threatened her existence. The occupation of the public mind over such momentous matters has paralysed for the time all literary enterprise; in particular, there have been long interludes in the manufacture of novels, since it did not "pay" to write when so few were disposed to read. From first to last, except when she gave herself over to political agitation, there was scarcely a sensible cessation of George Sand's regular activity. Were it not for the eminent instances that prove the contrary, we might assume that such sustained facility must inevitably be more or less mechanical—that the work it creates might be entertaining and even meritorious, but could scarcely lay claim to higher praise. That natural assumption, however, is at once disproved by reference to such writers as Scott and Lord Lytton

among ourselves—to Balzac and Alexandre Dumas among Frenchmen. They have shown us that it is possible for a genius of the first order to go steadily in harness at high speed, and generally exhibit the brilliancy of its paces; although, of course, there may be times when it will jib, or days when it is out of condition. But two, at least, of the writers we have referred to—Lord Lytton is a remarkable exception—with many others who will naturally suggest themselves, had more or less written themselves out before they died. What a droop there is from 'Waverley' to 'Count Robert of Paris,' or from 'Monte Christo' to some of those latest books of Dumas' whose names we cannot profess even to remember! But we say advisedly that George Sand's latest novel is equal to her first, so far as we can compare them; for it is written in another of her numerous styles, and addresses itself to a different order of tastes. And disclaiming any pretension to assign her a relative rank among the great novel-writers who have delighted the last generation or two, what is certain is, that she has surpassed them all in the actual volume of her works, although we believe that Balzac ran her hard. Even if we give Dumas the credit, or discredit, of all the books that were issued to the public by his literary joint-stock partnership, the vigorous and indefatigable Creole must yield the palm of fertility to the lady. We count upwards of eighty books in the advertising list of her collected writings; nor is that list exhaustive. Notwithstanding the innumerable articles she contributed to various journals and magazines, she remains the Lope de Vega of French fiction;

and if the writer of a single clever romance is to be regarded as a public benefactor, what are we to say of the author who had exerted herself so indefatigably for half a century for the public entertainment?

There were two things that mainly contributed to this long and successful career of activity—her splendid *physique* and her mental many-sidedness. Balzac's critics have said that he wrote with his blood and muscle—with the frame of an athlete and the fire of an artist in love with glory. The same thing, in a measure, may be said of Scott, although his manner was more sober and better regulated; of Dumas, who burned the candle at both ends, and plunged with characteristic impetuosity into the pleasures of society in the intervals of busy *séances* in his library; and assuredly it may be said of George Sand. She was blessed with a constitution which bade defiance alike to anxieties, agitations, and the fretting of a fervid temperament and fancy; she tells us herself, in her *Life*, that she had scarcely ever an hour of sickness. And on the whole, and notwithstanding the somewhat unfeminine irregularity of her habits, she had given her constitution fair-play to the last. She indulged, in moderation, in social pleasures, and in the society of chosen and sympathetic acquaintances; she sought occasional relaxation in foreign travel; and she passed great part of her time in the country. Her attachment to a country life is partly explained by that many-sidedness of hers, while it partly explains itself. It is Paris that distributes literary fame and rewards, absorbing aspirants into its vortex. The great majority of her countrymen, when they make themselves a name, at once become the slaves of the city and its artificial society. They give themselves up

to the influences of the world they court; they analyse its artificial passions, and write more or less unconsciously for its artificial tastes; they depict its manners or satirise its follies. They are but little addicted to travel, as a rule; and when they travel, they carry their surroundings about with them, and are scarcely conscious of a change in their social atmosphere. Their reminiscences of the provinces are generally the dim recollections of the days when they were themselves obscure provincials on their promotion; and they are apt to become sensitive in after-life as to showing themselves familiar with anything so vulgar. As for the country, pure and simple, they detest it. Their ideas of it are limited to the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes; to the alleys of Versailles or the terrace of St Germain's; at all events, to a few weeks at "the Waters," in the season, where breezes fresh from the sea or the Pyrenees barely overcome the prevailing oppression of fashionable scents from perfumers on the Boulevards.

Of course there are exceptions. Powerful and original geniuses, like Balzac, break away from such enfeebling restraint, and rise superior to such vulgar vanity; while the most charming books of such an idyllic writer as Souvestre have laid their scenes among the wilds of his native Brittany. But as for George Sand, she passionately loved the country. It associated itself inseparably with the first delightful recollections of her childhood, and she returned again and again to the scenes of her early loves. She was a poet and an artist in every fibre of her frame. She had passed many of the years of her youth in the half-reclaimed solitudes of Berri, and had learned to see the picturesque in what to others seemed savagage to repulsion. She had again and

again studied the poetry of details, so that she could recall them in an inexhaustible variety of descriptions. A few touches, slight but bold ; the rush of water under a weeping-willow ; a moss-grown mill-sluice, with a clump of alders ; a shapeless hut on a scarred patch of moorland,—and we have a picture in a line or two that brightens a page. And the people excited her imagination as much as their country. She knew the rough peasants to the core—with their *patois*, their cunning, and their boorish manners. She knew them, and she described them with wonderful fidelity, though she loved to idealise them on occasion, while preserving their characteristic features ; and we may express an opinion, in passing, that it is in those inimitable rural studies of hers that she will live when her more pretentious works are half forgotten.

After all, if she loved the country so intensely, it was because its peacefulness and primitive simplicity were enhanced to her by the sense of repose—of relief from the life that she lived elsewhere. She was essentially Bohemian in her nature ; delighting in frequent change, like the gypsy, who seems to shift his tent with a certain unconscious instinct for the picturesque and the beautiful. Like him, she was the victim of passions that were hard to curb, and the creature of violent impulses ; like him, she revolted against the social laws which more steady-going people never dream of questioning. But then, besides the nobility of her nature, she had the genius, education, and opportunities that never fell to the gypsy's lot ; and the course of her erratic wanderings carried her into various spheres of life and thought. From early childhood we see her noting her own feelings and carefully analysing them ; almost from

infancy, too, she commenced her studies of surrounding character, and she had the opportunity of examining some remarkable specimens among the relatives and servants with whom she was in the closest contact. She assures us that she never sat for her own Indiana—that she never drew any one of her portraits so that any one should justly identify it with an original. That may be. We believe no great literary artist ever did copy servilely ; and it is the art of those who have depicted character most successfully, to be able to combine, select, and modify, so that the result shall stand out in lifelike harmony. But it is impossible to study Indiana, or any other of her most forcible female types, without being impressed by the sense that they owe their force and their cleverness to the light that has been thrown on them in their inception from her close self-examinations. And as for her characters in general, even when their ideas are most far-fetched, and their theories of existence most speculative and impracticable, you are rarely disturbed in your consciousness of their intense vitality. Thanks to her birth and family connections on the one side, her tastes and the mixed society into which they threw her on the other, she enjoyed manifold advantages in the study of life. Her own existence was anything but unruffled ; and we need hardly say that her sorrows and troubles have all turned out for the benefit of her readers. No one can depict the conflicts of feeling as she has done ; no one can analyse the anatomy of sorrow, or imagine the compensating transports of periods of exaltation, who has not gone through much of it all with a sensitive and finely-strung organisation. There are situations which imagination fails altogether to conceive, and which

can only be grappled with by sad experience.

It results, from what we have said, that some knowledge of the author's life must go a long way towards illustrating her writings; while, on the other hand, familiarity with her writings provokes curiosity about her personal history. As it happens, a new edition of her Autobiography, revised by herself and considerably expanded since its first publication, was issued the other day in Paris, and its perusal suggested the present article. It is true that, independently of its being brought to an abrupt termination very many years before her death, the *Life* is far from being altogether satisfactory. It has faults which are conspicuously absent in her novels. It is discursive and desultory, and savours of book-making. It devotes nearly a volume and a half to publishing letters of the author's father, which in themselves are only of subsidiary interest, although they show that some of her talent came by inheritance. It is far from being so complete and so unreserved as a perfect autobiography ought to be; although for that, of course, there were obvious reasons, as in the matter of those relations with Alfred de Musset, to which she barely adverts. But its imperfections are of the less importance, that it is by no means our purpose to review it as a book—we only mean to refer to it as a commentary; nor shall we be tempted even to notice its interesting chapters, except in so far as they bear directly on our subject. On the other hand, although it is provokingly curtailed, yet it treats at almost disproportionate length of the years in which her character was forming. It embraces the beginning of her literary career, with a portion of the time when she pursued it unremittingly. She dwells on the long story of her

relations with her mother, grandmother, and husband; and, in short, although there are incidents and circumstances on which she very naturally prefers to be silent, we have no reason to complain of her reticence in all that concerns her feelings and her temperament. So we shall simply glance at the Autobiography, in so far as it throws light on her novels, and try to give an idea of her various powers by selecting for remark some of her most characteristic fictions.

To begin with, her Bohemian habits of life, and her somewhat contemptuous defiance of the prejudices of society, may be in some measure explained by hereditary instincts. By her father's side she could trace descent from illustrious ancestors; through her mother she sprang directly from the people. But neither on the one side nor the other had the marriage laws been held in great regard. It is true that her father, Captain Dupin, had been born in wedlock; and her grandmother, Madame Dupin-Franceuil, who almost adopted her, was, so far as we can learn, a model of propriety. But her paternal great-grandmother had been an actress, the illegitimate daughter of Maurice of Saxony, who was almost as celebrated a *roué* as a general; and the Marshal was the most distinguished of the numerous bastards of the notorious Augustus of Poland. Her mother had had a natural child before making her father's acquaintance, and it was only owing to a tardy afterthought that the little Amantine herself was born in lawful wedlock. An illegitimate son of her father's by a previous connection was brought up in childish intimacy with her at Nohant; and, to complete the odd cycle of irregularities, her husband, M. Dudavant, was likewise illegitimate, although his father was pleased to acknow-

ledge and provide for him. Her mother from the first was placed in a false position, and she seems to have been the last person in the world to bring up a daughter discreetly. It is true that she showed perfect propriety in her conduct after her early *faux pas*, and was faithful to the memory of the husband, of whom she had been unpleasantly jealous. Her daughter represents her as conforming herself adroitly to her new position—as being singularly fascinating when she pleased, both in manners and conversation. But it was long before Captain Dupin had the courage to acknowledge the secret connection to the mother of whom he stood extraordinarily in awe. When the two women were brought together at last, it was owing to the unconscious intermediation of the little Amantine, who won the heart of her grandmother in a dramatic introduction when she was presented to her *incognita*. Madame Dupin the younger was only made welcome as the mother of her engaging child, and hence a certain jealousy with which she regarded the child ever afterwards. She was passionately attached to her daughter after her own peculiar fashion; but she was subject to violent outbreaks of anger, of which the girl was often the victim.

Thus from the first Madame Dupin's upbringing was peculiar, to say the least of it; and she was in familiar communication with most eccentric characters before she was well out of her cradle. The nurse who volunteered to attend to the baby when the mother was worn out by sleepless nights and the *bonne* was too careless to be trusted, being a middle-aged clerk, devoted to wine and beer, pipes, billiards, and dominoes. And her connection with this odd foster-father had been so close, that when the famous author

was a woman of forty, he still addressed her as if she were an infant. When she was but a few years old, her unconscious training for the career she was to excel in had commenced. Charles Dickens tells us how in his early boyhood he delighted in devouring the old-fashioned novels he found in the cupboard of his room. Such scenes and characters as he revelled in at second-hand in 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random,' the little Amantine Dupin had seen for herself when she was even younger. She followed the French army into Spain in the days of Napoleon's occupation. The scenes of devastation in the country they travelled through were indelibly imprinted on her childish memory. At Madrid she was in a manner adopted as the child of her father's regiment. Distinguished chiefs of the Empire amused themselves with her prattle; rough comrades of her father petted her and dandled her on their knees. She informs us that she had a marvellously retentive memory, although it was capriciously so, like that of most clever children. Many things vanished from it like breath from a mirror, while others were photographed for all time. Thus she remembers being awakened one night, with her father and mother, by the heartrending cries of Murat, who occupied an adjoining chamber, and who was suffering from severe inflammation of the intestines. "I heard the cries of the poor hero, so terrible in war, so pusillanimous away from the battle-field."

It would be curious could we ascertain how far that early sojourn in a garrison explains the extraordinary manner in which she identifies herself in many of her novels with the feelings and expressions of the veterans of the Empire. It is the privilege of genius to clothe itself in the individualities of its

several creations, changing its psychological costumes more quickly than an actor-of-all-work at a village fair. A Shakespeare makes himself as naturally at home in the grave-digger or the Dogberry as in the philosophical Prince of Denmark or his supple courtier. But we scarcely know a more surprising instance of adaptability in modern fiction than that of this extraordinary Frenchwoman, when she writes or speaks as a rough-tongued, coarse-thinking, but honest soldier. Take her Borel or her Capitaine Jean in her 'Jacques,' a novel we shall allude to by-and-by. Their letters smell in every line of the main-guard, the bivouac, and the military *café*; and their blunt, rasping, vigorous periods seem to keep time to the clank of the spurs and the sabre. You would say that the writer had not only here made no call on her imagination, but had lived her life in the atmosphere of the camp and barrack-yard, only mixing at intervals, and by constraint, with women and *pekings*. Was it that the dim recollections of the language and manners with which the child had long before been familiar, were revived of a sudden in a rush of inspiration, when ideas were crowding upon her to suit her purpose? When Amantine was in quarters at Madrid, she had actually donned the dress of the army. Murat, as she fancies, had expressed some displeasure that Captain Dupin, who was one of his *aides-de-camp*, should be dragging women and children about with him in circumstances where they were likely to prove an encumbrance. At all events, the little *demoiselle* was attired in a coquettish uniform, with pantaloons, spurred boots, and sabre, complete. And it was that early introduction to the garments of the other sex which, as she tells us afterwards, helped to induce her to resume them in middle life,

when she was hunting all over Paris in pursuit of literary material; so in that instance, at all events, the child was the mother of the woman.

These picturesque incidents of her early years explain one side of her practical training. But the scene changed when she was domiciled at the chateau of Nohant, or when she accompanied her dignified grandmother on periodical visits to Paris. Madame Dupin-Franceuil was a stately dame of the old school, who perpetuated its polished traditions, and prided herself on being a rigid disciplinarian. With her, Amantine lived in the fallen class of the seigneurs, among the memories of their former position; and in these primitive and remote districts they retained some measure of their former authority. She took kindly to her peasant neighbours, whom she found friendly and respectful; she appreciated the honest substratum of their natures, while thoroughly wide-awake to their failings; and she fell in love with those humble and tranquil existences which she delighted to depict in such rosy colours. It was at Nohant she began that communion with nature which brought her into sympathy with the rugged beauties that only commend themselves to the born artist. She has described to us admirably how they impressed her, in the introduction to her charming 'Mare au Diable.' For her, the forbidding lines of a long grey expanse of *landes* and corn-fields, broken in the foreground by some peasants with their teams *à la Rosa Bonheur*, and viewed through the mists of an autumn morning, was a picture as fascinating in its way as anything in the Alps or the Apennines. Here is a description of a scene in the wild neighbourhood in which she nursed so many of her most cherished fancies:—

"Between Chateauroux and Nohant

recommences a kind of Sologne, which is prolonged to the opening of the Black Valley. It is much less poverty-stricken and less ugly than the Sologne, especially nowadays, that almost all of it that lies close to the road has been brought under cultivation. Moreover, the ground shows some undulation; and behind the great stretches of heath, you come again almost everywhere on the blue horizons of the fertile land in the midst of which extends this miniature desert. . . . This desert—for even nowadays it is barely sprinkled with a few farm-houses and some huts, and at the time of my narrative it did not boast a single one—is called in the country *La Brande*. . . . *La Brande*, at the time of which I am speaking, was still an impracticable *cloaque*, and a country that was absolutely abandoned. There was no road marked out—or rather, there were a hundred of them—each cart or rattle-trap in the season of the rains trying to make itself a safer and easier way than the other.”

When in Paris, the Dupin family, with a few of their intimates, used to assemble round the table of the Abbé de Beaumont, George Sand's grand-uncle. The Abbé was a priest of the old *régime*, whose *soutane* sat loosely on his shoulders. “He was the very opposite,” she says, “of my canon in ‘*Consuelo*’; for there I have depicted a canon who was chaste, and my grand-uncle prided himself on being quite the reverse. He had no sort of prejudices with regard to women.” Provided they were pleasant and good-looking, he asked no questions about their birth or their antecedents. As for Amantine's own appearance, she describes herself as being neither plain nor pretty in her youth; and this is the designation of her person, as she imagines it taken down by a commissary of police: “Black eyes and black hair, ordinary forehead, pale complexion, well-shaped nose, round chin, me-

dium-sized mouth; height, five feet ten; particular marks, none.” For long, she says, the kings and the princes in fairy tales delighted her infinitely. To her infantine mind, they meant everything that was agreeable, and benevolent, and beautiful. The luxury they lived in, the splendours that surrounded them, dazzled her fancy; but for herself, at no time did she care much for these things. That is to say, she had such Bohemian enjoyment of them as the gypsy has of the woodland nook which he has pitched upon as a place to swing his camp-kettle; but the bare enjoyment suffices him without the possession, and if the place ever became his, he would only possess it to part with it. But already the future writer of romances was weaving fancies and elaborating tales. Already she had her favourite spot where inspiration descended on her; and she used to seat herself at her mother's feet before the fire, gazing into an old fire-screen, covered with green. In that fire-screen marvellous pictures would design themselves, as they were said to do in the pool of ink in the palm of the Egyptian sorcerers. She would lose the meaning of her mother's reading aloud; the monotonous drone of the words would lull her into a trance where her fancy was active. Woods and meadows and streams; towns and towers of gorgeous architecture; fairy palaces in enchanted gardens,—would come flashing out in brilliant colours on the old green stuff of the fire-screen. She shut her eyes, and she saw it all still; when she opened them, it was nowhere visible but on the fire-screen.

That same quick and impressionable fancy made her singularly sensible, later, to the contagious superstitions of the peasants with whom she passed much of her time

in the Berri. She did not precisely believe in phantoms and ghosts, nor in the fiend who was supposed to haunt the gloomy recesses of the Black Valley; yet she doubted and shivered in the apprehension of a meeting with them. The desultory, and even contradictory character of her upbringing, was fatal, indeed, to anything like a well-reasoned firmness or consistency of principle, and explains the subsequent vacillations of her mind between mysticism, devotion, and something like scepticism. Now she was in the hands of a foolish mother, who professed to be as much of a philosopher and *esprit fort* as a woman of no education could be; now she was being wrought upon by the influence of her strong-minded grandmother, who was severe to austerity in the practices and discipline of religion, although she had to confess on her deathbed that she had ceased her petitions to God since He had done her the injury of removing her son. She was spoiled by foolish servants, and excited by the hobgoblin tales of the rustics. During great part of her time she was left to follow her own devices; and those oddly-chosen friends to whom she took most enthusiastically had generally some eccentricity or foible that charmed her. Although she had the first place in the heart of her mother and grandmother, and of more than one strange character besides, she may rather be said to have "grewed," like Topsy, than to have been brought up; while the luxuriant growth was distorted by sinister influences, which partly served to counteract each other, but which left their unmistakable traces behind. By nature thoughtful and speculative, the child first, and afterwards the girl, was quick to detect and reason on these contradictions. So it came about that she

had no great faith in such spasmodic teachings as she received; and in the absence of any reliable guidance, took the habit of dreaming out paths for herself. She was like a stranger cast away in that district of La Brande we have heard her describe; and if she had the advantage of being early taught self-confidence, to the last she was led astray by the wild *feux follets*, which she would follow for a time in assured confidence.

Her sojourn in a convent; the girlish friends she made there; and her rebellion against the pretensions of her prying confessor,—although they occupy a very considerable space in her Life, have only to do indirectly with our subject. They assisted her literary education, in so far as they brought her in contact with the clerical order; gave her an insight into girlish friendships which her inner consciousness might have supplied; and made her graduate by experience and assiduous practice in the complete art of feminine letter-writing. After the convent seclusion came marriage, as a matter of course. Her marriage was one of *convenance*, and it turned out most unhappily, although the appearance of M. Casimir Dudevant had been far from displeasing to her, and though for a time it seemed as if they might have lived together in tolerable comfort. It would be unprofitable to go into the history of their differences; and it is impossible in a one-sided narrative to attempt to apportion the blame. The incompatibility of temper on which the lady grounds the separation is sufficient to explain it. In her many romances, she has never once imagined a man with whom we can be sure that she could have lived happily. Not that she had not an ample fund of affection, which she lavished freely on her

children, on her nearest relations, and her intimates ; but she was not a woman to acknowledge a master, nor would she have been content with a humble servant in her husband. As for companionship and confidence, founded on an easy understanding — to assure these, the mutual concessions must have been constant, and the mutual complacency unbounded. The witchery of love may do much, no doubt ; but the spell must have been miraculous that could have imposed a permanent restraint on a nature so ardent, so emotional, and so impressionable. Her tastes and opinions were pronounced before she had well entered on life ; and although she passed so much of her life by preference in the country, yet excitement of some kind was absolutely indispensable to her. She loved to govern her own actions, and to be in a position to give herself up to her impulses. She confesses that in many respects she remained a child to the last—we may add, a spoiled child. She writes of her early married life :—

“ A genuine healthy gaiety is absolutely indispensable to me. What is over-sprightly disgusts me ; what is over-refined wearies me. I like to listen to brilliant talk when I am disposed to the labour of attention ; but I cannot endure for any time any sort of sustained conversation without experiencing great fatigue. If it is serious, it has the effect on me of a political meeting or a business conference ; if it is ill-natured, it is none the more animating on that account. Even when there is anything to be said or heard, the subject is exhausted in an hour, and there is nothing more to be done than to stumble about it. . . .

“ What is to be done, then, to enliven the hours of an everyday existence ? Talking politics generally occupies the men ; talking dress consoles the women. In these respects I am neither man nor woman ; I am a child. In doing some work with my hands which amuses my eyes, or in taking a walk that occupies

my legs, what I desire to have around me is an interchange of vitality, which does not make me feel the emptiness and the horror of human things. . . . I have no sanctity infused into my life, but I insist on poetry as a condition of existence ; and everything that too cruelly kills the dream of the good, the simple, and the true, which alone supports me against the terror of the age, is a torture from which I shrink as much as possible.”

Interpret that passage by help of the context, and it gives you a clue to the temperament of the writer. Translate it literally into everyday practice, and you see how impossible it was that she should stoop her neck complacently to a conjugal yoke, or jog placidly along in double harness with such a companion as one of the dull draught-oxen of her Berri. That excessive mobility of mind and fancy, which enabled her to multiply plots and personages in every possible variety of combination, kept her swaying about between exaltation and depression, and hurried her continually between remote extremes. As it was, though M. Dudevant stood pertinaciously on his legal rights later, so far as their joint property was concerned, and, according to his wife, behaved very badly ; yet, when at first they decided on partial separation, he seems to have taken his part with truly French *aplomb*. When well-meaning friends remonstrated with his brilliant and strong-minded wife as to certain vagaries, which were at all events indiscreet, she had an answer that was so far satisfactory—her husband did not disapprove them. It was then she took to rambling Paris in men's clothes. She says that the idea was suggested by her mother, to whom she had been complaining of the inadequacy of her means. The veteran campaigner remarked : “ I can manage very well with my means at my time of life, and with my habits ; but when I was young,

and your father was in straits for money, he took it into his head to dress me *en garçon*. My sister did the same; and we went everywhere on foot with our husbands—to the theatre, to all the places. We saved at least one-half in our housekeeping." Having worn boy's clothes at Madrid, she took to the notion the more kindly. She adopted a long overcoat, styled, from a family joke, *red-ingote-guérîte*; because her brother had told them that the regimental tailor fitted the regiment by taking the general measure over a sentry-box. At all events, the loose garment effectually masked the female shape, and showed how little she stood on personal appearance. We take it, that this masculine costume, with the liberty it allowed her, was symbolical of the absolute impossibility of her being happy in the married state. Of course, it gave an occasion to calumny, which calumny was not slow to avail itself of; but we have no reason to doubt that George Sand was right in indignantly protesting against the imputations that condemned her for anything worse than indiscretions. And it is not her readers and admirers who ought to blame her for these indiscretions. Unquestionably, nothing helped her more towards prolonging her literary successes, and varying the many entertainments she provided, than the days and nights she passed in that mask and domino, while wandering in search of *piquantes* experiences. She says herself—

"I called that bluntly *ma vie de gamin*, and there were really some traces of the habit of aristocracy in the sardonic manner in which I regarded it; for at bottom, my character was being formed, and actual life revealed itself to me, while wearing the borrowed dress which suffered me to be sufficiently a man to see into spheres that would otherwise have been closed

for ever to the impassive country-woman I had been till then. At this period I examined arts and politics, no longer merely by induction and deduction, as I might have done in some particular historical subject; but in the history and romance of society and living humanity, I contemplated this spectacle from all possible points, in the slips and on the stage, in the boxes and in the pit. I went up to all the floors; from the club to the workshop, from the *café* to the garret. It was only in the *salons* that I found nothing to do. I made the acquaintance of the whole world between the artisan and the artist. I had, notwithstanding, gone but little to his gatherings, and had always avoided his *fêtes*, which bored me beyond all endurance; but I acquainted myself with his domestic life, until he had nothing left to disclose to me. Charitable people, always ready in their foul imagination to degrade the mission of the artist, have said that then and afterwards I indulged myself in a vicious curiosity. They lied like cowards, and that is all I have to reply to them."

The story of her introduction to literary pursuits, still more of the production of her various works, is more meagre than we might have hoped; but nevertheless there is much to interest in it. Unlike Balzac, whom she knew well, she made a success at once when she tried in earnest. But her attempts at a *début* were sufficiently discouraging. She had written from time to time, as most clever women do, specially when they have genuine literary instincts. She had thrown her work aside, or destroyed it unfinished, having sense enough to know that she was merely trifling. But when pecuniary anxieties began to weigh upon her, she thought seriously of eking out her income with her pen; and she carried a story, of which she had conceived some hopes, to the residence of M. de Keratry, a candid Breton critic. M. de Keratry treated his visitor *de haut en bas*, but he gave her no

cause to complain of his perfect sincerity. "Croyez-moi, me dit-il gravement, comme j'ouvrais la dernière porte de son sanctuaire, ne faites pas de livres, faites des enfants. Ma foi, monsieur, lui repondis-je, en pouffant de rire et en lui fermant sa porte sur le nez, gardez le precepte pour vous-même, si bon vous semble;"—M. de Keratry being an elderly man, lately married to a fragile wife.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, how the famous pseudonym of George Sand had its origin in a passing partnership with Jules Sandeau. It was her 'Indiana' that brought her fame and notoriety; and *apropos* to her writing that remarkable novel, we may advert again to her theory of inspiration:—

"Inspiration — there is a something very difficult to define, and most important to analyse, as a superhuman fact, as an almost divine interposition. Inspiration is for the artists what grace is for the Christians; and people have not hitherto had the idea of forbidding the faithful to welcome grace when it descends upon their souls. . . . I battle against a public and universal prejudice. You are told not to travel by a beaten highroad; and when a manner has pleased, a whole century sets to crying, 'Give me the same again; nothing else is worth the having.' Woe, then, to the innovators! They must succumb, or support a terrible struggle, until their protest, which in the beginning was a war-cry of revolt, becomes in its turn a tyranny which will crush or contend against other innovations equally legitimate and desirable.

"I have always been of opinion that the word 'inspiration' is most ambitious, and is only applicable to genius of the first order. I should never venture to appropriate it to myself, without some slight protest against the emphasis of a term which can only find its sanction in an incontestable success. Yet there ought to be a word which would spare the blushes of modest and well-educated people, and

which might express that sort of *grâce* which comes down, more or less vivifying, more or less fertilising, on all the heads which are devoted to their art. There is no workman so humble as not to have his hour of inspiration; and perhaps the heavenly fluid is as precious in the vase of clay as in the vase of gold; only the one preserves it in its purity, the other deteriorates it or is shattered."

Whatever she might claim for herself, there could be no question of the inspiration in 'Indiana;' while in its conception, as in its development, it was a revolt of the author against the tyranny of literary fashions as of social systems. But we shall pass on to that novel immediately; and must dispose, in the mean time, of the rest of the Life. She protests that she would neither have chosen the literary profession nor courted celebrity as matter of taste. She would have preferred to subsist by manual labour, could she have earned sufficient to assure the liberty of her actions and some little leisure. That being impossible, she set herself to make money as she best could. That she may have been deceived in that idea of hers, is almost certain; but how natural such romantic sentiments sound on her lips! We see how, whether from conviction or self-illusion, she came so conscientiously to glorify labour, and to seek for the lingering traces of the golden age among communities of virtuous and laborious peasants. For some time she preserved the *incognito* she had made famous, but money came to her more slowly than fame. She changed one attic for another, her later lodgings seeming palaces to those she had left for them. But even in her enforced frugality she had something of the extravagant habits and tastes of an artist: she had many and urgent calls on her

purse; she travelled considerably; she kept up a certain comfort in her country mansion; she was most liberal to the poor in her neighbourhood, though she says nothing of it herself; and though much money must have gone through her hands, at no period of her life was she wealthy. No doubt, with her as with Balzac, the pecuniary straits she passed through, and the lawsuits about money matters in which she was involved with her husband, went far to extend the circle of her *connaissances*. Thanks to her own trying experiences, like her friend and fellow-author, she could describe poverty, harsh creditors, lawyers, sheriff-officers, possibly the usurers, all the more vividly.

The Autobiography comes abruptly to a close nearly one-and-twenty years before her death. But possibly, so far as her novels are concerned, it has told us very nearly all she was inclined to tell. She often states clearly her ideas and opinions. We have such lights as can be thrown upon them by her antecedents and experiences—we have the clue to many of her besetting ideas, and are assisted in reconciling apparent inconsistencies. We understand how she had learned so much in so many various ways, and we comprehend the general principles on which she went to work, puzzling and conflicting as they frequently were. Fervid, emotional, and dependent on excitement, yet given over in her calmer or more sombre moods to religious mysticism or philosophical reflection, she had run through an extraordinary range of feeling, and identified herself with an eccentric variety of the phases of human nature. And it only remains for us, in connection with her confidences, to take a cursory glance at some half-dozen of her innumerable novels. Tastes may differ as widely

as her styles; but the novels we select shall at least be in a manner representative, and it is 'Indiana' that naturally presents itself first.

There are other stories of hers which we infinitely prefer to it, for there is much in the plot that shocks our moral sense; but in its own way, she never surpassed that book. It may be said to be the first of her independent works, and it shows the first bloom of that freshness which never deserted her; yet it was written by a mature woman who had experienced or suffered, or imagined she had suffered, all she expressed. It is very well for her to disavow all identity with her heroine; nor do we assume for a moment that the passions and sentiments she attributes to Indiana were the exact reflex of her own. But evidently the overwhelming inspiration that swept her along came from the force of painful feelings that had been long pent up. From her childhood she had been dreaming rebellion against the system that laid so heavy a burden on her sex. She had brooded over fancied wrongs till she came firmly to believe in them: we can conceive her carried away by the pathetic eloquence of her mournful self-communings, till she felt those arbitrary arrangements she resented as profound personal griefs. Then she had married, and married unhappily. We fully credit her when she tells us that her novel has no direct reference to the husband from whom she had separated; but the man who occupied her mind represented a detested system, and her own personal instance gave point and poignancy to her sentimental indictments of it. Although we dislike launching out in language that may pass for an affected imitation of the French, 'Indiana' was veritably the cry of a soul in anguish—the outbreak of an overstrung nature that

finds relief in lamenting and denouncing its wrongs. Even when she is most morbid in her exaltation, when her high-flown sentiments seem most false to common-sense and sound principles, there is an unmistakable air of conviction in them which persuades you of her earnestness. You feel you are being carried off your legs in spite of your better judgment. You cannot withhold your sympathy, although you would fain invoke your convictions to help you to harden your heart. She tells us herself, in her *Life*, that she wrote the book under the influence of an emotion most keen and peculiar—such an emotion as she had never experienced before; that she wrote it in a single burst of impulse, with no settled design, and without a conception of whither her fancies might be leading her. She took no conscious thought, as she went along, to the social problems she was touching on. And had she said nothing of the sort, we should have felt equally assured of that. The book is the expression of irrepressible feeling; it is pregnant with strange revelations, that absorb you in the development of the sentimental study. In short, the main idea of the plot came as an inspiration on the author, and the subsidiary incidents naturally evolved themselves from it.

Indiana is nothing but sentiment and passion. Although of a more refined nature, and somewhat more highly educated, she is as little self-governed, and as capable of follies, as the unhappy Noun, her warm-blooded foster-sister. Like one of the volcanoes of her own tropical latitudes, repressed emotions in subdued ebullitions have been wearing her fragile frame and wasting her delicate charms. She has a boundless yearning for sympathy and tenderness; and from her girl-

hood she has been accumulating treasures of love, which she only sighs for an opportunity of lavishing. It is such a woman, according to George Sand, who is almost necessarily fated to be made miserable by the harsh injustice of our social laws. It is so hard to find the kindred spirit that is fitted to appreciate and honour her. Brought up in the seclusion of a southern island, peopled by slaves and money-making slaveholders, the chances of such a miracle are overwhelmingly against her. Her imaginative nature is altogether antagonistic to the interested motives of a highly practical society; she is inevitably predestined to point a moral as to the cruelty of those indissoluble marriages of *convenance*. In obedience to a practice she never dreamed of disputing, this warm-hearted, ungoverned nature is given to the veteran Delmare. Colonel Delmare is a husband like another; somewhat brusque and hard perhaps, but the soul of honour after ideas of his own, and by no means incapable of attachment. A commonplace wife might be reasonably happy with him; she might accustom herself to him or deceive him, as the case might be. Mated with Indiana, both of them are doomed to misery, and neither is specially to blame. It is the monstrous custom that makes such things possible, while it opens no door of honourable escape on this side of the grave. The rift grows into a breach, and gradually widens; the Colonel suffers, but he is strong enough to bear suffering; and such coarse natures as his, with plenty of vulgar objects to distract them, come off cheaply after all.

It is a woman like Indiana who is really to be pitied. In her morbid sensibility, she feels in every nerve; and love, as she has dreamed it, is the idea that fills her mind to

the exclusion of everything else. Can nature, providence, the Supreme Being, or whoever or whatever arranges these things, intend that her noble possibilities are to be wasted; and that when a Perseus, mounted on his Pegasus, comes to her and offers to free her from her chains? If she is tempted by the presence of some one who realises her unspoken aspirations, is she to be condemned if she consent to make that hero happy? Her grateful heart pleads in his favour; for by him she may be welcomed as an angel, and she is all unappreciated where she is. Clearly, she is not to be hardly judged should she take that disinterested view of her duty; and yet George Sand pays an involuntary tribute to the value of the morality whose rule we recognise by making Indiana prolong her resistance to her first lover, after she has owned to him that he is absolutely the master of her heart. The unfortunate Noun had succumbed at once; and we feel that Indiana, who has just as little principle, is so much Noun's moral superior inasmuch as she preserves her purity. It is impossible that a nature represented as animated by the most refined instincts should not be warned by her conscience that there are things that must be necessarily debasing, independent altogether of arbitrary laws. We are told, indeed, that she made her heroism consist in giving herself over blindly to her love. But before we know her so well, we are startled in the powerful scene where this gentle, sensitive, fragile woman comes to dictate the terms to Raymon on which she will consent to his wishes. "I know you have the talent of compliment," she said; "but do not hope to work on my vanity. It is not homage that I want, but affection. I must be loved without division, without withdrawal, without reserve. You

must be ready to sacrifice everything to me—fortune, reputation, duty, business, principles, family—everything, monsieur; because I shall throw the same devotion into the balance, and shall insist upon the same in return."

"You see that you cannot love me so," she goes on; but in her heart she hopes and believes that he can. Raymon, of course, proves unworthy of her; and he is brought in, we may suppose, as a living proof that women may be mistaken in their lovers as well as their husbands—reason the more against indissoluble ties, however happily things may seem to promise. And all the time Indiana has at her elbow the very treasure she has sighed for so long. It is true that it would take more than human intelligence to pierce the impenetrable disguise it has pleased Sir Ralph to assume. He is the very opposite of his tropical cousin in temperament as in *physique*. It is true that his passions, like hers, are violent enough; but he has them absolutely under his command. His existence near Indiana is a torturing delight, yet he never betrays a symptom of his pangs or gives her the faintest suspicion of his feelings; and he is a noble specimen of self-effacement in the style of Victor Hugo—that is to say, almost inconceivably exaggerated. When he is left alone with Indiana in the world as her sole protector, with the strange task of consoling her for the discovery that her lover has been false, the form of consolation that occurs to him is characteristic and heathenish enough. It would have been not unnatural for the phlegmatic and conscientious Ralph to put an end to a loathsome existence when his self-imposed duties were at an end. It would be natural for the emotional Indiana to throw herself, in a fit of excitement,

into the arms of death, as the unfortunate Noun had done. But it was a daring idea, the making her draw courage from Sir Ralph's iron coolness and firmness to go with him over the ocean to the island of Bourbon, because he reminds her of a bewitching spot where they can make a dramatic exit from the world. The conception would be revolting had our feelings been less highly wrought: as it is, it shows the realistic power of the author, that it strikes us as nothing more than slightly melodramatic, till we come to reflect on it at leisure.

Such power is dangerous, no doubt; and the teachings of Indiana are almost ostentatiously immoral. But we question whether the book is really pernicious, at all events to people who have passed their *première jeunesse*, and tasted of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. For reason and conscience resume their rights when you have disengaged yourself from the influences that have intoxicated you; and the whole of the morality of Indiana is seen to be the speculations of an enthusiast. There is not a suggestion of grossness or coarseness, and delicate and even dangerous topics are handled in the least objectionable way. But we are bound to observe that there are other books of the author which are less inoffensive. There is 'Jacques,' for example; and 'Jacques,' in its own strange fashion, is almost a masterpiece of cleverness. In 'Jacques,' it is the husband who plays the unselfish rôle of Ralph in 'Indiana;' and he pays a sublime tribute to the eternal soundness of his author's eccentric ideas on love and marriage by sacrificing his life and worldly advantages to the happiness of an unfaithful wife and unworthy acquaintance. Jacques is emphatically a man, and a man of a rare stamp. His *sang froid* is fully equal to that of Ralph,

and never belies itself. His conscience never gives him a qualm, because he has his personal code of honour and morals. Having served in the cavalry in his youth, he has been a hard liver in his day, and has repeatedly made a fool of himself for the woman whom for the moment he persuaded himself that he adored. He decides to marry and settle. His choice lights on a young girl who is many years his junior, though he is still in the prime of life. She admires, but cannot succeed in understanding him. She is always troubling herself about the secrets which the reformed *roué* may be hiding from her. And Jacques, constitutionally and on principle, makes so much of a mystery of the springs that govern his conduct, that it is no wonder the poor girl is puzzled.

The story is told in the shape of correspondence; and thus, as incidents develop themselves, we have a running commentary supplied in the most piquant and artistic manner. Fernande (the wife) is most unfortunate in a female friend, who, under the pretext of instructing her girlish inexperience, suggests all sorts of far-fetched suspicions. The long and the short of it is, that because Fernande cannot fathom her husband, she laments herself as a *femme incomprise*; so she, too, goes on the search for sympathy. The slope she treads towards the inevitable fall is so gentle at first as to be almost imperceptible. She concerns herself about the sorrows of an unhappy lover, and offers herself as intermediary with the object of his affections. The perilous intimacy, sweetened by her tears and smiles, seduces him into transferring his love; and that power of sympathy which exercises an irresistible sway over its predestined subjects, betrays her into reciprocating his passion. Yet she never loses her

regard for her husband—a regard which is scarcely to be distinguished from her early love. Jacques, who is preternaturally shrewd and clear-sighted, anticipates the course of her unlawful passion; and his fancies pass into fixed beliefs, a full stage or so in advance of the sad reality. He suffers terribly as he sees the woman he loves slipping through his fingers, and as he feels himself more and more *de trop*. In the exaggeration of his peculiar principles he panders to what we should have called his own humiliation. He exhausts ingenuity in finding excuses for the seducer, whom he begins to esteem the more, the more he detests him. From the advantages of his position as husband, he protects this guilty lover, and even submits silently to the scandal of an *esclandre*, although he vents the rage he diverts from the author of his misery by killing a couple of men in duel, *par parenthèse*. Finally, he does what was possibly the very best thing in the peculiar circumstances, and removes himself out of the way by a suicide which he adroitly disguises as an accident.

The charitable consideration that has governed his conduct is, “No human being can command love, and no one is to be blamed either for feeling it or for losing it. What degrades a woman is falsehood.” His sister by adoption, who is his cherished *confidante*, writes to him: “Are you not superior to a vain and vulgar jealousy? Resume your empire over the heart of your wife—leave the rest to this young man.” But this “melancholy Jacques” is more and more conscience-stricken as he feels more and more how terribly he is in the way. He replies to his *confidante*: “You have not read these two letters of Octave and Fernanda. I have read them, and they are my sentence of death.

I have seen what a burden my life must be to them, notwithstanding all their esteem and their friendship for me. Innocent lovers! They desire in their candour that I should die, and they say so without being conscious that they say it.” And in one of the last of his letters: “Do not curse these lovers, who are to profit by my death. They are not in fault, for they love each other. There can be no crime where love is sincere. They are selfish, no doubt; and perhaps they are none the worse for that.” So it must be owned that ‘Jacques,’ with its ingenious perversion of all our old-fashioned moral notions, is essentially a work that should be relegated to the *index expurgatorius*. All that can be urged in extenuation is such excuse as we made for ‘Indiana;’ it is not likely to do harm to people who have been decently instructed in morals, or who are tolerably sound in their judgment. But we must add that we cannot give it the same unreserved praise as ‘Indiana,’ so far as the refinement of treatment is concerned that can *gazer* a delicate topic. There are passages in which Jacques speculates and moralises on the physiology of the married state, which, were we compelled to quote them at all, we should leave in their native French.

One is bound to notice such a novel as ‘Jacques,’ not so much for its marvellous cleverness, as because it is a specimen of the least pleasant manner of its author. But it is a relief to turn to some of those books where the scenes are chiefly laid in the country, and which, we believe, will be her surest title to immortality. In these you fill your lungs with the fresh air from the *landes* and the mountains. You scent the heath and the broom. You hear the rush of the mountain torrents, the murmur of the gently-flowing

brooks, the rustle of the leaves in the summer breeze, or the sighing of the autumn winds through the branches. She would not be George Sand if she did not introduce her peculiar social notions more or less intrusively. We can only recall one of her stories which is almost entirely free from any direct inculcation of these, and that is the simplest and most perfect of all—'La Mare au Diable.' But, after all, she chiefly insinuates these notions by idealising the joys of a rural lot; she indulges freely in the poetical colouring which she holds to be a legitimate resource of the real artist; yet she never departs from her fidelity to nature. We need not visit the scenes she describes to be persuaded that she is reproducing landscapes that had been long stereotyped on her memory and affections. Time after time in her writings she returns by predilection to the places she continued to frequent. Often she scarcely goes beyond a ride of her own chateau of Nohant; the names of the same villages occur again and again; and we should fancy you may find them all in a good map of the district. Her admirers must often have had the idea of taking some of her books by way of guides, and spending a summer holiday in the wilds and woodlands of the Berri. That the country would wear the face of a familiar friend, we do not doubt for a moment; but it might be more difficult to recognise our acquaintances the peasants. For it would take the best part of a lifetime to get an idea of the workings of their minds; and you should be *du pays*, and brought up among the people from a child, to get the better of their cunning distrust.

Plunging, almost at random, into the collected edition of the novels, we bring out 'Nanon' and 'Le Meunier d'Angibault,' to which we

add, by predilection, 'La Mare au Diable.' There are others of the tales, like 'François le Champi' and 'La Petite Fadette,' which have, at least, as good claims to our notice; but the three we have named are decidedly characteristic. 'Nanon' is substantially rural; but it is political, and somewhat sensational as well. It gives an animated picture of the effect of the backwash of the great Revolution on the population of a *pays perdu*, lying far beyond the influence of the capital or other centres of excitement. It does for Berri, what Erckmann-Chatrian has repeatedly done for Alsace; but here it is the history that is relegated to the background, while the heroine stands out a commanding figure, and concentrates all our sympathy and interest. Nanon, it must be avowed, is almost a little monster of precocious intelligence, and yet she has an individuality of her own it would be vain to deny, and in all her adventures is perfectly womanly. She embodies the best qualities of the peasant, though they are embellished for the purposes of the romance. Although she rises swiftly and steadily in the social scale, passes through an infinity of trials and experiences, and is always equal to the emergency, however critical and complicated, yet we never lose sight of the traces of her origin. The child has the peasant's shrewd common-sense, and even a dash of his craftiness; but she has been richly endowed with graces of mind and body, which burst into bloom as she develops to maturity. Like many of George Sand's heroines, a half-starved figure and meagre features fill out into shapes of elegance and beauty. Her blunt frankness of speech is toned down by instinctive delicacy of feeling; she has a fine native tact, which serves her well when she has to transact matters of business with a self-seeking and

sharp-dealing generation. As for her language, and the language of the peasants about her, of course they come as near to perfection as may be. Her rough practical education, and the circumstances of her lowly lot, are significant of a peasantry ground down from time immemorial by the *hauteur*, the exactions, and *corvées* of the seigneurs, when the poor had to toil to keep breath in their bodies, and could hardly call their souls their own. Thus, Nanon's grand-uncle, the venerable Père Jean, was one of the best and most affectionate of his class, and really loved his little grand-niece. But when we are first presented to her, he draws her between his knees, and gives her a sharp slap on the cheek. The slap was merely a matter of ceremonial observance, and given rather by way of endearment than otherwise. "Little Nanette, listen to me, and pay great attention to what I say to you. Don't cry. If I have struck you, it is not that I am vexed with you; on the contrary, it is all for your good." Then he explains to her how he means to buy a sheep, and place it in her charge, if she will promise to be very careful of the animal, in which four francs of the family treasure will be invested. So she is launched into the active duties of life; and from the charge of the solitary sheep, that snatches its precarious existence by the roadsides and on the commons, she gradually gets on until she finds herself an heiress, and gives her hand to a comrade of her infancy who has inherited the title of marquis.

Of course, in the old times, such a rise in life would have been as supernatural as the advancement of some lucky *protégée* of the genii in the 'Arabian Nights.' It is the general upsetting of everything in the Revolution that has given an

opening to clever peasant-girls like Nanon. And there is great art in George Sand's descriptions of the influences of the Revolution, direct and indirect, on the old orders of society; while the troubles of those times supply her with a variety of dramatic incidents, which, however, she scrupulously subordinates to the main thread of her story. We have the emancipated peasants intoxicated with their new rights, so soon as they begin dully to realise them. We have a convent full of monks surprised by the state decrees, and by *émeutes* of their vassals, in the cells where they and their predecessors have been vegetating. We have the nobility of the emigration, preserving their pride of caste in the wreck of their fortunes; whose characters we may read vaguely in the letters they write from the Rhine and the camps of the foreigners. We have the unjust steward who abuses his position in his master's absence, and becomes the victim of the double game he plays. Finally, we have the new-made man in M. Costèjoux, who plays a most prominent part in the story, and is an admirable specimen of the bluff honourable *bourgeois*. He has the foresight and the capital to profit by the revolution in the rights of property; he makes a noble and generous use of his newly-acquired fortune; but he finds himself involved in most painful responsibilities by the premature enthusiasm with which he subscribes to the new ideas. The plot and scope of 'Nanon' are more diffuse than is the use and wont of the author; but it is excellent as a bird's-eye view of a long and exciting period of history—although that, after all, is but its secondary purpose, and sentiment predominates in it, as elsewhere.

If 'Nanon' is diffuse, 'Le Meunier d'Angibault' and 'La Mare au Diable' are models of compact-

ness and condensation. There is an absolute concentration of the unities of time and place. The former novel is divided into five parts, embracing a narrative of five successive days; and with the exception of the prologue, the scene passes entirely within the narrow limits of a country parish. The blemish in the book is, that the author pushes to extravagance her dreams of an ideal equality of ranks. Marcelle, the beautiful Baroness of Blanchemont, has formed a platonic friendship during her husband's lifetime with Henri Lémor, a working engineer. When her husband dies, it is her delight to believe that she can bestow herself on the friend who has avowed his attachment to her. But Lémor is proud, and an enthusiast in the principles that have won him her admiration, and the idea of Marcelle's riches revolts him. He decides to fly from her, for a year at least; but, like the moth flickering round the flame of the candle, he cannot help coming after her to Blanchemont, whither she has gone to inspect her estate. He experiences a moment of transport in hearing that her late husband has ruined her. Then, again, there is a relapse to despondency when he finds that enough has been saved from the wreck to give the object of his adoration a tolerable fortune. Finally, a fire, that burns a bundle of bank-notes with the farm-buildings of Blanchemont, reduces her means to such a very modest independence, that he succeeds in shaking himself free from his scruples. They marry, and look forward to a life of unruffled love in a cottage. Such is the outline of the romance; and so far it sounds, and it is, absurd enough. Yet such is the inimitable skill of the narrator, that the book does not strike us as ridiculous in the reading; and we see in Marcelle a high-

minded and fascinating woman, by no means excessively eccentric. Refined as she is, born and brought up as she has been, it is barely conceivable that she could find a congenial spirit in Lémor, who must appear to a man of the world to be a prig and an embodiment of crotchets. But there is an easy and effortless abnegation of the habits and prejudices of her birth and breeding in the way in which she associates with the boors of Blanchemont, although it savours unquestionably of poetical licence.

The miller of Angibault is much more to our mind than the Parisian Lémor, who is an artificial and mechanical product of the *ateliers* and speculative forums. We can understand that Madame de Blanchemont, so utterly *dépaysée*, should make a friend of this sturdy, straightforward nature, who gladly yields to her virtues the devotion he was slow to pay to her rank. If we regard him too critically by the light George Sand gives us of his rude compatriots when she dilates in general terms on their traits, we should perhaps pronounce him an inconceivable paragon. Yet art has been brought so judiciously to the adorning of nature, and the creation is so powerfully and realistically conceived, that we are content to admire, and forget to criticise. All that is to be said is, that in his case nature has made a perfect gentleman, with a native delicacy that a courtier might envy, and honesty that commands involuntary reverence. Better still is the Farmer Bricolin, although his character is as disagreeable as that of the miller is engaging. Bricolin, the present representative of a family of agriculturists, who, in the course of a generation or so, has gathered considerable wealth from very humble beginnings, is a perfect example of the peasant *parvenu*.

He has kept the craft which has helped him forward, and can be servile or brutal as it serves his turn. He clings to the paltry avarice by which he has rolled together his riches; he would "shave an egg," as they say in that country, yet is ready to waste his crowns on ostentation, if his vanity only gets value for the money. Nothing can be better or more humorous than his business interviews with the Baroness: when he assumes the airs of honesty that sit so naturally on the miller; when he never once loses sight of the main chance, and unconsciously betrays the vices of his coarse character, while all the time paying an involuntary tribute to the nature of the noble lady who represents the long line of his seigneurs.

But in point of genius, and perhaps of interest, we must give the palm, as we have said, to 'La Mare au Diable.' The triumph of its art is in its extreme simplicity. The story is woven out of a single adventure—the best part of it is in the incidents of a single night; the personages are a farming labourer in homespun, a little peasant-girl, and a child. It would seem incredible that the author of the passionate 'Indiana' could have made so much of such slight and simple materials. For once she has discarded all her socialist fancies; she dispenses with her analysis of artificial passion, and is working after nature pure and unadorned. Her figures stand out as sharp and clear as in one of those speaking *sujets de genre* of Velasquez. The backgrounds are those blendings of tamely savage scenery, if we may say so, broken up into farm ground and natural pastures, whose quaint attractions would be repulsive to many people, and a description of which we have already quoted.

There is much that is inexpressibly touching in this picture of a peasant life, which, in those times at least, was only too faithful. We have a labourer drawn after an old composition by Holbein, and the story goes on to work out the idea:—

"The engraving represents a labourer driving his plough in the middle of a field. A vast *campagne* stretches away in the distance; poverty-stricken huts are visible here and there; the sun is going down behind the hill. It is the close of a hard day of labour. The peasant is old, bent, covered with rags. The team of four horses that he pushes before him is lean and worn; the share buries itself in a clodded and stubborn soil. A single being appears gay and alert in the scene of *sueur et usage*. It is a fantastic personage, a skeleton armed with a whip, who runs along in the furrow by the side of the startled horses and strikes them, acting as ploughboy to the old labourer. . . . Is the poor peasant consoled for his prolonged misery by the sole reflection that death is no misfortune for him? No; an unrelenting melancholy, a frightful fatality, is weighing upon the work of the artist. It is like a bitter malediction levelled against the lot of humanity."

Happily—though that melancholy picture of a life of drudgery leading on to a sad old age is the pervading idea in 'La Mare au Diable'—although the stalwart Germain is urged to marry again, because, while still on the sunny side of thirty, he is already getting past his prime,—yet we are permitted to forget his melancholy destiny in the picturesque and animated incidents of his wooing. Me at any rate, it may be hoped, will have a time of happiness. There are only 150 widely-printed pages in the story, and everything in them is so equally good that it is almost impossible to make satisfactory extracts. But as a sample of blunt peasant talk, interpreting the peasant's mind and habits, the chapter that serves as

the actual introduction is delicious. The father of Germain's deceased wife is pressing on the reluctant widow the duty of giving his daughter a successor. The passages we borrow from it are neither better nor worse than the rest, and much of their flavour must necessarily escape in any translation, whether free or literal.

" ' Germain,' said his father-in-law to him one day, ' it is time, however, that you made up your mind to take another wife. Here is nearly two years that you are widowed of my daughter, and your eldest is seven years old. You are getting on for thirty, *mon garçon*. You know that after that age in our country a man is supposed too old for marrying again. You have three fine children, and till now they have been no great trouble to us. My wife and my step-daughter have done their best for them, and have loved them as they should be loved. There's *petit Pierre* almost grown up: he goads the oxen already very nicely; he is careful enough to see to the beasts in the field, and strong enough to take the horses to the watering. It's not he then who troubles us, but the two others—that we love, however, God knows, the poor innocents—have been giving us this year a deal of anxiety. My step-daughter is near being brought to bed, and then she will have another little thing on her arms. . . . Think of it, then, my lad; you must have another wife, and I another step-daughter. I have already warned you more than once, the time goes by, and the years won't wait for you. . . . It's only doing you justice, my son, to say that you have always hearkened to the friendship and the good reasons of the head of your family. In the first place, I'm by no means of opinion that you had best take "*une jeunesse*." That's not what you want. *La jeunesse est légère*; and as it's a heavy charge to bring up three children—above all, when they are of another bed—what you want is a good soul, very steady, very gentle, and very ready for hard work."

How Germain came to choose a

"*jeunesse*" is what the little story has to tell. He goes off with the most excellent intentions to offer his hand to a most eligible *partie*. But he finds the lady holding a little court of aspirants, all so essentially vulgar in their different fashions as to shock even the plain and practical Germain, who, like Grand Louis in the Meunier d'Angibault, is a gentleman in all essentials. He will not dance attendance on the caprices of this mature village coquette; and he has a plausible excuse to make to his father-in-law Maurice, in telling him that he would probably have to waste two-and-fifty Sundays in the year, before he could have a fair opportunity of offering himself—the fact being, that Germain had become only too ready to seize on pretexts for not making proposals to the wealthy widow. In the goodness of his heart, he had taken charge of *la petite Marie*, the granddaughter of an old woman in his neighbourhood who was next door to a mendicant; and though little Marie was excessively good-looking, the old folks had seen no evil when she mounted *en croupe* behind the handsome labourer. And she was as safe with him as in her mother's arms; but unhappily for the project of his sage old father-in-law, *le diable s'en mêlait*, and they went through a series of adventures. First, the *rusé* Petit Pierre ambushes himself on the road they have to travel, and Marie, who dotes upon children, persuades the father to take the *enfant terrible*. Then they get lost in a neighbouring wood, for these peasants go but little beyond their own village; the mare that bears the triple burden bolts, and they have to bivouac for the night by *la mare au diable*. The ill-famed locality seems to cast a spell on Germain. He forgets all the worldly prudence that is so deeply ingrained in the Berrichon;

he forgets the admirable reasonings of the head of his family, and feels impelled to make fierce love to the penniless Marie, whose motherly ways with his child he has just had an opportunity of appreciating. He would rather have cut off his hand than insulted her, and she knew it; but although the circumstances are embarrassing for a proposal of the kind, he tells her honestly that he would make her his wife. Marie, on her side, is equally frank, and throws oil on the flames of his passion by showing herself anything but ready to leap into his arms. He humbly acknowledges his age to be an objection. She agrees with him, and confesses that she would prefer something younger. "*Le cœur,*" she says, "*ne m'en dit pas pour vous.*" "*J'y fais mon possible en vous écoutant, mais plus je m'y essaie et moins je peux me mettre dans la tête, que nous devions être mari et femme.*" The most piquant part of it is the way in which the little Petit Pierre, who is almost more in love with Marie than his father, innocently does his best to bring the couple together, imploring Germain to give him the girl for a mother. When Germain looks across to her with his little son cradled in her breast, as they are sleeping by the blazing fire that has been kindled by the haunted pool, he is conscious of such a glow in his veins as he never experienced before, and is strongly tempted to embrace her. Had he done so, all the same he could have trusted himself, and she would probably not have distrusted him, even had the child in her arms not been there for a protector.

"The more Germain tried to reason and to calm himself, the less he succeeded. He walked away twenty paces or so to lose himself in the fog; and then of a sudden he found himself on his knees beside the two slumbering

children. Once he would have even embraced Petit Pierre, who had passed an arm around Marie's neck; and so nearly did he make a mistake, that Marie, feeling a hot breath like a flame run over her lips, awoke, and looked round her with a startled air, understanding nothing of what was passing in him. 'I did not see you, my poor children,' said Germain, withdrawing very quickly. 'I nearly fell upon you, and hurt you.' La Petite Marie had the candour to believe him."

Then we have a description of the sylvan scene at midnight.

"At last, towards midnight, the mists dispersed, and Germain could see the stars sparkling across the trees. The moon, too, disengaged herself from the vapours that veiled her, and began to scatter diamonds on the damp moss. The trunks of the oaks remained in a majestic darkness; but a little further away the white stems of the birches showed like a row of phantoms in their shrouds. The reflection of the fire fell on the pool; and the frogs, beginning to get accustomed to it, risked some low and timid notes. The angular limbs of the venerable trees, bristling over with pale lichens, reached out and crossed each other over the heads of our travellers, like long fleshless arms. It was a lovely spot, but so sad and lonely, that Germain, weary of enduring it, began to sing and throw stones in the water, by way of diverting his thoughts from the startling oppression of the solitude."

Of course the adventure ends happily, as the story does, and Marie, whose objections on the score of age seem to have been half due to her delicacy, is proud and grateful to become the wife of Germain.

'Flamarande,' and the 'Deux Frères,' which is a sequel to it, made their appearance in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' immediately before their author's death; and they show such evidences of unfailing power and unfading freshness that we are by no means sure we should not have pitched upon them for

notice, irrespective of their interest as among the last of her works. It has been the fashion to say that she has done herself injustice by her extreme fertility; that the productions of her brain might have been of still more admirable quality, had she tilled her broad fields with more method and deliberation. We very much doubt it; we are inclined to believe that with her richly-stored mind, and the peculiar form in which inspiration came to her, she would have lost in precision and in brilliancy of conception more than she would have gained by greater care, had she let her mind hang on her work and hesitate over her plots. The charm of her best creations is in their simplicity; she throws herself into her characters to begin with, and then they talk and act *tout seul*. They cannot go far wrong in thought and expression, simply because they are themselves, and nobody else; because the identity of the artist who makes them is kept entirely apart from theirs. So it is that the letters of old soldiers like Borel leave absolutely nothing to desire; that peasants like Germain and Marie talk the genuine language of their hearts and their parish, and never stumble for a sentence into Parisian French. So it is that this Charles Louvier, who has to tell the double story we are considering, is so admirably consistent through all his inconsistencies. Once know who this M. Charles is; that he was the son of a well-to-do *bourgeois*, who took a step downwards in life when he went into service; that he was somewhat spoiled as the valet of a noble family, by being admitted to be the confidant and almost the friend of his masters;—and you have a clue to his actions which seldom fails you: while anything that may have puzzled you, is afterwards cleared by the pass-key given to his

character in an interview he has, towards the end of the book, with a gentleman he has injured by a disinterested act of baseness. "No," said M. de Salcède, "you are neither an idiot, nor a lunatic, nor malicious, nor yet a rascal. You are a restless nature, as you said, and influenced by a certain exaltation, the motives of which you do not comprehend. There are two of those, and the first is vanity, or I will say, if you prefer it, irritated pride; the second—you will not confess it, and I shall not point it out to you, but you understand without my speaking." And so does the reader. M. Charles is the victim of ignoble jealousies, and becomes a martyr, like his master, to tormenting suspicions. His fidelity to the family is beyond all impeachment; he is devotedly fond of the two brothers. In one point of view, he is the soul of unselfishness and honour; from another he appears to be betrayed into the meanest actions. He is the lower-class *bourgeois* spoiled by the vices of service, the false gentleman with the borrowed prejudices of a superior class, all in one. And the style of his autobiography is the exact reflection of his antecedents—nay, of those family circumstances and mysteries which have successively moulded his fortunes.

Nor does the strong but flexible construction of the plot come short of anything of the sort that the author has devised elsewhere. The interest turns on the paternity of the elder of the brothers, who has been doubted, disowned, and banished by his legal parent. Whether the Count of Flamarande's suspicions as to his wife's fidelity are well founded or not, for long we hesitated to say. If the lady is innocent, appearances are singularly unfortunate for her. Now we believe with M. Charles, that the Count's suspicions calumniate her

—now we feel compelled to yield conviction to evidence that is apparently irresistible ; and yet we have always an idea that matters will end by clearing up the mystery to Madame de Flamarande's advantage. Meanwhile, doubts alternating with misapprehensions and strange revelations, have an exciting influence on the temperaments of the brothers. And the double story is a pleasant illustration of the author's kindly feelings towards humanity, and of her generous tendency to exaggerate man's capacity for good. When she does depict a villain, who is essentially vile and base, it is generally *contre cœur*. She does not shrink from touching on the foibles and vices of mankind, but she loves to glorify the ascendancy of virtue by enhancing its triumphs over the influences of evil. In this novel, the Count of Flamarande, who is hurried into harshness, injustice, infidelities, and dissipation, by a jealousy for which he had great excuse, is shifted speedily into the background. The very faults of M. Charles may, as we have said, easily be mistaken for virtues. The Countess, whose character has been so seriously compromised, turns out to be nearly an angel. It is hard to know which of her sons is to be credited with the finest original nature, though of course Gaston, the elder, is made to show more elevation and consistency of principle, thanks to the advantages of a peasant upbringing. As for

M. de Salcède, the best part of his life has been one long act of painful self-abnegation ; and yet, in spite of the predominance of light over shadow, this double story, like the others, reads perfectly naturally.

We have only to add, to what we have said of the author, that on the whole she deserves our admiration as a woman. Some of her opinions might have been dangerous to the interests of society, had they been susceptible of translation into practical shape : there are certain of her writings we should scarcely recommend to the perusal of young girls : while occasionally her habits, to say the least of it, lent themselves to scandal. But her warm heart was essentially sound, as her purposes were always pure and honest. She laboured according to her lights for the enlightenment of human nature and the advancement of ideas she believed beneficial ; and if the tone of her morality be somewhat lax, she must have the credit of never having prostituted her pen to gratify the vices of literary sensualists. If she lived and died poor, after toiling long and hard, it was due in great measure to the boundless charity she practised ; yet, embarrassed as she generally was, it seemed as if her almsgiving brought a blessing, since her brain and her fancy remained so bright to the last, notwithstanding the unceasing severity of the strain on them.

WEARINESS: A TALE FROM FRANCE.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

MONSIEUR CASIMIR VINCENT, the old and very wealthy Lunel banker, had been for more than thirty years the regular and honoured frequenter of the *Café de l'Esplanade*. There he might be seen twice a-day without fail: in the afternoon about one o'clock, after his breakfast, to take his cup of coffee, glance over the newspapers, and exchange a few words with his old acquaintances; and again towards eight in the evening, after his dinner, to play his game of piquet, which generally lasted till about eleven.

Every one at Lunel knew M. Vincent. He was a small thin man, with marked features, large dark eyes, short thick hair that was turning grey, and a calm indifferent expression of countenance. M. Vincent was of a taciturn nature, and when he spoke, it was slowly and thoughtfully. Notwithstanding his unmixed southern blood, he was sober in gesture, and nothing in his movements betrayed the proverbial vivacity of his countrymen. He dressed simply and very carefully, and paid particular attention to his linen, which was always of dazzling whiteness.

M. Vincent's story was as well known to the inhabitants of the town as his appearance or his mode of living. His grandfather, during the first Revolution, had been the founder of the house of Casimir Vincent. There were old men living who still remembered him, and spoke of him as a man who had possessed no common share of intelligence and energy. In a short time he had amassed a large fortune by his banking business, and also as an army contractor.

His son had carried on the business under the Empire and the Restoration. In his turn, the Casimir Vincent of our story, who had been brought up in the paternal school, after having spent a few years in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Paris, settled at Lunel in the year 1840. His steadiness inspired his father with such confidence that he at once admitted him to partnership. The firm was thenceforward styled "*Casimir Vincent & Son.*"

Vincent junior was then about thirty. He was considered a *dandy*, and the young beaux of his little town copied his dress, and asked him for the addresses of his tradesmen.

The wealthy citizens who had marriageable daughters used to get up parties and picnics in his honour.

On two occasions there had been rumours of Monsieur Vincent's marriage. Soon after his return to Lunel he had paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Coulé, and his proposals had been joyfully received by her family. All the gossips of the place were already busy reckoning up the large fortune that the young couple would have, when bright, pretty, joyous Caroline Coulé suddenly fell ill, and almost immediately died. Casimir Vincent wore no mourning for his affianced bride, but her death grieved him deeply. For several years he remained in strict retirement, entirely occupied with his father's business. The old man died in 1844, leaving by his will "all he possessed to his only and well-beloved son Casimir Vincent."

Three years after this event,

Vincent came forward as a suitor for the hand of Mdlle. Jeanne d'Arfeuille. He was then thirty-six, but looked much older; his hair was turning grey, and the lonely life he had led since Caroline's death had made him taciturn and gloomy. It was not, therefore, very surprising that a girl of eighteen should look upon him as an old man. Jeanne d'Arfeuille uttered a scream of affright when her mother, all radiant with joy, announced to her that the wealthy banker had done her the honour to make her an offer of marriage. She declared at once that she would rather die or shut herself up in a convent, than marry "that ugly, little, old man."

"He might be my father," added she, bursting into tears. "I shall never love him, and I won't marry him."

At first the mother tried her eloquence to convince her daughter that it was madness to refuse the best match of the department; but as Jeanne persisted in crying, and rejected all idea of yielding, Madame d'Arfeuille at last lost patience, and ended the debate by exclaiming, "I order you to marry him, and marry him you must."

Something, however, occurred on the occasion of M. Vincent's first official visit at Madame d'Arfeuille's that ruined all the plans which that lady had formed. Vincent noticed the red eyelids and downcast air of the girl he was to wed, and leading her up to the window, spoke to her for a few minutes in whispered tones. Madame d'Arfeuille, who was seated at a little distance, saw with secret anxiety her daughter burst into tears, and heard M. Vincent, to her intense surprise, say in a gentle, serious voice—

"Calm yourself, my dear child—I only wish for your happiness; I was mistaken."

Then going up to the mother with his usual slow, steady step, he said, in a tone which imparted singular dignity to his small stature,

"I must thank you, Madame, for the honour which you have done me; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

So saying, he bowed low to the mother and daughter and went away, leaving them both in amazement at what had happened.

Madame d'Arfeuille, as was her custom when she found herself in an awkward position, began by fainting; then, coming to herself, she got into a violent passion with Jeanne. When at last she recovered her composure, she hastened to the banker's, and vowed that there was in all this merely a deplorable misunderstanding, and that her daughter would be proud and happy to become Madame Vincent. But the little man had some peculiar notions of his own, especially on the subject of matrimony. He let Madame d'Arfeuille speak as long as she liked without interrupting her, though he caused her no little embarrassment by looking at her steadfastly all the time. When at last she came to a stop, after stammering out for the tenth time, "What a deplorable misunderstanding!" Vincent merely repeated the words he had uttered an hour before—

"I have to thank you, Madame, for the honour you intended me; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

Madame d'Arfeuille could not believe her ears; for one moment she had a mind to faint again, but the icy deportment of the banker deterred her from that bit of acting. She displayed great cleverness in trying to alter M. Vincent's resolve; she even stooped to entreaty. But

it was of no avail ; M. Vincent remained unmoved, and looked more gloomy than ever. Then Madame d'Arfeuille flew simply and frankly into a rage ; she accused the banker of having caused the misery of a poor innocent girl, and of striving to bring shame on her mother. Vincent remained as insensible to her fury as he had been to her prayers ; till at last, at the end of half an hour, thoroughly worn out and defeated, she retreated from the field where she had thought herself sure to achieve victory.

A few months later, pretty Jeanne d'Arfeuille married a young country gentleman of a neighbouring department, who was both well-born and wealthy. Her mother was delighted at a marriage which realised all her fondest wishes ; but she retained a bitter resentment against the banker who had offended her, and never forgave him. Her southern imagination enabled her to fabricate, in respect of this affair, a whole story, which she repeated so often to her friends that she ended by believing it herself. According to this version, M. Vincent, whom she styled "a vulgar, forward *parvenu* and money-lender," had had the "audacity" to aspire to the hand of an Arfeuille. "Fortunately," she would add with magnificent dignity, "my daughter had been too well brought up not to know how to teach a fellow like that his proper place. Then he came to supplicate me to intercede with Jeanne on his behalf, and I really thought I would never be able to shake him off."

This strange story was repeated on all sides by Madame d'Arfeuille's family and friends, and came at last to M. Vincent's ears. He took no trouble to contradict it, and merely shrugged his shoulders. Some one, more curious than the rest, ventured to ask him point-blank whether

there was any truth in it. He answered quietly, "You are at liberty to believe this story, if you like ; as for me, I have something better to do than to trouble myself about gossip."

After Mdlle. d'Arfeuille's marriage, Vincent appeared to have given up all thoughts of seeking a wife. Some proposals were made to him, for there was no lack in Lunel of good and prudent mothers who would willingly have given their daughters to the rich banker. But he avoided rather than sought opportunities of associating with unmarried women. When his friends expressed their regret, he would say, "I am no longer young ; I have nothing to offer to a young woman but my fortune, and I would not care for a wife who took me for that. If ever I become foolish enough to imagine that I may be loved for my own sake, you may perhaps see me come forward in the character of a suitor. In the meantime, I hold myself satisfied with the two failures I have experienced, and I mean to try and get accustomed to the life of an old bachelor."

Many years went by ; Vincent became an old man, and it entered nobody's head to think of him as a marriageable man.

M. Vincent's mode of life was simple and unvaried. He rose very early, shaved and dressed at once, and started in his *cabriolet* for a small estate in the neighbourhood of the town, which he had inherited from his father. He was no agriculturist, and did not affect to be one : his visits to the *Mas de Vincent*—so his property was called—had no practical object ; but he had taken so thoroughly the habit of this daily excursion, that, summer or winter, in rain or in sunshine, he never failed to make it. His coachman, old Guerre, who sat

beside him in the *cabriolet*, was a morose man, who never opened his lips except to answer laconically his master's questions. Such a companion was no restraint on the banker, who could indulge in his own thoughts during the whole journey. These must have been of a serious kind, for the countenance of the old bachelor always preserved the same cold expression of reserve.

On arriving at the *Mas*, he would unbend a little. The manager of the estate came out to meet him, asked news of his health in a few words—always the same,—and then conducted him to the place where the work was going on. *Païre* Dufour* was a clever fellow, who knew how to interest his master by telling him something new every day. On this hillside, the vines were prospering; on that other, they were attacked by disease. The silk-worms were thriving, while those of the neighbours were merely vegetating. Sheep had been sold at Béziers; and it had been found necessary to purchase mules at the fair of Sommières. To all this Vincent listened attentively, and made no objections. As a rule, the *païre* did exactly what he liked; and all his equals and fellow-managers round about considered him the most independent and fortunate man of the whole district.

M. Vincent returned to Lunel about eleven o'clock. He went into his office, where an old clerk handed him the letters which had come by that day's post, and took his orders concerning the answers. It was not a long business, for the firm of Vincent & Son had been established on solid foundations, and all went on with perfect regularity. The business of the bank was chiefly with the wealthy landowners and farmers

of the neighbourhood of Lunel, who, from father to son, had had dealings with the firm for the last half-century. They used the agency of the bank to discount the bills they drew on the manufacturers and merchants of Cette, Marseilles, Lyons, and St Etienne, in exchange for their oil, wines, or cocoons. These bills were always "duly honoured;" or if, by a very rare mischance, they were "protested," the drawers always took them back without difficulty. Legal proceedings and lawyers' strife were things unknown, or only known by name, to the firm of Vincent & Son. As the head of this respected house, M. Casimir Vincent had large profits and little trouble. In the space of one hour, between eleven and twelve, he generally found time to do all his business. He then breakfasted—almost always alone; and, after that simple repast, went to the *Café de l'Esplanade*.

That establishment was the rendezvous of the best Lunel society. It was situated on the promenade and occupied the ground-floor and first storey of a rather large house. Jacques Itier, the master of the *café*, lived on the second floor with his wife Mariette and his numerous family. Jacques Itier was a very sharp fellow. He had not been the proprietor of the *café* very long before he perceived that he could extend the custom of his establishment considerably by dividing it into two distinct portions. So he induced his more "eminent" customers to form a *cercle*, or club, by placing the whole first floor at their disposal. Admittance to the club was not absolutely forbidden to strangers; but a chance intruder would not be likely to remain there long, so unmistakably would the

* In the south of France, *païre* is the name given to the foremost workman on a farm, and often to the manager himself.

demeanour of the habitual guests show him that he was not in his proper place.

On the other hand, the wealthy citizens and merchants of the town, and the principal landowners of the environs, felt themselves quite at home at the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*." Every one had his accustomed corner, chair, table, and newspaper. For smokers, there was a little grated closet, with lock and key, from whence every man could extract his own particular pipe on arriving; the billiard-players had their particular cues marked, and it was a settled and acknowledged thing that at certain hours the table belonged to a particular set. One would often hear exclamations like this: "Make haste! It is nine o'clock, and M. Vidal and M. Coulé are waiting to play their game." The waiter who attended on the first floor was called by his Christian name of "François;" and he did not confine himself to merely answering, "Yes, Monsieur," but would say, "Yes, M. Vidal; Yes, M. Vincent," &c., according as the notary, the banker, or any other personage called to him.

The members of the club were mostly middle-aged or old men, and three or four young men only had managed to obtain admittance. These were the sons of deceased members, and they did not seem out of place in this exclusive society. Among these young men, the foremost was René Sabatier, whose father had been a goldsmith. René was a good, honest fellow of four-and-twenty, very talkative and very familiar, who used to treat the old gentlemen of the "club" as if they had been his comrades. Nobody took offence, for he was a general favourite. He owed this kind of popularity to his conduct during the war, when he had joined the army as a volunteer, and done

his duty bravely. He was considered as the chief of the young Legitimist party in Lunel; and all the members of the "*Cerole de l'Esplanade*" were fierce Royalists.

On the ground-floor, where the real public *café* was, Republicanism prevailed. The young men of the town met there, and strangers often dropped in. The two waiters who rushed from table to table were merely *garçons* for the customers, and no man cared to inquire what their Christian names were. Madame Itier, who presided at the bar, exercised the strictest control, in order to preserve the reputation of respectability enjoyed by her establishment: now such vigilance, if displayed on the first floor, would have been utterly purposeless.

Jacques Itier was to be seen alternately in the upper and in the lower rooms. On the first floor, he went respectfully from table to table inquiring, in an obsequious tone, whether "the gentlemen" had all they required; the gentlemen, on their part, treated him somewhat haughtily and allowed of no familiarity. On the ground-floor it was the reverse, and there the master of the *café* was almost a personage. He was on the best terms with many of his customers; would play his game of piquet with one or another; order refreshments for his own consumption, and strip off his coat for a game of billiards. The political opinions of Jacques Itier took the colour of the place where he was. On the first floor he adored the Comte de Chambord; below, he swore by Gambetta. He was a man without political prejudices. The Bonapartists of Lunel congregated at another *café*; had they come to his establishment he would no doubt have found something pleasant to say about the Prince Imperial. Casimir Vincent had frequented and patronised the *Café*

de l'Esplanade for many years. He was already considered as an old *habitué*, when the establishment passed into Jacques Itier's hands. That was fifteen years ago; and since then, scarcely a day had gone by in which the little man had not been there both in the afternoon and in the evening. Vincent clung to his habits; his visits to the *café* were as much a part of his existence as his morning excursions to the *Mus de Vincent*. Every day he met the same faces at the club:—old Coulé, who had remained his friend ever since Caroline's death; M. Vidal, the notary, in whose office were the deeds of half the property in the town; René Sabatier, who was bold enough to apostrophise the banker as "*Papa Vincent*;" Bardou, the corn-merchant; Coste, the doctor; Count de Rochebrune and the Baron de Villaray, large landowners, &c. By all those Vincent was highly considered: he was known to be a rich man, a Legitimist, and the descendant of an old family of the town. All these things entitled him to honour.

Yet no one could boast of intimacy with the old bachelor. Vincent's habitual reserve kept curiosity at a distance, and he neither encouraged nor bestowed confidence. He never spoke of himself or his concerns, and wore, on all occasions, a serious countenance, with a tinge of sadness even. Some people asserted that he had never recovered the death of his fair Caroline, and that solitude weighed on his heart. They quoted expressions which he had let drop from time to time, in which he alluded to a monotonous life "without either sorrow or joy."

As soon as M. Vincent entered the club after breakfast, François, the waiter, hastened to bring him his *demi-tasse*, and a tumbler of water; while Itier presented the '*Gazette de France*,' and the '*Mes-*

sager du Midi.' Vincent would acknowledge these civilities silently by a nod, sip his coffee and slowly smoke a cigar. He would read the Parisian newspaper all through, cast a look on the quotations of the Bourse as given in the '*Messenger*,' and then take his seat on the divan which ran all round the billiard-room to hear the small news of the day from some obliging neighbour. He himself scarcely ever spoke. When his cigar was finished, he walked back slowly to his office, where he worked till five o'clock. Then, in obedience to a habit he had contracted during his travels, he dressed for dinner and took his solitary repast. Now and then he invited a few friends. On those occasions the old family plate shone on the table; and the best wines, the most delicate dishes, delighted the palates of the provincial epicures. But when Vincent dined alone, the fare was of the most simple description. An old woman waited on him; he read during his dinner, and scarcely noticed what was set before him.

After dinner, Vincent went to the *café*, as we have said, for the second time. In a few minutes he never failed to find a partner for a game of piquet. At the neighbouring tables the other members of the club played cards likewise. The play was not high, but was nevertheless carried on with the greatest ardour. Conversation went on in low tones,—such was the custom. Any stranger whom chance or curiosity led into the club-room, soon felt awkward and intrusive amid this company of old men, all busy shuffling cards, marking points, or exchanging the whispered remarks which the course of the game called forth. The members of the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*" were accounted first-rate players in all Lunel. At half-past ten the games had generally

come to an end, and by eleven o'clock the great room was empty. Casimir Vincent would then go home.

When the weather was fine, he took two or three turns on the Esplanade, and by half-past eleven was in his sitting-room. A large lamp with a shade burned on the table; the evening papers and the letters of the last delivery were laid out beside it. Vincent read for about half an hour, and then passed into his bedroom. In summer, before undressing, it was his custom to stand for a while at the window, from whence he could see a park which lay behind the house. The rustling murmur of the trees seemed to have a peculiar charm for him. He would stay listening to it attentively for a long time, though his countenance betrayed no emotion, and remained calm and serious as ever. But he would often heave a deep sigh as he turned away from the window. In the winter time, he would spend that last half-hour in front of the fire, his eyes fixed on the dying embers, while his features preserved that same look of thoughtful contemplation with which he listened in summer to the last hushed sounds of nature. Advancing years had made Casimir Vincent a singularly thoughtful, serious, and taciturn man.

When the war with Germany broke out, M. Vincent shared the fever of patriotism which took possession of all France. From morning to night he read the papers; drew up plans for the campaign, and discussed the conditions which should be imposed on the vanquished enemy. He had recovered the enthusiasm of his youth, and took the liveliest interest in all the burning questions of the day.

The first defeats produced a sort of stupefaction, though they did not shake his confidence.

"We will take our revenge," he said; "and woe to the northern invaders who have dared to pollute the sacred soil of France!"

But after the disasters of Forbach and Reichshoffen, after the bloody battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, came the fearful news of the catastrophe of Sedan; and then, one following another, resounded the terrible blows under which France was crushed by the fortune of war: Strasbourg, Metz, Paris, fell into the power of the enemy. Whole armies were annihilated or led into captivity; new armies were raised, and were overtaken by the same fate; the northern and eastern provinces of France were like a vast cemetery, drenched with the noblest blood of the country. In the south, in the neighbourhood of Lunel, there was fury or despair, and in some cases a still more harrowing feeling of resignation. Casimir Vincent went about his business with the air of a ghost, and his dumb, pent-up sorrow was pitiable to witness. Still, just as before the war, he never failed to go every morning to the *Mas*, and to show himself twice a-day at the club.

After peace had been concluded, everything resumed its accustomed aspect in the little town, which was far removed from the seat of military events. Vincent, who had sustained no loss of fortune or of position, appeared almost to have forgotten the misfortunes which had befallen his country. He scarcely ever spoke of the war, and never joined in the general clamour for revenge which arose on all sides. But he grew daily more gloomy, more sad, more taciturn, till his best friends at last admitted that "old Vincent had become quite impracticable."

Vincent, however, continued to follow the political questions of the day: he subscribed to some of the

leading Paris newspapers, and spent the better part of the day in reading them.

In October 1873, when the news spread that the Comte de Chambord was going to ascend the throne of his ancestors, the old Legitimist had a last burst of enthusiasm.

"I would die happy," he said, "if it were given to me to see Henry V. at the head of the country."

The letter by which the Comte de Chambord annihilated the hopes of the so-called "fusionists" caused the banker a great shock.

"The king is right," he said; "he always is right: but what can be said of a country where the foremost citizens dare to propose to their legitimate sovereign to attain, by devious and crooked paths, the throne which God himself gave him? Poor France!"

René Sabatier, who had always been a favourite with the banker, and who, in his turn, felt a real affection for him, became anxious at last, seeing him so completely dispirited. One night he accompanied him home, and took advantage of the opportunity to question his old friend on his sadness.

"You are not well. You seem tired. What is the matter? Why do you not consult the doctor?"

"The doctor can do nothing for me," replied Vincent. "I am bored, that's all."

"Travel; try a change."

"I am as well at Lunel as I should be anywhere else. Here, at least, I am surrounded by well-known faces, and I have my regular occupations, which make the days seem less insupportably long."

"Go to Paris. It is my dream to go there. Ah! if I were rich and free like you, I would start this very night."

"Paris! Thanks for the advice. No! anywhere rather than there!

Paris is the ruin of France! Paris is the birthplace of the evils of which we are all dying! The Revolution, the Empire, the war, the Commune, all came from Paris! Paris has killed France! Curse it!"

"Softly, softly, *Papa Vincent*," replied Sabatier; "do not fly into such a passion. Whatever you may say, Paris is the finest town in the world. Paris has its vices, I admit; but its brilliant qualities make it the capital of civilisation."

"Pray, spare me your Victor Hugo phrases! Yes, Paris is verily the most civilised town in the world, if by civilisation you mean the reverse of all that is natural and true. Shall I tell you what you, a provincial stranger, will find in Paris? The first tailors and the first shoemakers in the world; the best hairdressers and fencing-masters; the greatest coquettes and the most profligate women; the most cheating hotel-keepers, the most selfish politicians, and the most wonderful actors. That is all that you, as a stranger, will see; as to the Paris of work and self-denial, it will be hidden from you. The honest folks of Paris—and, thank Heaven! there are some left—do not frequent the places where you go to seek excitement and see sights. Busy with their work, and ashamed of the enervating pleasures that strangers rush to so greedily, they know how to respect their mourning country. Their houses would be closed to you, nor would they be thrown open to me. No, no, I will not go to Paris. Lunel is a dull town, I confess; I am weary of the life I lead here; it weighs me down, and I long to have done with it: still, I prefer it to life in Paris."

He paused for a minute and bent his head as if he were absorbed in painful reflections, then he resumed slowly in a low voice, as though

he were speaking to himself, "Ay, indeed, life in Lunel is dull and colourless, . . . life in Paris is repugnant to me. . . . Life is unbearable everywhere in France. . . . Formerly it was not so, and life then had an object; men lived, men died at least for something. But what can I do now? Fold my arms, and impotently witness the ruin of my country. . . . All is going, perishing, falling to pieces, . . . and I am but a weak old man."

A long silence followed, which Sabatier dared not break till the two friends reached the banker's door.

"Monsieur Vincent," Sabatier then said, in a respectful tone, "I wish you good-night; try and sleep well."

"Good-night, my dear René," said the old man. He was holding the door still ajar, when he suddenly turned round and said abruptly to the young man—

"How old are you?"

"I am four-and-twenty."

"Well, follow the advice of an old bachelor: marry. A life full of cares is better than a life which is utterly void. Woe to the man who is alone in the world! . . . Take a wife. . . . Man was not made to live alone. . . . Solitude begets unwholesome thoughts. . . . Good-night, Sabatier!"

The next day Vincent appeared at the usual hour at the *café* of the Esplanade, and in a few minutes he was seated opposite to Sabatier, apparently absorbed in the intricacies of a game of piquet.

"You have just thrown away ninety," remarked Sabatier.

"Have I?" said Vincent. He took up the cards he had discarded, looked at them and said quietly, "You are right; here's my knave of clubs."

There was another deal.

"Why, what is the matter with

you to-day?" cried Sabatier. "You have not reckoned your quint."

"You are right again, young man," said the banker; "I had forgotten it. I do not know what I am thinking of." So saying, he pushed away the cards.

"Go and play with Coulé," he added; "it amuses me no longer."

He got up and placed himself near another table where two other men were playing. Old Vidal came up and proposed a game of bezique. Vincent assented willingly, and they seated themselves at a vacant table. Vincent won the game.

"Bezique is child's play," he said; "I prefer piquet." He got up and apologised for not going on. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow," he said. He remained half an hour longer in the club-room, going from one group to another, and exchanging a few brief sentences with his friends; but he went home somewhat earlier than usual. No sooner had he left the room than every one began to talk about him.

"Old Vincent looks very ill. What is the matter with him?"

"He did not know his cards, and threw out his best. I never saw him like that."

"How are his affairs? are they all right?"

"That they are. He bought largely into the funds only last week."

"Then, what ails him?"

"Nothing—he is bored."

"Has he ever been anything else for the last thirty years?"

"No. But apparently he has found out at last that it is not amusing to be bored."

While remarks were being exchanged at the club, Vincent was walking slowly homewards. More than once he stopped on his way, and stood plunged in deep thought, stroking his chin the while as was his wont. Once he took off his hat,

brushed his hair back with a slow and regular movement, and then pressed his hand on his temple as though he had felt a sharp and sudden pain. His cravat seemed to choke him; once or twice he passed his finger between his throat and his shirt-collar, and breathed hard like a man who has been making some violent effort.

On entering his apartment he found everything in its accustomed place; there was the lamp, and beside it the papers and a few letters. He glanced at these; and recognising the writing on the addresses, laid them aside without opening them. Even the papers had not the power to interest him; he opened one, and after looking through the leading article he crumpled it up in his hand and threw it on the ground.

"Always the same twaddle!" he exclaimed. The clock of a neighbouring church struck eleven. Vincent took up a candlestick and went into his bedroom. As he stood before the chimney his eyes fell on the large mirror. He remained motionless and gazed long at his own image; it was that of an old man, bent under the weight of years, with a yellow, shrivelled-up face, dim eyes, and a despondent countenance.

"I never would have believed," he said, speaking very slowly, "that a life as long as mine could have been so joyless. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to read letters and newspapers, to shuffle and deal out cards, to be of no use for anything or to anybody, . . . to care for nothing, to care for nobody, . . . and to be bored."

He walked up to the open window and looked out into the night—a soft balmy night of spring. Above were the cloudless, starry heavens—below, the old plane-trees seemed to slumber; a solemn silence reigned all around.

"What fearful silence!" he said; "a death-like silence, . . . without and within myself." He shuddered and closed the window.

The next morning he went as usual to the *Mas de Vincent*. The *paire* came out to meet him at the gate.

"A fine morning, Monsieur Vincent. I hope I see you well. See how everything is getting on; one could not wish for better. If Providence only sends us a little rain, and we have no frost or hail, this year's crop will be splendid."

"We have no reason to complain," replied Vincent; "the *Mas* has always made a capital return."

"Ah, you are a fortunate man, sir. All you touch seems to turn to gold. The *Mas* is worth double what it was in your father's time. One may indeed call you a fortunate man."

When, half an hour later, Vincent was driving back in his *cabriolet*, he more than once repeated to himself, "Yes, yes, I am a fortunate man." But his countenance was not that of a fortunate man.

He scarcely tasted his breakfast; at dinner, he ate little or nothing. His old servant, Martha, became anxious, and inquired if her master was ill.

"No, I am not ill, but I have no appetite. To-morrow I will be better."

At the club he refused to play. As on the preceding evening, he wandered from one table to the other, looking on and stroking his chin without saying a word.

"Why don't you play?" inquired Sabatier.

"I have played piquet thirty years long. Is it very surprising that I should be weary of the game?"

"Play bezique."

"Bezique is child's play."

"Whist, then?"

"I don't know whist."

"You will learn."

"I am too old."

"Oh, *Papa Vincent*, you are hard to please to-night."

"Very hard to please, verily. It is of course unconscionable to expect from life something more than the pleasure of playing cards for halfpenny points."

Sabatier did not reply, and at the end of an hour Vincent left the club without having exchanged another word.

When he reached his own door, he stood irresolute, and looked right and left as though he expected somebody. He whistled softly, and, as on the previous day, took off his hat to press his hand upon his forehead. At that moment a poor beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, went by.

"For God's sake, my good gentleman," she said, in a supplicating tone, "give me something for this poor child!"

Vincent drew out his purse, and looked into it for an instant, as though he were searching for small coin. Finding none, he took a five-franc piece and gave it to the woman.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, almost in a tone of fear. "How can I thank you, sir? May God preserve you and yours, and return to you in blessings what you have done for me!"

She moved on, and Vincent's eyes followed her. "Holloa! here, woman!" he called out, abruptly.

The beggar-woman looked round and hesitated. She feared to turn back lest the banker should have made a mistake and wish to take back his alms.

"Come back, I say," repeated Vincent. "No one wants to harm you; on the contrary. But make haste; I have no time to lose."

The poor woman came up.

"Here," said Vincent, "take all," and he poured the contents of his purse into her hand. The woman was struck dumb with surprise for a few seconds. When she recovered her speech, and began to stammer forth her thanks, Vincent had disappeared.

Guerre, the coachman, had been waiting more than an hour. At last he grew impatient.

"Martha!" he cried, "is not Monsieur up? It is nearly eight."

The servant went to the kitchen door and glanced up at the bedroom windows. The curtains were still drawn.

"This is very strange," she said, "for Monsieur always gets up at six. I'll go up and see what has happened."

In a few minutes she came down again, scared, pale, and trembling.

"Guerre," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "come quick. Our master——" She could say no more, but the old coachman understood that some misfortune had happened. He came into the house and ran up-stairs as fast as his old legs would carry him. Martha followed. The two servants stopped at the entrance of the sitting-room, and Martha pointed silently to the bedroom door. Guerre went in with faltering steps.

The bright sunshine lighted up the room in spite of the curtains and the blinds. On the table stood two candlesticks, in which the lights had burned down to the sockets. Between them, placed so as to catch the eye at once, Guerre saw a paper, on which a few lines were written; and in front of the hearth, lying in a pool of blood, the corpse of Casimir Vincent. Guerre picked up an open razor, smeared with blood, and placed it, with a shudder, on the table. He then took up the paper which he

had noticed on entering the room, and read as follows:—

“Weary of life, I have sought death. My affairs are in good order. My will is in the hands of M. Vidal, the notary.

“CASIMIR VINCENT.”

The funeral took place quietly the next day. All the members of the “Cercle de l’Esplanade” attended.

A portion of the banker’s wealth went to distant relatives. René

Sabatier, however, had a large legacy, and a still more considerable sum was bequeathed to the town of Lunel for the foundation of a charitable institution. The clergy offered no opposition to the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground; and René Sabatier, remembering the last remarks of his unhappy friend, caused a stone to be placed on his grave, with the following inscription:—

“A MAN, WEARY OF LIFE,
HAS SOUGHT REPOSE HERE:
PRAY FOR HIM!”

CUPID SCHOOLED.

I.

WHEN she was as gay as a linnet,
And I was as fresh as a lark,
Never a day but some minute
We met betwixt dawning and dark.

II.

“Katie, and when shall we marry?”
“Marry?” she said, with a sigh,—
“That’s cake and ribbons on Monday,
And sorrow ere Saturday’s by.

III.

“You are as lean as a lizard,
I am as poor as a mouse;
Nothing per annum, paid quarterly,
Hardly finds rent for a house.

IV.

“‘Love and a crust in a cottage,’
Capital! just for a pair:
What if the hut should grow populous?
How would the populace fare?

V.

“Oh, ay! the uncle you reckon on,—
Gouty, and rich, and unwed,—
Dick! they wait ill, says the adage, who
Wait for the shoes of the dead.

VI.

"Ah! if I loved you, I'd risk it!
That's what you're thinking, I guess:—
Why, I would risk it to-morrow,
Dick, if I cared for you less!

VII.

"Love's apt to fly out at window
When Poverty looks in at door:
Rather I'd die than help banish him,
Dick, just by keeping you poor.

VIII.

"Kiss me! you'll look in on Sunday?
Won't my new bonnet be brave?
June at its longest and leafiest—
My! what a ramble we'll have!

IX.

"Bye-bye! There's grandmother waiting
Patient at home for her tea:
Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us,
You must be patient for me!"

X.

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage,
Freshen the green of the grove:
True lovers' tiffs, said old Terence, are
Only fresh fuel to Love.

XI.

If I flung off in a passion—
If she crept in for a cry—
Sunday came smiling and settled it,
Katie was wiser than I.

XII.

Love's but a baby that, passionate,
Cries to be mated at birth:
Time isn't lost if it teaches you
What a good woman is worth.

XIII.

What if the waiting was wearisome?
What if the work-days were drear?
Time, the old thief, couldn't rob us of
Fifty-two Sundays a-year.

XIV.

How long was Liberty coming?
Long enough—ever her way:
Lustrum, or Decad, or Century,—
What does it matter to-day?

XV.

Nunky died single at sixty,
Granny at eighty or so:
Well, if we didn't weep long for 'em—
'Twasn't in nature, you know.

XVI.

Grannies and uncles are liable
All to die some day, that's clear:
Sorrow finds wonderful comfort in
Five or six hundred a-year.

XVII.

And lovers may marry at forty,
Ay, and live happy to boot,
Though Phillis be grey as a badger,
And Corydon bald as a coot.

H. K.

THE NEW YEAR.

By the time the New Year opens, the Eastern Question will in all probability have advanced an important step. The Conference will either have practically succeeded, or will have broken up in despair of peace. In the latter alternative Great Britain must come to a serious and even momentous decision as to its future course. In either alternative it will be wise to reconsider our whole position; for even if peace is preserved at present, the elements of future controversy remain, and may at any time breed disturbance.

At such a moment it seems desirable to ascertain, free from the clamours of party, what are the merits and difficulties of the question—what is the true relation of England to it. On the first point, we will compress into a few sentences Mr Harrison's recent exposition in the 'Fortnightly Review.' The article is ably and carefully prepared; and whether we regard the writer or the quarter from which he addresses the public, no suspicion of party bias in favour of our present policy can possibly attach to it. Shortly, it says in effect: Bad as is the system of Turkish rule, the public law of Europe recognises no such principle as that, given a dominant class, oppression, and misgovernment, it is the right or duty of foreign nations to step in and crush it by arms. Such a principle would inaugurate an era of general aggression and lawlessness. Moreover, that rule alone prevents vehement strife amongst the complex sects and races which compose the Ottoman empire, and is accepted by all as the least galling that can be found.

In other European instances of evil government by a dominant race, it has been recognised that the evils of interference outweigh the advantages. If, in this case, neighbouring states are convulsed, and Russia is ready to end the oppression, still that convulsion may easily be deepened—Russia's crusade would open an internecine strife. The dangers, the article continues, of the *status quo* in Turkey, may be greater than those of limited interference, but are distinctly less than those of attempting to destroy Ottoman rule or crush the Turkish race, proclaiming a war of religion, or beginning a sanguinary struggle in order to expel the Turkish officers of government. The Turks have still fight and energy left; there are millions of them in Europe, ten times as many millions in Asia. If crushed, they would have to be kept in subjection. If Russia stepped into their place, her cruelty and oppression differ from theirs only in degree, whilst her intolerance is greater. Russia's attempt to succeed to their inheritance would be the signal for a long era of bloodshed; yet the only other alternative—of forming independent states out of divided and crushed subject races—must be scouted as impossible and impracticable. The difficulty of retaining things as they are in presence of the growing agitation in Russia and in England, and in presence of chronic civil war, is also insuperable. Turkey, according to Mr Harrison, in its existing state cannot be retained, cannot be destroyed without fearful and prolonged bloodshed, cannot be replaced. The risks of action and inaction are equally great. The

risks are not merely those of prospective imaginary evils resulting from a disturbance of the balance of power, but of immediate slaughter, bloodshed, religious war.

Here, at least, the difficulties of the case are not concealed. They are difficulties which England cannot shrink from meeting. She cannot let the Turkish empire drift where it pleases. Nor can she wash her hands of the business, whether her own interests are immediate or remote, direct or indirect. However difficult of attainment a solution of these difficulties may be, even if it be impossible that they should ever be surmounted, there is at least one object which all England unanimously sets before itself—unanimously looks for. There is no difference of opinion as to the particular solution of this Eastern Question which this country desires. We all desire that the peace of Europe may be preserved, and that the subject races of Turkey may be better governed for the future. The particular course of conduct by which England may most usefully and successfully contribute to this solution is the subject of as heated a political and party controversy as we have witnessed in this country for years. Every act, every word of the Ministry is viewed through a haze of misconception, obscured by a cloud of party passion and prejudice. What Mr Gladstone calls a “process of mythical accretion” besets their language, and acts in a most extraordinary manner. There are simple people who still believe that the Prime Minister made a joke of the Bulgarian atrocities, and viewed the massacres rather with favour than otherwise. There are also light-headed politicians, who consider that the Prime Minister, in emphatically declaring England’s policy to be one of peace, was influ-

enced by a thirst for human blood, when he, nevertheless, significantly reminded Europe, in the presence of ultimatums and gathering armies, that England was at least prepared for either alternative. There are equally foolish people who think that every act of the Ministry has been directed to rivet on the necks of Eastern Christians the yoke of degrading tyranny, and to supply our ally with “the victims of his hideous lust,” in order to preserve our route to India, and the security of the Mediterranean.

We must leave it to the New Year to disabuse their minds of these heated fancies of the brain. Now that a Conference is sitting at Constantinople in order to resettle South-East Europe, taking for their basis of negotiations the existing treaties, we desire to remind our readers what that basis is. A vast amount of invective has been directed against Lord Beaconsfield for the firmness and tenacity with which he has clung to those treaties. Inspired orators declare that they should be torn up and flung to the winds. Mr Gladstone says that Turkey has trampled them under foot, and is not in a position to appeal to them. The object of the treaties, however, was not exclusively or principally to benefit Turkey, nor were the wars and negotiations which resulted in them undertaken for the benefit of the Sultan. The interests of the Sultan’s Government are a very minor consideration indeed. The object of the treaties was to settle international difficulties of exceeding complication by a great international arrangement. The Sultan has a right to considerable territory in Europe and Asia, and the right incident to a territorial sovereign of excluding all ships of war from the Straits of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and the in-

intermediate sea. It is the interest of Europe that that territory and territorial right should be maintained intact. Once pull up the sluices which let in the aggressors from whatever quarter, and the peace of Europe is gone, the miseries of the internal populations indefinitely increased.

It is said that the Sultan cannot appeal to this treaty. We had rather wait till we know all the circumstances under which a final infraction of any of the treaties takes place before we give an opinion on that point. Nothing which he can do or leave undone can release the Powers from their obligations to one another. The guarantee was not given in his interest. By the treaty of 1856, he came under a moral obligation to govern as became a native of Europe. He has not done so; but it does not rest with him to tear up the treaty of 1856. In 1871 he had misgoverned for fifteen years in spite of his engagements. Nevertheless, Mr Gladstone's Government and all the most eminent statesmen of Europe renewed the guarantee of his dominions, without a word of complaint about the sufferings of the Eastern Christians. We are not to suppose that Europe, any more than Mr Gladstone, although they thereby technically condoned that misgovernment and oppression, intentionally relieved the Sultan from liability for either the past or the future. But Europe recognised that the arrangement was made for her own benefit, and not for that of Turkey, and accordingly hastened to renew it, for the time was not convenient for raising the Eastern Question.

Recently events, we are not saying whether from accident or design, have raised that question. But Europe is as much interested now

as in 1871, or at any other time since 1856, in maintaining that treaty intact and inviolate. The object is to do in 1877 what all Europe has shrunk from doing at any time since 1856, and especially at the date of renewing the treaty five years ago. She has to enforce the implied engagements made by the Sultan in 1856, which at least are morally binding upon him, and to take security from him for their faithful discharge, even to the extent of to a large degree taking the task out of his hands. Europe has been slow to undertake this task, for it instinctively felt that to do so jeopardised the settlements which have been made. It has gone into conference now to carry out that policy, and at the same time preserve that settlement. Both are possible. The difficulty has been that the most active friends of the policy are inimical to the settlement; the friends of the settlement have for more than twenty years closed their eyes to the necessity for the policy, not from want of sympathy, but because they suspected interested exaggerations, foreign intrigue, revolutionary designs. We have strong hopes that this Conference will succeed in its double task. The firmness and tenacity with which Europe, under the influence of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, has clung to the settlement of 1856, will we trust be successful. The speech of the Prime Minister at the Guildhall; Prince Bismarck's at Berlin, which, by its distinct recognition of Austrian interests, was a manifesto in favour of existing treaties; and the apparent isolation of Russia, encouraged by no more powerful ally than the retired leader of the English opposition,—point in that direction. Russia is not pressing her scheme of occupation: if all the accounts which reach us are

true, the warlike ardour of her population is abating. On the other side, no difficulty is anticipated as to prolonging the armistice. The new Grand Vizier may welcome powerful support to a policy of reform. If all other expedients are first exhausted, some form even of occupation might be a possible expedient, as a temporary modification by consent of the Powers, of the existing settlement. If Europe is brought to a thorough understanding on the subject of aggression, the Porte, we have no doubt, will be induced, by fair means or by foul, to concur in the reform of its Government. But in the interest of all concerned, and especially of the subject races in Turkey, the former is the most important point, and the one which must be settled first.

Thus it must be clear to every one that, however complicated and embroiled all the circumstances of this tangled problem may be, the aim of English policy is as simple as possible. England is absolutely free from suspicion in the matter. She wants neither cities nor provinces. She is a party to a great international settlement, the spirit and integrity of which she, in common with the rest of Europe, wishes to preserve. The internal condition of Turkey is a standing menace to the continuance of that settlement. It is grown worse and worse, because the risk of calling attention to it has for twenty years been recognised as greater than the risk of allowing it to continue. Yet now that the question is raised, all Europe is interested in securing a reform of that condition—in guaranteeing the good government of Turkey in accordance with the spirit or even the terms of the arrangement made, as the *sine quâ non* of the continuance of that settlement.

It is not pretended that the English Ministry have had any other object in view. They have over and over again assured us that they are determined to maintain the existing treaties, to check intervention and aggression, and at the same time to concert with Europe the work of adjusting the relations of the Porte to its subjects.

Then, in the surprising difficulties which attend the execution of this obvious policy—the only possible policy which England can adopt—what is the proper course for the English public to take? Common sense and common patriotism would suggest that, as there cannot be two rational opinions as to the course proposed and the policy to be pursued, however much we may differ as to the best mode of attaining it, we should at least abstain from embarrassing the Government, even if we do not actively and ardently support and approve every step that is taken. They stand in official relation to the facts; they have the best means of judging what measures are best adapted to the end proposed; on them devolves the sole power and duty of acting. If they make mistakes—and under such extraordinary difficulties it would be superhuman not to err—we do not mend matters in the least by embarrassing and thwarting them. There are, no doubt, precedents to be found for an English Opposition making common cause with a national enemy in order to assail an English Ministry. Napoleon I. and his generals were toasted by Whig leaders; the Duke of Wellington was denounced and decried in the midst of the most trying circumstances. But more worthy precedents might be found in the conduct of Opposition in later times. History will do justice to the prudent

reserve, the patriotic support, which Mr Disraeli, as the Tory leader, gave to her Majesty's Government on several critical occasions when wars have raged in Europe or in America, and when the public excitement at home has increased the perplexities of the Cabinet. Perhaps the most analogous instance is the case of the Conference pending in Paris, which resulted in the treaty of 1856. Public feeling and party excitement ran high, and it would have been easy to get up "splendid demonstrations" of party animosity under the high-flown title of National Conferences. But Mr Disraeli laid down the duty of Opposition in these words: They should exercise "that prudent but high-spirited reserve which, while it shrinks from embarrassing a Minister on whom is about to devolve the fulfilment of so difficult a duty, will at the same time watch with the utmost vigilance—I will not say suspicion—the course of all his proceedings." Lord Palmerston declared that nothing would be more becoming than such a course; and those who are now so loud in appealing to what Lord Palmerston would have approved in the Ministry, may profit by the example which he approved in an Opposition—an example which he followed two years later, in abstaining from all factious interference with Lord Derby's foreign policy during the Franco-Italian war with Austria. But we have now arrived at a totally different stage of our history; and it remains to be seen whether the recent practices and manœuvres of her Majesty's Opposition during a most critical period in the affairs of Europe, whilst peace and war are hanging in the balance, will be approved by the opinion of Parliament and the public.

The meeting at St James's

Hall was one of the most factious gatherings which we have witnessed in England for a long time. Its existence is prolonged as a sort of cabal to coerce, thwart, and embarrass the advisers of the Queen. Purporting to be a National Conference assembled for the purpose of influencing the deliberations at Constantinople, its only chance of usefulness was the work which it ostentatiously avoided—namely, of throwing light upon the vexed question of guarantees. The result of the European Conference, if pacific, as we all hope and trust, must be to revise, with the unanimous consent of Europe, that portion of the treaty of 1856 which left the Christian population without adequate protection. Their system of government must be reformed, and due security provided against future maladministration. Did the St James's Hall meeting throw one single glimmer of light upon this aspect of the question, which is now concentrating the attention of Europe? Mr Gladstone himself repudiated any intention of teaching a policy, laying down plans for the government of the provinces, or speculating as to the guarantees. Other speakers either avoided the subject or confessed that they had no suggestion to make. In fact, the speeches of most of them degenerated into mere and sheer declamation. Then what was the practical object of the meeting? Not to weaken Lord Salisbury's hands; that was stated clearly enough, for they suppose that Lord Salisbury is a sort of personal rival and antagonist of the Prime Minister. "My desire is," said Mr Gladstone, "to clear off some of the darkness in which, through the action of some of his colleagues, this question is involved, and to let him know what he will have

to represent besides mere diplomacy when he goes to the Council which is to be held at Constantinople." In another part of his speech, he declared that, assuming Lord Salisbury's instructions to be consistent with the Guildhall speech—that is, with the policy of the Prime Minister, whose "firm and tenacious" mind is said to have regulated the whole business—the meeting wished to cut our plenipotentiary adrift from that policy and those instructions. This from a man who has served his sovereign as her Prime Minister! He has brought himself to believe that at this critical moment, upon a subject entangled and embroiled in a way that Europe has never witnessed before—he serves his country by inflammatory pamphlets against the Turks, by stimulating Russian aggression, by sowing dissension between the Cabinet and their ambassador, and by inviting the latter to disregard his instructions. That is the unparalleled course of conduct to which Mr Gladstone has committed himself. We are glad to observe that at least the active support of his late colleagues has been withheld. He admits that the course which he takes is unprecedented. "If that course be wrong, I myself must bear a large portion of the blame." He admits the necessity for "grave justification," and he assumes to find it in the statement that "the power and reputation of England have for a long period of time been employed for a purpose and to an effect directly at variance with the convictions of the country." Unless that statement is made good, this unprecedented course—a course which every one must feel to be inconsistent with the duties of a subject to his sovereign, of a patriot to his country—is, on his own showing, absolutely without justification.

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The St James's Conference, then, in order to justify its proceedings, must show why it assumes that Lord Salisbury's instructions, about which it was uninformed, are "at variance with the convictions of the country." But from first to last of those proceedings there is no foothold for that assumption to rest upon. What has been the policy of the Ministry? To adhere to the treaties of 1856 and 1871 as a great international settlement, the armed infraction of which meant, in the opinion of all Governments, war of no mean duration; in the opinion of Mr Gladstone himself, "a wholesale scramble." Within those limits they have striven, according to the Aylesbury speech, "to settle, with the concurrence of all the Powers of Europe, the future relations which should subsist between the Christian subjects of the Porte and the Turkish Government." At the last moment they have, notwithstanding the menacing attitude assumed by English public meetings, induced the Porte to submit the question of guarantees to a Conference, which meets to revise the treaty of 1856, with reference to the interests of the Christian population. What more could the Government have done? what other policy has been suggested, except the mad scheme of driving the Turks into the Bosphorus? What are those "convictions of the country" with which the policy of the Government is at variance? According to the conference, the "convictions of the country" are to the effect that English interests and honour are not to be identified with Turkish tyranny and infamy; that the administration of the Christian provinces should be improved; that the Russian demand for that improvement should not be opposed; that England would not go to war to prop up a bloody fabric of

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wrong, to uphold the integrity and independence of Sodom, to promote Eastern traffic in human flesh, to supply our barbarous ally with the victims of his hideous lusts. We entirely agree; but it did not need the wisdom of the conference to tell us this. The "convictions of the country," in our judgment, go still further. They are to the effect that while this international settlement of 1856 must not be violently infringed, England has a right to say to Turkey that she cannot afford a war every twenty years for her independence and integrity, and that she must now join in securing that improved administration on which the continuance of that great international settlement depends. But in what respect is this at variance with the policy of the Ministers? A firm adherence to the treaties is admitted on all hands to be the sole alternative to war: and although the policy of England is peace, any Power which contemplates a hostile infraction of those treaties has been recently reminded that should its proceedings bring it into war with England, it had better count beforehand the cost of its campaigns. But a firm adherence to treaties does not preclude their partial revision by the signatory Powers; and Lord Salisbury is gone to a Conference which assembles for that express purpose. It will doubtless need all the great influence of England with the Turks to obtain their assent to the revision; and whether the mad proposal to drive them into the sea, or the safe and idle brag of threatening to join Russia in coercing them, will facilitate the efforts of Lord Salisbury, we leave to any reasonable person to decide. We fail to see what results could come of Mr Gladstone's manœuvres and demonstrations, except to weaken our authority with the Porte, lessen

our restraint upon the aggressive influences at work in Russia, inspire our allies with distrust—the disastrous feeling that, owing to our system of party government, we are not to be depended upon.

In real truth the object of the meeting was a purely party one, and when we come to the speech of the evening—viz., Mr Gladstone's—we see that apology and defence was the real business in hand. Though, as the Duke of Westminster naïvely put it, the other members of the conference were "not altogether unintellectual or unintelligent," they did not usually take a "very active or prominent part in politics." But Mr Gladstone is in a serious position. The charge against him is one which Englishmen can neither forgive nor forget. It is that, when the perfectly useless struggle between Servia and Turkey was on the point of being concluded by a satisfactory peace, and the settlement prescribed by united Europe in the Andrassy Note and accepted by Turkey was on the point of being carried into effect, with the unanimous consent of Europe, the cordial consent of Russia, he stepped in, and, more Russian than Russia itself, aroused a fanatical mad passion for war which rendered peace impossible. Ultimatums and the mobilisation of large forces attest the increasing and dangerous excitement which has been caused. The risk, too, of that more extended struggle which we all deprecate, has been indefinitely increased; at one time peace seemed almost to be despaired of. Mr Gladstone was the only statesman of any consequence who took part in what the Duke of Westminster, with chivalrous friendship, called those "splendid demonstrations." They were repudiated in silence by his late colleagues. In Lord Beacons-

field's language, "he outraged the principle of patriotism, which is the soul of free communities. He did more, he influenced in the most injurious manner the common welfare of humanity." We trust that in spite of these sinister influences peace may yet prevail. Certainly it would seem that, after the prolonged negotiations and continued strife, a Conference was necessary, in order to renew the settlement of Europe on a durable basis. It may be that a more satisfactory arrangement may be come to in the new year than was possible last September; but it must be admitted that events have ripened at the risk of a most sanguinary war, and that in the interval Mr Gladstone has been ceaseless in his endeavours to stir up the spirit of strife, and to cheer on the enemies of that very territory, which we are bound by treaty to preserve intact.

There is hardly a politician in England, of whatever party, who will not carefully study Mr Gladstone's defence. It is, no doubt, a critical position for a statesman to have placed himself in, and his case ought not to be prejudiced by the commonplace bluster and recklessrodomontade which were indulged in by some of the gentlemen in whose company he appeared. He was exceedingly anxious to make out that no reaction had set in from the time when agitators went raving about the country, calling for the extermination of the Turks, demanding that they should be hunted down like wild beasts. This absence of reaction was chiefly proved by the remarkable fact that no Minister now wants to go to war on behalf of the present system of government in Turkey! That was the wonderful lesson which he had succeeded in teaching them. Another result of "attempting to regulate the foreign

policy of the country by pamphlets and by meetings," was that beneficial changes had been effected in the language of Ministers. No one, he said, would now make Mr Disraeli's speech of July 31. It breathed too absolutely the spirit of non-intervention. But every one knows that, if not from the date of the Consular Commission, at least from that of the Andrassy Note, the principle of diplomatic intervention was conceded and reduced to practice. Mr Disraeli, it is true, desecrated on the perils of intervention of a more formidable kind; and if Mr Gladstone then considered that the day of diplomatic intervention was already past, he had ample opportunity of saying so. But the policy of coercing the Turks, or even of coercing the Prime Minister of England, had not then occurred to the ardent champion of Russian aggression. Twelve days later there was another debate on Eastern affairs, and if Mr Gladstone had at the time put that construction upon his rival's speech which he now finds necessary for his justification, he could easily have drawn the attention of Parliament to the Ministry's neglect of their duty. His case now is, that the Ministry confessed they were doing nothing, and boasted that they had converted Europe to that policy. Such a confession, if it had ever been made, would have astonished our Foreign Office! He attributes the subsequent "preternatural activity" of the Foreign Office entirely to his own agitation. Nodoubt, if the facts were true, the justification would be complete, and Mr Gladstone would rank as a public benefactor. But they are notoriously untrue. The speech of the 31st July which is referred to applies entirely to a policy of armed, hostile, active intervention. The Aylesbury speech stated before all Eu-

rope that, after rejecting the Berlin Memorandum, Lord Derby lost no time in suggesting terms of settlement, and for that purpose communicated with all five Powers. Mr Gladstone declares that that statement is untrue, and appeals again to the speech of 31st July "for the purpose of simply exposing a gross contradiction." But on reference to that speech it does not make good Mr Gladstone's accusation. It is impossible to suppose that Lord Beaconsfield could have deliberately misstated facts at Aylesbury, of which all Europe must be cognisant. The speech of 31st July stated that, in rejecting the Berlin Memorandum, the Government did not *at the same time* offer an alternative proposition. It was in answer apparently to a categorical question of Lord E. Fitz Maurice, and explained the reasons why, in the act of rejecting the proposals of the three Powers, it was inopportune to come forward with an alternative. But six weeks elapsed between the rejection of that Memorandum and the Servian war; and Mr Gladstone's case put forward now to justify his pamphlet and speech is, that the Ministry were idle all that time. The published despatches show, that although the circumstances were not deemed to warrant or encourage active interposition, yet the principle of administrative autonomy was generally accepted, and had, before the Servian war, advanced as far as it has ever done down to the date of the preliminary Conferences. Mr Gladstone, however, assumes Lord Beaconsfield's positive statement at Aylesbury, not merely that negotiations were in progress before that war, but were renewed when Servia was defeated, to be untrue; and then declares that "these despised and vituperated public meetings had

begun even then to exercise a compulsory influence on the course of English policy." "It is," he added, "in what has been accomplished already by these meetings, that you must find the main justification" for establishing the Conference of St James's Hall. The sole difficulty has been to hit upon a scheme which, in Lord Derby's words, "will work;" and how has Mr Gladstone, or his pamphlets, or his meetings, aided its accomplishment?

Again, he stated, in further anxiety to find a defence for his proceedings, that not one syllable could he draw from Ministers during the session, that we had duties to the Christian population. In fact, there were but few debates, and they were directed chiefly to other topics; but the Blue-book is full of such admissions. In presence of an armed insurrection, while the subjects of the Porte were fighting, not for improved administration or even for guaranteed security, but for independence, for disruption of the Ottoman empire, the Ministers of an allied Power were bound to observe discretion and moderation. The Andrassy Note, to which they gave in their adhesion, in spite of Lord Hartington's reluctant and doubtful assent, recognised the obligations of England to the Christian population of Turkey. Mr Gladstone, in his irresponsible position, has given them words enough, and more than enough: it will not be his fault if his language does not lead to greater disaster and misery than anything which they have yet suffered. But when we come to deeds,—in the whole of Mr Gladstone's tenure of office, from the treaty of 1856 down to the treaty of 1871, he never once paid the smallest attention to their condition; and notwithstanding the ardent

sympathy he now expresses, and the sacredness of their rights, he was a party to renewing the guarantee of 1856, without one word in their favour, formally condoning in the most public and solemn manner at least fifteen years of that misgovernment which he now so violently condemns. The whole of the negotiations has been with a view to adjust the relation of the Porte to its subjects; and to complain that, whilst armed insurgents are setting government at defiance, her Majesty's Ministers did not rave about their rights and duties, is to taunt them with not having followed his own notable example in reference to Jefferson Davis and the insurgents of the Southern States.

The Ministry is, by the constitution of England, intrusted with the duty of representing their country, and are responsible to Parliament for the manner in which they perform that duty. In an extreme case, say that of committing the country to a wholly new and untried policy, of doubtful advantage, no one would blame an Opposition which challenged in time the opinion of the country. But here all are agreed as to the policy—it is to preserve the peace of Europe. All are agreed as to the immediate purpose in view—viz., to win the consent of six Powers to some pacific mode of inducing or compelling Turkey to remodel the administration of her provinces. The differences which have arisen are simply as to the *modus operandi*, the speeches which ought to be made, the tone of the despatches, the attitude which should be observed. It is perfectly well known that there are rival interests and clashing tempers at work amongst the Powers more immediately concerned; there are armed troops, revolutionary com-

mittees, strong religious animosities, strong race antipathies, obstinate and unyielding prejudices at work upon the scene. The English Government is called upon to play a prominent part in the midst of all this turmoil, with a view to prevent external war, and find terms of internal pacification. If the Opposition came back to office, they would have precisely the same task before them, and they would be bound to undertake it. Can any reasonable man believe that at such a crisis and during such a period such Opposition is justified in seizing every occurrence to rouse indignation, labouring to supersede the patient and steady efforts of Administration by expedients of reckless violence, implicating themselves in serious responsibility for the course of events, increasing the difficulties of Ministers, weakening their own position as constitutional critics by incurring the necessity of self-defence and the temptation to perpetual misrepresentation? Their accusation is, that Ministers with exactly the same object in view as themselves—viz., peace and the settlement of South-East Europe, have not sufficiently coerced the Turks. The obvious answer is, that the degree of coercion which it is wise and practicable to use to an ally must be left to the responsible advisers of the Crown. The question must be decided by results; the Ministry would, under ordinary circumstances, be judged by its success or failure. But in what position would a constitutional Opposition find itself if all its responsible leaders had thwarted the Ministry as Mr Gladstone has done, had increased their difficulties, had cheered on their enemies, had striven to weaken that influence with the Porte which is the chief hope of peace? To refuse to the Ministers a

fair chance for their measures ; to rouse the whole country against them in the midst of difficult negotiations ; to denounce the instructions assumed to be given to their plenipotentiaries ; to invite their agent to disregard his instructions ; implicitly to assure him of irresponsibility to Parliament if he does ; to declare that Russia is to be believed and encouraged, and our own Ministry disbelieved and coerced,—are political expedients which Mr Gladstone admits to be unprecedented, and which he will have to justify to Parliament and the country. We are quite sure of this, that if Mr Disraeli, either during the American war, or the Franco-German war, had adopted similar tactics, not merely would there have been violent denunciations from the same writers who now applaud Mr Gladstone, but his own supporters would have deserted him. It remains to be seen how far the more respectable and responsible members of the Liberal party will accept complicity in Mr Gladstone's proceedings, or adopt his laboured justification of his unprecedented misconduct. Let it be distinctly understood that the charge against him is not that he expressed the indignation of this country against the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities. A leader of Opposition or an ex-Prime-Minister, unfettered by the responsibilities of office, not liable to have every word he utters distorted and eagerly misconstrued abroad, may usefully give unstinted expression to sentiments, while a Minister is bound to be circumspect and cautious. The accusation is, that he strove to direct the whole force of that indignation against her Majesty's Ministers ; to implicate them in a moral and material, if not purposed, complicity in those crimes ; to inspire abroad the

perilous belief that, under the pressure of opinion, they, having steadily worked in one direction, would be obliged to work in another and totally opposite direction (meaning thereby the annihilation of Turkish existence or Turkish authority in Europe) ; to promote a similar agitation amongst the acknowledged enemies of Turkey.

There is one other prominent politician who has delivered his mind during the past month, and that is Mr Bright. Every one remembers Mr Bright's deputation to the Foreign Office. Its members triumphed greatly in having drawn from Lord Derby his first official declaration of a policy of non-intervention ; and loud was Mr Bright's approval of that declaration. But to the astonishment of all England he began his remarkable speech at Birmingham by objecting that the Government were too much in favour of peace—they were in favour of peace at any price, and would sacrifice to it the freedom of millions. It is true that with rapid inconsistency he passed on to denounce their war-like policy ; but we submit that one or other of his denunciations is misplaced. His view of the situation, coming as it does from one who has been a Cabinet Minister, and now perhaps aspires, notwithstanding his frequent and solemn farewells to public life, to become a Cabinet Minister again, is worth preserving. Russia, he says, insists rightly and with justice that henceforth, in spite of the treaty of 1856, she will reassume the protectorate of the Christian population of Turkey—in other words, establish her dominion over by far the largest portion of the Sultan's territory. The fact that that scheme has already lit up a general conflagration is forgotten ; so also is the fact that Europe has unanimously concurred

in a general settlement, which cannot be broken without war, though it may be unanimously revised. The main gist of the speech was, that England wrongly assumed that her interest is to prevent Russian ships passing from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. He returned to this topic over and over again, and he apparently thinks that he has solved the question when he shows to his own satisfaction that the assumption is erroneous. The Eastern Question, he says, is of no consequence to us, "except just as it affects the admission of Russian ships of war through the Black Sea into the Mediterranean." He appealed to his audience as to what Englishmen would do if, similarly situated with the Russians, they were not allowed to emerge through the Dardanelles. Cries of "fight" resounded through the hall; and the response was warmly welcomed by this champion of peace. He declared his belief that in twenty years those Straits would be open to the war-ships of all the world. The rest of Europe, he adds, has no interest in the perpetual blockade of Russia in the Black Sea. It is difficult to see upon what principle of international law Russian men-of-war have any more right of passage through the Bosphorus than they have up the Thames or in the territorial waters of any other State. As long as the Turkish empire remains, the Black Sea is as much an inland sea as the Caspian; and Russia willingly upholds the ancient rule of that empire which excludes foreign ships alike from the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. If Mr Bright and his Birmingham constituents are ready to fight for the freedom of the Straits, we are not at all sure that under present circumstances Russia would not be as strongly opposed to them as Eng-

land is. Russia does not care to see foreign men-of-war off her coasts in the Black Sea; and her commerce is as secure now as it would be after Mr Bright's generous intentions have been fulfilled. Really this fighting Quaker is as difficult to pacify as an insurgent province. Some of his constituents should seize upon his pistols and sword, or he will run amuck against all Europe. There is an amusing passage in one of Sydney Smith's letters to Lady Grey, which satirises the luxurious love of fighting for oppressed nationalities. Here is a warning against Mr Bright's violent crusade,—his warlike interference in the affairs of Turkey.

"For God's sake do not drag us into another war. I am worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny. Bagdad is oppressed. I do not like the present state of the Delta. Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic! I beseech you to secure Lord Grey's sword and pistols, as the housekeeper did Don Quixote's armour. If there is another war, life will not be worth having. . . . May the vengeance of heaven overtake all the legitimates of Verona! But in the present state of rent and taxes, they must be left to the vengeance of heaven. I allow fighting in such a cause to be a luxury; but the business of a prudent, sensible man is to guard against luxury."

We hope the New Year will bring

those uncompromising friends of Russia to a more pacific frame of mind. They had better recall the feelings and convictions under which they prudently abstained from all friendly overtures to either Russia or the Christians of Turkey for 20 years after the Treaty of Paris. They should recall the motives which prompted them to forego all allusion to the interests and good government of the Christians at the time that they renewed the guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. The luxury of fighting for high ideas of abstract benevolence, of vaunting one's own lofty spirit of exalted philanthropy, when combined with the pleasurable excitement of denouncing one's political antagonists, is a temptation too great for the prudence, self-restraint, and patriotism of a considerable number of defeated and disappointed politicians.

It seems to be generally admitted that all this rhapsody about the oppressed population of Turkey, the duty of aiding and stimulating Russian interference, the tearing up of treaties, and the abandonment of English interests, has considerably increased the dangers of the situation. Sir George Campbell, in his very recent view of Turkey—a book which is certainly written without any party bias in favour of the Government—says that the success of Lord Derby's twice-proposed plan is barely possible under the present extremely difficult circumstances. "Extremely difficult," he says, "the circumstances have now become, infinitely more so than they were in September. One can hardly wonder that the popular feeling in Russia has grown to such a point that it may be doubtful whether the Czar himself can restrain it." He adds that in his opinion, formed very recently on

the spot, the circumstances of the Conference are anything but favourable to a peaceful settlement.

No doubt everything looked as gloomy as possible. The ultimatum of Russia portended mischief; the concentration of her armies on the Turkish frontier menaced instant invasion. England stood firmly by the treaties which regarded the contemplated attack as a *casus belli* against Europe. The Turks were flushed with victory, combative and confident. Still, on the whole, in addressing our readers last month, we inclined to a favourable view of the prospects; and events hitherto have not disappointed us. We have confidence in the loyalty of Europe to the treaties it has twice sanctioned in less than twenty years; in the overwhelming interest which it has in the maintenance of peace; in the preponderating influence of this country when it throws its whole weight firmly and tenaciously into the scale in favour of public law and international good faith. Twenty years ago we were launched into a sanguinary war, which every one now believes might and ought to have been avoided. Any one who glances through the first volume of Mr Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' may see for himself how steadily and surely this country drifted into that war; its leading Ministers earnest for peace, but unfortunately weak, vacillating, and confused as to the course which should be taken. They were entangled in implied engagements to Turkey, in implied alliance with France, in undue encouragement and then unnecessary hostility to Russia, long before they had made up their minds what course they would intentionally pursue. They lost all control over the course of events, over the public mind at home, and in conse-

quence drifted and were driven. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the Turkish Government of that day were masters of the situation, and held the English Government firmly implicated in an offensive and defensive alliance long before they had themselves intended it. Nothing of that sort has happened now. The English Government is perfectly free of all engagements, express or implied, except the engagement to observe the treaties which have been made; and as part and parcel of that engagement, to do all it can in honour and prudence to induce the Sultan to comply with all just demands. As regards hostilities between the Sultan and his subjects, we have faithfully observed the duty of non-intervention. As regards his misgovernment, his violation of his implied engagements under the treaty of 1856, we have— notwithstanding that Europe condoned that misgovernment in 1871, notwithstanding Lord Hartington's reluctant assent—joined the other guaranteeing Powers in remonstrance and diplomatic intervention. We have successfully avoided any complicity in the action or designs of those who would shape that intervention with a view to hostile measures; and, on the other hand, we have given Turkey no reason to suppose that we sanction in the slightest degree the conduct which has brought her to her present state, or will share in the slightest degree responsibility for the consequences. We have more than once threatened to leave Turkey to its fate; and we are to do so now if her conduct justifies it. That could not be said in 1853, and at any time after the failure of Prince Menschikoff's mission. It is said that Turkey is not entitled to appeal to the treaty which she has broken. It will be time enough to discuss that

question when the appeal is made. Meanwhile we are free, for all that has been said or done, to urge upon her in this Conference the necessity of remodelling her Government and guaranteeing the local autonomy which she is bound to grant. We have succeeded thus far, that the Powers as well as Turkey understand that, hard as the task is, the concert of Europe must not be broken. If the Sultan's Government is wise, it will raise no unnecessary difficulties, for it stands alone. If Russia is ordinarily prudent, notwithstanding her recent demonstrations, she will make no impracticable or inadmissible demands. If she lights up a war, in all probability it will be a localised one. But Turkey has a strong frontier and a considerable force, and is capable of resistance. Every month that such a strife continues, the risk of European interference would increase, the Russian power of endurance and resistance would diminish.

It is not merely that the policy of Great Britain is guided by men who know their own minds, who know the path which leads through these perplexities, and who firmly and tenaciously pursue it, in spite of the party violence which assails them; but Europe respects the determination and clearness of purpose with which her great treaty of peace is resolutely upheld. It is absurd to suppose that no other country but Turkey, and no other races but Turkish Christians, are interested in its maintenance. The subjects of the Sultan have nothing to gain from Russian invasion, or by provoking an internecine war of race or religion. The Servians shot down and bayoneted their Russian comrades, and there is no reason to believe that either the regular troops or the volunteers of the Czar will be

welcome in any part of the Sultan's dominions. Austria has the strongest reason for adhering to the existing settlement. All the ascendancy of the Emperor Nicholas over the youthful mind of Francis Joseph, all the gratitude of Austria for the Czar's intervention in Hungary, failed to win over Austrian statesmen to acquiesce in the policy of 1853, which meant to Austria, as Russian encroachment would mean now, her annihilation as a State. As Baron Henry de Worms repeats in his recent book—and the sentiment is perfectly well known—if Russia crept round the south-eastern frontier of Austria, the Slavonic provinces of the latter Power, which cover more than half its territory, would be “irresistibly drawn into the orbit of Russia, as the centre of a new Pan-Slavonic Power, just as the Italian States gathered round Sardinia, and the German States round Prussia.” Austria would be broken up; her German provinces would fall to Prince Bismark, who does not want them; Hungary and the Magyars would have to look out for themselves, and be thankful for whatever fate might befall them. Neither Germany nor Austria would care to see the Danube no longer a free outlet for their commerce. The success of a Pan-Slavonic movement means ruin to Austria; and it certainly would bode no good to the alliance between Russia and Germany. A third of the German seaboard is Slavonic territory, inhabited by a Slavonic population. The interests of Austria and Germany are directly opposed to those of Russia; and before Russia had proceeded far in her policy of aggression, those interests and herself would be in formidable collision. Those who clamour for an Anglo-Russian alliance, for cordial co-operation with Russia,

with a view to break up the Ottoman Empire and drive the Turks into the sea, would not merely destroy all title of this country to the confidence of Europe, but would break with all her long-trying allies, and be paving the way for wars of serious extent, for a domination as ruthless and as ignorant as Europe has ever witnessed. Germany and Austria are vitally interested in upholding the integrity of Turkey. There is no reason why we should fight their battles for them, as we did in 1854-55. But there is every reason why we should decline an Anglo-Russian alliance, and should stand by the treaties we have made.

Nor have that firmness and tenacity of which Mr Gladstone complains been without their influence on the prospects of peace, the proceedings of the Conference, or the attitude of the Powers. If Lord Salisbury's visit to the capitals of Europe had had no other result but to bring out more clearly the relation of Germany and Austria, and their view of the present situation, it would have been a successful mission. The Czar would be a bolder and more unyielding monarch than Nicholas himself if, in face of Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Guildhall and Prince Bismark's at Berlin, he persisted in entering upon a struggle, the fruits of which the whole of Europe would prevent his reaping. The policy of England is inspired by an enthusiastic love of peace, but her resources in case of war are such that she could face a prolonged encounter. Prince Bismark, placed in a much more delicate position towards Russia as regards the past, and a much more exposed and critical position as regards the future, said much the same thing. “We are no doubt pacific—we are no doubt

friendly to Russia; but we are none the less German in our aims and objects." The vital interests of Germany are his main care, and any probability of Russian conquest leading to an extension of Russian prohibitive tariff to fresh lands which at present promise a profitable trade, would compel a very considerable modification of the policy of neutrality. He, like ourselves, is perfectly ready to give a friendly support to Russia at the Conference, just as Lord Salisbury is doing now, in order to improve the condition of the Turkish Christians. But if Russia resorts to main force, he will do all he can to localise the war and observe neutrality, until events bring on a rupture. If the war cannot be localised, an "entirely new situation" will have been created; and the influence and power of Germany will be directed to the maintenance of the vital interests of Austria, which would then be identical with its own. We do not believe that under these circumstances Russia will insist upon war. To play the part just vacated by Serbia, and succeed to a war which will be carried on under the eye of Europe, which will not be allowed to settle any issue of importance, and which must, perforce, be stopped when Europe gives the word of command, is not a course which will recommend itself to Prince Gortschakoff. We cannot help thinking that the increasing disfavour with which the Continent, as well as Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, regards a policy of active aggression, has had a great deal to do with the conciliatory conduct of General Ignatieff at Constantinople. The project of occupation—at all events of an exclusively Russian occupation—is apparently laid aside; and all the Powers will, *bond fide* and without views of individual aggran-

disement, devote their energies to devise and enforce solid guarantees for the better government of the provinces. Even with the unanimous consent of the representatives at the Conference to observe the Treaty of 1856, and to devote their time and attention to giving vitality and effect to those implied stipulations of the Sultan which concerned the character of his Government, the task is one of formidable difficulty,—the hardest knot which diplomacy has ever had to unravel.

We may congratulate ourselves that, thanks to the diplomacy of the past, Lord Salisbury is now as free to act as the best interests of England—the best interests of the future good government of the provinces, which are identical with the interests of England—may suggest. By steadily adhering to the narrow path of international duty marked out for us by treaties, we have avoided those entangling engagements, of defensive alliance with the Turks, such as the Coalition Cabinet unconsciously adopted; of offensive alliance with Russia, such as Mr Gladstone, with his passions roused by events in Bulgaria, his memory refreshed by a study of 1827, has been eagerly promoting. A clear head and a steady purpose are, in such matters, of infinitely greater public utility than that enthusiastic earnestness of Mr Gladstone's which at one time rendered him an ardent promoter of the senseless expedition to Sebastopol, and now leads him to cheer on a Russian march to Constantinople. When we listened to his denunciations of his rival's firm and tenacious mind, we recalled the diatribe of the keen and experienced Lord Lyndhurst against the absence of that commanding quality which he himself betrayed during the last Eastern disturbance, and which rightly deprived him, in spite of his

brilliant talents, of the confidence of the country. To any one acquainted with the careers of the two men, and the characters of their respective intellects, the notion of Mr Gladstone dictating to Lord Beaconsfield, that whereas he has been working in one direction, he should now turn round and work in the other, or the preposterous claim asserted by Mr Gladstone of having regulated his rival's policy by speech and pamphlet, is wholly untenable and grotesque. There is no room, in the existing complication of affairs, for either impulsive eagerness or crusading enterprise. The less sensational, but far more heroic, qualities of patience, steady purpose, tenacity of resolution, are all that is required; and we have strong hopes that they will succeed in preserving the peace of Europe and reforming the condition of Turkey. Mr Gladstone, in his uncontrollable enthusiasm, would long ago have flung peace to the winds; and even Mr Bright has denounced the Ministry for sacrificing to their love of peace the happiness and prosperity of millions.

We have not the slightest intention of discussing the details of the proposed reforms or the proposed guarantees. In that respect we shall imitate the St James's Hall Conference. The orators of that meeting, like ourselves, are aware that local experience and knowledge are necessary for that purpose; and perhaps of them all, Sir George Campbell was the only one entitled to offer a suggestion. His recent book is valuable as a criticism, by an able and experienced administrator, of the circumstances of the country, and of some of the expedients proposed. The Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' reports that satisfactory progress has been made by

the plenipotentiaries with regard to the conclusion of peace with Servia and Montenegro. As to concession of territory and a fort to Montenegro, it has been stated that Russia supports the wishes of the Montenegrin Prince, but has intimated to him that their fulfilment could only be obtained by an agreement to that effect between Russia and the Powers most nearly allied to her. The matter has been referred for instructions to several of the Governments concerned. Meanwhile it appears that a smaller Committee has been appointed to report on the reforms to be introduced into Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. "As for materials," it is said, "to serve as a foundation, there is rather too much than too little, for what with the projects prepared by the different Governments, the suggestions made by the consuls, and by no end of volunteers, the difficulty seems to be now what to choose from among so much wealth. The insurgents of Bosnia and the Herzegovina have not remained idle; for they have sent up to the Conference their wishes, formulated in a Memorandum." The Turkish Government itself is eagerly occupied with framing organic laws for its empire; and as their object is said to be to surmount all the difficulties which flow from the projected admission of Christians to an equality with Mahommedans, they must prove to be of considerable service. At the very least, they will serve to reduce the differences between Turkey and the Powers to questions of detail; and the probability is, that if the Ottoman Ministers are at length convinced that the knell of exclusive privilege has struck, they will be ready effectively to assist in the reconstitution of their empire, rather than be excluded altogether from

the task. Equality of rights must involve an equality of burdens; and the task of adjusting these with fairness through all the ramifications of civil and military service, and the whole social system, is one to which our schemes of reforming the representation of the people and disestablishing Churches will be a mere *bagatelle*.

We cannot conclude without referring to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to his North Devon constituents. We believe that the whole Conservative party will re-echo the cheers which greeted the following bold and manly declaration: "Speaking on behalf of the Government, we desire that nothing shall be forgiven and that nothing shall be forgotten. There is not one act that we have done in the course of this matter which we desire to be kept out of sight or to withdraw; and if we have fair-play, and be allowed to make our own statement in answer to those who have any charge to bring against our conduct, we shall be as ready to meet them as they will be to come forward against us." The new leader of the House of Commons succeeds to a difficult inheritance. It is no ordinary lot to be the successor of Lord Beaconsfield. Moreover party spirit runs high, and on Sir Stafford Northcote will devolve the task of indicating the conduct of the Government through a long and difficult negotiation. He will, however, represent an Administration which has unanimously determined on the policy to be pursued, and has unanimously refused to swerve one jot from the path it chose. Their attitude now is the same as it was at the date of the Andrassy Note, and imposed upon them by the same considerations of international obligation.

"We are undoubtedly," said the

Chancellor of the Exchequer, "and by the invitation of Turkey herself, stepping beyond the arrangements of the Treaty of Paris of 1856. We are taking a step in concert with other Powers which we have thought it right to undertake in the internal affairs of Turkey; but we are proceeding upon that line with deliberation and care, and with the consciousness that whatever we do must be done with as strict a regard to international law as possible. We do not take these treaties and tear them up and throw them to the winds. We have to consider what is the spirit of that Treaty; what is the meaning of the engagement into which Turkey entered, or practically entered, by embodying in that Treaty of 1856 the provisions for the better government of her Christian subjects. Considering these things, let us see whether, in the light of events which have happened since, further precaution and further guarantees are not necessary in order to secure the ample fulfilment of those promises which Turkey made, and which, we firmly believe, it will be still possible for Turkey to keep."

What reasonable politician can possibly believe, or pretend to believe, that that is a sinister or a dangerous policy? Is it not infinitely better adapted to the end that we all have in view than the crusading fervour which demands the destruction of the Treaty and an alliance with Russia in order to expel either the Turkish race or the Turkish Government, to repeat the fatal mistake of 1853, by substituting for the diplomatic concert of all the Powers the separate and armed intervention of two of them? The pamphlets and speeches of the recess are a satire upon the old well-worn delusion, that wisdom can ever be gained by experience when it has been denied by the gods.

We may depend upon it that Lord Salisbury will not be cut adrift from his instructions either by the men who drifted into the Crimean

War or who would, with equally good intentions, drift into another. Lord Salisbury is another of those statesmen, not always to be found at their country's need, whose character is marked by firmness and tact. It is generally understood that Lord Beaconsfield's policy has had no more ardent or steady supporter in the Cabinet than the Indian Secretary of State, whose office has placed him so closely in connection with England's interests and duties in connection with this Question. The task of carrying out the policy of the Cabinet is placed in the hands of a man whose powers even Liberal opponents are forced to admit; and whether he succeeds or fails, the country will be assured that no effort has been spared and no expedient left untried. We believe

in the prospect of success, and that peace will result from the labours of the Conference. Should this hope be unfortunately disappointed, we have at least good grounds for believing that Europe is eagerly bent upon restricting the strife within the narrowest limits, and will strive to the utmost to shorten its duration. But whatever may be in store for us in the immediate future, we are firmly convinced that the policy of England in adhering firmly and tenaciously to the Treaties which exist is the safest, wisest, and most efficacious course to adopt, with a view to prevent or shorten the horrors of war, and to secure the establishment of those guaranteed reforms in the Turkish provinces which Europe awaits with confidence and expectation.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXI.

THE next morning Vizard carried Lord Uxmoor away to a magistrates' meeting, and left the road clear to Severne: but Zoe gave him no opportunity until just before luncheon, and then she put on her bonnet and came down-stairs; but Fanny was with her.

Severne, who was seated patiently in his bedroom with the door ajar, came out to join them, feeling sure Fanny would openly side with him, or slip away and give him his opportunity.

But, as the young ladies stood on the broad flight of steps at the hall door, an antique figure drew nigh, —an old lady, the shape of an egg, so short and stout was she. On her head she wore a black silk bonnet constructed many years ago, with a droll design—viz., to keep off sun, rain, and wind; it was like an iron coal-scuttle, slightly shortened; yet have I seen some very pretty faces very prettily framed in such a bonnet. She had an old black silk gown that only reached to her ankle, and over it a scarlet cloak of

superfine cloth, fine as any colonel or queen's outrider ever wore, and looking splendid, though she had used it forty years at odd times. This dame had escaped the village ill, rheumatics, and could toddle along without a staff at a great, and, indeed, a fearful pace; for owing to her build she yawed so from side to side at every step, that, to them who knew her not, a capsized appeared inevitable.

"Mrs Judge, I declare," cried Zoe.

"Ay, miss, Hannah Judge it is. Your sarvant, ma'am:" and she dropped two curtsies, one for each lady.

Mrs Judge was Harrington's old nurse. Zoe often paid a visit to her cottage, but she never came to Vizard Court except on Harrington's birthday, when the servants entertained all the old pensioners and retainers at supper. Her sudden appearance, therefore, and in gala costume, astonished Zoe. Probably Zoe's face betrayed this, for the old lady began, "You wonder to see me here, now, don't ye?"

"Well, Mrs Judge," said Zoe, diplomatically, "nobody has a better right to come."

"You be very good, miss. I don't doubt my welcome nohow."

"But," said Zoe, playfully, "you seldom do us the honour; so I *am* a little surprised. What can I do for you?"

"You does enough for me, miss, you and young Squire. I bain't come to ask no favours. I ain't one o' that sort. I'll tell ye why I be come. 'Tis to warn you all up here."

"This is alarming," said Zoe to Fanny.

"That is as may be," said Mrs Judge: "forewarned, forearmed, the byword sayeth. There is a young 'oman a-prowling about this here parish, as don't belong to *hus*."

"La!" said Fanny; "mustn't we visit your parish, if we were not born there?"

"Don't you take me up before I be down, miss," said the old nurse, a little severely. "'Tain't for the likes of you I speak, which you are a lady, and visits the Court by permission of Squire; but what I objects to is—hinterlopers." She paused, to see the effect of so big a word, and then resumed, graciously, "You see most of our hills comes from that there Hillstoke. If there's a poacher, or a thief, he is Hillstoke. They harbours the gipsies as ravages the whole country, mostly; and now they have let loose this here young 'oman on to us. She is a POLL PRY: goes about the town a-sarching: pries into their housen, and their vittels, and their very beds. Old Marks have got a muck-heap at his door; for his garden, ye know. Well, miss, she sticks her parasole into this here, and turns it about, as if she was a-going to spread it: says she, 'I must know the de-com-po-sition of this 'ere as you keeps under the

noses of your young folk.' Well, I seed her a-going her rounds, and the folk had told me her ways; so I did set me down to my knitting and wait for her; and, when she came to me, I offered her a seat; so she sat down, and says she, 'This is the one clean house in the village,' says she: 'you might eat your dinner off the floor, let alone the chairs and tables.' 'You are very good, miss,' says I. Says she, 'I wonder whether up-stairs is as nice as this?' 'Well,' says I, 'them as keeps it down-stairs keeps it hup; I don't drop cleanliness on the stairs, you may be sure.' 'I suppose not,' says she, 'but I should like to see.' That was what I was a-waiting for, you know, so I said to her, 'Curiosity do breed curiosity,' says I. 'Afore you sarches this here house from top to bottom, I should like to see the warrant.' 'What warrant?' says she. 'I've no warrant. Don't take me for an enemy,' says she. 'I'm your best friend,' says she. 'I'm the new doctor.' I told her I had heard a whisper of that too: but we had got a parish doctor already, and one was enough. 'Not when he never comes anigh you,' says she, 'and lets you go half-way to meet your diseases.' 'I don't know for that,' says I, and indeed I haan't a notion what she meant, for my part; but says I, 'I don't want no women-folk to come here a-doctoring o' me, that's sartain.' So she said, 'But suppose you were very ill, and the he-doctor three miles off, and fifty others to visit afore you?' 'That is no odds,' says I; 'I would not be doctored by a woman.' Then she says to me, says she, 'Now you look me in the face.' 'I can do that,' says I, 'you, or anybody else. I'm an honest woman, I am;' so I up and looked her in the face as bold as brass. 'Then,' says she, 'am I to under-

stand that, if you was to be ill to-morrow, you would rather die than be doctored by a woman?' She thought to daunt me, you see, so I says, 'Well, I don't know as I oodn't.' You do laugh, miss. Well, that is what she did. 'All right,' says she. 'Make haste and die, my good soul,' says she, 'for, while you live, you'll be a hobelisk to reform.' So she went off; but I made to the door, and called after her I should die when God pleased, and I had seen a good many young folk laid out, that looked as like to make old bones as ever she does—chalk-faced—skinny—to-a-d!! And I called after her she was no lady. No more she ain't, to come into my own house and call a decent woman 'a hobelisk'! Oh! oh! Which I never *was*, not even in my giddy days, but did work hard in my youth, and earn respect for my old age."

"Yes, nurse, yes; who doubts it!"

"And nursed young Squire, and, Lord bless your heart! a was a poor puny child when I took him to my breast, and in six months the finest chubbiest boy in all the parish; and his dry nurse for years arter, and always at his heels a-keeping him out of the stable and the ponds and consorting with the village boys; and a proper resolute child he was, and hard to manage: and my own man that is gone, and my son 'that's not so clever as some,' * I always done justice by them both; and arter all to be called a hobelisk, oh! oh! oh!"

Then behold the gentle Zoe with her arm round nurse's neck, and her handkerchief to nurse's eyes, murmuring, "There—there—don't cry, nurse—everybody esteems you; and that lady did not mean to

affront you; she did not say 'obelisk,' she said 'obstacle;' that only means that you stand in the way of her improvements; there was not much harm in that, you know. And, nurse, please give that lady her way, to oblige me; for it is by my brother's invitation she is here."

"Ye don't say so. What! does he hold with female she-doctoreesses?"

"He wishes to *try* one. She has his authority."

"Ye doan't say so."

"Indeed I do."

"Con—sarn the wench; why couldn't she say so, 'stead o' harge-fying?"

"She is a stranger, and means well; so she did not think it necessary. You must take my word for it."

"La, miss, I'll take your'n before hers, you *may* be sure," said Mrs Judge, with a decided remnant of hostility.

And now a proverbial incident happened. Miss Rhoda Gale came in sight, and walked rapidly into the group.

After greeting the ladies and ignoring Severne, who took off his hat to her, with deep respect, in the background, she turned to Mrs Judge. "Well, old lady," said she, cheerfully, "and how do you do?"

Mrs Judge replied in fawning accents, "Thank you, miss, I be well enough to get about. I was a-telling 'em about you—and, to be sure, it is uncommon good of a lady like you to trouble so much about poor folk."

"Don't mention it: it is my duty, and my inclination. You see, my good woman, it is not so easy to cure diseases as people think; therefore it is a part of medicine to prevent them: and to

* Paraphrase for the noun substantive "idiot." It is also a specimen of the Greek figure "Litotes."

prevent them you must remove the predisposing causes, and to find out all those causes you must have eyes, and use them."

"You are right, miss," said La Judge, obsequiously. "Prevention is better nor cure, and they say 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

"That is capital good sense, Mrs Judge; and pray tell the villagers that, and make them as full of 'the wisdom of nations' as you seem to be, and their houses as clean—if you can."

"I'll do my best, miss," said Mrs Judge, obsequiously: "it is the least we can all do for a young lady like you, that leaves the pomps and vanities, and gives her mind to bettering the condishing of poor folk."

Having once taken this cue and entered upon a vein of flattery, she would have been extremely voluble—for villages can vie with cities in adulation as well as in detraction—but she was interrupted by a footman announcing luncheon.

Zoe handed Mrs Judge over to the man with a request that he would be kind to her, and have her to dine with the servants.

Yellowplush saw the gentlefolks away, and then, parting his legs, and putting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, delivered himself thus: "Well, old girl, am I to give you my harm round to the kitchen; or do you know the way by yourself?"

"Young chap," said Mrs Judge, and turned a glittering eye, "I did know the way afore you was born; and I should know it all one if so be you was to be hung, or sent to Botany Bay—to larn manners."

Having delivered this shot, she rolled away in the direction of Roast Beef.

The little party had hardly settled at the table, when they were joined by Vizard and Uxmoor; both

gentlemen welcomed Miss Gale more heartily than the ladies had done, and before luncheon ended, Vizard asked her if her report was ready. She said it was.

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes."

"Then please hand it to me."

"Oh, it is in my head! I don't write much down; that weakens the memory. If you would give me half-an-hour after luncheon——" she hesitated a little.

Zoe jealoused a *tête-à-tête*, and parried it skilfully. "Oh," said she, "but we are all much interested: are not you, Lord Uxmoor?"

"Indeed I am," said Uxmoor.

"So am I," said Fanny, who didn't care a button.

"Yes, but," said Rhoda, "truths are not always agreeable, and there are some that I don't like——" she hesitated again, and this time actually blushed a little.

The acute Mr Severne, who had been watching her slyly, came to her assistance. "Look here, old fellow," said he to Vizard; "don't you see that Miss Gale has discovered some spots in your Paradise? but, out of delicacy, does not want to publish them, but to confide them to your own ear. Then you can mend them or not."

Miss Gale turned her eyes full on Severne. "You are very keen at reading people, sir," said she, drily.

"Of course he is," said Vizard. "He has given great attention to your sex. Well, if that is all, Miss Gale, pray speak out and gratify their curiosity. You and I shall never quarrel over the truth."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Gale. "However, I suppose I must risk it. I never do get my own way; that's a fact."

After this little ebullition of spleen, she opened her budget. "First of all, I find that these

villages all belong to one person ; so does the soil : nobody can build cottages on a better model, nor make any other improvement ; you are an absolute monarch. This is a piece of Russia, not England. They are all serfs, and you are the Czar."

"It is true," said Vizard, "and it sounds horrid, but it works benignly. Every snob who can grind the poor does grind them ; but a gentleman never, and he hinders others. Now, for instance, an English farmer is generally a tyrant ; but my power limits his tyranny. He may discharge his labourer ; but he can't drive him out of the village, nor rob him of parish relief, for poor Hodge is *my* tenant, not a snob's. Nobody can build a beer-shop in Islip. That is true. But if they could, they would sell bad beer, give credit in the ardour of competition, poison the villagers, and demoralise them. Believe me, republican institutions are beautiful on paper ; but they would not work well in Barfordshire villages. However, you profess to go by experience in everything. There are open villages within five miles. I'll give you a list. Visit them. You will find that liberty can be the father of tyranny. Petty tradesmen have come in and built cottages, and ground the poor down with rents unknown in Islip ; farmers have built cottages, and turned their labourers into slaves. Drunkenness, dissipation, poverty, disaffection, and misery—that is what you will find in the open villages. Now, in Islip you have an omnipotent squire, and that is an abomination in theory—a medieval monster, a blot on modern civilisation ; but practically the poor monster is a softener of poverty—an incarnate buffer between the poor and tyranny, the poor and misery."

"I'll inspect the open villages, and suspend my opinion till then,"

said Miss Gale, heartily ; "but, in the meantime, you must admit that where there is great power there is great responsibility."

"Oh, of course."

"Well, then, your little outlying province of Hillstoke is full of rheumatic adults and putty-faced children. The two phenomena arise from one cause—the water. No lime in it ; and too many reptiles. It was the children gave me the clue. I suspected the cherry-stones at first : but when I came to look into it, I found they eat just as many cherry-stones in the valley, and are as rosy as apples ; but then there is well-water in the valleys. So I put this and that together, and I examined the water they drink at Hillstoke. Sir, it is full of animalcula. Some of these cannot withstand the heat of the human stomach ; but others can, for I tried them in mud artificially heated. (A giggle from Fanny Dover.) Thanks to your microscope, I have made sketches of several amphibia, who live in those boys' stomachs, and irritate their membranes, and share their scanty nourishment, besides other injuries." Thereupon she produced some drawings. They were handed round, and struck terror in gentle bosoms. "Oh, gracious !" cried Fanny, "one ought to drink nothing but champagne." Uxmoor looked grave. Vizard affected to doubt their authenticity. He said, "You may not know it, but I am a zoologist, and these are antediluvian eccentricities, that have long ceased to embellish the world we live in. Fie, Miss Gale ! Down with anachronisms."

Miss Gale smiled, and admitted that one or two of the prodigies resembled antediluvian monsters : but said oracularly that Nature was fond of producing the same thing on a large scale and a small scale ; and it was quite possible the small

type of antediluvian monster might have survived the large.

"That is most ingenious," said Vizard; "but it does not account for this fellow. He is not an antediluvian. He is a barefaced modern; for he is a STEAM-ENGINE."

This caused a laugh, for the creature had a perpendicular neck, like a funnel, that rose out of a body like a horizontal cylinder.

"At any rate," said Miss Gale, "the little monster was in the world first; so he is not an imitation of man's work."

"Well," said Vizard, "after all, we have had enough of the monsters of the deep. Now we can vary the monotony, and say the monsters of the shallow. But I don't see how they can cause rheumatism."

"I never said they did," retorted Miss Gale, sharply: "but the water which contains them is soft water. There is no lime in it, and that is bad for the bones in every way. Only the children drink it as it is: the wives boil it, and so drink soft water and dead reptiles in their tea. The men instinctively avoid it, and drink nothing but beer. Thus, for want of a pure diluent with lime in solution, an acid is created in the blood which produces gout in the rich, and rheumatism in the poor, thanks to their meagre food, and exposure to the weather."

"Poor things!" said womanly Zoe. "What is to be done?"

"La," said Fanny, "throw lime into the ponds: that will kill the monsters, and cure the old people's bones into the bargain."

This compendious scheme struck the imagination, but did not satisfy the judgment, of the assembly.

"Fanny!" said Zoe, reproachfully.

"That *would* be killing two birds with one stone," suggested Uxmoor, satirically.

"The tender mercies of the wicked

are cruel," explained Vizard, composedly.

Zoe reiterated her question, what was to be done?

Miss Gale turned to her with a smile. "We have nothing to do but to point out these abominations. The person to act is the Russian autocrat, the paternal dictator, the monarch of all he surveys, and advocate of monarchical institutions. He is the buffer between the poor and all their ills, especially poison—he must dig a well."

Every eye being turned on Vizard to see how he took this, he said, a little satirically: "What! does Science bid me bore for water at the top of a hill?"

"She does so," said the virago. "Now look here, good people."

And although they were not all good people, yet they all did look there; she shone so with intelligence, being now quite on her metal.

"Half-civilised man makes blunders that both the savage and the civilised avoid. The savage builds his hut by a running stream. The civilised man draws good water to his door, though he must lay down pipes from a highland lake to a lowland city. It is only half-civilised man that builds a village on a hill, and drinks worms, and snakes, and efts, and antediluvian monsters in limeless water. Then I say, if great but half-civilised monarchs would consult Science *before* they built their serf-huts, Science would say, 'Don't you go and put down human habitations far from pure water—the universal diluent—the only cheap diluent—and the only liquid which does not require digestion, and therefore must always assist and never chemically resist the digestion of solids.' But, when the mischief is done, and the cottages are built on a hill three miles from water, then all that Science can do is to

show the remedy, and the remedy is—boring.”

“Then the remedy is like the discussion,” said Fanny Dover, very pertly.

Zoe was amused but shocked. Miss Gale turned her head on the offender as sharp as a bird. “Of course it is to *children*,” said she; “and that is why I wished to confine it to mature minds. It is to you I speak, sir. Are your subjects to drink poison, or will you bore me a well?—Oh, please!”

“Do you hear that?” said Vizard, piteously, to Uxmoor. “Threatened and cajoled in one breath. Who can resist this fatal sex?—Miss Gale, I will bore a well on Hillstoke common. Any idea how deep we must go—to the antipodes, or only to the centre?”

“Three hundred and thirty feet, or thereabouts.”

“No more? Any idea what it will cost?”

“Of course I have. The well, the double windlass, the iron chain, the two buckets, a cupola over the well, and twenty-three keys, one for every head of a house in the hamlet, will cost you about £315.”

“Why this is Detail made woman. How do you know all this?”

“From Tom Wilder.”

“Who is he?”

“What! don’t you know? he is the eldest son of the Islip blacksmith, and a man that will make his mark. He casts every Thursday night. He is the only village blacksmith in all the county who *casts*. You know that, I suppose.”

“No; I had not the honour.”

“Well, he is then: and I thought you would consent, because you are so good; and so I thought there could be no harm in sounding Tom Wilder. He offers to take the whole contract, if Squire’s agreeable; bore the well; brick it fifty yards down:

he says that ought to be done, if she is to have justice. ‘She’ is the well: and he will also construct the gear. He says there must be two iron chains and two buckets going together; so then the empty bucket descending will help the man or woman at the windlass to draw the full bucket up. £315.—One week’s income, your majesty.”

“She has inspected our rent-roll, now,” said Vizard, pathetically; “and knows nothing about the matter.”

“Except that it is a mere fleabite to you to bore through a hill for water. For all that, I hope you will leave me to battle it with Tom Wilder; then you won’t be cheated for once. *You always are*, and it is abominable. It would have been five hundred if you had opened the business.”

“I am sure that is true,” said Zoe. She added this would please Mrs Judge: she was full of the superiority of Islip to Hillstoke.

“Stop a bit,” said Vizard. “Miss Gale has not reported on Islip yet.”

“No, dear; but she has looked into everything, for Mrs Judge told me. You have been into the cottages?”

“Yes.”

“Into Marks’s?”

“Yes, I have been into Marks’s.”

She did not seem inclined to be very communicative; so Fanny, out of mischief, said pertly, “And what did you see there—with your Argus eye?”

“I saw—three generations.”

“Ha! ha! La! did you now? And what were they all doing?”

“They were all living together, night and day, in one room.”

This conveyed no very distinct idea to the ladies; but Vizard, for the first time, turned red at this revelation before Uxmoor, improver of cottage life. “Confound the brutes!” said he. “Why, I built

them a new room—a larger one; didn't you see it?"

"Yes. They stack their potatoes in it."

"Just like my people," said Uxmoor. "That is the worst of it; they resist their own improvement."

"Yes, but," said the doctress, "with monarchical power we can trample on them for their good. Outside Marks's door at the back there is a muck-heap, as he calls it; all the refuse of the house is thrown there: it is a horrible melange of organic matter and decaying vegetables, a hotbed of fever and malaria. Suffocated and poisoned with the breath of a dozen persons, they open the window for fresh air, and in rushes typhoid from the stronghold its victims have built. Two children were buried from that house last year. They were both killed by the domestic arrangements as certainly as if they had been shot with a double-barrelled pistol. The outside roses you admire so are as delusive as flattery; their sweetness covers a foul, unwholesome den."

"Marks's cottage! The show-place of the village!" Zoe Vizard flushed with indignation at the bold hand of truth so rudely applied to a pleasant and cherished illusion.

Vizard, more candid and open to new truths, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What can I do more than I have done?"

"Oh, it is not your fault," said the doctress, graciously; "it is theirs. Only, as you are their superior in intelligence and power, you might do something to put down indecency, immorality, and disease."

"May I ask what?"

"Well, you might build a granary for the poor people's potatoes. No room can keep them dry; but you build your granary upon four pillars: then that is like a room over a cellar."

"Well, I'll build it so—if I build it at all," said Vizard, drily. "What next?"

"Then you could make them stack their potatoes in the granary, and use the spare room, and so divide their families, and give morality a chance. The muck-heap you should disperse at once with the strong hand of power."

At this last proposal, Squire Vizard—the truth must be told—delivered a long, ploughman's whistle at the head of his own table.

"Pheugh!" said he; "for a lady that is more than half republican, you seem to be taking very kindly to monarchical tyranny."

"Well, now, I'll tell you the truth," said she. "You have converted me. Ever since you promised me the well, I have discovered that the best form of government is a good-hearted tyrant."

"With a female viceroy over him, eh?"

"Only in these little domestic matters," said Rhoda, deprecatingly: "women are good advisers in such things. The male physician relies on drugs. Medical women are wanted to moderate that delusion; to prevent disease by domestic vigilance, and cure it by well-selected esculents and pure air. These will cure fifty for one that medicine can: besides, drugs kill ever so many; these never killed a creature. You will give me the granary, won't you? Oh, and there's a black pond in the centre of the village. Your tenant Pickett, who is a fool—begging his pardon—lets all his liquid manure run out of his yard into the village till it accumulates in a pond right opposite the five cottages they call New Town; and its exhalations taint the air. There are as many fevers in Islip as in the back-slums of a town. You might fill the pond up with chalk, and compel Pickett to sink a tank

in his yard, and cover it; then an agricultural treasure would be preserved for its proper use, instead of being perverted into a source of infection."

Vizard listened civilly, and, as she stopped, requested her to go on.

"I think we have had enough," said Zoe, bitterly.

Rhoda, who was in love with Zoe, hung her head, and said, "Yes; I have been very bold."

"Fiddlestick!" said Vizard. "Never mind those girls; *you* speak out like a man: a stranger's eye always discovers things that escape the natives. Proceed."

"No; I won't proceed till I have explained to Miss Vizard."

"You may spare yourself the trouble. Miss Vizard thought Islip was a Paradise. You have dispelled the illusion, and she will never forgive you. Miss Dover will; because she is like Gallio—she careth for none of these things."

"Not a pin," said Fanny, with admirable frankness.

"Well, but," said Rhoda, naïvely, "I can't bear Miss Vizard to be angry with me; I admire her so. Please let me explain. Islip is no Paradise—quite the reverse; but the faults of Islip are not *your* faults. The children are ignorant; but you pay for a school. The people are poor from insufficient wages; but you are not paymaster. *Your* gardeners, *your* hinds, and all your outdoor people have enough. You give them houses. You let cottages and gardens to the rest at half their value; and very often they don't pay that, but make excuses; and you accept them, though they are all stories; for they can pay everybody but you, and their one good bargain is with you. Miss Vizard has carried a basket all her life with things from your table for the poor."

Miss Vizard blushed crimson at this sudden revelation.

"If a man or a woman has served your house long, there's a pension for life. You are easy, kind, and charitable. It is the faults of others I ask you to cure, because you have such power. Now, for instance, if the boys at Hillstoke are putty-faced, the boys at Islip have no calves to their legs. That is a sure sign of a deteriorating species. The lower type of savage has next to no calf. The calf is a sign of civilisation and due nourishment. This single phenomenon was my clue, and led me to others; and I have examined the mothers and the people of all ages, and I tell you it is a village of starvelings. Here a child begins life a starveling, and ends as he began. The nursing-mother has not food enough for one, far less for two. The man's wages are insufficient, and the diet is not only insufficient, but injudicious. The race has declined. There are only five big, strong men in Islip—Josh Grace, Will Hudson, David Wilder, Absalom Green, and Jack Greenaway; and they are all over fifty—men of another generation. I have questioned these men how they were bred, and they all say milk was common when they were boys. Many poor people kept a cow; Squire doled it; the farmers gave it, or sold it cheap; but nowadays it is scarcely to be had. Now that is not your fault, but you are the man who can mend it. New milk 'is meat and drink, especially to young and growing people. You have a large meadow at the back of the village. If you could be persuaded to start four or five cows, and let somebody sell their new milk to the poor at cost price—say five farthings the quart. You must not give it, or they will water their muck-heaps with it. With those cows alone you will get rid, in the

next generation, of the half-grown, slouching men, the hollow-eyed, narrow-chested, round-backed women, and the calfless boys one sees all over Islip, and restore the stalwart race that filled the little village under your sires, and have left proofs of their wholesome food on the tombstones: for I have read every inscription, and far more people reached 85 between 1750 and 1800 than between 1820 and 1870. Ah, how I envy you to be able to do such great things so easily! Water to poisoned Hillstoke with one hand; milk to starved Islip with the other. This is to be indeed a king!"

The enthusiast rose from the table in her excitement, and her face was transfigured; she looked beautiful for the moment.

"I'll do it," shouted Vizard; "and you are a trump."

Miss Gale sat down, and the colour left her cheek entirely.

Fanny Dover, who had a very quick eye for passing events, cried out, "Oh dear! she is going to faint *now*." The tone implied, what a plague she is!

Thereupon Severne rushed to her, and was going to sprinkle her face; but she faltered, "No! no! a glass of wine." He gave her one with all the hurry and *empressement* in the world. She fixed him with a strange look as she took it from him: she sipped it; one tear ran into it. She said she had excited herself. But she was all right now. Elastic Rhoda!

"I am very glad of it," said Vizard. "You are quite strong enough, without fainting. For heaven's sake, don't add woman's weakness to your artillery, or you will be irresistible; and I shall have to divide Vizard Court amongst the villagers. At present I get off cheap, and Science on the rampage: let me see, only a granary—a well—and six cows."

"They'll give us as much milk as twelve cows without the well," said Fanny; it was her day for wit.

This time she was rewarded with a general laugh.

It subsided, as such things will, and then Vizard said, solemnly, "New ideas are suggested to me by this charming interview; and permit me to give them a form, which will doubtless be new to these accomplished ladies.

" 'Gien there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it.' "

Zoe looked puzzled, and Fanny inquired what language that was.

"Very good language."

"Then perhaps you will translate it into language one can understand?"

"The English of the day, eh?"

"Yes."

"You think that would improve it, do you? Well then—

"If there is a defect in any one of your habiliments,

Let me earnestly impress on you the expediency of repairing it;

An individual is amongst you with singular powers of observation,

Which will infallibly result in printing and publication.

Zoe, you are an affectionate sister; take this too observant lady into the garden, poison her with raw fruit, and bury her under a pear-tree."

Zoe said she would carry out part of the programme, if Miss Gale would come.

Then the ladies rose and rustled away, and the rivals would have followed, but Vizard detained them on the pretence of consulting them about the well; but, when the ladies had gone, he owned he had done it out of his hatred to the sex. He said he was sure both girls disliked his virago in their hearts, so he had compelled them to spend an hour

together, without any man to soften their asperity.

This malicious experiment was tolerably successful. The three ladies strolled together, dismal as souls in purgatory. One or two little attempts at conversation were made, but died out for want of sympathy. Then Fanny tried personalities, the natural topic of the sex in general.

"Miss Gale, which do you admire most—Lord Uxmoor, or Mr Severne?"

"For their looks?"

"Oh, of course."

"Mr Severne."

"You don't admire beards, then?"

"That depends. Where the mouth is well shaped and expressive, the beard spoils it. Where it is commonplace, the beard hides its defect, and gives a manly character. As a general rule, I think the male bird looks well with his crest and feathers."

"And so do I," said Fanny, warmly; "and yet I should not like Mr Severne to have a beard. Don't you think he is very handsome?"

"He is something more," said Rhoda; "he is beautiful. If he was dressed as a woman, the gentlemen would all run after him. I think his is the most perfect oval face I ever saw."

"But you must not fall in love with him," said Fanny.

"I do not mean to," said Rhoda. "Falling in love is not my business: and if it was, I should not select Mr Severne."

"Why not, pray?" inquired Zoe, haughtily. Her manner was so menacing, that Rhoda did not like to say too much just then. She felt her way.

"I am a physiognomist," said she, "and I don't think he can be very truthful. He is old of his age, and there are premature marks under his eyes that reveal craft, and

perhaps dissipation. These are hardly visible in the room, but they are in the open air, when you get the full light of day. To be sure, just now his face is marked with care and anxiety: that young man has a good deal on his mind."

Here the observer discovered that even this was a great deal too much. Zoe was displeased, and felt affronted by her remarks, though she did not condescend to notice them, so Rhoda broke off and said, "It is not fair of you, Miss Dover, to set me giving my opinion of people you must know better than I do. Oh, what a garden!" And she was off directly on a tour of inspection. "Come along," said she, "and I will tell you their names and properties."

They could hardly keep up with her, she was so eager. The fruits did not interest her, but only the simples. She was downright learned in these, and found a surprising number. But the fact is, Mr Lucas had a respect for his predecessors. What they had planted he seldom uprooted—at least he always left a specimen. Miss Gale approved his system highly, until she came to a row of green leaves like small horse-radish, which was planted by the side of another row that really was horse-radish.

"This is too bad, even for Islip," said Miss Gale. "Here is one of our deadliest poisons planted by the very side of an esculent herb, which it resembles. You don't happen to have hired the devil for gardener at any time, do you? Just fancy! any cook might come out here for horse-radish, and gather this plant, and lay you all dead at your own table. It is the *Aconitum* of medicine, the monk's-hood or wolf's-bane of our ancestors. Call the gardener, please, and have every bit of it pulled up by the roots. None of your lives are safe while poisons

and esculents are planted together like this."

And she would not budge till Zoe directed a gardener to dig up all the Aconite. A couple of them went to work and soon uprooted it. The gardeners then asked if they should burn it.

"Not for all the world," said Miss Gale. "Make a bundle of it for me to take home. It is only poison in the hands of ignoramuses. It is most sovereign medicine. I shall make tinctures, and check many a sharp ill with it. Given in time, it cuts down fever wonderfully; and when you check the fever you check the disease."

Soon after this Miss Gale said she had not come to stop; she was on her way to Taddington to buy lint and German styptics, and many things useful in domestic surgery: "for," said she, "the people at Hillstoke are relenting; at least they run to me with their cut fingers and black eyes, though they won't trust me with their sacred rheumatics. I must also supply myself with vermifuges till the well is dug, and so mitigate puerile puttness and internal torments."

The other ladies were not sorry to get rid of an irrelevant zealot, who talked neither love nor dress, nor anything that reaches the soul.

So Zoe said, "What! going already?" and having paid that tax to politeness, returned to the house with alacrity.

But the doctress would not go without her wolf's-bane, Aconite yclept.

The irrelevant zealot being gone, the true business of the mind was resumed; and that is love-making, or novelists give us false pictures of life—and that is impossible.

As the doctress drove from the front door, Lord Uxmoor emerged from the library, a coincidence that made both girls smile; he hoped

Miss Vizard was not too tired to take another turn.

"Oh no!" said Zoe: "are you, Fanny?"

At the first step they took, Severne came round an angle of the building and joined them. He had watched from the balcony of his bedroom.

Both men looked black at each other, and made up to Zoe. She felt uncomfortable, and hardly knew what to do. However, she would not seem to observe, and was polite, but a little stiff, to both.

However, at last, Severne having asserted his rights, as he thought, gave way, but not without a sufficient motive, as may be gathered from his first word to Fanny.

"My dear friend—for heaven's sake, what is the matter? She is angry with me about something. What is it? has she told you?"

"Not a word. But I see she is in a fury with you; and really it is too ridiculous. You told a fib: that is the mighty matter, I do believe. No, it isn't, for you have told her a hundred, no doubt, and she liked you all the better; but this time you have been naughty enough to be found out, and she is romantic, and thinks her lover ought to be the soul of truth."

"Well, and so he ought," said Ned.

"He isn't, then;" and Fanny burst out laughing so loud that Zoe turned round and enveloped them both in one haughty glance, as the exaggerating Gaul would say.

"La! there was a look for you!" said Fanny, pertly; "as if I cared for her black brows."

"I do though: pray remember that."

"Then tell no more fibs. Such a fuss about nothing. What is a fib?" and she turned up her little nose very contemptuously at all such trivial souls as minded a little mendacity.

Indeed she disclaimed the importance of veracity so imperiously that Severne was betrayed into saying, "Well, not much, between you and me; and I'll be bound I can explain it."

"Explain it to me, then."

"Well, but I don't know——"

"Which of your fibs it was."

Another silver burst of laughter. But Zoe only vouchsafed a slightly contemptuous movement of her shoulders.

"Well, no," said Severne, half laughing himself at the sprightly jade's smartness.

"Well, then, that friend of yours that called at luncheon."

Severne turned grave directly. "Yes," said he.

"You said he was your lawyer, and came about a lease."

"So he did."

"And his name was Jackson."

"So it was."

"This won't do. You mustn't fib to *me*! It was Poikilus, a Secret Inquiry; and they all know it: now tell me, without a fib—if you can—what ever did you want with Poikilus?"

Severne looked aghast. He faltered out, "Why, how could they know?"

"Why, he advertises—stupid—and Lord Uxmoor and Harrington had seen it. Gentlemen *read* advertisements. That is one of their peculiarities."

"Of course he advertises: that is not what I mean. I did not drop his card, did I? No, I am sure I pocketed it directly. What mischief-making villain told them it was Poikilus?"

Fanny coloured a little, but said, hastily, "Ah, that I could not tell you."

"The footman, perhaps?"

"I should not wonder." [What is a fib?]

"Curse him."

"Oh, don't swear at the servants; that is bad taste."

"Not when he has ruined me."

"Ruined you? nonsense. Make up some other fib, and excuse the first."

"I can't. I don't know what to do; and before my rival, too! This accounts for the air of triumph he has worn ever since, and her glances of scorn and pity. She is an angel, and I have lost her."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Fanny Dover. "Be a man, and tell me the truth."

"Well, I will," said he; "for I am in despair. It is all that cursed money at Homburg. I could not clear my estate without it. I dare not go for it. She forbade me; and indeed I can't bear to leave her for anything; so I employed Poikilus to try and learn whether that lady has the money still, and whether she means to rob me of it or not."

Fanny Dover reflected a moment, then delivered herself thus: "You were wrong to tell a fib about it. What you must do now, brazen it out. Tell her you love her, but have got your pride, and will not come into her family a pauper. Defy her, to be sure: we like to be defied now and then, when we are fond of the fellow."

"I will do it," said he; "but she shuns me. I can't get a word with her."

Fanny said she would try and manage that for him; and as the rest of their talk might not interest the reader, and certainly would not edify him, I pass on to the fact that she did, that very afternoon, go into Zoe's room, and tell her Severne was very unhappy: he had told a fib; but it was not intended to deceive her, and he wished to explain the whole thing.

"Did he explain it to you?" asked Zoe, rather sharply.

"No; but he said enough to make me think you are using him very hardly. To be sure, you have another string to your bow."

"Oh, that is the interpretation you put."

"It is the true one. Do you think you can make *me* believe you would have shied him so long if Lord Uxmoor had not been in the house?"

Zoe bridled, but made no reply, and Fanny went to her own room, laughing.

Zoe was much disturbed. She secretly longed to hear Severne justify himself. She could not forgive a lie, nor esteem a liar. She was one of those who could pardon certain things in a woman she would not forgive in a man. Under a calm exterior, she had suffered a noble distress; but her pride would not let her show it. Yet now that he had appealed to her for a hearing, and Fanny knew he had appealed, she began to falter.

Still Fanny was not altogether wrong: the presence of a man incapable of a falsehood, and that man devoted to her, was a little damaging to Severne, though not so much as Miss Artful thought.

However, this very afternoon, Lord Uxmoor had told her he must leave Vizard Court to-morrow morning.

So Zoe said to herself, "I need not make opportunities; after to-morrow he will find plenty."

She had an instinctive fear he would tell more falsehoods, to cover those he had told; and then she should despise him, and they would both be miserable; for she felt, for a moment, a horrible dread that she might both love and despise the same person, if it was Edward Severne.

There were several people to dinner, and, as hostess, she managed not to think too much of either of her admirers.

However, a stolen glance showed her they were both out of spirits.

She felt sorry. Her nature was very pitiful. She asked herself was it her fault; and did not quite acquit herself. Perhaps she ought to have been more open, and declared her sentiments. Yet would that have been modest in a lady who was not formally engaged? She was puzzled. She had no experience to guide her: only her high breeding and her virginal instincts.

She was glad when the night ended.

She caught herself wishing the next day was gone too.

When she retired Uxmoor was already gone, and Severne opened the door to her. He fixed his eyes on her so imploringly it made her heart melt; but she only blushed high, and went away sad and silent.

As her maid was undressing her she caught sight of a letter on her table. "What is that?" said she.

"It is a letter," said Rosa, very demurely.

Zoe divined that the girl had been asked to put it there.

Her bosom heaved, but she would not encourage such proceedings, nor let Rosa see how eager she was to hear those very excuses she had evaded.

But, for all that, Rosa knew she was going to read it, for she only had her gown taken off and a *peignoir* substituted, and her hair let down and brushed a little. Then she dismissed Rosa, locked the door, and pounced on the letter. It lay on her table with the seal uppermost. She turned it round: it was not from *him*; was from Lord Uxmoor.

She sat down and read it.

"DEAR MISS VIZARD,—I have had no opportunities of telling you

feel for you, without attracting attention that might have been asant to you ; but I am sure must have seen that I admired at first sight. That was ad-on of your beauty and grace, h even then you showed me a heart and a sympathy that me grateful. But now I have he privilege of being under me roof with you, it is admi-no longer—it is deep and ar-ove ; and I see that my hap-pends on you. Will you e *your* happiness to me ? I know that I could make you ad and happy as I should be f ; but I should try very hard, f gratitude as well as love. ave also certain sentiments in on. That would be one bond

ut indeed I feel I cannot make ve a good bargain to you, for e peerless, and deserve a much lot in every way than I can I can only kneel to you and Zoe Vizard, if your heart is own to give, pray be my lover, een, my wife.' our faithful servant and de-admirer, Uxmoor."

oor fellow !" said Zoe, and her lled. She sat quite quiet, he letter open in her hand. looked at it, and murmured, arl is offered me here : wealth, ll that some women sigh for ; what I value above all—a nature, a true heart, and a above all meanness. No ; or will never tell a falsehood. ld not."

sighed deeply, and closed her All was still. The light was yet she closed her eyes, like woman, to see the future n. m, in the sober and deep calm, seemed to be faint peeps of g things : it appeared a trou-

bled sea, and Uxmoor's strong hand stretched out to rescue her. If she married him she knew the worst,—an honest man she esteemed, and had almost an affection for—but no love.

As some have an impulse to fling themselves from a height, she had one to give herself to Uxmoor, quietly, irrevocably, by three written words despatched that night.

But it was only an impulse. If she had written it, she would have torn it up.

Presently a light thrill passed through her ; she wore a sort of half-furtive, guilty look, and opened the window.

Ay, there he stood in the moon-light, waiting to be heard.

She did not start nor utter any exclamation. Somehow or other she almost *knew* he was there before she opened the window.

"Well ?" said she, with a world of meaning.

"You grant me a hearing at last."

"I do. But it is no use. You cannot explain away a falsehood."

"Of course not. I am here to confess that I told a falsehood. But it was not you I wished to deceive. I was going to explain the whole thing to you, and tell you all ; but there is no getting a word with you since that lord came."

"He had nothing to do with it. I should have been just as much shocked."

"But it would only have been for five minutes. Zoe !"

"Well ?"

"Just put yourself in my place.

A detective, who ought to have written to me in reply to my note, surprises me with a call. I was ashamed that such a visitor should enter your brother's house to see me. There sat my rival—an aristocrat. I was surprised into disowning the unwelcome visitor, and calling him my solicitor."

Now if Zoe had been an Old Bailey counsel she would have kept him to the point, reminded him that his visitor was unseen, and fixed a voluntary falsehood on him; but she was not an experienced cross-examiner, and perhaps she was at heart as indignant at the detective as at the falsehood: so she missed her advantage, and said, indignantly, "And what business had you with a detective? Your having one at all, and then calling him your solicitor, makes one think all manner of things."

"I should have told you all about it that afternoon; only our intercourse is broken off, to please a rival. Suppose I gave you a rival, and used you, for her sake, as you use me for his, what would you say? That would be a worse infidelity than sending for a detective, would it not?"

Zoe replied, haughtily, "You have no right to say you have a rival,—how dare you? Besides," said she, a little ruefully, "it is you who are on your defence, not me."

"True; I forgot that. Recrimination is not convenient, is it?"

"I can escape it by shutting the window," said Zoe, coldly.

"Oh, don't do that. Let me have the bliss of seeing you, and I will submit to a good deal of injustice without a murmur."

"The detective?" said Zoe, sternly.

"I sent for him, and gave him his instructions, and he is gone for me to Homburg."

"Ah!—I thought so. What for?"

"About my money. To try and find out whether they mean to keep it."

"Would you really take it if they would give it you?"

"Of course I would."

"Yet you know my mind about it."

"I know you forbade me to go for it in person: and I obeyed you, did I not?"

"Yes, you did—at the time."

"I do now. You object to my going in person to Homburg. You know I was once acquainted with that lady, and you feel about her a little of what I feel about Lord Uxmoor; about a tenth part of what I feel, I suppose, and with not one-tenth so much reason. Well, I know what the pangs of jealousy are: I will never inflict them on you, as you have on me. But I *will* have my money, whether you like or not."

Zoe looked amazed at being defied. It was new to her. She drew up, but said nothing.

Severne went on: "And I will tell you why; because without money I cannot have you. My circumstances have lately improved: with my money that lies in Homburg I can now clear my family estate of all encumbrance, and come to your brother for your hand. Oh, I shall be a very bad match even then, but I shall not be a pauper, nor a man in debt. I shall be one of your own class, as I was born—a small landed gentleman with an unencumbered estate."

"That is not the way to my affection. I do not care for money."

"But other people do. Dear Zoe, you have plenty of pride yourself; you must let me have a little. Deeply as I love you, I could not come to your brother and say, 'Give me your sister, and maintain us both.' No, Zoe, I cannot ask your hand till I have cleared my estate: and I cannot clear it without that money. For once I must resist you, and take my chance. There is wealth and a title offered you. I won't ask you to dismiss them and take a pauper. If you don't like me to try for my

own money, give your hand to Lord Uxmoor; then I shall recall my detective, and let all go; for poverty or wealth will matter nothing to me: I shall have lost the angel I love; and she once loved me."

He faltered, and the sad cadence of his voice melted her. She began to cry. He turned his head away, and cried too.

There was a silence. Zoe broke it first.

"Edward," said she, softly.

"Zoe!"

"You need not defy me. I would not humiliate you for all the world. Will it comfort you to know that I have been very unhappy ever since you lowered yourself so? I will try and accept your explanation."

He clasped his hands with gratitude.

"Edward, will you grant me a favour?"

"Can you ask?"

"It is to have a little more confidence in one who—— Now you must obey me implicitly, and perhaps we may both be happier to-morrow night than we are to-night. Directly after breakfast, take your hat, and walk to Hillstoke. You can call on Miss Gale, if you like; and say something civil."

"What! go and leave you alone with Lord Uxmoor?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Zoe! you know your power. Have a little mercy."

"Perhaps I may have a great deal, if you obey me."

"I *will* obey you."

"Then go to bed this minute."

She gave him a heavenly smile, and closed the window.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Ned Severne said, "Any messages for Hillstoke? I am going to walk up there this morning."

"Embrace my virago for me," said Vizard.

Severne begged to be excused.

He hurried off, and Lord Uxmoor felt a certain relief.

The Master of Arts asked himself what he could do to propitiate the female M.D. He went to the gardener and got him to cut a huge bouquet, choice and fragrant, and he carried it all the way to Hillstoke. Miss Gale was at home. As he was introduced rather suddenly, she started and changed colour, and said sharply, "What do you want?" Never asked him to sit down, rude Thing.

He stood hanging his head like a culprit, and said, with well-feigned timidity, that he came by desire of Miss Vizard, to inquire how she was getting on, and to hope the people were beginning to appreciate her.

"Oh! that alters the case; any messenger from Miss Vizard is welcome. Did she send me these flowers, too? They are beautiful."

"No; I gathered them myself. I have always understood ladies love flowers."

"It is only by report you know that, eh? Let me add something to your information: a good deal depends on the giver; and you may fling these out of the window." She tossed them to him.

The Master of Arts gave a humble, patient sigh, and threw the flowers out of the window, which was open. He then sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

Miss Gale coloured, and bit her lip. She did not think he would have done that, and it vexed her economical soul. She cast a piercing glance at him, then resumed her studies, and ignored his presence.

But his patience exhausted hers. He sat there twenty minutes, at least, in a state of collapse that bade fair to last for ever.

So presently she looked up, and affected to start. "What! are you there still?" said she.

"Yes," said he; "you did not dismiss me—only my poor flowers."

"Well," said she, apologetically, "the truth is, I'm not strong enough to dismiss you by the same road."

"It is not necessary. You have only to say 'Go.'"

"Oh, that would be rude. Could not you go, without being told right out?"

"No, I could not. Miss Gale, I can't account for it, but there is some strange attraction. You hate me, and I fear you, yet I could follow you about like a dog; let me sit here a little longer, and see you work."

Miss Gale leaned her head upon her hand, and contemplated him at great length. Finally she adopted a cat-like course. "No," said she at last; "I am going my rounds: you can come with me, if I am so attractive."

He said he should be proud, and she put on her hat in thirty seconds.

They walked together in silence. He felt as if he was promenading a tiger-cat, that might stop any moment to fall upon him.

She walked him into a cottage: there was a little dead wood burning on that portion of the brick floor called the hearth. A pale old man sat close to the fire, in a wooden arm-chair. She felt his pulse, and wrote him a prescription:—

"To Mr Vizard's housekeeper, Vizard Court.

"Please give the bearer two pounds of good roast-beef, or mutton, not salted, and one pint port wine.

"Rhoda Gale, M.D."

"Here, Jenny," she said, to a sharp little girl, the man's grand-niece, "take this down to Vizard Court, and, if the housekeeper ob-

jects, go to the front door, and demand, in my name, to see the Squire, or Miss Vizard, and give *them* the paper. Don't you give it up without the meat. Take this basket on your arm."

Then she walked out of the cottage, and Severne followed her; he ventured to say that was a novel prescription.

She explained. "Physicians are obliged to send the rich to the chemist, or else the fools would think they were slighted. But we need not be so nice with the poor; we can prescribe to do them good. When you inflicted your company on me, I was sketching out a treatise, to be entitled 'Cure of Disorders by Esculents.' That old man is nearly *exsanguis*. There is not a drug in creation that could do him an atom of good. Nourishing food may. If not, why he is booked for the long journey? Well, he has had his innings. He is fourscore. Do you think *you* will ever see fourscore; you and your vices?"

"Oh no. But I think *you* will; and I hope so: for you go about doing good."

"And some people one could name go about doing mischief."

Severne made no reply.

Soon after they discovered a little group, principally women and children. These were inspecting something on the ground, and chattering excitedly. The words of dire import, "She have possessed him with a devil," struck their ear. But soon they caught sight of Miss Gale, and were dead silent. She said, "What is the matter? Oh, I see; the vermifuge has acted."

It was so: a putty-faced boy had been unable to eat his breakfast; had suffered malaise for hours afterwards, and at last had been seized with nausea, and had restored to the world they so adorn a number of amphibias, which now, to

judge by their movements, bitterly regretted the reckless impatience with which they had fled from an unpleasant medicine to a cold-hearted world.

"Well, good people," said Miss Gale, "what are you making a fuss about? Are they better in the boy, or out of him?"

The women could not find their candour at a moment's notice, but old Giles replied, heartily, "Why, hout!! better an empty house than a bad tenant."

"That is true," said half-a-dozen voices at once. They could resist common-sense in its liquid form, but not when solidified into a proverb.

"Catch me the boy," said Miss Gale, severely.

Habitual culpability destroys self-confidence; so the boy suspected himself of crime, and instantly took to flight. His companions loved hunting; so three swifter boys followed him with a cheerful yell, secured him, and brought him up for sentence.

"Don't be frightened, Jacob," said the doctress; "I only want to know whether you feel better or worse."

His mother put in her word. "He was ever so bad all the morning."

"Hold your jaw," said old Giles, "and let the boy tell his own tale."

"Well, then," said Jacob, "I was mortal bad, but now I do feel like a feather; wust on't is, I be so blessed hungry now. Dall'd if I couldn't eat the devil—stuffed with thunder and lightning."

"I'll prescribe accordingly," said Miss Gale, and wrote in pencil an order on a beef-steak pie they had sent her from the Court.

The boy's companions put their heads together over this order, and offered their services to escort him.

"No, thank you," said the

doctress; "he will go alone, you young monkeys. Your turn will come."

Then she proceeded on her rounds, with Mr Severne at her heels, until it was past one o'clock.

Then she turned round and faced him. "We will part here," said she, "and I will explain my conduct to you, as you seem in the dark. I have been co-operating with Miss Vizard all this time. I reckon she sent you out of the way to give Lord Uxmoor his opportunity, so I have detained you. Whilst you have been studying medicine, he has been popping the question, of course. Good-bye, Mr Villain."

Her words went through the man like cold steel. It was one woman reading another. He turned very white, and put his hand to his heart. But he recovered himself, and said, "If she prefers another to me, I must submit. It is not my absence for a few hours that will make the difference. You cannot make me regret the hours I have passed in your company. Good-bye;" and he seemed to leave her very reluctantly.

"One word," said she, softening a little. "I'm not proof against your charm. Unless I see Zoe Vizard in danger, you have nothing to fear from me. But I love *her*, you understand."

He returned to her directly, and said, in most earnest, supplicating tones, "But will you ever forgive me?"

"I will try."

And so they parted.

He went home at a great rate; for Miss Gale's insinuations had raised some fear in his breast.

Meantime this is what had really passed between Zoe and Lord Uxmoor. Vizard went to his study, and Fanny retired at a signal from Zoe. She rose, but did not go;

she walked slowly towards the window: Uxmoor joined her; for he saw he was to have his answer from her mouth.

Her bosom heaved a little, and her cheek flushed. "Lord Uxmoor," she said, "you have done me the greatest honour any man can pay a woman, and from you it is indeed an honour. I could not write such an answer as I could wish; and, besides, I wish to spare you all the mortification I can."

"Ah!" said Uxmoor, piteously.

"You are worthy of any lady's love; but I have only my esteem to give you, and that was given long ago."

Uxmoor, who had been gradually turning very white, faltered, "I had my fears. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand. He put it respectfully to his lips; then turned and left her, sick at heart, but too brave to let it be seen. He preferred her esteem to her pity.

By this means he got both. She put her handkerchief to her eyes without disguise. But he only turned at the door to say, in a pretty firm voice, "God bless you!"

In less than an hour he drove his team from the door, sitting heart-broken and desolate, but firm and unflinching as a rock.

So then, on his return from Hill-stoke, Severne found them all at luncheon except Uxmoor. He detailed his visit to Miss Gale, and, whilst he talked, observed. Zoe was beaming with love and kindness. He felt sure she had not deceived him. He learned, by merely listening, that Lord Uxmoor was gone, and he exulted inwardly.

After luncheon, elysium. He walked with the two girls, and Fanny lagged behind; and Zoe proved herself no coquette. A coquette would have been a little cross, and shown him she had made a sacrifice. Not so Zoe Vizard.

She never told him, nor even Fanny, she had refused Lord Uxmoor. She esteemed the great sacrifice she had made for him as a little one, and so loved him a little more, that he had cost her an earl's coronet and a large fortune.

The party resumed their habits that Uxmoor had interrupted; and no warning voice was raised.

The boring commenced at Hill-stoke, and Doctress Gale hovered over the work. The various strata and their fossil deposits were an endless study, and kept her microscope employed. With this, and her treatise on 'Cure by Esculents,' she was so employed that she did not visit the Court for some days: then came an invitation from Lord Uxmoor to stay a week with him, and inspect his village. She accepted it, and drove herself in the bailiff's gig, all alone. She found her host attending to his duties, but dejected; so then she suspected, and turned the conversation to Zoe Vizard, and soon satisfied herself he had no hopes in that quarter. Yet he spoke of her with undisguised and tender admiration. Then she said to herself, "This is a man, and he shall have her."

She sat down and wrote a letter to Vizard, telling him all she knew, and what she thought—viz., that another woman, and a respectable one, had a claim on Mr Severne, which ought to be closely inquired into, *and the lady's version heard*. "Think of it," said she. "He disowned the woman who had saved his life, he was so afraid I should tell Miss Vizard under what circumstances I first saw him."

She folded and addressed the letter.

But, having relieved her mind, in some degree, by this, she asked herself whether it would not be kinder to all parties to try and save Zoe without an exposure. Probably

Severne benefited by his grace and his disarming qualities; for her ultimate resolution was to give him a chance—offer him an alternative: he must either quietly retire, or be openly exposed.

So then she put the letter in her desk, made out her visit, of which no further particulars can be given at present, returned home, and walked down to the Court next morning, to have it out with Edward Severne.

But, unfortunately, from the very day she offered him terms up at Hillstoke, the tide began to run in Severne's favour with great rapidity.

A letter came from the detective. Severne received it at breakfast, and laid it before Zoe, which had a favourable effect on her mind to begin.

Poikilus reported that the money was in good hands. He had seen the lady. She made no secret of the thing: the sum was £4900, and she said half belonged to her and half to a gentleman. She did not know him, but her agent, Ashmead, did. Poikilus added that he had asked her would she honour that gentleman's draft? She had replied she should be afraid to do that; but Mr Ashmead should hand it to him, on demand. Poikilus summed up that the lady was evidently respectable, and the whole thing square.

Severne posted this letter to his cousin, under cover, to show him he was really going to clear his estate; but begged him to return it immediately, and lend him £50. The accommodating cousin sent him £50, to aid him in wooing his heiress. He bought her a hoop-ring, apologised for its small value, and expressed his regret that all he could offer her was on as small a scale, except his love.

She blushed, and smiled on him, like heaven opening. "Small and

great, I take them," said she, and her lovely head rested on his shoulder.

They were engaged.

From that hour he could command a *tête-à-tête* with her whenever he chose, and his infernal passion began to suggest all manner of wild, wicked, and unreasonable hopes.

Meantime there was no stopping. He soon found he must speak seriously to Vizard. He went into his study, and began to open the subject. Vizard stopped him. "Fetch the other culprit," said he; and when Zoe came, blushing, he said, "Now I am going to make shorter work of this than you have done. Zoe has £10,000. What have you got?"

"Only a small estate, worth £8000, that I hope to clear of all encumbrances, if I can get my money."

"Fond of each other?—Well, don't strike me dead with your eyes. I have watched you, and, I own, a prettier pair of turtle-doves I never saw. Well, you have got love, and I have got money. I'll take care of you both. But you must live with me. I promise never to marry."

This brought Zoe round his neck, with tears and kisses of pure affection. He returned them and parted her hair paternally.

"This is a beautiful world, isn't it?" said he, with more tenderness than cynicism this time.

"Ah, that it is!" cried Zoe, earnestly. "But I can't have you say you will never be as happy as I am. There are true hearts in this heavenly world; for I have found one."

"I have not, and don't mean to try again. I am going in for the paternal now. You two are my children. I have a talisman to keep me from marrying. I'll show it you." He drew a photograph from

his drawer, set round with gold and pearls. He showed it them suddenly. They both started. A fine photograph of Ina Klosking. She was dressed as plainly as at the gambling-table; but without a bonnet, and only one rose in her hair. Her noble forehead was shown, and her face, a model of intelligence, womanliness, and serene dignity.

He gazed at it, and they at him and it.

He kissed it. "Here is my Fate," said he. "Now mark the ingenuity of a parent. I keep out of my Fate's way. But I use her to keep off any other little Fates that may be about. No other humbug can ever catch me while I have such a noble humbug as this to contemplate. Ah! and here she is as Siebel. What a goddess! just look at her! Adorable! There, this shall stand upon my table, and the other shall be hung in my bedroom. Then, my dear Zoe, you will be safe from a step-mother; for I am your father now. Please understand that."

This brought poor Zoe round his neck again with such an effusion, that at last he handed her to Severne, and he led her from the room, quite overcome, and, to avoid all conversation about what had just passed, gave her over to Fanny, whilst he retired to compose himself.

By dinner-time he was as happy as a prince again, and relieved of all compunction.

He heard afterwards, from Fanny, that Zoe and she had discussed the incident, and Vizard's infatuation, Fanny being especially wroth at Vizard's abuse of pearls; but she told him she had advised Zoe not to mention that lady's name, but let her die out.

And, in point of fact, Zoe did avoid the subject.

There came an eventful day. Vizard got a letter, at breakfast, from

his bankers, that made him stare, and then knit his brows. It was about Edward Severne's acceptances. He said nothing, but ordered his horse, and rode into Taddington.

The day was keen, but sunny; and, seeing him afoot so early, Zoe said she should like a drive before luncheon. She would show Severne and Fanny some ruins on Pagnell Hill. They could leave the trap at the village inn, and walk up the hill. Fanny begged off, and Severne was very glad. The prospect of a long walk up a hill with Zoe, and then a day spent in utter seclusion with her, fired his imagination, and made his heart beat. Here was one of the opportunities he had long sighed for of making passionate love to innocence and inexperience.

Zoe herself was eager for the drive, and came down, followed by Rosa with some wraps, and waited in the morning-room for the dog-cart. It was behind time for once, because the careful coachman had insisted on the axle being oiled. At last the sound of wheels was heard. A carriage drew up at the door.

"Tell Mr Severne," said Zoe. "He is in the dining-room, I think."

But it was not the dog-cart.

A vigilant footman came hastily out, and opened the hall-door. A lady was on the steps, and spoke to him, but, in speaking, she caught sight of Zoe in the hall. She instantly slipped past the man, and stood within the great door.

"Miss Vizard!" said she.

Zoe took a step towards her, and said, with astonishment, "Mademoiselle Klosking!"

The ladies looked at each other; and Zoe saw something strange was coming, for the Klosking was very pale, yet firm, and fixed her eyes upon her as if there was nothing else in sight.

"You have a visitor—Mr Severne?"

"Yes," said Zoe, drawing up.

"Can I speak with him?"

"He will answer for himself. EDWARD!"

At her call Severne came out hastily behind Ina Klosking.

She turned, and they faced each other.

"Ah!" she cried; and, in spite of all, there was more of joy than any other passion in the exclamation.

Not so he. He uttered a scream of dismay, and staggered, white as a ghost, but still glared at Ina Klosking.

Zoe's voice fell on him like a clap of thunder: "What!—Edward! Mr Severne—has this lady still any right——"

"No, none whatever!" he cried; "it is all past and gone."

"What is past?" said Ina Klosking, grandly. "Are you out of your senses?"

Then she was close to him in a moment, by one grand movement, and took him by both lappels of his coat, and held him firmly. "Speak before this lady," she cried. "Have — I — no — rights — over you?" and her voice was majestic, and her Danish eyes gleamed lightning.

The wretch's knees gave way a moment, and he shook in her hands. Then, suddenly, he turned wild. "Fiend! you have ruined me!" he yelled; and then, with his natural strength, which was great, and the superhuman power of mad excitement, he whirled her right round, and flung her from him, and dashed out of the door, uttering cries of rage and despair.

The unfortunate lady, thus taken by surprise, fell heavily, and, by cruel ill-luck, struck her temple, in falling, against the sharp corner of a marble table. It gashed her forehead fearfully, and she lay senseless, with the blood spurting in jets from her white temple.

Zoe screamed violently; and the hall and the hall-staircase seemed to fill by magic.

In the terror and confusion, Harrington Vizard strode into the hall, from Taddington. "What is the matter?" he cried; "a woman killed?"

Some one cried out she had fallen.

"Water, fools! a sponge! don't stand gaping!" and he flung himself on his knees, and raised the woman's head from the floor. One eager look into her white face—one wild cry—"Great God!—it is——" He had recognised her.

PHILANTHROPY IN WAR.*

OF the various forms which modern philanthropy has assumed, the most prominent in recent years is that of relief to the victims of war. And surely it is right for those who enjoy personal immunity from the miseries of war, to help the sufferers of their own country—the men who toil and bleed in the field, the widows and orphans of those who die for the fatherland. But to define the limits within which we are justified in relieving suffering among the combatants or non-combatants of belligerent nations in wars where we have no part, is by no means an easy task. Unless, however, these limits be traced, and their existence made widely known, serious complications may arise from the well-meant but ill-judged action of those whose hands and hearts are open to every cry of sorrow and of pain. In the last great war in France this question was thrust aside by the inexorable necessities of the moment. Moved by the tales of suffering that rang in their ears, philanthropists rushed into the arena, and performed their self-set tasks of mercy with a noble disregard of personal convenience, and a generosity that was almost prodigal. When the misery of thousands called aloud for help, there was no time to consider whether all the help given would bear strict investigation, or whether the balance was always evenly adjusted between the rightful claims of the neutrality strictly due, and the appeal of the moved heart which would not be denied.

Signs are not wanting that the next great war will again see the demands of suffering exert a para-

mount influence in this country. Some societies are already at work among both combatants and non-combatants in the theatre of the Eastern strife; while others are being formed as we write, and are about to enter upon the field. But it is not too much to say that if, at the outbreak of the next war, England has the good fortune to be neutral, every new philanthropic organisation which enters the field will add to the difficulty of her remaining so, and will increase the tension of a situation already strained almost to breaking-point.

Last Christmas Eve the armistice between Turkey and the principalities with which she was at war was within a week of its end. In this country no one outside the Cabinet could say whether the New Year would not see a renewal of hostilities, in which case war between Russia and Turkey was certain. It seemed difficult for England to avoid being compromised. Russia, apparently about to defy the world, and plunge madly into a crusade against the Turks, was stung by the resistance of England to her policy of aggression, and her press was inciting her people against us. Turkey, apparently bent upon refusing those guarantees which Russia demanded, and eager to fight, believed herself abandoned and betrayed by British statesmen, who but recently had openly proclaimed their resolve to support her integrity and independence. We were sharing the proverbial fate of the man who tries to separate a quarrelling husband and wife. Every possible delicacy of management was required at such a

* The author of this paper was actively engaged in the distribution of relief throughout the Franco-German war, and has peculiar claims to attention, from the fact that he views the matter as a soldier as well as a philanthropist.—Ed.

ant to keep on friendly terms either side. Yet what were philanthropists about? One man was throwing stones at us, by advertising that the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Fugitive and Orphan Relief Fund "is enlisted on the Austrian frontier having been proved impossible except under the eyes of the Austrian consuls, at the present moment to bring aid to the Christians in Turkey without aggravating dangers from the Turks;" another section, of opposite mind, was deliberately throwing the gauntlet to Russia, by announcing that, "in consequence of great misery, sickness, and suffering among the Turkish soldiers, following noblemen and gentlemen have formed a committee for the purpose of receiving and applying subscriptions and gifts of clothing and other useful articles in the hospital and in the field, to alleviate distress." The one committee is for subscriptions to nourish those who to Turkish eyes are pestiferous rebels; the other deliberately proposed to clothe the Turkish soldiers in the field.

But the action of both committees admits of plausible defence. The friends of the Bosnian fugitives will plead overwhelming distress in justification of their charitable deeds, and that these could perceptibly affect the result of the contest. The Duke of Sutherland and his committee may well speak on behalf of their efforts for our allied allies, the greatness of their sufferings borne without a murmur, their noble endurance of cold, hunger, and fatigue, in what is to them the sacred cause of duty. In short, there is no philanthropic motive made for the relief of suffering which does not *per se* commend itself to our minds. Think what is the ill of the "Bulgarian atrocity"

movement, despise it even as an agitation fomented for party ends, yet one cannot but pity the widow and orphan—nay, even the fugitive patriot—without food, warmth, or shelter. Abominate as we may the Turkish misrule—nay, join the cry for the Sultan and all his following to be turned out "bag and baggage"—one cannot but admire the heroism of the Turkish soldier, and pity the sufferings he endures, as his Asiatic blood is frozen in the Bulgarian or Servian winter.

But, however praiseworthy in the abstract, the action of the one committee is a direct support to men in rebellion against a friendly Power; while that of the Stafford House Committee is a deliberate gift of aid to the soldiers of one belligerent, to the direct detriment of the other, with whom we are, nominally at least, on terms of friendship and diplomatic alliance. Those, therefore, who subscribe to either fund, are clearly making themselves allies or enemies of Turkey in the existing struggle—are increasing the already grave difficulties of our diplomatists; and one committee or other would be forced into the unpatriotic position of having helped the enemies of their country, should British interests compel us to take the side other than that towards which their sympathies lean.

These may be thought extreme cases. Yet they are by no means exceptional. Not to speak of such committees as those which collected money for Polish refugees in the insurrection against Russia, or for the Carlist troops in Spain, two funds may be instanced, both admirable in themselves, yet which unquestionably could not be brought within the pale of strict neutrality—the 'Daily News' Fund in the late French war, and the French Peasants' Seed Fund. Lord Vernon may fairly claim for the latter

that it did not commence operations till after the war was ended. But the 'Daily News' Fund relieved much misery during the war; and though never, perhaps, was good work more judiciously done than Mr Bullock's administration of this fund, the fact remains that the fund was aiding the French exclusively while France was at war with Germany. Germany was already sore at the strong French sympathies shown by a powerful party in England; our sale of arms and coal to the French was a never-ending subject of grievance; and every additional supposed sign of French leaning was politically an evil, not perhaps causing immediate harm, but adding to that store of memories of wrongs, which are unburied and fed upon by nations, when evil passions are aroused.

Look at it as one will, painful as it may be to confess, we must admit that every philanthropic subscription publicly collected for the benefit of one side only in any insurrection or war, even though merely to relieve distress among women and children, is, in spirit, if not in the letter, a breach of neutrality, an underhand method of injuring the opposite side. For war is brought to an end, and peace is brought about, not only by the defeat of armies in the field, but equally by the misery caused in the conquered country. That misery is a potent element in the terms of peace. The greater the misery existing, the harder terms can be exacted; for it is misery that makes a people with one voice cry out for peace, while its armies would fain fight on.

What if, the war in the East continuing and spreading, the belligerents were to wake up to this fact, and treat the dispensers of charity to their adversaries as enemies? Suppose that a body of

Turkish soldiers, in pursuit of certain ringleaders of the insurrection, should come upon them in the act of receiving food, money, or clothing from the English agents of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Relief Fund, and promptly inflict summary justice upon these agents for aiding and abetting rebellion. It seems to us that in so doing they would only be exercising the same strict rights which we should certainly have enforced during the Fenian outbreak against any Frenchmen or Americans found aiding the Fenians. Or suppose that Russia, at war with Turkey, should find, on capturing a Turkish camp, an agent of the Stafford House Committee, and taking the clothes and comforts from his store, should send him off as a prisoner to the north. No British Government could make it a cause of complaint against Russia. Yet in both instances how intensely public feeling would be embittered! On the one hand, what shrieks of indignation would arise from the promoters of the St James's Hall Conference; on the other, what pressure would be brought to bear upon the Government by the owners of the distinguished names which adorn the Stafford House Committee; and what demands for reparation would arise from the journals under the guidance of Dr Russell, Mr Bowles, and Mr Borthwick!

Do the members of these societies realise that they are violating the spirit of neutrality? If not, it is well they should consider it. If they do know it, and do not care, their conduct can only be justified if the doctrine be accepted that it is better to break the rules of international honour than to allow human beings to suffer privation. That doctrine we cannot accept; at all events, it is desirable that the generous-hearted public, whose

purse is open to all appeals, should have distinctly before it this direct issue.

The problem to be solved is far more subtle, and the solution far more difficult, when we come to the action of those societies which profess a strict neutrality, and whose aid, being given only to the sick and wounded of armies, is theoretically, at all events, given only to neutrals; for by the 6th clause of the Geneva Convention, these *débris* of armies, the splinters thrown off by the shock and shivering of troops in battle, are practically neutralised. Such are the societies for aid to the sick and wounded, which are now established in every European nation. The progress made by these national aid societies in the last ten years is most remarkable. Not only have they been created and obtained the formal recognition of their own Governments in every country of Europe, but they have a considerable literature of their own. Their chief organ is a quarterly magazine, published at Geneva under the title 'Bulletin International des Sociétés de Secours aux Militaires Blessés.' Each quarter it contains a long list of publications that have appeared during the preceding three months. In the last number appear the titles of works published in Bavaria, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Prussia, Roumania, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the United States; while we learn from it that even the Porte has formed a society of this nature, which held its first meeting in the month of August.

The real object of these societies is, we believe, not clearly understood by the English public; and, as we know that many erroneous ideas are afloat, we shall state shortly how these societies arose, and what are their legitimate functions.

The birth of these societies, and of the international convention which has neutralised the wounded of armies and their attendants may, as Mr Longmore has well shown, be traced to the gradual development in men's minds of ideas of mercy and humanity, taking, in this instance, when the time had come, and public opinion had ripened to the point of this particular change, these special forms. The idea of forming societies to aid sufferers in war was no startling novelty. The idea of neutralising the wounded and their attendants is as old as the Crusades. Louis and Frederick in the Seven Years' War agreed to neutralise the medical staff; Moreau and Kray, in 1800, undertook to tend the enemy's wounded falling into their hands. But a powerful lever was necessary to move the world to the point of a general international treaty, and it was thus found. War after war had shown the utter inability of any organised military medical service to cope unaided with the wounds produced in any large battle. We know the condition of our own wounded after the battles of the Crimea, the formation of the Sanitary Commission, and the labours of Miss Nightingale and others. A state of affairs even worse existed in Russia; and endeavours of a similar kind were made to remedy the evil. But want of previous organisation made these efforts of comparatively small avail. Then came the war of 1859 in Italy, and more terrible suffering than in the Crimea, for the battles were on a larger scale. Again spasmodic efforts to supplement the military organisation by voluntary help, again the most hopeless inability to meet the needs of the wounded. And now was born the lever which moved the world. It was but a little book, called 'Un Souvenir de Solferino,' written by a Swiss

gentleman, Monsieur Dunant, in which he narrated his own experiences in this war as a neutral seeking to give help; and urged that the person of a combatant prostrated by a wound should be considered sacred, and that the sanitary staff of armies should be made neutral and free from liability to capture. He suggested a uniform distinctive mark or badge for hospitals and attendants on the wounded. And he recommended the formation in every country of a permanent society for the relief of the wounded in battle, acting in the interest of its own country, but in the spirit of universal humanity.

This book attracted great attention, and was speedily translated into most European languages. A philanthropic body at Geneva, called the "Commission of Public Utility," took the subject up, and nominated a committee, which sent invitations to the European Powers to attend a conference on the subject. In October 1863, that Conference met, attended by thirty-six delegates, of whom fourteen had been nominated by various Governments. The bloody drama in America was being acted, and was teaching the lesson afresh, so the moment was opportune.

The work of this Conference was of a twofold nature. In the first place, it passed a series of resolutions to the effect that in each country a committee should be formed to assist the military medical service in time of war; that these committees should enter into relations with the Governments of their own countries; that in time of peace they should make ready for war by preparing *matériel* and training hospital assistants; that in time of war they should respectively aid their own armies; that they might solicit the aid of committees of neutral nations; that in case of the

military authorities approving, they might send help on to the field of battle, in which case it would be under the military authorities; and that they should prepare places for tending the wounded, in concert with the military authorities.

Here, then, in these practical resolutions, involving no alteration of existing rules of war, lies the origin of the formation of permanent national aid societies. These resolutions most distinctly contemplate national—not international—societies acting respectively on behalf of their own armies. Their object is to substitute organised volunteer aid for irregular, ill-concerted efforts—to centralise in each state the scattered efforts previously found inefficient through want of combination. Help from neutrals is only contemplated if invited by any national committee, and this appears to imply that it should be given to the committee inviting it, not to the wounded direct. But these resolutions have never received any official sanction. They have never been embodied in any treaty; and no international sanction beyond the resolutions of this and subsequent conferences has been given to volunteer societies.

The Conference of 1863, in the second place, recommended through the delegates that a Congress should be held to discuss the desirability of an international treaty to neutralise wounded and the medical staff of armies; and on the invitation of the Supreme Federal Council of Switzerland, such a Congress was held at Geneva in 1864. We have the authority of Mr Longmore, who attended that Congress as the delegate of Great Britain, for saying that some of the Governments were only induced to send delegates on the positive understanding that the question of volunteer aid was not to be introduced. The Congress met

in August 1864, and drew up the famous Geneva Convention. This Convention does this, and this only: It neutralises the *personnel* and *matériel* of military ambulances, and the *personnel* of hospitals. It promises to respect those inhabitants of a country at war who shall tend wounded, and houses which shall receive them. It neutralises the wounded themselves, and establishes the Red Cross as the badge of neutrality. It does *not* even so much as mention voluntary societies, either of belligerents or neutrals; and it especially provides that the *brassard* or armlet with the badge shall only be issued by the military authorities on either side, and that the details of execution of the Convention shall be regulated by the commanders of the belligerent armies, under instructions from their respective Governments. This is the Geneva Convention of 1864, an international treaty to which all the Governments of Europe have now given in their adhesion.

"But," will say most of our readers, "we thought the work of the English Red Cross Society in France was done under the protection of the Convention of Geneva." Not so. That Convention, we repeat, has only to do with the wounded themselves, and the regular military medical services, save where it protects the inhabitants of an invaded country who shall succour wounded men. All that was done by England, or any other neutral State, was done solely by the favour of the commanders of the armies engaged. Probably not one in ten of those employed knew this; but it was so: and the remarkable freedom given to neutrals was due, in our opinion, to the fact, on the German side, that overwhelming numbers of French wounded fell into the German hands; and on the French side, to

general ignorance of the terms of the Convention, at least on the part of officers holding inferior commands. Volunteer societies have no *locus standi* under the Geneva Convention: no one can claim its protection unless he has actually taken service under one of the belligerents, and so become part of the military establishment.

Persistent efforts have been made to obtain treaty protection for volunteer societies. A conference, held at Wurzburg in 1867; another at Paris in the same year; another at Berlin in 1869,—have all tried, but entirely without effect. At the conference convened by the Emperor of Russia to discuss the laws and customs of war, which assembled at Brussels in 1874, the German and Austrian military delegates recommended the extension to these societies of the neutrality accorded by the Geneva Convention; and the sub-committee appointed to consider the general question of treatment of wounded, endorsed this recommendation. But, though the protocols record this, no formal resolution was passed; and volunteer societies are still absolutely without international treaty recognition. We have thus strongly insisted on this point, for it should lie at the root of the action of all such societies. How far it is so here and elsewhere, we shall attempt to show by a brief outline of the career of these societies in the chief Continental countries, and at home.

Early in 1864 a Relief Society was formed at Berlin, and acted under military supervision in the Danish war; but not till the end of that war did the King of Prussia sign the Geneva Convention. In 1865 the King and Queen took the Society under their special protection; and early in 1866 it received from the King the right of incorporation, and was recommended to the

public as the central organ of public charity. Its articles of incorporation define its duties of preparation in peace, as well as its duties of action in war. The Government appointed commissioners to the central committee "to aid the committee by their counsels, and to serve as a medium between the Society and the War Department, in order that the committee might distribute its aid in accordance with the wants of the army, and connect its hospital and sanitary services with those of the military ambulances and hospitals." On the mobilisation of the army for war, the Government appointed a "Commissioner-General and Inspector of Voluntary Hospital Service in the Prussian Army;" and all voluntary help was placed under his control. Thus Prussia was, so far as we know, the first State officially to recognise voluntary aid, while at the same time controlling and directing it by a supreme chief, working with the military authorities.

In the war of 1866, the Order of St John sent its members (the Johanniter) to give personal aid in the theatre of war; but they had little money at their disposal, till the Royal Commissioner-General (who was also Grand Master of the Order) established intimate relations between them and the Relief Society, when they acted at one and the same time as his deputies, and as the almoners of the Society. The Maltese Knights were similarly employed, devoting themselves to the same work; but all acted directly under the Government inspector of voluntary aid.

In 1869, the whole of the aid societies of the States annexed to, or confederated with, Prussia, united under one central committee destined to represent them in war; and by a Cabinet order of the same year, instructions for the guidance

of voluntary help in war were laid down. A royal commissioner and military inspector was to superintend the whole, with delegates to assist him chosen from the Johanniter and Knights of Malta. The duties of the volunteers were laid down in detail, and were to consist of serving as assistants in the field hospitals and reserve hospitals in rear of the troops, in the evacuation of the wounded, and in the distribution of the national gifts in these hospitals. No volunteer work was contemplated in the field of battle or with the advanced troops.

Under these wholesome rules, Prussian voluntary helpers worked in the war of 1870, not dreaming of any rights to act independently of authority or to go to the front.

In the war of 1866, Austria was far behind. A society of ladies rendered useful services; and during the war a Patriotic Society was formed; but those definite relations with the Government which we see in Germany had no existence. Austria only signed the Convention of Geneva after the war, which had taught her to appreciate its value. Since her disasters in Bohemia, she has enjoyed the blessings of peace; but she has not been inactive. Her Patriotic Society has rallied to it numerous provincial committees, and has found a useful sphere of work in peace; while it has been shown in the recent Exhibition at Brussels that Austria has equalled, if not exceeded, all countries in her forethought and organisation of voluntary aid. The Teutonic Order of Knights takes here the leading place. This order, consisting exclusively of Catholic noblemen, has undertaken to furnish for service in the first line in the field no less than forty field-ambulances, the entire material for which is already complete. It has further undertaken by degrees to complete movable

hospitals, and additional means of bringing in wounded after an action. Its functions in war are defined in a code of instructions, signed by the Emperor, who is Grand Master of the Order; and the specimen ambulance and store waggons sent to the Exhibition show what care and thought have been given to the preparation for its duties in peace.

The Austrian branch of the Knights of Malta has also its special functions. It has undertaken the evacuation of sick and wounded by railway, and proposes to form twelve trains, each to carry 100 wounded, with a commandant, surgeons, provisions, stores, a kitchen, and every appliance to make each train a home for the wounded and the staff during as many days as may be necessary. A "school train," already formed for teaching the knights, surgeons, attendants, cooks, &c., was exhibited at Brussels. Its perfection of arrangement leaves nothing to be desired; and to us, who have seen what it is for wounded men to lie for days on straw in common railway waggons, without decency or comfort, while lines were blocked by excessive traffic, the advantage of such an organisation is beyond doubt. These trains have a military organisation, and will run under the military rules for the movement of troops by rail.

France founded a Society in 1864, which in 1866 was "*reconnue d'utilité publique*," and received a legal status from the Government. In 1869, rules for its conduct were approved by Marshal Niel, then Minister of War. In these it is said that the Society is to become in war the auxiliary of the sanitary service in armies and navies, and that it forms, *en quelque sorte*, the reserve of this Service. The council of the Society was to appoint a delegate to each army and army

corps, whose duty was to prepare ambulances, the *personnel* of which was to be under the delegate's orders. These statutes, be it observed, did not place the delegates and ambulances of the Society directly under the military authorities, but created an *imperium in imperio*. Naturally, this plan, under which the Society worked in 1870, failed signally. The Society and its operations were viewed with jealousy and dislike by the Intendance, then charged with the control of the field ambulances and hospitals, and also by the military surgeons. Yet a great deal of work was done; and the War Office, recognising this, is now maturing new rules and definite functions to be fulfilled under the direct control of the military authorities. Though these new rules are not yet published, we are in a position to state their bearing. The Society is authorised to create in rear of armies, in places indicated by the Minister of War or commanders-in-chief, hospital establishments, in aid of the military and civil hospitals; to aid the military hospital service in rear of armies, in the evacuation of sick; and to organise active ambulances, which, however, can never be allowed to act in the field except by the special sanction of the Minister of War or commanders-in-chief—a permission that will—it is so laid down—never be granted except in cases of absolute insufficiency of military organisation. No foreigner may be employed by the Society. Delegates are to be appointed to army corps. All the *personnel* of the Society is to be subject to military law, and may be tried by military tribunals. In short, the Society becomes an organised military reserve in time of war.

Russia founded a Society in 1867, which is under the direct

personal superintendence of the Empress, and has the active support of the Ministry of War. A house was given to it by the War Department, and afterwards sold for £5000, when a plot of land worth £6000 was given to build new offices upon. Its president is a general officer; another general of the Emperor's suite is a vice-president. We have not ascertained whether any definite code of rules for its action in war has been framed by the military authorities; but the report of its operations in the Khivan campaign shows that these were directly facilitated by the orders of General Kaufmann; while it was announced at the last annual meeting that arrangements were in progress to send surgeons to Turkestan for employment with the expedition to Khokand, on the advice of Kaufmann's aide-de-camp. Already, in April of last year, the Central Society and its branch committees were organising the means of transporting wounded from the probable theatre of war on the Danube. The committee of Odessa, for example, expecting that the civil hospitals there would be unable to receive all the wounded, was arranging for their transport to the hospitals of Tiraspol and Bendery in special sanitary trains.

Our object in entering into these details has been to bring out the following facts:—

1. In every one of these great nations the primary object of the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War is to help the sick and wounded of its own armies.

2. In every one of these nations, regularly organised societies have received the countenance and assistance of the Ministry of War.

3. In them all (we cannot speak positively as to Russia, but in all the others) voluntary helpers have regular duties assigned to them by

the military authorities for the time of war.

4. In all these nations, these societies have occupied, and are occupying, themselves in peace in making preparations to aid their own soldiers in war.

We have now to speak of aid given by these societies as neutrals to other belligerent nations. Since the birth of the first of these societies in 1864, there have been two great wars. In the conflict of 1866, Prussia, Austria, and Italy were engaged. No Russian or English societies had yet been formed. The French Society, as yet only a small body, sent off what money and stores it had, divided into four equal parts, to Austria, Bavaria, Italy, and Prussia, after ascertaining that the aid would be welcome. The Belgian Society sent gifts to all these countries; as did Switzerland. But no personal aid in the theatre of war was, so far as we can trace, given by any neutral nation.

By 1870 the idea of voluntary help in war had gained a much firmer foothold, and the societies had entered into a more vigorous life. The Austrian Society sent small quantities of medical comforts and money to both sides, and a few surgeons. Belgium sent surgeons and stores to the seat of war, and treated thousands of wounded French in hospitals in her own country—exhausting the resources of her Society, and the generous subscriptions of her public. Holland, to the utmost of her means, established hospitals in the theatre of war. Italy furnished surgeons and stores to both belligerents. Russia did the same; Sweden also. Switzerland aided with surgeons; and when the fighting was near her own frontier, gave much useful help. Luxembourg poured out help when the war was at her threshold. America sent large sums to both

sides — no less than £200,000 to Germany ; while Americans in Paris formed ambulances, and their surgeons and our own worked side by side in the thickest of the fight at Sedan, and during the siege of Paris. Even Spain and Portugal sent gifts for the wounded.

It remains now to speak of England. From the first the British Government took an active interest in the general question. British delegates were sent to the Conferences of 1863 and 1864 at Geneva ; England signed the Geneva Convention, and gave in her adherence to additional articles proposed in 1868, relating to maritime war. But outside the Government, no public interest was taken in the matter till long afterwards. In 1866, Mr Longmore, professor of military surgery at Netley Hospital, delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution in London, urging with great force, and with the weight attached to his position as delegate at the Geneva Conferences, the formation of a British National Committee to supplement the work of the military medical establishments in war.

"Should this country," he said, "remain without the formation of such a committee, it will find itself at a disadvantage, as compared with neighbouring countries, in case of becoming engaged in a great war. Committees, no doubt, will be formed, and subscriptions poured in, as has happened hitherto, as soon as there is need of them ; but, as heretofore, there will be absence of system, and independence of action ; and there will not be the advantage, at any rate at first, of Government support ; while in other countries, on war breaking out, the necessary preparations will have been long made and fully considered, everything will be systematised on preconceived plans, so as to harmonise with the arrangements of the Government, and the action of the combatants and army medical authorities."

But his appeal was received with

indifference, and had no immediate result.

In 1867, the remarkable collection of material for aid to sick and wounded at the Paris Exhibition attracted the attention, amongst others, of Sir Edmund Lechmere, Secretary of the Order of St John of Jerusalem in England, a body of noblemen and gentlemen who devote themselves to good works. At his suggestion, in 1868, Captain Burgess, the Assistant Secretary of the Order, entered into correspondence with several influential persons, and with the War Office and Admiralty, on the subject of the formation of a National Committee. Early in 1869, a Provisional Committee of members of the Order was formed ; and in December of that year a meeting was held, attended by a delegate from the Army Medical Department, who "thought the subject so intricate that much could not now be done." The Lords of the Admiralty had previously expressed themselves as "generally indisposed to enter into connection with private societies." This was not a promising beginning, nor was it encouraging that while only three gentlemen attended the meeting, thirteen sent excuses and expressions of sympathy. Those three were Captain Burgess, Mr Furley, and Dr A. J. Pollock. We mention these names, in order that honour may be given, where honour is due, to the real founders of the Society.

Thus, nipped in the bud, the idea languished till, in the summer of 1870, the war between France and Germany gave it a new impetus. A public meeting was called for the 4th August. The preceding days had brought together men whose names insured success. The Duke of Manchester took the chair. Lord Shaftesbury and Monsignor Capel's presence together showed the

unsectarian character of the movement. Baron Rothschild and Lord Overstone gave it the support of their great financial knowledge. Sir Harry Verney brought Miss Nightingale's wishes for its success. And Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, at once soldier, patriot, and philanthropist, accepted the chief place on a working committee, composed of soldiers, legislators, surgeons, and others. The War Department lent rooms to the Society. The Queen became its Patron, the Prince of Wales its President; the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief joined the Committee. The Princess Christian took the lead in the Ladies' Committee. Subscriptions flowed in. Nine hundred auxiliary committees were formed. Regiments, ships of war, schools, congregations of all denominations, bankers, masonic lodges, bodies of *employés* of firms, servants' halls, sent collective subscriptions; and railway companies conveyed the Society's agents and goods free of all charge.

The battle of Weissembourg was fought on the very day on which the meeting was held; and within a fortnight Woerth, Spicheren, Borny, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, had seen the most bloody series of battles ever fought in Europe within an equal space of time. Horror-stricken at the awful tales that filled the journals, the public came forward with unprecedented generosity; and before the end of September £200,000 had been subscribed. Medical comforts, clothing, and stores poured in from every part of Great Britain: soon the colonies and dependencies joined the movement, and from Australia and Canada, India and the Cape, money and aid in kind were sent to the Society. Probably never, in so short a time, has so great a charitable subscription been raised.

Naturally such astounding results

took the Committee by surprise. The first despatch of surgeons and stores, in isolated detachments, was soon seen to be insufficient; and it was endeavoured to organise the work on a more comprehensive scale. Not only were surgeons and stores sent direct to the ambulances and hospitals of the belligerents, but the Society's agents established hospitals of their own, and formed depots, from which, by their own transport, they supplied the wounded in the field-hospitals. £90,000 in money was given to the belligerents to be expended in their hospitals. A large ambulance, composed of military surgeons, army hospital corps men, and Government waggons, was organised at the Society's expense; and in all, a staff of some 400 persons, divided into districts, was at work in the theatre of war. Exclusive of the stores subscribed in kind, a sum of £200,000 was dispensed during the war; and yet, so great had been the liberality of the public, that a balance of £73,000 remained in hand at the close of the war. Was ever such a splendid chance for starting the legitimate work of a National Aid Society—preparation to help its own wounded? But this money, and the interest of it, have lain untouched, save that £20,000 has been, or is being, expended in the Turco-Servian war.

This summary will have been sufficient to show that the *rôle* of the British Society has been the opposite of that of other nations. Their societies have for their one paramount object to succour the wounded of their own armies. Ours has only attempted to relieve the wounded of other nations engaged in war.

Nor could it at first have been otherwise with us; for the large sums of money intrusted to the British Committee were the direct offspring of the excitement caused

by the sufferings of the soldiers in the war in France; and, speaking broadly, we may say they were intended to be applied to the relief of that suffering. As to whether it should be so now, we shall presently express our opinion.

We propose now, from extensive personal experience of the working of the British Society during the war, and from careful study of the question at the time and subsequently, to discuss in general terms the question often raised as to the legitimate nature of this kind of neutral help.

The most powerful objections made to such work are, that it encourages war, by relieving the belligerent nations of the care of their sick and wounded; and that every contribution made in aid of the sick and wounded of an army, is an indirect contribution to the State to which that army belongs. Now this neutral help has only been tried on a great scale in one war; and these objections would be unanswerable if we found France and Germany counting on such help in the future, endeavouring to encourage it, and reducing their military medical establishments. But this is not the case. Both France and Germany have, since the war, very largely increased their military medical establishments, both in *personnel* and *matériel*. In both countries the national voluntary aid societies have redoubled their exertions to prepare for the next struggle; and in France, at all events, such stringent restrictions have been devised for neutral volunteers, as amount practically to prohibiting their services. We are therefore fairly entitled to assume, that in neither of these nations does the State consider itself in any way relieved from the care of its own wounded. The fact is, that in the last war all the help given by neutrals was such a drop

in the ocean of what was needed, that it could not one whit diminish the belligerents' sense of their own duty; and we may safely predict that, in any similar *guerre à outrance* between two great European nations, such help will not be taken into account by the Powers engaged. To just such an extent as experience has shown them they may rely upon the regular organised voluntary aid of their own nations, will Governments take voluntary aid into consideration in their arrangements; but those arrangements will be on so vast a scale, that a possible contingent of neutral aid cannot be taken into their account.

It becomes entirely different if such help be given in small wars. For example: In the war which Servia and Montenegro have been waging, it is clear that those two small States have thrown the whole care of their sick and wounded upon foreigners. Rushing into war absolutely without any medical service, they have trusted entirely to so-called neutral help. But aid given to one side only is by no means neutral; and the Turkish Government would be thoroughly justified in refusing to admit to the privileges of the Geneva Convention any surgeons, ambulances, or hospitals that do not directly form part of the Servian military establishment. The action of neutrals needs to be most jealously watched; and belligerents' rights should be sternly enforced against them wherever a sign of partiality is shown. Strong national or religious sympathies tend to produce such breaches of neutrality in every war, and they should never be allowed. We find, in a report of the Austrian Society in 1870, as an excuse for the small results obtained by the Society during the war, that "in a crowd of places in Austria, and more particularly at Vienna, societies were formed with the spe-

cially German object of assisting German wounded only." And there was no more flagrant breach of neutrality than that of the so-called Irish ambulance, of which M. Moynier says: "The sight of this immense column of 300 persons caused some apprehension as soon as it disembarked at Havre; and this was too well justified soon after, when some of its male attendants transformed themselves into soldiers, and aided in the defence of Châteaudun."

We are able to give some idea, though necessarily incomplete, of the work Russia has done in Montenegro and Servia. In Montenegro alone the Russian Society had spent, before the end of September last, more than twice as much money as it spent during the whole Franco-German war. In July last, a sum as large as had been spent in 1870 was voted for hospital service in Servia; and *personnel* and *matériel* for the formation of three large hospitals was at once despatched. Since then, says the Russian report in the 'Bulletin International' of October last, almost all the great towns in the empire, and many private persons, have organised at their own expense ambulances richly supplied with sanitary material and personal staff, and have sent them to Servia. Others at their own expense have sent surgeons and Sisters of Charity, others valuable gifts. In the noble ardour of benevolence, St Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Orel, Kasan, Karkoff, Novgorod, Kieff, &c., wished to be represented on the theatre of war by separate organised ambulances. All these ambulances, even those of private origin—that is, organised without any aid from the Society—placed themselves under the protection of the work of the Red Cross. All the *personnel* of the sanitary service had in consequence to conform to the instructions of the

Central Committee, and act under the orders of the delegate. At the beginning of September these ambulances counted no less than 96 surgeons, 112 dressers, and more than 60 Sisters of Charity. "The Central Committee, always exactly informed as to the exigencies of the situation by the reports of its delegate, then resolved to direct the public benevolence in the direction of gifts of money, specially intended to cover the expenses of maintenance and pay (*entretien et traitement*) of several thousands of wounded."

Not a surgeon, not an ounce of drugs, not a rouble has been sent by Russia to the Turkish side. And thus we have, what to our mind is a most gross and flagrant violation of the principles of neutrality, committed "under the protection of the work of the Red Cross." Acts of this kind call for European protest. It is high time that their perpetrators should learn that the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention covers no such acts of hostility. If the war continues, let Turkey refuse to give any rights under the Convention to any foreigners in Servia, and she will have all right-minded Europe with her.

Many indications lead us to believe that in future great wars the personal aid of neutrals is more likely to be declined than to be utilised. The new French *règlement* is most decided in the matter. "Foreign relief societies," it says, "will not be allowed to act concurrently with the French Society, except under the formal authorisation of the Minister of War, and under the following reserve: 1st, They must place themselves under the direction of the French Society; 2d, They must conform to these present rules; 3d, They must confine their operations to the regions assigned to them by the Minister

of War." When we remind our readers that one of the rules to which neutrals will have to conform, places them directly under the military authorities, and makes them amenable to French military law, we doubt if many will be found anxious to take service under these conditions. The fact is, that military authorities do not like foreigners to be present in their lines in war; and that the medical authorities and military surgeons like it less. There are, of course, exceptions. Some military surgeons are above any feeling of jealousy; and, on the other hand, where a foreigner has the skill of a great master—as, for example, Mr MacCormac in the Anglo-American Ambulance—or such a rare combination of gifts as sound professional knowledge, perfect mastery of the languages of the belligerents, and a personal charm that wins all hearts, as Dr Frank, his presence is welcomed by all. But to military surgeons generally, the presence among them of surgeons in whom they have no special reason to place confidence, who are often ignorant of the language of the patient, and so cannot ascertain symptoms, or give directions, is not agreeable. While we could mention scores of surgeons who by their unselfish, patient, skilful treatment of the wounded under their care, merited and won the respect and esteem of the French and German surgeons who watched them with a jealous eye, there were unfortunately occasional instances which, to this jealous observation, gave occasion for objection to the system *en bloc*. Some were so careful of their dignity, that they would not work unless it were in chief charge of a distinct body of men, though there existed urgent need for assistant-surgeons and dressers. Others aspired to the performance of important operations, which their experience would not

have entitled them to attempt in any hospital in peace; and we have heard dark rumours of one neutral, who, in the critical moment of an operation, discovered his ignorance, threw down his knife, and fled. Such an incident was, of course, seized on, and made the most of. But, on the whole, the skill of the neutrals was certainly not inferior to that of the military surgeons.

A great battle gives to neutral surgeons a field for work where they need have no fear of being unwelcome. For there there is room for all; and the military surgeons, working through days and nights, almost without rest, yet still incapable of giving more than a fraction of the attention to be desired, have no time for jealousy. But when affairs revert to their normal state, the jealousy reappears, and neutrals would do wisely to keep in the background. Above all let them eschew royal headquarters. In the proximity of a king or a royal commander-in-chief, suffering is not allowed to appear; and extraneous aid, which implies possible defect in organisation, is more than ever unwelcome. Kings would scarcely consent to make war if they knew what war means at the outposts, and with detached corps. Here, where the administrative services are cut down to the lowest, neutral help is more in its place.

The supply of stores to belligerents for their sick and wounded is far more difficult to keep within proper limits than the loan of surgical aid. Indeed it is very difficult to say where the limits should be traced. One boundary is quite clearly defined. Nothing should be allowed to go to any men not actually incapacitated by sickness and wounds; and further, no aid should be given to those only temporarily removed from duty, as

such aid results in their returning sooner to the ranks. It is this law which makes it necessary for societies determined really to preserve a strict neutrality to keep in their own hands the distribution of their stores. When the British Society's representative proposed to establish a depot at Saarbrück, with an advanced depot at Remilly, to supply by the Society's own transport the wounded lying round Metz, he was at first told by the Johanniter that this could not be allowed, and was referred to the regulations saying that all volunteer help must go through the delegates of the Royal Commissioner. But, knowing that the Johanniter would at any moment, if called upon, supply comforts to troops actually at their duty, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, he insisted upon independence, and it was allowed. Even then, says Mr Austin Lee, who was in charge of the depot at Remilly, "the National Aid Society incurred a certain amount of odium very unjustly, by refusing to supply medicaments to reserve Lazarettos, where those who were not so ill as to be taken into hospital were temporarily prescribed for as out-patients, and in a day or two returned to duty."

In no point is it more necessary, yet more difficult, to draw a definite line, than in the supply of warm clothing; and, doubtless, in some cases the British Society overstepped the proper boundary. Where, as by this Society, aid is most impartially given to both sides, it appears legitimate to remove the torn and blood-stained uniform of wounded men, and give them cleanliness and decency, to cover their shivering bodies with blankets; and if they are sent home with amputated limbs or shattered health, to give them the warmth of covering, as necessary to their lives as food or

medicine. It is not quite so clear whether it is legitimate to give warm clothing to men who may rejoin during the campaign, or, as was done at Forbach, to those returning to their own country, and close to its frontier.

The question of food also opens up a field for discussion. It was legitimate work to supplement the wretched rations of the wounded by wine, essence of meat, and such comforts. As Dr Berkeley Hill says, "These are absolutely essential food to persons in certain states of illness. While in this state the ordinary military diet is of no more use than so much stone or iron." It was legitimate, we think, to supply the necessaries of life even in such cases as Dr Norton found in the villages west of Metz, where "the wounded were dying from hunger." But it is clearly not right, as was done in several instances, and by other societies than the British, and as is being done by the Russians in Serbia, to take under sole charge and feed sick and wounded in hospitals established by the societies. Neither could it be right to supply either food or clothing to men in hospitals on the Rhine, or in the interior of Germany, far away from the theatre of war.

There is one broad line which, in our opinion, marks where the legitimate functions of neutral societies end. They are, we hold, only entitled to give such relief as the belligerents are unable to give from stress of circumstances; they are not entitled to take upon them work which the belligerents are quite capable of themselves performing. Beyond this broad rule, no hard and fast line can be drawn, and it must be left to the discretion of the agents on the spot to judge what they should do in each case. Hence the vital necessity of such work being

placed under the control of men of experience and judgment, whose position is a guarantee of the purity of their motives. Men who merely take service under a national aid society as they would under a contractor, for the sake of wages, valuable as they may be in carrying out definite orders, should not be trusted with discretionary powers. And the adventurer, who volunteers his services for the sake of what he can make indirectly, is carefully to be avoided.

That the prodigality with which stores have to be poured out in cases of great need—such, for instance, as in the first days after the battle of Sedan, or on the capitulation of Metz, where 20,000 men lay wounded without the first necessities for their treatment—gives opportunities for misappropriation of stores, must be admitted. In this latter case, the Society's representative, to avoid this danger, arranged to comply with no requisitions from German hospitals, save such as were approved by the Johanniter acting as chief delegate. And as regarded French hospitals, it was arranged with the chief physician of the army of the Rhine that nothing should be issued to them except on requisitions signed by him, or by some one deputed by him for each hospital. Yet it is only too true, that after the Society had, on requisitions signed by one of these deputies, delivered to one of the largest and most destitute of the Metz hospitals stores of considerable value, these were, by the connivance of that very deputy—a French hospital storekeeper—removed from the hospital in French military waggons, and consumed or sold from the house of a French gentleman of position and means. This robbery was dealt with in a court of law, and the offenders were punished. Doubtless peculation on a smaller scale

was frequent. The temptation was great, when rations were scanty, clothing worn out, and the cold bitter and piercing. It is scarcely matter for wonder that we even had railway waggons broken open in the sidings of the station at Metz.

Again, the agents of these societies suffer at the hands of those to whom they are compelled to resort for the purchase of supplies and hire of transport in times of pressure. Time was often better than money; it was life. Delay for the purpose of obtaining wine or brandy or food cheaper, when thousands were dying for need of them, would have been criminally false economy. And so with transport. When the Society's representative, immediately after Sedan, required waggons, he was told by the authorities at Arlon that none could be obtained, as it was the season for sowing grain, even if he offered half as much again as the usual rate of hire. He offered double the usual rate, and in forty-eight hours had all the waggons of the country at his disposal.

At what cost of personal exertion this work was carried out by the agents of the National Aid Society in the immediate theatre of suffering, few would believe. Indeed the money and stores given represent but a small part of England's philanthropic deeds. Not to speak of our surgeons dressing wounded through long hours of day and night, at Balan, while the bullets shattered the windows of the extemporised hospital—at the Caserne d'Asfeld at Sedan, amidst the bursting shells—or on the field at Artenay,—the far less exciting labour of supplying wounded in hospitals claims remark. English gentlemen spent weeks almost without intermission escorting convoys of stores by rail, sleeping in the waggons at night. The Society's depot at

Meaux had a staff consisting of an English gentleman, formerly a captain of Austrian cavalry, in charge, two retired officers of our army, a Cambridge wrangler reading for the bar, a clerk of the House of Lords, a captain of the London Scottish Volunteers, a banker's clerk, and a medical student. Its stores were under professional storekeepers; its horses under the driver of the coach from Brussels to Waterloo. In the most bitter cold of that bitter winter, these men worked day and night, sitting on the driving-seats, or walking beside their waggons, carrying help to the wounded in the lines around Paris.

If it be asked whether these efforts earned the gratitude of the belligerents, we answer that it was not to earn the gratitude of Governments or military commanders that the work was undertaken, but to relieve the suffering of soldiers unable to help themselves. Their gratitude was earned, and many an eye now grows moist in obscure French and German villages when the work of the English is called to mind. The purely military element, as represented by authorities, looked on us with some mistrust. Your soldier, such as the Red Prince, looks on the wounded as the eggs broken to make omelets, and cares little for the shells. But we venture to think the chief cause of mistrust was one that might well be avoided in future—namely, the attempts made, and the claims put forward, to pass from the one side to the other. Even the passing from the armies into neutral territory might have been abused. The Society's representative in the north-east of France passed frequently from the German lines into neutral territory, thence home through

France to England, and back again; and the French Minister at Brussels during the war naïvely related in his evidence on the Bazaine trial his efforts to induce this officer to help him to pass information into Metz, fortunately for the Society's reputation frankly acknowledging his failure. But such journeys were recognised as necessary and natural. It was not so in some other cases. We do not speak of Colonel Lindsay's entry into Paris with £20,000 for the French wounded, preceded by a similar gift to Prince Pless for the Germans, but notably of the efforts made to introduce chloroform into Metz and Strasburg. In both cases we think the Germans unquestionably right to have refused permission to the Society's agents to pass chloroform into the enemy's lines. The fall of a besieged city is hastened by the misery inside; and all alleviation of that misery tends to delay the result desired. Neither would it have been tolerable to allow neutrals to pass from the German lines to the enemy, as was here proposed. So also, attempts to pass stores from the French lines to the Germans constantly brought about annoyance and ill-feeling. A day or two after the fall of Metz, a convoy of the Society's *fourgons*, coming from Arlon to Metz by road, having to pass within the *rayon* of the little French fortress of Longwy, was detained by the Corsican commandant, who, with much bluster, accused the gentlemen in charge of carrying stores to the Germans, refused to believe that Metz had fallen, called Bazaine a traitor for surrendering it, and threatened to shoot our party all round, in one and the same breath.* On several occasions our convoys were stopped;

* This reminds us of another occasion on which one of the Society's agents was accused by a suspicious Frenchman of helping the Germans. "If," said the French-

and near Haverge the storekeeper in charge of a convoy was arrested, the flags of the waggons torn down, and the conductor roughly treated by a party of Uhlans, who made him travel about with them for several hours, and treat them to drink. The Luxembourg Society certainly did more for the French than for the Germans; yet on one occasion a convoy was stopped at Montmédy, and the people absolutely refused to allow its departure. The authorities, with difficulty, protected the conductors, who at last made their escape.

Considering, however, that neutrals were working absolutely unprotected by any treaty, among populations intensely excited, it is only wonderful that no more serious trouble arose. Most of us had our *brassards* stamped with German or French official stamps, which gave protection among the troops themselves. Indeed, wherever an organized staff was established, whose members became known, as at Saarbrück, Remilly, Briey, Metz, Meaux, Sedan, &c., the Society's agents met with every assistance. Stabling and quarters were allotted to them; their horses and waggons were never requisitioned. But wherever gentlemen with roving commissions appeared on the scene, they ran a fair chance of coming to grief.

Nothing so much injured the cause of neutrals as those who have been well called the "parasites of the Red Cross." Every loafing idler who wanted to hang about a camp put on a *brassard*. Jew pedlars, camp-sutlers, neutral vendors of bad cigars and worse liquor, were to be seen at Sedan wearing the Red Cross. No little smuggling

across the Belgian frontier took place under this badge, for no one at that time looked to see what stamp it bore. (We have ourselves had the gates of Sedan opened for us after they were closed for the night, by the "open sesame" of an armlet.) At Saarbrück, newspaper correspondents were openly wearing the *brassard*; and the Society's representative was well rated for raising objections to this abuse of the badge. A French friend, better known in England under his Ottoman signature, called it a base betrayal of old friendship, that the same representative would not give him a place on his staff, to enable him to write for his journal about the Prussians at Sedan. One English lady, happily not connected with the National Aid Society, received permission to forward her letters by the German Field Post, and was discovered forwarding, under cover to another address, information of the movement of troops to the staff of the opposing French general. Who could expect the rough soldier, hearing of these things, to disentangle the true from the false Red Cross knights and ladies, or be surprised at his thinking the whole affair an imposture?

The abuse of the Red Cross badge was not always confined to neutrals. M. Moynier, one of the most earnest upholders of the work, cites sundry instances of these abuses. At Metz, he says, children of twelve years old wore the *brassard*; at Dôle it was worn by the tradesmen of the town, butchers, bakers, and *charretiers*, and by the agents of the municipal police. It was stated at the Brussels Conference of 1874, by Generals Von Voigts Rhetz and Von Schönfeld, the German and

man, "I had a pistol I would shoot you." At last our agent convinced him of his neutrality. "I believe you," said the Frenchman; "but," with a returning scowl, "if I had a pistol I'd shoot you all the same."

Austrian delegates, that even those most degraded of plunderers, who pillage the dead on battle-fields, availed themselves of its supposed sanctity. A Swiss surgeon says that he saw numerous *franc-tireurs*, when retreating, put on *brassards* which they drew from their pockets. It is asserted that at Metz the French military administration provided with *brassards* soldiers charged with conducting supplies, and even peasants driving requisitioned carts. M. Moynier says that the chief of one of the Parisian ambulances, working in the Prussian lines, told him that he had without scruple given *brassards* to wounded men under his care, to facilitate their escape. General Bourbaki left Metz under cover of a *brassard*.

On the other side, the Prussians gave the *brassards* to their soldier stretcher-bearers, though these men carried rifles, and did regular service as soldiers when not employed in the actual work of removing wounded.

We cannot therefore wonder that on both sides formal complaints were made of breaches of the Convention. The wonder is that, considering the loose way in which the Convention was interpreted in France, and the absolute ignorance of its provisions and true meaning by the majority of French surgeons and soldiers at the beginning of the war, there were not more frequent causes for complaint. In Germany, on the other hand, the service had been carefully organised beforehand: the Convention had been made known to the whole army; sixty thousand copies of it had been circulated among the troops; and but for the marvellous breach of its

spirit above cited, there was, so far as we know, no legitimate ground for any accusation against the German military authorities.

The criticism of General Von Voigts Rhetz on the Geneva Convention is probably correct, that if there had been as many soldiers as surgeons engaged in the making of it, it would have been very differently made.* But on the whole it worked well. The day has come when the soldier is forced to make some concession to the philanthropist; witness the Convention itself, the Declaration of St Petersburg as to the use of explosive bullets, and the Acts of the Brussels Conference of 1874. Nevertheless, so long as wars are made, the interpretation of treaties of this nature will rest in the hands of the soldier; and he must be consulted in their making. Some alterations were thought necessary after 1866, and a conference proposed some alterations in 1868; but these additional articles, though approved by all nations except Germany, have not passed into a treaty. At the Brussels Conference of 1874, the Geneva Convention was, by unanimous consent, left untouched; and the Conference agreed to this resolution: "The duties of belligerents with regard to the treatment of sick and wounded are regulated by the Convention of Geneva, subject to the modifications which may be introduced into that Convention." Voigts Rhetz himself agreed to this resolution.

We may safely assume that the Convention will remain in force, modified to meet the requirements of military commanders. But in the next war it will be better

* 4 Combatant officers, including General Dufour, President.

11 Diplomatic service, or with diplomatic powers.

11 Military medical officers.

26 discussed and arranged the Convention.

understood, and assuredly no free lances will be allowed to rove about under the protection of the Red Cross. Commanders of armies will probably make it a hanging matter to wear a *brassard* without due military authority. Germany and Austria have in their existing regulations all that is necessary for exercising strict supervision over the voluntary helpers of their wounded; and will refuse, or only issue under stringent rules, the badge and legitimization card to neutrals. We have seen already the needle's eye through which neutrals will have to pass to be allowed employment in France. We have grave doubts whether, under these conditions, we shall see neutrals giving personal aid. And as we have already given our reasons for thinking it not desirable for neutrals to give money and stores of which they cannot personally superintend the distribution, the national aid societies have an additional reason to our mind for carrying out their true *national* mission, and not, as has been the case in this country, in Belgium, and in Switzerland, undertaking as their main object *international* work. International work should be left to individuals, who can send their gifts of money or stores, equally divided if they will, to the national societies of the belligerents. It may be that a portion of these gifts will be diverted a little out of the channel of help purely to sick and wounded, in which they would be intended to flow. But better so than that we should attempt through a national society to do personal service under rules intolerable to Englishmen, or in opposition to the wishes of belligerent Governments.

What then, it will be asked, should be the future of our own National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, with its

capital of not less than £60,000 invested in the names of the Duke of Connaught, Lord Shaftesbury, and Colonel Lloyd Lindsay? To the present writer it is peculiarly painful to criticise the action of that Society. He has seen its birth, helped to nurse it in its infancy, and watched lovingly over its growth. Closely bound by ties of gratitude and friendship to its chief moving spirit, he feels the task so ungrateful that a strong sense of duty would alone make him undertake it. But we feel bound to urge that it should take up its true work as a national society—that work which by its original promoters it was intended to perform, and which by its own rules it is bound to undertake, but which it has hitherto left untouched. We are convinced that those distinguished noblemen and gentlemen in whose hands the entire management of the Society now virtually rests, would be the last to ignore the wishes of the more humble few who were labouring to promote this Society for years before the war gave it the necessary vital spark; and we therefore invite their attention to the fact, that in the original scheme, which now lies before us, the objects of the Society are defined as being: "First, to organise and work a practical system by which efficient aid may be given to the regular forces in assisting the army and navy medical departments, both with *personnel* and *matériel* during war—and to the reserve forces at home in case of invasion; secondly, to attend to the sick poor, and cases of accident and epidemic in the United Kingdom at all times."

We now turn to the resolutions of the meeting of August 1870, under which the Society was formed. The first resolution unfortunately embodies the common mistake of supposing such societies to be con-

templated in the clauses of the Geneva Convention; for it says, "That the said Society be formed upon the rules laid down by the Geneva Convention in 1864." Clearly what this means is, "upon the resolutions of the Geneva Conference in 1863." Of these rules we will quote the most prominent. "Each committee should place itself *en rapport* with the Government of its own country, that its services may be accepted, if occasion arise." "In time of peace, the committees and sections are occupied with the means of becoming really useful in time of war, especially in preparing *matériel* for all kinds of aid, and in seeking to form and to instruct voluntary hospital attendants." "In the event of war, the committees of belligerent nations furnish, according to their means, aid to their respective armies," &c., &c.

To these rules the National Aid Society should, by its own first resolution, conform; and also to that portion of their third resolution which says, "That the aid and assistance of this Society be given in the first instance to the sick and wounded of our own armies should we unfortunately be engaged in war." One at least of those who spoke at the meeting where these resolutions were passed remembers well endeavouring to impress on the meeting that it was not only a society to help French and German wounded in the then existing war, but a society for all time, to help our own. But we believe we may safely assert that, up to this moment, the National Society has taken no step in the direction of preparing to help our own sick and wounded.

The first resolution on which the Society was founded contemplates a society kept up not only by donations, but by annual subscriptions; another resolution says there should be sub-committees in various parts

of the country. But the National Aid Society has lost all its annual subscribers, and all its nine hundred sub-committees have virtually ceased to exist. Why is this? Because the Society does nothing. Because by long years of utter inaction, it has dropped out of the minds of those who were and are ready to support any living organisation of this nature. It has lost all hold on the public, as is evidenced by the paltry amount of the subscriptions paid to it, when it absorbed the other societies, and formed a Turco-Servian fund.

Would that the committee would learn a lesson from their fellow-committee in Russia, and take to heart these wise words of the Russian Empress:—

"If" said her Majesty, "our Society confines itself in time of peace to the collection of offerings in the expectation of war, it will gain no sympathy and no confidence among the mass of the people; and, in case of war, will remain completely estranged from the people, among whom it should seek the means of being actively useful. Moreover, all our institutions remaining idle in peace, will be in no way prepared for war."

The last report of the Russian Society shows the results obtained by obedience to the Empress's desire. "From the day," it says, "on which our Society took as the basis of its operations to give aid to the people in case of great disasters, public sympathy and confidence in us have greatly increased. The more generous is our help in time of peace, the more will gifts flow in to meet our needs in time of war." This report of the Russian Society is a study. Alike in the campaign of Khiva, the famine of Samara, the great fires of 1875, the Russian Society has shown itself the active centre of help. It derives its annual receipts from collecting-boxes,

lectures, and performances in its aid, and those many means which a public interested in a charity find for increasing its funds. It has 9000 annual subscribers, while no less than two millions of peasants contribute their mite (a single kopeck each) to its receipts. In the famine of Samara it received £80,000; and £60,000 for the sufferers by the fires of Morshansk and Pultusk.

Why do the Russian peasants subscribe? Because the Society's village ambulances are always seen among them, and the Society is to them a living body. But the British National Society is dead. Instead of having that healthier life which comes of members interested in its progress, it is now only the jealous guardian of the balance of a fund collected six years ago. But were it, under the guidance of its chairman, to become the great centre for aid in all national disasters, it would gain a new life, and grow as that in Russia has done. Think what a hold it might gain on the hearts of the people, were its railway waggons for relieving wounded despatched to the scene of every accident, its ambulances at hand to bring succour to the pit's mouth in cases of colliery disasters, or to seek out in villages and bring in to town hospitals the victims of accidents far from surgical aid! Every farthing so spent would bring in a hundredfold; while every railway carriage and ambulance wagon would be available in time of war.

Such a noble aim as this is well worthy of such men as those composing the small body which rules this Society. We say advisedly that the Society is ruled by a small body; for, owing to its want of subscribers, its government is oligarchic. To that oligarchy, above all to Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, the real moving spirit during the great

war—the man whose unceasing personal exertions, day and night, through those weary months, won him the esteem, as his kindness and unselfish generosity won him the love, of all who knew him then—we appeal to come out from the body of this death, and to bring life into the work they have taken under their keeping. Let them interest others in the work. Dr Friedleben has well said, that any society, to be efficient when circumstances call upon it to render real help, should have an activity in peace which continually interests its members in its affairs, and that each member should feel he has a part in the responsibility, and thus be induced to work with zeal in its development. And he points out that such interest can only exist where the management of affairs is in the hands of the members, not of a close and permanent governing body.

What we most insist upon is, that it is the bounden duty of this committee to arrange with the War Department a definite scheme for giving aid to our own wounded in war, and to make whatever preparations are needed for carrying this scheme into immediate effect, should we be drawn into war. Their recognition by the Foreign Office as a national body prevents any other society being formed to undertake this work; and at present the National Society bars the way to others, while it will not act itself. If this is a National Society founded under the Geneva resolutions of 1863, its paramount duty is to prepare in peace to help its own wounded in war. If its committee decline this duty, considering their funds to have been given them for a special purpose in the war of 1870, and that they are not at liberty to use the balance in arranging an organised system for our own army, then let them

abandon their title of "National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War," and call themselves the Committee of the Franco-German War Fund, or by any similar title which will truly explain their functions, and not debar others from taking up the work which they decline to perform.

We warn the public that there is no great nation whose military medical arrangements are less prepared to meet a great war than our own. Any one who will compare the war-service establishments laid down in the tables published by the War Department with the actual existing establishments of the Army Hospital Corps, may by that one comparison satisfy himself as to the complete insufficiency of the existing *personnel*; while, in regard to *matériel*, we believe it is a fact that though 150 "hospital and surgery waggons" are laid down as the equipment of a single army corps, the pattern surgery waggon at Woolwich is the only one in existence. No man living knows better than Surgeon-General Longmore what is the condition of our military medical establishments, no one has more completely mastered the facts taught by experience in the field; and he was the first to recommend the organisation of volunteer help to the wounded of our own army in war.

If matters remain as they are, between two stools our wounded will fall to the ground, and in our first great war, the evils of the Crimea will be repeated. If the National Society stands aloof, saying, "When the War Office has done all that human foresight can do, then, and then only, we should step in to make good deficiencies," it will never give any help; for we can scarcely suppose any one seriously believing that an organisation of that nature will ever be matured in any British military establishment.

Another philanthropic object which attained some development during 1870, is the relief of suffering among prisoners of war. In this, too, our National Aid Society bore a not unworthy part; but this kind of aid was more thoroughly systematised by a Belgian Society organised with this one special object. At the Brussels Congress of 1874, the treatment of prisoners of war was carefully considered, and suggestions made by this Belgian Society, as well as by Russia, were examined. The delegates had no difficulty in agreeing to certain principles as to the treatment of prisoners of war. It was laid down that they are not criminals, but lawful and disarmed enemies; that they should be treated with humanity, and not subjected to violence, except in the case of insubordination; and that they should be treated as regards food and clothing on the same footing as the troops of the Government which made them prisoners. But, as was pointed out by the German delegate, very serious military difficulties would arise from permitting the presence in the territory of belligerents of persons charged with affording aid to prisoners. "They will observe," said General Von Voigts Rhetz, "that in one particular place or province a remount of cavalry is being made; that in another a concentration of artillery is going on; that elsewhere there may be a place well or ill supplied with provisions. On their return they would spread this information, and might thus check the success of important military combinations." The Conference, seeing how delicate were the matters proposed by the Belgian Society, and how the appreciation of Governments must necessarily depend upon the degree of confidence inspired by the persons proposed to be charged with the charitable mis-

sion of relieving prisoners of war, declined to deliberate upon these questions, but submitted the Belgian propositions to their respective Governments.

That a recognised code for treatment of prisoners of war should exist, we believe to be most desirable. We have frequently heard it said—amongst others, by M. Dunant—that the treatment of French prisoners by the Germans in the last war had, to French eyes, been so bad, that should war again occur between them, and France take prisoners, they would suffer for the past sins of the Germans. We may claim some right to offer an opinion on this matter. We have ourselves been instrumental in giving relief to French prisoners, who were undoubtedly suffering extremes of hardship. We have seen some of the saddest sights that war has ever shown: the French army captured at Sedan, cooped up in that narrow peninsula, suffering the pangs of hunger; the captive army of Metz, marching out under the disdainful eyes of its conquerors, the soldiers haggard, worn, weary, throwing themselves down in the deep black mud, in the sheer bitterness of despair, while the pitiless rain poured down upon them. We have seen the French prisoners in the camp at Mainz, cold, bitterly cold, with the snow deep on the ground, many in thin clothing, and stockingless feet, fed by but one meal a-day, and that often given in the early morning of one day, and not till the evening of the next. Nay, worse, we have seen the prisoners of the army of the Loire literally freezing to death in the open railway waggons in which they were for days retained in that severe winter, on their road to Germany; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of men being taken out of those waggons when they reached their journey's end, frozen to death. And yet we

say these are but the inevitable hardships of war.

When the Prussian army turned northwards to pursue M'Mahon, fresh lines of communication had to be established, with all the difficulties inevitably attendant on such a change; and it was practically impossible that its commissariat should be able to feed not only its own army at Sedan, but 80,000 French prisoners, already half starved, and without supplies of their own. When Metz capitulated, food for the prisoners was forthcoming, for the surrender of the army had been anticipated. But we cannot blame the Germans for not building shelter for 150,000 troops, when for months their own outposts had lain in that same mud, from which at times their figures were scarcely to be distinguished. Better arrangements might, we think, have been made for their reception in Germany; but we must fairly consider the strain upon a poor nation, already under the stress of supporting its own army of half a million of men, when a quarter of a million of prisoners are thrown upon its hands. Later on all the worst hardships were remedied; and we English, at all events, cannot afford to cast blame upon Germany for only completing her arrangements by degrees. So, too, with the prisoners from the south. Germany was not responsible for the temperature of the winter; and in those same waggons were her own troops brought up to Paris, and her own sick sent home.

We doubt the expediency of attempting to define too closely the rights of prisoners of war. Every commander would disregard those rights if they interfered with his attention to his own soldiers—their comfort must be attended to first. But we do think that among prisoners of war, who must often suffer from hunger and cold, there is an

ample field for private philanthropic exertions, and we bid God-speed to those who carry physical relief to men who suffer the mental depression consequent on forced inactivity and the chagrin of defeat. The more the suffering of prisoners of war is relieved, the less will be the hatred and revenge stored up for a future day.

The idea of an international code of war, which should guarantee to non-combatants security for person and property, and should prevent reprisals, or at least place definite limits upon them, has often been mooted. The late Mr Charles Buxton was most anxious to bring the subject before our own Parliament after the war of 1870, but his death put a stop to his project. It was reserved to the Emperor Alexander to bring this idea into a practical form. On his initiative, a Congress was held in Brussels in 1874, to which all the Governments of Europe sent delegates. To them was submitted a project for an International Convention concerning the Laws and Customs of War. This project was divided into two sections: the first relating to the rights of belligerents, one towards the other; the second, to the rights of belligerents in regard to private individuals. To give even a summary of the interesting discussions of this Conference would require more space than we can command; and would, perhaps, be to stray from the precise limits of the task proposed in this article. Many of the original proposals having been modified, altered, or struck out, ultimately a project was agreed to; and in the final protocol we find the unanimous declaration that the progress of civilisation should have the effect of alleviating, as far as possible, the calamities of war; and that the only legitimate object which States should have in

view during war, is to weaken the enemy without inflicting upon him unnecessary suffering. The Conference, convinced that it is possible to lay down, by a common agreement, certain limits to restrain, as far as possible, the severities of war, expressed the following noble sentiments: "War, being thus regulated, would involve less suffering; would be less liable to those aggravations produced by uncertainty, unforeseen events, and the passions excited by the struggle; it would tend more surely to that which should be its final object—viz., the re-establishment of good relations, and a more solid and lasting peace between the belligerent States." Herein, indeed, lies the true spirit of philanthropy in war.

A few months ago we were present at the Exhibition held at Brussels to promote means of preserving health and saving life. Strange indeed! Here, in the very heart of the "cockpit of Europe," were gathered together for the second time within two years, not in the rivalry of war, but in the rivalry of humanity, delegates from all the States of Europe, bent on reducing the miseries of war. May we not dare to hope that the awful barbarism of nations armed, hand on sword, waiting but a word to close in deadly fight, is thus silently receiving its condemnation; that the extravagant anomaly of rivalry in creating weapons of destruction side by side with rivalry in relieving the suffering caused by them, cannot much longer endure; and that, far off as the end may yet be, hard as we may have to strain our sight to pierce the gloom that immediately surrounds us, we may yet, with the eye of faith, see in the dim distance the light of the day when not brute force, but purer reason, shall reign triumphant in God's beauteous world?

NEW BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHIES.

THE lessons of biography are many and various. It has all the attractions of fable, with the additional advantage that its moral is worked out before our eyes with that solidity of experience which is more telling than any logical deduction. The struggles which end in success or failure, the manner in which one after another takes or misses that tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune, the effect of external influences and of natural temperament upon that serious work of existence, which so often puts out our best calculations, should be much more effectually shown in the books which narrate the real life of our predecessors or contemporaries, than in any other description of literature. One of the greatest charms of fiction is when it supplies this picture of life, or rather of living, with such seriousness and power as to impress the reader as by a real record. But the actual chronicle itself, when simply set forth, is more impressive still. The effect produced, however, is seldom in accordance with the rigid yet easy conclusions of the formal moralist in whose hands the virtues are always remunerative. Goodness is not always rewarded, nor patient merit vindicated from the spurns of the unworthy, in those disclosures of actual existence; nor is luck dismissed altogether, as it ought to be, from the list of those agencies which procure advancement. At the same time, many of those delicate compensations of poetry and sentiment which we are apt to shake our heads at as ima-

ginary, do actually come in to counterbalance, as they may, the hard sentences of fact. The life that is hardest in the living is often the most delightful, the most instructive, to posterity; and all the pleasures a man has enjoyed sink into unimportance before some incident which probably was the most painful in his life—some struggle which leaves traces in all his after-history. Prosperity is a delightful thing in itself, and few real men and women ever weary of its pleasant conditions, though sometimes it pleases a capricious fancy to imagine this impatience in some vaporous young head, hero or heroine of fantastic fiction; but it is very apt to weary the reader, to whom records of well-being are monotonous. Genius itself can do little for the wealthy and happy. At the very best they must be threatened with trouble or suffering before we can take any particular interest in them; and the magician who could make a man's struggles against the simplest elements of misery, want, or weakness, into something half divine, is compelled to dwell lightly and with brevity upon the reward of his hero's virtue when attained. The record of the conflict may be as minute as he pleases, but one line is enough for the victory. Paradise itself is dull to the human reader; and not even Dante can make the eternal shining and singing of the blessed anything but monotonous. Had Eve been superior to the temptation of the apple, what would have become of poetry and human song? The 'Life of a Scotch Naturalist'*

* *Life of a Scotch Naturalist.* By Samuel Smiles, author of 'Self-Help.' Murray, London: 1876.

is full of this visionary compensation which transforms hardships past "into something rich and strange." It is of necessity a homely and simple story; but it takes a delicacy and purity more refined than refinement from the very disadvantages of its subject. It is a record of success in unsuccess—of fame unmingled with any sordid advantage—of work absolutely disinterested and done "for nought," as the noblest work has almost always been done. To attain this curious conjunction of triumph with failure—a reputation which is perfect in being barren—is rare enough. Of the few men who struggle into the appreciation of the world from the lower classes of society, most have some gleam of advantage one way or another—a gleam bright enough at least to madden and ruin, if not to elevate them—and are hoisted up, if not permanently, at least for one giddy moment, out of the circumstances in which they were born, almost always to their moral deterioration and injury one way or another; or else they fret and chafe at their humbleness, and kill themselves, and ruin all that is finest in their nature, by fierce and painful struggles for this dubious good. But here is the life of a man in whom no transformation whatever has been wrought in externals by his mental superiority, and who has come to a modest perfection of fame without adding one penny to his weekly wages, or gaining one year of holiday in his laborious life. It is the story of a poor shoemaker, who is a famous natural philosopher without ceasing to make shoes, or attaining in his old age to any seat more easy than that of the familiar bench. "Here I am still," is the legend in the end of the little book inscribed under the portrait of the homely, cheerful old man in his apron, with his hammer in his

hand. Fortunately, since that was printed, and indeed since these pages began to be written, public honour and recompense has all at once come to the humble hero; and Lord Beaconsfield has never done anything more graceful or seemly than the act by which, in obedience, it is said, to the personal wish of the Queen, he has secured the future comfort of the veteran naturalist who has so long been "Nature's fool." Even in this tardy reward, however, it is curious to trace a secondary cause more immediately potent than the first, and to see, as is very evident, that it is not Thomas Edward's great qualities in the first place, his enthusiasm and fine insight, and the humble yet lofty virtue which made it possible for him to do so much true service to science, which have won him this recompense—but rather the fact that his unpretending yet remarkable figure has caught the eye of a man of letters, whose special studies have been directed this way. He would have been no less remarkable, no less worthy the admiration of his age, had there been no Mr Smiles to find him out; but in that case he would still have been a poor old cobbler at Banff, not considered worthy by the important persons of that burgh to belong to their little local society, unhonoured in his own neighbourhood, and unknown except to the few scientific men who have picked his brains and got the chief advantage of his toil. For threescore years he has given himself with a noble rage, of which only the finer natures are capable, to the unrewarded and little-known investigations into the wonders of nature which are here recorded, earning from his humble neighbours the reputation of a semi-madman, and giving up to unremitting toil those spare moments which even a poor shoemaker may enjoy. But

nothing came of it till he caught the eye of Mr Smiles. Here is some consolation to professors of the art of literature, which itself is not always so much honoured as we are tempted to think it deserves. We are not informed how it was that Edward came to the knowledge of his biographer: but this accident has done more for him than all his own honourable and wonderful exertions. That he will be saved from manual labour for the rest of his days is something to be glad of, especially as the modest gift comes to him in the shape of a national tribute, which, of itself, it is an honour to receive.

Thomas Edward was born on Christmas-day 1814, and therefore is now sixty-two years old. His father was a handloom weaver, temporarily a soldier in the Fife-shire militia during that short period of warlike excitement when militiamen had to be employed in garrison service. The soldier's baby in the poor barrack-room at Gosport, which was the earliest scene of his existence, is said to have all but leaped out of his mother's arms after a butterfly which came in at the open window, at the early age of four months—a story which, like the other records of his childhood, will probably strike the reader as of a somewhat fabulous character, such as is common to the legends of a prehistoric age. At a year old he was found to have passed a night—during which the village of Kettle in Fife, where his family then lived, was roused to search for him—in the sty with a furious sow and her litter,—a less poetical evidence of his love for nature and “beasts.” From these early beginnings of the patient observation which is so important to science, the urchin went on until he attained the maturity of six, in perpetual conflict with all surrounding him,

because of his growing infatuation for “beasts.” Apart from the fact that it is a great strain upon our credulity to realise that all this is told of a child under six, the anecdotes of this childish period are extremely amusing and well told. He filled the humble home of his family with rats, frogs, tadpoles, leeches, every kind of creature he could find in the inland puddles or sea “dubs.” He was whipped, his clothes taken away from him, every penalty invoked upon his head; but nothing frightened the hardy imp, who, when no other garments were to be had, went out in “a bit of an old petticoat” to pursue his favourite researches. He took his beasts to school with him—with what consequences may be imagined—and was expelled from one humble place of instruction after another on this ground. Had he been double the age described, the story would have been more harmonious; but it is difficult to believe in so many adventures at so very early an age; and the homely surroundings, which are graphically given—the father coming in from his work, the mother glad of a deputy to rock the cradle, the tottering old granny who, clutching him by the collar, drags the small truant to school—are somewhat out of keeping with the solemn scenes in the schools themselves, in which the culprit is addressed as “Master Edward,” a very unlikely form of speech as addressed to a poor weaver's child. But with this exception the story is told with engaging simplicity; and when the poor little urchin gets to work in Grandholm Mills, two miles from Aberdeen, to which place his family had removed, a strain of genuine poetry comes into the narrative. The factory was situated in a beautiful valley, sweet with woods and

streams; and, apart from "beasts" and their never-failing attraction, the loveliness and freshness of nature seized upon the boy's heart—a passion never quenched but entirely disinterested, as the reader will see when he hears at what a price its enjoyments were bought. Little Edward seems to have been about nine when he began work at this place, along with his brother; and their working day was of fourteen hours' length, begun and ended by a two miles' walk. "The boys had to be up about four in the morning, after which they had to get their breakfast and to walk two miles to their work. They were seldom home before nine. It was delightful in summer, but dreary in winter when they went and came in the cold dark nights and mornings." How their little frames supported such an ordeal does not seem to be considered; for this was before the days of ten-hours' bills; and the little fellows earned three or four shillings a-week each, and latterly five or six shillings—nounimportant addition to the family finances. It is with no bitterness, however, but with the most genial and tender recollection as of the halcyon days of existence, that Edward himself looked back upon this period of his life.

"People may say of factories what they please," he writes, "but I liked this factory. It was a happy time for me while I remained there. It was situated in the centre of a beautiful valley, almost embowered among tall and luxuriant hedges of hawthorn, with water-courses and shadowy trees between, and large woods and plantations beyond. It teemed with nature and natural objects. The woods were easy of access during our meal-hours. What lots of nests! what insects, wild flowers, and plants, the like of which I had never seen before! . . .

It so happened that for a month or two during summer-time, owing to the scarcity of water, our part of the fac-

tory worked during the night-time and the other during the day-time, week and week about. This was a glorious time for me. I rejoiced particularly in the night-work. We got out at six in the morning; and instead of going directly home, I used to go up to the woods of Scotston and Scotston Moor, scoured the country round them, and then returned home by the Auld Brig. . . . I would reach it perhaps by dinner-time, instead of seven in the morning, although I had to be back at the mill again by eight o'clock at night. . . . Ah, these were happy days! There were no taws to fear, no tyrannical dominie to lay them on. True, the farm people did halloo at me at times, but I generally showed them a clean pair of heels. The gamekeepers also sometimes gave me chase, but I managed to outstrip them; and although no nests were to be got, there was always something to be found or seen. In winter-time also, when the canal was frozen, a mile of it lay in our way home, and it was capital fun to slide along going to and coming from our work. This was life, genuine life, for the young."

Curiously enough, within the same generation the most gifted of English poet-women, Elizabeth Barrett, worked herself into a passion of generous song on the subject of factory children. The reader will remember that heartrending outcry of sympathy and indignation, in which, it cannot be doubted, there lay, translated into vehement poetic language, and transformed by impassioned feeling, a foundation of painful truth. Yet this real sketch may be at the same time admitted as a pendant. Here, it is evident, was a factory boy, made half a poet by the ardour of a fresh, unworn, unwearyed soul in free contact with the simple fulness of nature—as open to the delights of the skies and woods, to the freshness of the sweet air and dews, to all the beauty of the world, as the poet herself could be—with nothing crushed

out of him by his labours, though these were longer and harder than (we should have supposed) young flesh and blood could bear. "This was life, genuine life, for the young!" How strange is the contrast between the real and the ideal! Had Edward been a little gentleman making his way to school, happily playing truant now and then among the woods, his life full of indulgences, leisure, and frolic, could his boyhood have been more delightful to him?—though it is inconceivable to us how the child could have lived through it, much less enjoyed it. "These were happy days;" "it was a happy time for me." From four in the morning till nine at night—with cold, darkness, rain, and snow to counterbalance those glories of summer mornings, which intoxicated the little soul with joy. How different is the picture of fancy!—

"It is good when it happens, say the children,
That we die before our time!"

The little Aberdonian had no such notion in his small head, all agog with liveliest curiosity, interest in everything, overflowing activity, and life. There was nothing but life about him, stirring, whirling, humming, in every hedgerow, running riot in the crowded woods, which we call silent, but which little Tam knew to be full of a hundred wild, small voices, calling him with urgent, harmonious clamour. The eyes which ought to have been so sleepily danced with eagerness; the freshness of the north-country atmosphere got into his head like wine. One remembers still, over long tracts of years, what heavenly intoxication was in those mornings, in the great, wide, silent yet murmuring world of sunshine, in which the child stood alone, a

wonder to itself, wondering over all around, moving about in this world, not realised, yet which God had made expressly, that very day, for its delight and astonishment. But then the child one wots of had not fourteen hours' work before it, until the equally miraculous evening should succeed that miraculous morn. Thanks to Thomas Edward, we know now that the fourteen hours' work is, after all, an insignificant circumstance, and that no young prince could have been happier than at least one factory boy.

And yet a more ignorant child could scarcely have been found. He could barely read. The mysteries of grammar (as is specially mentioned) were unknown to him; and it seems to have surprised his friends that he afterwards managed to express himself very fairly, even with a certain old-fashioned solemnity of diction, without ever having learned, like Mrs Malaprop, his parts of speech. But nature, and not literature, was his book. He studied not the thoughts of men, but the blameless creatures in their hidden life, of whom we know so little. With a never-failing delight and sympathy he watched the ways of those dwellers in the woods and fields, taking them into his heart, happily with the fresh enthusiasm of the observer, rather than with that eagerness for possession which betrays boys and philosophers into needless cruelty. In after-life, no doubt, this boy-philosopher was seized with the desire to make collections and gather specimens, without which no man can be scientific; but the earliest thirst in his soul was for knowledge, rather than collections, and throughout all his life he was an observer of life, rather than a dealer in death. The happy days, however, of his factory life were soon over, and the unschooled urchin, with his head full

of so much eccentric unsuspected knowledge, was apprenticed at eleven to a drunken shoemaker, who made his life miserable. From that time to this he has never escaped from the daily exercise of his trade. He has spent as much time as many a *savant*, with nothing else to do, in pure pursuit of science; discovered one after another new species; written, discussed, classified; with innumerable difficulties he has worked himself into fame as a naturalist, attained honorary distinctions, and been mentioned with flattering phrases in scientific works; but all the time has never got free from his cobbler's bench. The hours of his study have been stolen from his sleep; they have swallowed up every other kind of pleasure and relaxation; but they have never interfered with his trade, and that steady daily work for daily bread which is the condition of existence to a labouring man. We do not remember in all the records of struggling intelligence a more touching or elevating chapter. It is hard upon the man that all his efforts should have brought him so little advantage; but it confers a dignity and grace upon the story which no worldly success could have given. And never was there a time when such a lesson could come with more true potency than now, when every little mental gift seems to fail of its effect if it does not hoist its possessor up into the sphere next above him, and help him to rise in the world. Thomas Edward has not risen in the world. He is a poor shoemaker, as he always was. He has made no mercenary advantage out of the gift which God has conferred upon him. We repeat, it is no doubt hard upon the man for whose toils there is no immediate recompense; but such a picture of disinterested enthusiasm is very good for the world.

It cannot, however, be denied that our hero must have been the most troublesome boy that ever perplexed a household; and that when, after all the troubles of his youth, he settled in life and married, on the prudent foundation of an income of nine shillings and sixpence a week, he must have been a somewhat uncomfortable husband. Here is an account of the way in which he pursued his course after his early marriage:—

“As he did not cease shoemaking until nine at night, nearly all his researches were made after that hour. He had to be back to his work in the morning at six. His wages were so small that he could not afford to abridge his working-hours. On returning home from his work at night, his usual course was to equip himself with his insect boxes and bottles, his botanical book and his gun; and to set out with his supper in his hand or stowed away in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink. So long as it was light he scoured the country, looking for moths and beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank or a bush or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labours. . . . Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank, and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He kept his head and his gun out watching and waiting for any casualties that might happen. He knew of two such holes, both in sandbanks and both in woods, which he occasionally frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. . . . Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of them he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform. When it

rained heavily, he drew in his head and his gun and slept until the first streaks of light appeared on the horizon ; and then he came out of his hole and proceeded with his operations."

Had Mrs Edward objected to this vagrant existence, it would have been very comprehensible. But the good wife, on the contrary, was his aid and steady backer-up, wild as his enterprises were, having sense enough to see the difference between an enthusiasm of this elevating kind and the vulgar frenzies which do good to no one. When reminded of his wanderings at night, and asked what she thought of them, she replied, "Weel, he took such an interest in beasts that I didna compleen. Shoemakers were then a very drucken set, but his beasts keepit him frae them. My man's been a sober man all his life ; and he never neglectit his wark : sae I let him be." Even by times, when she had earned a little money herself, she would buy him boxes or bottles for his "beasts," or shot for his gun, with tender indulgence for his vagaries. And the two homely people brought up a family of eleven children, in independence and virtue, and had "a glass of wine and a piece of sweet-cake" to offer to a friend, notwithstanding that Edward's wages never seemed to have reached to more than fifteen or sixteen shillings a-week all his life. This seems almost as great a miracle, though of a different kind, as the fact that he had himself gathered and prepared the wonderful collection which he exhibited in Aberdeen—an achievement which the Aberdeen people did "not believe possible."

This Aberdeen exhibition is the point in Edward's life at which the highest dramatic interest is reached. The fervour of pursuit which led him forth night after night with his old rusty gun and his wallets to undergo all kind of trials with

nature—cold, storms, drenchings innumerable—was naturally varied at times by a desire not only to win some fruit of his toil, but to gain some advantages for the pursuit which engrossed his thoughts more and more, though he felt day by day the difficulties increasing in his path. It was natural that he should wish to be in a position to devote himself to the congenial work in which many competent authorities had by this time assured him he was capable of doing good service, and to get at the means of arranging his discoveries, books, and a society which would understand what he was doing. To enable him to do this, no great thing was necessary, no public benefaction, but only some little appointment, if he could have got it, less exacting than the shoemaker's bench. "If £40 or £50 a-year could be obtained, that would be glorious!" one of his correspondents writes : and when one thinks how many people there are in this kingdom within a post of Banff to whom fifty pounds a-year is as a drop of water in the ocean, and who no doubt would have been glad to give it, had it only been usual so to do ! But poor Edward had no way of getting this "glorious" competence. It occurred to him to exhibit the collection he had made at Banff, at the fair ; and the success of the little attempt encouraged him to carry his riches to Aberdeen and try his fortune there. It was, however, a complete failure. No one came to see his museum, or at least so few, that this forlorn hope, instead of helping the naturalist up, pushed him down into the dismal abyss of debt from which hitherto he had kept free. Debt is the last of horrors to a respectable working man, and with reason ; for it is a burden from which, once established on his shoulder, he can rarely

get free. Edward was in despair. Who does not remember the story of poor Haydon raving in the solitude of his empty exhibition-room over his great melancholy failure of a picture, and seeing the crowds go past him to stare at the miserable little monstrosity who was the fashion of the moment? Edward had no Tom Thumb to drive him mad, but panic and despair had driven him out of himself. He saw no way of escape; and at last the dreadful thought occurred to him to steal away to the familiar sea, and there he drowned as it were accidentally, leaving no stigma upon his good name, and purchasing pity for his children with his life. How this melancholy purpose came to nothing is as characteristic as anything in the record:—

“From the time of his leaving the shop in Union Street until about four hours after, his memory remained almost a complete blank. Unlike a dream, of which one remembers some confused ideas, this blank in his mental life was never filled up; and the purpose for which he wandered along the sands left little further impression upon his memory. He remembered, however, the following circumstances:

“He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, before rushing into the sea, when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sands near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habit to the others. Desirous of knowing something of the nature of this bird, he approached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away; he followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Don mouth. When he recovered his consciousness he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the further side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense

love of nature. His ruling passion saved him. How long the chase lasted he could never tell. It must have occupied him more than an hour. He found himself divested of his hat, coat, and vest, and he went back to look for them. He had no further desire to carry out the purpose for which he had descended to the sea. His only thought was about the strange bird among the sanderlings. What could it be?”

This curious and touching triumph of mental habit and enthusiasm over the most tragic purpose has a simplicity of nature and truth about it which no fiction could venture upon. The poor naturalist thus escaped from self-destruction was saved from his difficulties by an expedient only less terrible—the sale of his collection. He got twenty pounds for this labour of years, and felt as if the heart was being rent out of his bosom—yet lived to make another and sell that too, as the call of another hard necessity arose. His energy never forsook him; and perhaps it was well for the man that he was thus compelled periodically to begin again, and never lost the occupation which declining strength and gathering years did not make less dear to him. When he ceased to be able to roam about through the chill freshness of the northerly nights with his gun and his paraphernalia of bags and bottles, he took to collecting the treasures cast up by the sea in that most primitive of dredging apparatus, the stomachs of the fish taken along the coasts; and in this way discovered some twenty new species of sea-creatures, some of whom figured in a book about the *Sessile-eyed Crustacea*, whatever they may be. Thus he toiled slowly into reputation, into correspondence with other inquirers, and publications in newspapers; and at last attained to the flattering though empty honours of a Fellowship of the Linnæan So-

ciety. The poor shoemaker has now been for several years entitled to write the letters F.L.S. after his name, though many greater persons have sighed for them in vain. But this did not put a penny in his pocket, nor smooth one stone out of his daily path. His success was perfect, without alloy of interest or worldly advancement—a beautiful fate, but a barren one. Let us be thankful that at last he has got the modest sustenance his humility makes enough for him, and that unsought, from the legitimate national fountain of honour.

We cannot refrain from quoting one other passage from Edward's life to show how much more charming and instructive is the observation of life and nature in which he delighted, than those classifications and anatomical preparations which make science hideous to the unscientific mind. The narrative is his own; and the reader will perceive that the untaught cobbler, who never learnt grammar, to the great regret of his patrons, is able to express himself much better than many people who have studied that vanity, and even with a certain florid dignity of diction very characteristic of the old-fashioned Scot.

"I was reclining against a tree one night, listening to a reptilian choir—a concert of frogs. It was delicious to hear the musicians endeavouring to excel each other in their strains, and to exhibit their wonderful vocal powers. The defect of the concert was the want of time. Each individual performer endeavoured to get as much above the concert-pitch as possible. It was a most beautiful night—for there are beautiful nights as well as days in the north—and I am certain that these creatures were enjoying its beauty as much as myself. Presently when the whole of the vocalists had reached their highest notes, they became hushed in an instant. I was amazed

at this, and began to wonder at the sudden termination of the concert. But looking about I perceived a brown owl drop down with the silence of death on to the top of a low dyke close by. He sat there for nearly half an hour, during which there was perfect silence. The owl himself remained quite motionless, for I watched him all the time. Then I saw the owl give a hitch and move his head a little to one side. He instantly darted down amongst the grass and rushes, after which he rose with something dangling from his claws. It was a frog; I saw it distinctly. He flew up to a tree behind the one against which I was leaning. I turned round a little and looked up to see how the owl would proceed with his quarry, whether he would tear him in pieces or gobble him up whole. In this, however, I was disappointed. Although I moved very quietly, the quick eye or ear of the owl detected me, and I was at once greeted with his *hoolie-gool-oo-oo*, as loud as he could scream."

The reader, we fear, will feel it to be a reversal of all the laws of literary magnitude that we should place the Memorials of Mr Kingsley's Life* after and not before this simple record. The objection will be just; for Kingsley was, it need not be said, a personage infinitely more important than the poor old shoemaker in whose homely chronicle we have found so much interest. His position, his public eminence, his great talents, the striking personality which made him visible wherever he moved, all make the difference apparent. Yet we cannot but feel a certain justification in the preference we feel for the sober tones and straightforward story of the humble publication. The other book is very natural, very excusable, but not very satisfactory. It is a series of funeral orations or panegyrics, affectionate, admiring, enthusiastic, according to the temper of the writers, broken up by bits of

* Charles Kingsley : His Letters, and Memorials of his Life. King & Co.

narrative of a corresponding kind—the whole reading like an enormous enlargement of those letters which near relatives write to the dear friends of one who is recently dead. Nothing can be more comprehensible than such a tender compilation. The object of all these praises was, no doubt, worthy of them; and he had so many friends, that the survivors may be excused for believing that the interest attached to his name is quite enough to carry these memorials of him far and wide—a confidence which is thoroughly justified by the fact that already the book has attained a second edition. Nevertheless, this is not the kind of record which will hand down a man's memory to succeeding ages. It is full of minute description and many interesting details; but perhaps the revelation it makes is more of the peculiar society, which makes a hum and murmur through all its pages, than of the man so abundantly appreciated, so perpetually applauded, whose life never seems to have been clouded by failures of any kind, and whose efforts were always productive of the greatest good to some one or other. The society thus introduced includes the very best people of the middle of this century—not only of the good, but of the good-doers—people of the highest aspirations, with the most noble aims in life, whose letters and conversations, both very voluminous, are all occupied with the highest subjects. Perhaps, however, it is this very continuity and unbroken strain of goodness, nobleness, and instructiveness which strikes the reader with a certain mixture of weariness and half-distrust.

Kingsley himself, as is well known, was as admirable morally as he was noticeable personally—a man full of tenderness of heart and keen sensibilities, as well as of

a vigorous physical nature, delighting in everything that is good and beautiful. And it was the constant aim of his life, in all honesty and truth, to benefit his fellow-creatures in every way; a noble purpose which we cordially acknowledge and admire. This book seems, however, designed to prove that he attained this great object in a much greater degree than falls to the lot of most of us. Everything he did or wrote, and almost everything he said, seems to have done a great deal of good to somebody—who told him so, and thus kept him continually encouraged, and supported against all oppositions. His books brought him countless letters acknowledging the highest of obligations; everybody admitted to his society considered it a distinction, and treasured up the words that fell from his lips. What could such a man be but happy in the life that adapted itself to all the desires of his heart? Such is not the common lot of humankind; to do a great deal that is uncongenial, and to get very small thanks for it, is our more general fate; and the adversary might perhaps be justified in asking after this record, like that subtle questioner who brought all his troubles upon the patriarch, “Doth Job serve God for nought?” Kingsley had a happy personal life, his only clouds being those early ones, like the morning mists, which arose first from an attack of youthful doubt, and then from the trials and difficulties of youthful romance, which, as they were over soon enough to permit him to marry at twenty-five, must have been mild enough. He never seems to have been rich, and his rectory was damp and even unhealthy; and now and then his boldness of speech provoked assaults or reprisals which were not pleasant;

but these would appear to have been the only thorns in his path. He attained early to the gentle advancement of a country rectory, not rich perhaps, but far better than many of his peers. He married the woman of his choice, of whom he speaks continually in an unchanging strain of love and admiration. He wrote, and his books brought him much favour and remuneration of a more practical kind. If his political exertions were not of immediate worldly service to him, they at last helped to make him of importance in the world; and towards the end of his life he attained to professional advancements, and was in the way of everything that was going, had he lived. Add to this—a circumstance which tells for still more in the life of a tender-hearted man—that his was the first funeral that went out of his cheerful gates from the time of his marriage, that no irremediable sorrow ever touched him, nor misfortune—nothing bigger than the general toils and frets of life. This is to tell in little the story of an exceptionally happy life. He had hosts of friends; he had a full and highly-gifted and affectionate nature, and the means of unbounded activity, active as he was, and the power of doing good, as everybody bears witness. What more could have been asked for him? He might have been made a bishop if he had lived; but that could have added little to the popular Canon of Westminster. He not only lived and loved, as he had said, but enjoyed thoroughly everything that men prize most. It is a refreshment and pleasure to dwell upon such happy lives; few of us get anything like such warm overflowing measure of blessedness: but it can scarcely be expected that the record should be dramatic, or move the deeper feelings.

Charles Kingsley was born in the year 1819—the most suitable period in the world for such a man to be born in—the old-world difficulties of life having been chased away by the great wars of the beginning century, and a new world opening of ideas and speculations and great intentions, in which most people hoped, as people periodically hope, that the world at last was going to be made better. The observer might almost suppose that a generation here and there is born more hopeful, more young, than the other generations, to try new schemes, and believe in new panaceas. Kingsley also came of a class which was specially happy and congenial to him; for though no class can come so deeply in contact with evil as the clergy, few are so hopeful of doing good, and mending everything to which they can turn their hands. He was a preacher from his childhood, uttering little solemn baby moralities, of which some examples are given us, in the nursery; but at the same time was a sturdy boy, full of activity, energy, and curiosity—a thoroughly outdoor and healthful being. When he went to Cambridge he was seized with the prevalent complaint of “Doubt”—a malady vigorously striven against, and conquered—which is spoken of with great solemnity and bated breath by the affectionate biographer, though it seems doubtful how far this kind of mental measles deserves the respectful awe with which it is usually treated. Granting, however, that it does produce those mental tortures with which it is credited, it must have been over early, since we find him ordained at twenty-three, the earliest legal age—having thus taken without visible postponement that decisive step, and given that pledge of faith, which no man so honest as he could have given had not the fit been fully

over. There was, too, another period of suffering, as we have said, in which circumstances preventing his marriage kept him unhappy, with that delicious woe which is one of the prerogatives of youth when it does not go too far. And that it did not go too far in Kingsley's life is evident from his early marriage—another special privilege of a clergyman, who, when he is fortunate, can realise and consolidate his life so much earlier, in most cases, than other professional men. He had begun his 'Saints' Tragedy' before his marriage, and published it very soon after. It made, we are told, "but little impression on the literary world in England," but was "eagerly read in Oxford," and "gave him a new position, especially among young men at the universities"—a kind of fame very sweet, dangerously so even, to young writers not long clear of the universities themselves; and called forth from such an authority as Baron Bunsen the curious suggestion that "Kingsley might continue Shakespeare's plays." "I have for several years made no secret of it," says this able man, "that Kingsley seems to me the genius of the country, called to place by the side of that sublime series from King John to Henry VIII., another series from Edward VI. to William of Orange." So strangely are clever men deceived sometimes, and led astray by intellectual sympathy! for it seems very difficult to find out any analogy between such a study of complicated mental self-discussion and painful introspection as is found in this poem, and the broad pictures of Shakespeare, always so large and great, and free from the overstraining of individualism.

The 'Saints' Tragedy,' however, was as much a work of the nineteenth century, and as unlike the primitive simplicity of the age in which its

scenes were nominally laid, as was 'Yeast,' his next production—a book which we have always felt to be one of Kingsley's best. We do not suppose the young generation, which spends its eccentricity now in other ways, knows much about this curious, suggestive, broken little story, all full of vague chance-lights, and seethings of thought and feeling, very real to the young author and the young readers, and always more or less attractive to the grown student. But it made a sensation in its time, and certainly a more worthy sensation than much which moves the young mind nowadays. The time was yeasty and chaotic with seethings and swellings as uneasy, as painful, and hopeful as the book. It was the time when the Chartists were supposed to represent a tremendous national upheaving—when some people feared nothing less than a French revolution, and everybody expected a great internal struggle. Kingsley, young and zealous, glowing with fellow-feeling and enthusiastic brotherhood, yet confident that he could show the discontented working man a more excellent way, flung himself into the controversies of the moment with the sincerest eagerness, and sympathy, and self-belief. He had by this time become acquainted with Frederick Denison Maurice, a man whose influence over those about him was very great, and whose name at once identifies the party with which Kingsley connected himself, and to which he remained faithful all his life. The young rector of Eversley rushed up to London in the exciting April of 1848, and threw himself into the conflict. "We are getting out placards on the walls to speak a word for God with," he writes. "I am helping in a glorious work," and he asks his wife to "beg a few sovereigns somewhere to help these poor wretches to the truest alms—to words, texts

from the Psalms, anything which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday." We have no right to say that this alarm was exaggerated, now that all the excitement is so long over. Europe was in explosion right and left, and why should England escape, and rich London, with thousands of Chartists on Kennington Common, and the wealthy metropolis so little defended? Many of us can still recollect well enough the thrill of mingled excitement and alarm, only half painful, which stirred the younger section of society, and which shows, in every word of the abrupt brief notes which the young Hampshire parson, flushed with eagerness and generous pugnacity, and feeling with that unconscious self-reference inevitable to youth, a glorious sense of the opportunity, the swell of the wave under him by which he must rise, as well as the danger to the country, which made every exertion on his part necessary and sacred—sent to his wife, the confidant of his every thought. Not for worldly advancement or gain did the young man's heart throb at the rising of the wave, but for that hope of influencing men, doing good, working out all the sublime ends of life, which is a much more subtle kind of ambition. He had a leader whom he believed in—the "dearest Master" of later years—and he believed in himself with a fervent thrill of consciousness that what he wanted was the very best, and his motives nothing but noble. This curious mixture of piety, eagerness, ambition, self-confidence, and simple exultation in being one of the prophet band, is thoroughly *naïve* and real.

"Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study when I come up to London; and we are to bring out a

new set of 'Tracts for the Times,' addressed to the higher orders. Maurice is *à la hauteur des circonstances*—determined to make a decisive move. He says: 'If the Oxford tracts did wonders, why should not we?' Pray for us. A glorious future is opening, and both Maurice and Ludlow seem to have driven away all my doubts and sorrows, and I see the blue sky again, and my Father's face!"

Animated with this fervour and elevation of feeling, the young champion wrote placards, articles, stories, everything that seemed likely to be of use, and keep back the tide of anticipated rebellion. "I really cannot go home this afternoon," he cries, in his excitement; and goes on with an absolute simplicity in his elation of work and hope which perhaps only a man of his profession could reach.

"I send you my first placard. Maurice is delighted with it. I cannot tell you the interest which it has excited with every one who has seen it. It brought the tears into old Parker's eyes, who was once a working printer's boy. I have got already £2, 10s. towards bringing out more, and Maurice is subscription-hunting for me."

The two pounds ten shillings which is to bring all this brilliant enthusiasm into practical service is inimitable. These he touches in which fiction must always feel herself hopelessly left behind.

Not long after, 'Alton Locke,' the work with which, more than any other, Kingsley's name is identified, was written, presumably after the experiences acquired in this time of agitation. 'Hypatia' is a fine work—and 'Yeast,' to our thinking, a more true, and therefore more interesting study, notwithstanding all its fantastical circumstances; but in 'Alton Locke' the writer's whole code of benevolent morality, all his theories and social hopes, are embodied, and this gives it an interest altogether independent of the sentimental working man revealed in its

pages. According to the indications given in these Memorials, Kingsley's acquaintance with the working man in real presence must have been but slender ; and the tailor-poet would seem to have been evolved from his internal consciousness, like the German's camel. Judged by the practical standard of the working man whose life we have lately discussed, the fancy picture of the young tailor is curious enough. To be sure, the all-absorbing pursuit of science carried the shoemaker of Banff away from all abstract questions, and especially from the vexed ground of politics : but everything is different in the actual universe in which working men live and breathe, rather more than less matter of fact (as is natural) than ourselves ; and looking at things in general with a straightforward and direct gaze more, not less, downright than ours ; sympathetic in matters of real feeling, but not sensitive to fine distresses. It can scarcely be said that Kingsley was the creator of that idealised working man in whom so many people have believed since, but he certainly is one of the chief of his prophets ; and it required some such atmosphere as that of Christian Socialism, with its vast faith in its own exertions and confidence in the teachableness of its *protégés*, to produce such a legendary being. Only once get the working man to believe that the gentleman, the university-man—the flower of education and gentility—regarded him as a brother, and was willing to help him to all that was good and reasonable, and the thing was done : this was the chief point in the faith of these warm-hearted enthusiasts—a generous faith, yet warm with unconscious self-complacency and that happy sense of being able to do good which is the inheritance of youth. Only in the most gradual manner does the conviction that man is not a teachable

animal force itself upon the mind which begins with this generous enthusiasm ; but though a much less satisfactory belief, it generally does get the upper hand at last with most rational persons ; and this is no doubt the reason why Christian Socialism was but a short-lived movement. What wonder, when a man thinks he can rescue his brother by such simple missionary exertions, by “speaking to them,” that process in which children always believe, that he should hold the working man by the button-hole whenever he can, and “speak to” him in every possible tone and with all the variations of entreaty ? Is he not thus a very pontiff holding in his hands the keys of life and death ? and what excuse could there be for him if he neglected this wondrous power ?

Kingsley, from all the evidence before us, must have remained of this opinion all his life. As we have before said, he never published a book, and rarely preached a sermon, without some one coming or writing to him to express eternal obligation.

“His correspondence increased year by year as each fresh book touched and stirred fresh hearts. Officers both in the army and navy would write to him—all strangers : one to ask his opinion about duelling ; another to beg him to recommend or write a national form of family prayer for camp and hut ; another for a set of prayers to be used on board ship in her Majesty's navy ; others on more delicate social points of conscience and conduct, which the writers would confide to no other clergyman : but all to thank him for his books. The atheist dared tell him of his doubts—the profligate of his fall ; young men brought up to go into holy orders, but filled with misgivings about the articles, creeds, and, more than all, on the question of endless punishment, would pour out their difficulties to him ; and many a noble spirit now working as a priest and pastor in the Church of England would never have taken orders but for Charles Kingsley. . . . The publication of

'Yeast' brought him some enemies and many correspondents; and more than one 'fast man' came down from London to open his heart to its author and ask his advice. . . . Clergymen wrote to him to ask him to advise them how to save members of their flock from Popery; mothers to beg him to try and rescue their daughters from the influence of Protestant confessors: while women themselves, hovering between Rome and Anglicanism, between the attractions of a nunnery and the monotonous duties of family life, laid their difficulties before the author of the 'Saints' Tragedy.'

One could scarcely have hoped that so much docility and teachableness was in the world. Few writers of fiction are troubled in this way. We recollect to have heard an instance in which a young author, herself not very long emerged from the schoolroom, was appealed to by a lady of rank, a stranger to her, to recommend a governess (the sternest qualities and discipline required)—a commission which filled the young novelist with mingled awe and amusement; but that was a solitary instance. In Kingsley's life evidently this implied worship, and flattering though troublesome homage was continuous. He himself showed the same wonderful quality of teachableness. "Come down and tell me what to think and do," he writes to his "dearest master," Mr Maurice; and he is constantly having the greatest good done to him, and everything made clear, by books he himself reads. This is so unlike the slow convictions and unimpressionableness of most people, that perhaps it is scarcely to be wondered at if Kingsley believed and felt that teaching was everything, that eloquent placards on the walls might stop an insurrection, and a succession of fervent youthful speeches reclaim the lower classes as by magic. His idea of democratical brotherhood, however, was peculiar;

it was one that might have been held by a Plantagenet king,—the democracy of a patrician, a born aristocrat, always ready to make common cause with the lower against the middle class—that shop-keeping and tradesman horde who are outside all covenanted and non-covenanted mercies, and for whom no one has a good word to say.

This youthful period with all its vagaries was the golden time of Kingsley's life. He was one of the class of men who are far greater in promise than in fulfilment. When such a man dies young all kinds of pathetic regrets are expressed over his tomb; but life affords material for a clearer judgment. 'Westward Ho' was the only one of his mature productions which took any warm hold of the popular mind, and that rather by the *go* and impetus of former productions than from anything to call forth immediate enthusiasm. His after-life was successful and happy, but not in literature; and few men who have made so much commotion in their day will leave less foundation for it to the cool judgment of posterity. But though his reputation may lessen as time goes on, there will still be an interest in the work which he undertook with such ready daring, and in the coterie about him—the most virtuous, the most eloquent, the most instructive coterie in the world. People with a faculty for writing half-a-dozen large octavo pages on abstract subjects in private letters, cannot but be a class by themselves, and we look on with a puzzled sense of being ourselves left out somehow, when they assure each other that their respective works are of inestimable value. Was it not for us to say so?—but while the actors still confront us on the stage, it is as if they themselves had performed the applauses as well as the play; and, in that case, what is the use of the audience at all?

Nevertheless, howsoever opinions may differ as to the rank which Charles Kingsley will take, there can be none as to the general interest with which his contemporaries and immediate successors have always regarded him. His is one of the noticeable figures on that battleground now faded into a picture, where only the other day the conflict ran so high. Perhaps he had no legitimate right to be there; but patriotic feeling and Christian sentiment are never out of place, and no one can doubt the eager desire to do good, the warm sympathy, the general zeal which made all his theories so earnest and practical. Perhaps, however, it is the chief drawback to his literary work which thus becomes the great point of interest in it—the fact that he did nothing without a purpose, a thing which sadly interferes with the spontaneousness of art. Strange that the highest motive of all, the moral intention, which dignifies every other work, should tell in literature like a fault, weakening instead of strengthening!—yet so it is. It was never his subject that took possession of Kingsley, but Kingsley that took possession of his subject. His human personages were made expressly to illustrate his position, whatever it was—to demonstrate a principle or a theory; and this is what imagination will never brook, the usage which is most resisted by the poetic faculty. St Elizabeth, Hypatia, Alton Locke, are all thus made into puppets, moved not by any will of theirs, but by the jerk and tug of their exhibitor. We may speculate as to the respective merits of the effort which has brought them into being; and most people will agree that Hypatia, who is the least of the three an illustration, is the most real being in consequence. The others, we fear, are more like the chemical experiments of a lecturer, than true creatures of flesh and

blood. They serve their purpose to set forth certain views of human nature, and teach certain lessons; and that is all that can justly be said. Pegasus is a fine steed in his own way, but a less noble animal works better in a plough. It is, however, this moral, benevolent, generous intention which runs consistent through Kingsley's life. It is a much higher inspiration than the mere effusion of fancy, the impulse of nature; but it never reaches the highest effect, as that careless faculty often does—which is hard and unexplainable, yet true. Kingsley (except in his smaller poems, some of which are full of rugged force) never “rhymed for fun”—or, let us say, wrote for love. He had always a greater motive before his eyes.

And genuine as his enthusiasm was, there is a jar of a false note which comes in from time to time and spoils the harmony,—not false morally, but with a jar and jangle of fictitious meaning which hurts alike the ear and the mind. For instance, when we hear the following words from the lips of a young, vigorous, happy man, it is impossible not to feel an uncomfortable sensation, a sense of something fictitious somewhere. “One more thing done, thank God!” he would say, as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of a sermon dictated to his wife; “and oh how blessed it will be, when it is all over, to lie down in that dear churchyard!” A sentiment more inharmonious with the situation and surroundings, and with the robust energy and self-confidence of the man, could not be. Less jarring, yet calculated to call forth a smile, at least, is the exaggeration of adoring sentiment which leads him to describe Mr Maurice's pale head, in reality more *fine* than great, and without colour, as looking like some “great, awful Giorgione portrait.” In both

these utterances there is a strain of unconscious bombast, essentially, though not morally, untrue.

The Life of Rahel* is also, and indeed in a much greater degree than that of Kingsley, a disappointing book. We doubt whether there was any great reason for writing it at all. Great conversationalists, as a rule, are disappointing to posterity. It is difficult to make out the foundations upon which a social reputation rests when both the society and its idol has been sucked away into the vortex of time, and all the favour and applauses have ceased even in echo. A very faint dying echo is all that is preserved in this little book. To the ordinary reader, indeed, the name of Rahel means just nothing at all—a somebody mentioned in one of Mr Carlyle's earlier essays, but otherwise undecipherable by any but the profounder students of German literature in the beginning of the century. Even at that period, it will be seen there was not much for the English reader, unable to make his way into the more recondite circles of foreign society, to base his conception of this Teutonic social phenomenon upon: even Carlyle knew but dimly who "the Lady Rahel" of whom he speaks, was. Here is the first sketch of her which made her name generally known:—

"Mysterious indications have of late years flitted round us concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who seems to have lived in familiar relations to most of the distinguished persons of that country in her time. Travellers to Germany, now a numerous sect among us, ask you as you return from æsthetic capitals and circles, 'Do you know Rahel?' Marquis Custine in the 'Revue de Paris,' says by experience 'she was a woman as extraordinary as Madame de Staël for her faculties of mind, for her abundance of ideas, her light of soul,

and her goodness of heart. She had, moreover, what the author of "Corinne" did not pretend to, a disdain of oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like hers is a force too. With more vanity a person as superior would have sought to make a public for herself, but Rahel desired only friends; she spoke to communicate the life that was in her, never did she speak to be admired.' Goethe testifies that she is a 'right woman, with the strongest feelings I have ever seen, and the most complete mastery of them.' Richter addresses her by the title *geflügelte*, 'winged one.' Such a Rahel might be worth knowing."

Upon this hint Mrs Jennings has spoken—and has gathered together what scraps and baskets of fragments were to be found to elucidate the heroine who, without beauty, without wealth, without position—writing nothing but private letters, in which, from self-restraint or otherwise, she is far from eloquent—"disdaining oratory," perhaps, as her champion says,—acquired for herself the admiration of the most notable people in Germany, and became one of the recognised illustrations of her country. This fact itself, however, seems about all that is to be said of Rahel. She did this, and the wonder of it is enhanced, but left totally unexplained, by anything else we hear of her. She was a Jewess, but not a wealthy one, of no particular education, formally speaking; and her powers of mind were certainly, as is proved by all the evidence before us, not of the kind which can find expression by means of the pen. When she was herself a mature woman—having, however, previously attained her wonderful reputation—she attracted the passionate devotion of a man a dozen years her junior, a not unusual circumstance in the life of notable women. That this love should have finally

ended in marriage is perhaps slightly inharmonious with ordinary ideas ; but it is not so unusual either, and appears in exceptional cases a less dangerous experiment than might be imagined. Varnhagen von Ense made himself, it would appear, the prophet of his distinguished wife, who, wherever she went, collected round her all that was brilliant and great in talent, from Goethe downwards—and became a real power in Germany, an intellectual Margravine or Grand Duchess, holding high court wherever she went. That the charm she possessed was a real and irresistible one is proved by the following story of the adhesion of a brilliant rival, not likely to agree to the social equality of any star which she felt herself able to outshine :—

"In 1803 Madame de Stael spent some time in Berlin, and upon one occasion heard Prince Louis speak of Rahel as a woman who in any country or any society must exercise a very remarkable influence. This appeared to Madame de Stael incredible of any woman out of France. She appealed to Baron Brinckmann. 'What do you think,' she asked, 'of this assumption, that a little Berlin girl should produce an effect in the circles of Paris? You know her very well; do you think she has much *esprit*?'"

"*De l'esprit!*" replied the Baron. 'It would not be worth while to discuss if she had only *de l'esprit*; but, believe me, if Greece were living to-day, she would produce an effect in Athens itself. Who would say of Madame de Stael that she had *beaucoup d'esprit*?'"

"Oh, you compare her to me, do you? That is not bad. What has she written?"

"Nothing; nor will she ever, although she has genius enough to stock twenty ordinary authors."

"But, *mon ami*, you are mad; that is to say, you are a German—a fanatic in friendship as in philosophy. But I must know this miracle. You will arrange an evening for me with her?"

"So the Baron invited the *élite* of Berlin—beauties, poets, philosophers.

Madame de Stael placed herself on the sofa beside Rahel, and for nearly two hours remained in conversation with her, regardless of every other attraction. 'Je vous fait amende honorable,' she cried at length to Baron Brinckmann; 'you have exaggerated nothing—she is extraordinary. I can only repeat what I have already said a thousand times during my travels, that Germany is a mine of genius whose depths and riches are yet unexplored.'

This reads like the *succès* of a heroine in a novel, the young lady in white muslin (generally the creation of another young lady in the same) who carries everything before her, and confounds all the ancient wits, who generally, however, in the novel, are less generous than the brilliant Frenchwoman. We protest, however, in the name of the "ordinary authors" thus summarily put down, against the not uncommon idea that the genius which talks, as in Rahel's case, writes nothing because of a "disdain of oratory." Custine's delightful nonsense of compliment indeed, in his own language especially, is too skilful to be criticised; but this, and Carlyle's repetition and (a long way after) Mrs Jennings's little book, all go to the perpetuation of one of those social falsehoods which we all pass with a sort of implicit reverence for bold assertion, which is a curious feature in human character. Not to say a word against Rahel's genius, it is very evident that she had not the faculty of writing—the best reason in the world for not exercising it. We poor slaves of the pen, in general, boast but little of our faculty; but, such as it is, it is a faculty; and we do not believe, whatever may be the opinion of the most brilliant of coteries, that people of genius possessing this power ever do, from pride, or modesty, or any other elevated sentiment, disdain to use it. Human nature is foolish enough, but not quite so silly as this. A great

author is often a very indifferent conversationalist. The gifts are distinct, and depend upon moral organisation as well as mental; but they ought not to be confounded, especially to the detriment of the more lasting and important of the two.

Apart from these great pretensions made for her, which are proved by the mere fact that they were admitted in society, and by no other evidence, this life of Rahel gives us a dull but amiable picture of a good and agreeable woman, fond of her friends and good to them, interested in the life-and-death struggle going on in the country, bearing up courageously against indifferent health, and fulfilling all the duties of life, as so many good women do. But there is not a trace of genius from beginning to end, and it is as well that no one should come here in search of it. The letters are simple and natural, full of good sense, not remarkable either in subject or diction. Here is a sensible womanly view of female life, such as is systematically ignored not only by all romantics but by most speculators on the subject, who hold fast by the orthodox canon, that to a woman love is the one object in life, all in all. It is from a letter to a friend, urging her to occupy and refresh her mind after long attendance on an invalid:—

“Those people are ignorant of human nature who maintain that we are constituted with minds so entirely different from men, that we could, for example, find our lives fully occupied by a husband or son. It could only be true if a woman had no higher thought in her whole soul than the requirements and claims of her husband, or the wishes of her children. Then *every* marriage as such must be the highest human condition. This, however, it is not. Undoubtedly we watch lovingly with careful solicitude the

wishes of those dear to us, we make them our most urgent occupation; but it is not possible that they should at all times suffice us for work, for refreshment, for rest—not possible that they alone should strengthen us for further activity, or move us for further endurance. This is the reason of what we call the frivolity of so many women. According to commonplace conventionalities they have no fair standing-ground; their foot must always be set down just where a man has planted, or will plant, his foot. They look out into the busy world as any one might do who was suddenly transformed into a tree rooted in the ground. Every wish, every effort, to alleviate the unnaturalness of the condition, is called frivolity, and becomes conventionally culpable. Yet you and I must be refreshed sometimes!”

This is the very essence of common-sense; but it can scarcely be said that there is any touch of genius in it. Rahel, however, is a striking type of those social reputations which must, by their nature, exist almost entirely among the contemporaries of the possessor, and which we ought to be content to accept as indisputable, and to admire, if we will, without attempting to explain. The book is a mistake altogether.

Another book, in which a glimpse is afforded us of a woman of unquestionable genius, whose powers are subject of proof, and not mistakable, is the *Letters of Mrs Browning*.* These are as yet the only elements of biography that have appeared on her account. The truly eminent are less certain of an inevitable two volumes than the lesser lights—a fact which pleases our judgment, though it may disappoint our curiosity. Except a scrap of very charming description, in Miss Mitford's *Reminiscences*, of the girl-poet, looking out bright-eyed from her cloud of curls, we

* *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*: addressed to R. H. Horne. Bentley, London.

have got nothing yet, and probably will not get much, to describe the modest life of the fragile and often suffering woman, whose lamp of genius was too much for her delicate frame to carry. She whom her husband addresses as "my moon of poets" has left a very sufficient memorial in her own undying verse; and we doubt whether it is expedient to lift the veil and make bare the pure and simple sanctuary in which her memory dwells. No one, we think, can doubt now that Elizabeth Barrett Browning has reached the highest elevation in poetry yet attained by any English-woman; and it is a pleasant reflection that 'Maga' was one of the first to acknowledge her genius—the very poem which we have already referred to in these pages as triumphantly denied and set aside by the real experience of a factory boy, having originally appeared in these columns. One fact, however, does not necessarily interfere with the other. The budding naturalist at Aberdeen might extract all the glory of a fresh creation from those early morning hours before men were waking, in which he trudged to the factory, without making it less certain that to imprison bands of poor children in those huge workshops from morning to night was the worst of cruelty. And the "Cry of the Children" remains a most eloquent and impassioned protest against a national wrong-doing, notwithstanding that to some robust souls this imprisonment was not felt as a wrong at all.

The letters contained in this collection begin at a very early period of Mrs Browning's career, when she was still very young, and setting out with faltering, maidenly footsteps upon the path she was afterwards to tread so well. They are chiefly upon literary subjects, and above all they are occupied with the poems and tragedies of the

friend to whom they were addressed—tragedies which, though always showing the work of a fine and cultivated intelligence, and abounding in passages of great poetical beauty, have not, it is to be supposed, been found forcible enough to arrest the attention of the public beyond the generation in which they were given to the world,—though one, at least, the "Cosmo," to which so much reference is made in Miss Barrett's letters, has recently, we believe, been republished. The large space occupied by these references to poems not very widely or generally known, will somewhat impair, it is probable, the reader's appreciation of the letters, which, besides, have much of the fragmentary character natural to rapid letter-writing. Nothing can be more unlike the pages of small print given to us in Kingsley's letters and those of his friends, and of which many specimens (finding their fullest and most awe-inspiring manifestation in the family archives of Mr Augustus Hare) have lately been published—letters which are treatises, and which it is impossible to imagine as written or read in ordinary interchange of friendly communication. What a prodigious sense of responsibility must overshadow the minds of those who pen familiar epistles thus! preserving themselves from the reckoning denounced hereafter for every careless word, at the cost of fatiguing an entire generation here by their much writing. Mrs Browning's letters, however, err on the other side. They are so slight, so flying, so full of allusion, that nothing but an intimate acquaintance with the literary history of the period in which they were written could give them their due weight. Here are a few extracts, however, from one which has the additional interest of being autobiographical, and which gives a slight but touching picture of the

poet's youth. It was to afford material for a sketch, inserted by Mr Horne in a book he was bringing out, entitled the 'Spirit of the Age.' Miss Barrett began this communication by sending a portrait of her dog Flush, a favourite to whom she has dedicated a poem, and who was the solace and companion of years of invalid life. It was to be placed at the beginning of the brief biography, instead of her own portrait, and was, Mr Horne tells us, "humorously made rather like herself." Those who remember Mrs Browning, with her curls falling on each side of her pale, small, expressive face and its great eyes, will understand that an intelligent and sympathetic spaniel might be made to look not unlike her.

"As to story, my story amounts to the knife-grinder's, with nothing at all for a catastrophe. A bird in a cage would have as good a story. Most of my events and nearly all my intense pleasures have passed in my *thoughts*. I wrote verses—as I daresay many have done who never wrote any poems—very early, at eight years old, and earlier. But—what is less common—the early fancy turned into a will and remained with me; and from that day to this, poetry has been a distinct object with me—an object to read, think, and live for. And I could make you laugh, although you could not make the public laugh, by the narrative of nascent odes, epics, and didactics, crying aloud on obsolete Muses from childish lips. The Greeks were my demigods, and haunted me out of Pope's Homer until I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of Moses the black pony. And then my great epic of eleven or twelve years old, in four books, and called 'The Battle of Marathon,' and of which fifty copies were printed because papa was bent on spoiling me—is Pope's Homer done over again, or rather undone. . . . The love of Pope's Homer threw me into Pope on one side, and Greek on the other, and into Latin as a help to Greek. . . . All this time, and, indeed, the greater part of my life, we lived at Hope End, a few miles from Malvern,

in a retirement scarcely broken to me except by books and my own thoughts; and it is a beautiful country, and was a retirement happy in many ways, although the very peace of it troubles the heart as it looks back. Then I had my fits of Pope, and Byron, and Coleridge; and read Greek as hard under the trees as some of your Oxonians in the Bodleian; gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek and made my head ache with it. . . . Then came the failure in my health, which never had been strong (at fifteen I nearly died), and the publication of the 'Seraphim,' the only work I care to acknowledge; and then the enforced exile to Torquay, with prophecy in the fear, and grief, and reluctance of it—a dreadful dream of exile which gave a nightmare to my life for ever, and robbed it of more than I can speak of here; do not speak of that anywhere. *Do not speak of that*, dear Mr Horne. And for the rest, you see there is nothing to say. It is 'a blank, my lord!'"

The incident which she thus pathetically entreats may not be mentioned was the death of her favourite brother, who had gone with her to Torquay, and who was drowned under her windows—a calamity terrible in itself, which no doubt all the attendant imaginations that it was she who had brought him there, and thus innocently compassed his dying, made entirely overwhelming to the sick and tender-hearted girl. We have not room to follow the record, however, and show how brighter days came at last to her; and the common yet great events of ordinary life, wifehood and motherhood, gave her all the story which is to be desired, at least for a woman. The light that is thus thrown upon the poet's life is not a brilliant one, but it is always sympathetic, harmonious, and kind. And we must not omit to add that the notes with which Mr Horne has linked his collection of letters together are often very good, and contain many pleasant notices of other contemporaries.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA.

WHATEVER may be the reasons, British people are not much given to the study of American politics. Perhaps it is because they received a hint, the reverse of civil, a hundred years ago, which diminished their appreciation of such matters; or it may be that the discussion of unavoidable questions between the nations has very often produced much unpleasant wrangling. They do not get on well with American politicians as a class, and so do not trouble themselves about their proceedings. As a consequence, it happens that the crisis in the East to a certain extent monopolises attention, while questions not less fraught with good or evil to the world are rapidly coming to solution in the West. America has just finished her year of pride. She has celebrated the centennial year of her existence by an exhibition of the world's goods, such as has seldom or never before been witnessed. She has received assistance and congratulations from the great nations of the world; and it may be remarked, that by none have both been rendered with more cordiality than by Great Britain. But it is not always that these great displays of the triumphs of peace are significant of its continuance. Hardly were the doors of the great palace at Philadelphia closed before America found herself embarrassed by a disputed Presidential election. This, all the learned writers who have commented upon her much-admired and much-vaunted constitution have agreed in considering as the greatest danger to her liberties and tranquillity as a nation. Fortunately a considerable time intervenes before action concerning it is peremptorily necessary, and the danger

may be averted. It is, nevertheless, threatening and imminent. Probably before the next issue of this Magazine, questions of great import to the Western world will have been virtually decided. Meantime, as the condition of affairs is exceptional, it may be well to consider the causes of present peril to America and to peace.

When the American colonies had achieved their independence, the immediate result was not prosperity. Old disputes and jealousies broke forth. The Continental Confederation, which had hardly held together under the external pressure of a foreign war, became almost a thing of naught. The State governments themselves were not established on firm bases. It was soon apparent that no progress could be made without a competent national Government, and the States met in convention to form a constitution. By this time the class of venal politicians had died out from inanition. There was no chance for greedy demagogues to improve their fortunes from the empty treasuries of States or nation; so it occurred that in the National Convention which framed the constitution such characters were conspicuously absent. Almost without exception the members were men without private ends to gain, of assured standing, and, if such a thing can be realised, above the considerations of party. They came influenced, no doubt, by the interest of their various sections; but they were conscious of the magnitude of their mission, and strove to be equal to the emergency. Their task was not easy. One difficulty, not recorded in their proceedings, originated in the dogma enunciated in that other venerated American

document, the Declaration of Independence, asserting, as the first of self-evident truths, "that all men are created equal."

Whether Tom Paine, an English staymaker, or Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian slave-holder, introduced this absurdity, the Continental Congress indiscreetly adopted it; and it has been quoted as an article of American political faith for one hundred years. The Declaration is a splendid piece of declarative and denunciatory composition, and will always have authority as the initiation of a wonderful empire. Hence the mischief of its fallacies. It is not to be supposed that the signers of the Declaration seriously believed in the assertion. To fancy such men as John Hancock, the Adamses, Livingstone, Carroll, the Lees, Middleton, Rutledge, Hayward, and many others, practically acting in accordance with such an idea, would seem absurd to any one conversant with their lives and characters. As for Washington, it would be hard for any person to look upon his portrait and believe that he admitted the equality of *many* men, not to speak of all. The dogma was probably published inadvertently, or for effect. Perhaps it was hoped that recruiting would be easy amongst the free and equal. But many exercised their freedom by staying at home.

The members of the National Convention did not believe in the assertion, for they got over the difficulty concerning negro slaves by describing them as "all other persons." At the same time, they distrusted the political judgment of the masses of equal whites, and strove hard to prevent the choice of the executive falling under immediate party or popular influences. They provided that the President and Vice-President of the Republic should be chosen by electors, and

not directly by the people. It was evidently intended that the electors should exercise their discretion, and vote for whomsoever each elector believed to be the best qualified for the office of President. To insure impartiality, and remove them from Government influences, it was provided that no elector should hold a federal office. As if to prove the intention of the independence of electors, the candidate second on the poll was to be the Vice-President. This might all be very well, provided electors voted for the best men; but no better scheme could be devised for introducing discord into an administration, if party influences intruded in any degree. The provisions made for the choice of President and Vice-President, failing an election by a full majority of the electors, will be noticed hereafter. The Convention having thus interposed its guardians to shield the election of the executive from the dangers of popular or party strife, left the care of watching the guardians to the States, and these again left the choice of electors to the people. In process of time every anticipation of the framers of the constitution was falsified. Electors became mere nominees in the hands of party-leaders; and before three administrations had run their course, it was necessary to amend the constitution, and provide anew for the election of Vice-President, who is now chosen, like the President, by special vote, if there be a choice by the electors. The system which has resulted from these perversions of intention is about as vicious as could be invented. The reduction of the vote of each State to the number of electors apportioned to its population, and the practice of nominating pledged partisans on a general electoral ticket in each State, offers the greatest temptations for manipulating votes

in closely-contested localities. Even when the canvass is correct, it results sometimes in the accession of a President unacceptable to the majority of the people. Under this system the smallest majority in a State casting, say twenty votes, outweighs the largest majority in a State casting nineteen. But while the framers of the constitution failed in securing the fulfilment of their intentions in these respects, they completed what cannot fail to be considered in others an admirable scheme of government. The constitution encountered much opposition; and it is not probable that it would have had so great a success as it eventually met with, or have commanded so much respect during the eighty and more years which have elapsed since its adoption, had its operations been inaugurated by any one except George Washington. Being fully possessed of the confidence of his countrymen, under it he guided the destinies of the young republic through eight years of troublous times. Even he did not escape calumny; but when he retired from his high office, his work was done, and the constitution was an established fact.

During the first sixty years of this century, the constitution was, in great part, the guide of successive administrations. The amendments, which were early adopted, did not materially alter the spirit of its provisions. Such infringements as occurred were carefully hidden or obscured, and outwardly it was treated with infinite regard. Meanwhile, unwritten and unrecognised perversions have crept in; and in addition, with prosperity and increased revenues, greedy demagogues have made politics a study and profession for selfish ends. Their influence was not immediately felt, still less recognised, in the newly-

formed Government. For many years changes in federal offices, except those of the nature of Cabinet offices, were rare. Ordinary officials, so long as they were efficient, performed their functions undisturbed. But the thirst for public money became stronger as the professional politicians were recruited from needy idlers at home and refugees from abroad. Finally, in the time of President Jackson, "rotation in office," from high to low, became the rule; and from that time the destinies of the country have been, in no small degree, influenced by the needs and schemes of office-seekers of different parties. It was then openly avowed, that "to the victors belong the spoils." No man could expect to receive public employment unless he had rendered party service. All men who had rendered such service did expect their reward from the public purse. Nor did they hesitate to urge and enforce their claims as each candidate, to whose success they pretended to have contributed, assumed his functions. Fitness for duty ranked very low in the list of qualifications for appointments. The numbers of these demagogues increased fearfully with the election of each successive President; and the crowds of blatant applicants for office infesting Washington at the times of an inauguration, became not only a nuisance but a disgrace.

The policy of the Democratic party found general favour with the people of that day, and General Jackson was succeeded by Mr Van Buren, a President of the same political faith. The system of buying votes with promises of places was found to have certain inconveniences. There could be but a limited number to bestow, while the number of aspirants was indefinite. As each comfortable position was appropriated, a dozen

disappointed brawlers went home to brood over their mischances, and concoct schemes of vengeance upon the authors of their fancied wrongs.

A period of commercial disaster occurring during Mr Van Buren's administration, the opposition held him responsible; and with the assistance of unrewarded Democratic partisans, his second election was opposed by a composite ticket, and General Harrison was elected to succeed him. The rush for offices was so great, and the pertinacity of the applicants so annoying, that the estimable old soldier escaped his troubles by dying within two months of his inauguration. The Presidency devolved on Mr Tyler, an old Democrat, who soon threw overboard whatever policy the Whigs who had principally elected him might have proposed. Besides this, he conferred much of his patronage on their coadjutors, the unappreciated Democrats of the time of Jackson and Van Buren. This threw the organisation of the Whigs out of gear, and the Democrats, by a large majority, elected Mr Polk to succeed Mr Tyler. The usual clearing-out took place; but in the meantime the population and prosperity of the country had wonderfully increased, and so in proportion increased the venal politicians and office-seekers. Their practices began to display themselves in high places. Up to this time candidates for the higher positions under the American Government had generally conducted themselves with a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind." When, however, Mr Van Buren, who desired the Democratic nomination for President in 1848, failed to control the nominating convention, he and his following, who had not been sufficiently considered in the later distributions of public plunder, revolted.

It was thought proper to pro-

claim some policy, although everybody knew the reasons for the revolt. For want of something else, they revived the dangerous dispute concerning slavery, and opened the way for a sectional issue. This was not done on behalf of the negroes. They were denounced as nuisances, unfit to live with white men; and the principle of the Barnburners—as the new party was called—was, that no negroes should be allowed to enter the territories of the United States. Free soil was the cry; and although it had no immediate popularity, the seceders so damaged the Democratic party, that General Taylor, one of the heroes of the Mexican war, was easily elected by the Whigs. The rush for office was even greater than in Harrison's time, much to the disgust and annoyance of the fine old warrior, who had had an unwished-for greatness thrust upon him. Besides, the starting of a sectional party had alarmed the Southern people, and danger stared the administration in the face. General Taylor's health gave way under the annoyances to which he was subjected, and he also died, and was succeeded by Mr Fillmore. The apprehensions of the South were temporarily quieted; but the poison had been administered, to take effect in the near future.

The Whig party was by this time completely defunct, and the Democrats succeeded in carrying the two next Presidential elections. General Pierce and Mr Buchanan successively administered the chief magistracy, and the prosperity of the country was unimpaired. In fact there was nothing to complain of. There was but the shadow of a debt; the currency was sound, and readily convertible throughout the land; commerce, with few interruptions, brought its legitimate fruits; the tonnage of America was

the largest in the world; and apparently nothing could be desired, except that the people should be let alone. Still the politicians of the two grand divisions, ins and outs, were not happy. The Democrats had got rid of numbers of their most greedy and covetous place-hunters, when the Barnburners seceded. When the latter found their old party in power, they were still more venomous. The Whigs, being without a party organisation, coalesced with them; and the conglomerate opposition, utterly regardless of the interests of the country, sought any accession to their ranks. They courted the small party of fanatical abolitionists, hitherto odious and insignificant, and this fanned the elements of disturbance in the Southern States. Gratified that they had been at last successful in attracting attention, they pushed on, and made themselves notorious by raising some disturbances and publishing accounts of others in "bleeding Kansas," where a few thousand settlers, coming from New England and the north-west, were forming a territorial government on the western prairies, from the limits of which Southerners and their slaves were to be excluded. This new party called themselves Republicans, and made a strenuous effort for the succession at the close of General Pierce's administration. Their doctrine was, however, unacceptable to the Northern people, and odious in the South, and they were defeated. They kept their organisation, and spared no means of exasperating the South, and inaugurating a contest on sectional grounds. By this time they had fully adopted the abolitionists. They were assisted by the divisions in the Democratic party. Continued successes brought more claimants for rewards for party

services. The greed of immediate position which had been conspicuous in Mr Van Buren's time, developed itself: Mr Douglas was clamorous for himself and his partisans; as he could not be satisfied, he trafficked with the Republicans, broke up the Democratic party, and without gaining anything for himself, ruined his former friends, and threw the election in favour of Mr Lincoln, the Republican candidate. Through the nature of the allotment of votes, and the distribution of Republican successes, with the opportunities afforded by the differences amongst the Democrats, Mr Lincoln became the President of the United States, according to all the forms of law. Notwithstanding, he and his faction were thoroughly detested in a large portion of the Union, disliked and disavowed by a strong minority in the remainder, and fell short of a popular majority by nearly one million of votes.

The effect was immediate. South Carolina, in the exercise of what was implicitly believed to be her rights, seceded from the Union. Her example was followed by the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. Before the inauguration of the new President, the Southern Confederacy was formed. When Mr Lincoln assumed office, the country was divided and the Union dissolved.

The leaders of the successful party were in difficulty. Their own hungry partisans were to be rewarded, and there was less available patronage. The border States were as good as gone; the end to which the policy that they had adopted had brought the country, was bitterly deplored by large masses of the Northern people. They had no chance of retaining power by peaceable means. Nevertheless they did not despair, for war throws open a flood of public

expenditure; and while fat contracts, and offices, would enable them richly to endow their own friends, there would be something to spare to buy up a portion of the needy or greedy leaders of the Opposition. And so war was determined upon. "We must win with the Union," it was said. And so they first brought about hostilities in such manner that they could colourably throw the onus of such act upon the seceders, who only asked to be let alone. Then they shouted aloud for the preservation of the Union and the honour of the flag. The constitution was thrown aside, a military despotism established, and the war began. They soon secured a sufficient number of the leaders of the Northern Democratic party to weaken that political organisation, if no more. The allurements of high military or civil office brought numbers of professional politicians to their ranks. Perhaps the most famous of these was Benjamin Franklin Butler of Massachusetts. This gentleman, to the last most noisy amongst the Democrats, changed his politics in a day. It has been said of him, that being a lawyer by profession, and politician by practice, he sprang at once into the military rank of a general of division, to distinguish himself by being disgracefully beaten on every field, by the spoliation of defenceless citizens, and by officially insulting his countrywomen.

It is useless for the purposes of this article to enlarge upon the conduct of the Federal Government during the struggle. The constitution was thrust aside, although Federal officials and Congress often stultified themselves by quoting its letter at the very time they were riding rough-shod over its most sacred provisions. At the end of four years the Southern Confeder-

acy succumbed from exhaustion, and the States which had endeavoured to retain their constitutional rights lay powerless at the feet of the Republican party.

It is generally believed that had Mr Lincoln, who was just commencing his second term of office, survived, he would have endeavoured in some wise to have restored the constitution. He might have been able to control his party surroundings; but when he fell by assassination, his mantle devolved upon Mr Andrew Johnson, who was a stranger, and whose position as Vice-President had only been accorded to him for a purpose of fraud. He was odious to the South, and commenced reconstruction in as hostile a manner as the most venomous Black Republican could desire. The conquerors proceeded to secure their victory and gather their harvest.

It will be well to remind the reader that the constitution of the United States guarantees to each State a republican form of government. These governments theoretically have exclusive power in all matters of local import, and necessarily have much influence in national affairs. They are similar in organisation to that of the Union, with governors, secretaries, senate, and representatives, and other officers. Elections for such offices are called State elections, and the aggregate of nominations by each party are called the State tickets. As in most States the choice of electors for President and Vice-President takes place on the same day as the State elections, the distinction between the Federal or electoral tickets and the State tickets should be remembered.

The negroes had been emancipated by Federal proclamation, to punish the Southern whites; now they were to be made use of to secure and

continue the power of the Republican party. They were enfranchised by the same power which manumitted them, both being acts entirely unconstitutional. Large classes of white citizens were at the same time disfranchised, to permit the easy manipulation of votes for the proposed ends. Northern politicians who had not gorged themselves during the war, came south, carpet-bag in hand, and plunged into the society of the negroes. They taught them the blessings of liberty and whisky, the tricks of primary meetings and canvass. They promised no end of pomp and sensual enjoyment, so dear to the African heart. They offered themselves as candidates for all the prominent offices in the State Governments, and filled up their tickets for legislators and officers of the lower grades with ignorant negroes. With the support of the Federal Government and troops they monopolised the enfranchised votes, and speedily appropriated all places of power or emolument in the Southern States so soon as they were, as it was called, *reconstructed*. These successful adventurers were called carpet-baggers, from their hasty equipment when they came south to prey upon the conquered communities. The designation was extended to the Governments which they established. There was a show of opposition. It did not amount to much. The Southern whites were powerless. Mr Johnson, who soon quarrelled with the leaders of the Republican party, tried to obtain some support by quoting the discredited constitution. He failed. The politicians took charge of him, passed unconstitutional measures over his veto, supported the members of his own Cabinet in disobeying his instructions, impeached him, and virtually convicted him. He barely escaped being turned out of

office neck and crop. It required a vote of two-thirds of the Senate to depose him, and but one was wanting to complete the number. That vote, it has been supposed, was allowed him, to save trouble, as his time had nearly expired.

Meanwhile the carpet-bag governors and their satellites plundered the already impoverished Southerners, under one pretext or another, to the extent of their ability. They were guided and supported by the leaders at Washington. They had need to raise money in some manner; for besides their own wants and those of their black and white followers, they not unfrequently had to supply the needs of impecunious members of Congress, to whom they looked for support and countenance. This state of things could not last long. Several States became hopelessly bankrupt. The time for probation and restoration of the disfranchised whites expired; and in those States where the negro population was a minority, the white citizens regained their ascendancy. In such States the carpet-bag officials received little support from Washington. In fact, the movement originating in a desire for plunder, and only to be fed by plunder, died for want of sustenance. The officials were got rid of; some went quietly, some bolted, and others were the objects of criminal prosecutions. The profits of the business having disappeared, the various calls for Federal assistance to save the amiable and Union-loving negroes from the outrages of the whites ceased, or were disregarded. The States being left to themselves, the population, black and white, had an opportunity to attend to their own business. Prosperity began to reappear. But, although many negroes had learned the worthlessness of the promises of the office-seeking adventurers, yet in the

States where the blacks were the majority, notably in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, the system was kept up, and the Republicans claimed them for their own.

Meantime Mr Andrew Johnson was succeeded by General Ulysses H. Grant, the successful Federal general of the civil war. His early career had not been that of a politician. Having been educated at the West Point Military Academy, where he graduated with a mediocre standing in his class, he entered the army as a subaltern of infantry. He served in that grade creditably for some years, including those of the war with Mexico, during which he was brevetted a captain. His service for a few years succeeding that war was not so creditable. The indulgence of certain habits incompatible with military efficiency compelled him to leave the army. For a few years he was particularly *en disponibilité*, and met with the usual difficulties and trials of impecunious gentlemen out of place. When the civil war broke out he resided in Illinois, and the scarcity of persons having any military knowledge whatever made his services valuable. He was commissioned, and rose at once to the rank of a brigadier-general through the friendship of some of the political associates of the President. He was often beaten during his military career, yet he achieved one of the most important Federal successes of the war, in the capture of Vicksburg in 1863, where he was opposed by probably the weakest and most unfortunate of all the Confederate commanders, with far inferior numbers. This happened at a time when the Federal Government had exhausted the list of generals at their disposal, supposed to be capable of commanding an army in chief. Seven had been thrust aside in less than three

years. The hope of winning through the skill of generals or good fighting of troops had been abandoned. Reliance was thenceforward to be placed on the lavish expenditure of overwhelming forces of men and material. General Grant had bravery, he had great tenacity of purpose, and wrote and spoke but little. Whether this last characteristic was owing to lack of ideas or not, it saved him from the risk of offending an exceedingly domineering and captious secretary of war.

But few, even of his admirers, have considered him to be a scientific commander. But one maxim of war has been attributed to him: "Keep pegging away." It is not a bad maxim, nor is it entirely new, though previously it has been differently expressed. Its adoption has often led to success, provided the supply of pegs be ample. Nevertheless it does not particularly commend itself to the pegs of humanity who are to be expended. The ideas of the Government and general harmonised; and after having, with a vastly superior force, beaten the Confederate General Bragg at Look-out Mountain early in 1864, he crossed the Rappahannock and advanced on Richmond, asserting that he would "fight it out on that line if it took him all summer." He tried it, and was beaten again and again, expended two-fifths of his army in three weeks, and had to abandon his line before the summer had well commenced. Nevertheless he "kept pegging away." The Government kept on supplying him at any cost and in any numbers. By this time the constitution had been completely set aside, and the Republican leaders had full control of the immensely preponderating resources of the Northern States. The Federal operations before Petersburg may be summed up as a continual

expenditure of men and material by the general, and a continual supply by the Government, in the endeavour to wear out a vastly inferior force of Confederates under General Robert Lee. These operations lasted through the summer, autumn, and winter, and into the spring of 1865. Then the Confederate forces were exhausted, and General Grant's triumph was completed by the surrender of his illustrious adversary at Appomatox. The submission of the entire Confederacy soon followed.

It must not be supposed that the operations of the hero passed without criticism upon his own side. Officers and men complained bitterly of the frightful waste of his troops. It was said by some of his most prominent generals, that General Grant expended more men and material, in proportion to the strength of his command, and showed a larger return of killed and wounded, or, in the language of the camp, "a longer butcher's bill," than any general of modern times. This went for little in the hour of Federal triumph. His success had saved the party, or what he and the Republican partisan leaders called the nation. A little was said about having saved the constitution, but as this was known to be a fiction, it was not enlarged upon. His services were acknowledged and rewarded. Parties are not, like republics, ungrateful.

General Grant had no idea of playing the part of Cincinnatus or of Washington. History, which tells us a good deal about the retirement of the Roman hero, is somewhat misty about the extent and quality of his estate. We read, it is true, of his being found at the tail of the plough, but we are in doubt whether the occupation was not, like Mr Gladstone's wood-chopping, a relaxation rather than an employment.

Washington's estate of Mount Vernon was one of the finest in America. Even now the residence is a model of old-fashioned comfort, and its situation and views have few equals. One can imagine the hero of American independence retiring to this estate—with its natural charms, its well-disciplined and affectionate servants, a magnificent cellar of wines laid in by old Admiral Vernon and Lawrence Washington, stables and pastures filled with the best-blooded horses and cattle of old Virginia, surrounded by an intelligent and refined society—with a feeling of relief upon escaping from the arduous task of struggling with inefficient means against a powerful foe, and serving a bankrupt Government. General Grant's maxim would not have answered for General Washington. "Pegging away" would have ruined him and the cause of American independence in a fortnight. Times had changed, and customs also. General Grant was not expected to lay down his command—especially as he would probably have gone into furnished lodgings, instead of settling upon a Sabine farm or Virginian estate. On the contrary, it was expected, and intended by the party leaders, that their successful general should have a good time; and the highest military rank ever conferred on an American citizen was bestowed upon him, with pay and emoluments to correspond. Having gone over the country, received many ovations, some valuable presents, and shaken hands with an indefinite number of citizens, he settled down at Washington in the office created for him, as he expressed it, by an appreciative country. His duties were not onerous during Mr Johnson's administration. When, however, the President quarrelled with his secretary of war, Mr Stanton, and con-

templated resisting the unconstitutional encroachments of Congress on the executive prerogative, as set out in the Tenure of Office Bill, General Grant sided with Congress. Probably this was done to secure the succession to himself. He was nominated, and in the state of the country he was easily elected.

There was a good chance of a quarrel between the new President and his Congressional friends at the beginning of his administration. The Tenure of Office Bill had deprived the President of the power of removing an obnoxious official without the consent of the Senate, and this General Grant would not submit to. Congress was loath to surrender the power which they had usurped, while at the same time they desired a clean sweep of the nominees of Mr Andrew Johnson and his friends from office. The President refused to commence removals until the Bill was repealed. Matters were unpleasant. The President's tenacity of purpose began to be denounced as obstinacy. He was too powerful, however, and Congress was fain to record its own inconsistency, and repealed the Bill sooner than forego a share of public plunder. This set things right. The offices were distributed, and the Administration commenced with full working majorities in both Houses. The President was apparently happy. He was, as was said, not a bad sort of man; always stood up to his friends through thick and thin; and was never averse to a fair division of good things when he had a superfluity. So he called his friends around him to share in his good fortune. His immediate family were speedily provided for. Brothers and brothers-in-law took comfortable positions, or were in attendance to get the first news concerning measures affording opportunities for lucrative operations.

His old army friends were called round him, and got appointments and control of contracts and constructions, affording full scope for the exercise of peculiar genius. Others got positions as inspectors of Internal Revenue, with results which afterwards became apparent. Nay, so far did the generosity of the President go in the disposal of the public patronage, that a few old Confederates, who had been personal friends before the war, and were willing to rat, and embrace the faith of the Black Republican party, got comfortable positions, with enough salary to keep the wolf from their doors.

There was but little disturbance during the first three years of General Grant's administration. Various pieces of jobbery went quietly along through Congress. The President had some idea of extending the American empire. He coquetted a little with the Cuban rebels, talked of buying St Thomas, and entered into negotiations, national and speculative, concerning San Domingo. It was even thought of establishing an outlying colony in the Pacific; but the talked-of schemes amounted only to amusement. The party appeared satisfied; its needy members were thriving; and perhaps all were a little negligent of party interests. During this time the most important States of the South escaped from the control of the carpet-baggers, and the governments which succeeded were all Democratic. When the succession to the Presidency came to be considered, discontent was apparent. The corruption at Washington was so glaring that it could not be concealed. The Democrats began to show front; and liberal Republicans, favourable to reform, and complete amnesty for the South, were quite ready to join them. The coalition was formidable, and there

was nothing for it but for the Republicans, who had already determined to run General Grant for a second term, to revive the issues of the war. They were excessively chagrined that the strong States of the South should have escaped from their control; and so they enlarged on the rebellious spirit of the white Southrons, and the necessity of a great military President to keep it in check, and save the Union again. It is possible that they might have been beaten; but their opponents made choice of Mr Horace Greeley as their candidate. His nomination was not acceptable; for though Mr Greeley was known to be an honest, well-intentioned man, he was *bizarre* to a degree, and had been mixed up in the advocacy of women's rights, socialism, and other absurdities. Nevertheless it frightened the administration party. The Senate and House of Representatives prepared to assume extra constitutional powers, so as to count out votes returned by the electors, if the contest were close, and secure the re-election of the President beyond peradventure. This was to have been done by attacking the validity of the votes of those Southern States which had escaped from Republican control. Evidence was to be adduced of fraud and intimidation on the part of the whites. Blacks were to be regarded as *ipso facto* Republican; and with all the freedom conferred upon them, were only free to vote one way. They adopted a joint rule, which provided that either House of Congress could object to the vote of a State. Enough could therefore be readily thrown out to leave the selection to the House of Representatives, and the President would certainly be reinstated. Thus prepared, the result was awaited; and though it proved to be unnecessary, yet in the can-

vass, partisans chose to exercise their usurped powers, and established a precedent now giving some trouble.

Being re-established in power for four years, the President made some few changes in his surroundings. Certain members of his family were provided for at a distance, and there were a few changes in the Cabinet. When Congress met, investigations were allowed concerning a few particularly outrageous jobs, and a few peccant members were sacrificed for participation in them. With this tribute to opinion the party rested. Democratic corruption was denounced, as an offset to that charged against the Republicans.

The frauds perpetrated by Democratic members of the city government of New York had become so open and palpable, that all parties combined to put a stop to them, and punish the perpetrators. The city of New York had been strongly Democratic, and the first effect of the proceeding was to throw the State into the hands of the Republicans. It was only temporary, however; and in two years the Democrats resumed their supremacy in both city and State. In the interval, perhaps seeing in the temporary Republican rule of the great State of New York a guarantee of the continuance of the party in power, the President seemed especially content. All preparations were made to hold on to the States in the South, still under carpet-bag influences, and meanwhile the Democrats appeared likely to divide on the question of the currency. Whispers began to be heard that the President intended to prolong his incumbency for a third term. He had flatterers and sycophants enough about him to keep him in ignorance of public opinion, which, notwithstanding appearances, was not favourable to his administration, still less to a third

term of it. It was soon demonstrated. When the biennial elections took place, the result was a complete Democratic victory. The House of Representatives was changed in character, and showed a Democratic majority of 74. The Republican majority in the Senate was greatly reduced, but it was still 12, and sufficient to control its action.

At this time the State of Louisiana broke from her thralldom, and elected a Democratic Governor and Legislature, which proceeded to assemble. They were immediately checked by Federal authority. Kellogg, the incumbent, was the candidate for reelection on the Republican ticket. He had organised a Returning Board, with a view to counting in himself and faction, no matter how large the adverse majority. This Board manipulated the returns at pleasure, threw out a large portion of the vote of the State, and declared the Republican candidates elected. The Democrats protested, and proceeded to organise according to the full returns. Governor Kellogg called loudly for Federal assistance. The Administration granted it promptly. It seemed that nothing better was desired than a disturbance of magnitude, under which usurpations of power and disregard of law and right would be hidden. General Sheridan was ordered to New Orleans, and commenced his operations in such a manner as induced the belief that his secret instructions were to drive the Louisianians into rebellion. He failed; for they had too much sense to give their enemies the advantage they sought. So when the Federal troops unseated certain members of the Legislature, they submitted to force, and made their protests. A cry of indignation went up throughout the land; protests from governors, legislators, mass meetings, and individuals, were showered upon the Ad-

ministration. Even old Faneuil Hall in Boston, which had hardly sheltered a Democratic meeting since the tea was thrown over in Boston harbour, resounded with denunciations of Federal tyranny and usurpation. The storm was too great: some little concession had to be made. Sheridan was ordered away from New Orleans, and certain offices were allowed to the Democrats; but the Republicans held on to their Returning Board with a death-grip. Subsequent events made it appear probable that this was done with a purpose.

When Congress met, committees were appointed to investigate these occurrences; and although some committees were constituted with Republican majorities, all reports agreed in denouncing the frauds which had been perpetrated by the Returning Board of Louisiana. They differed only in the amount of blame attaching to the Administration for its interference. For some months the impression prevailed that the President and his friends were still looking to a third term, yet none of the Republican aspirants had the courage to risk breaking the peace of the party and forcing an avowal of intentions. When Congress met in 1875, the Democratic House soon appointed committees to investigate the conduct of public affairs. They had not to continue their investigations long before the outrageous and disgraceful corruption existing in Government circles was exposed. It was proved that the Secretary of War had sold places within his gift, and appropriated the proceeds. The Secretary of the Navy was accused, and virtually convicted, of having participated in the profits of various contracts for the supply of the Navy. High officers of the Internal Revenue, intimate friends of the President, were convicted of

frauds of the gravest kind. Moreover, it was proved that, while committing these crimes, they were in close communication with the President's most confidential private secretary. It was said that the President himself was pure, and perhaps some people believed it; but this merciful creed had to be swallowed in face of the fact that, for nearly seven years, he had been living in close intimacy with many very doubtful characters. He used every endeavour to shield his friends. The Secretary of War was suffered to resign, and so escaped impeachment. The prosecuting attorneys of the defrauders of the Internal Revenue were thwarted as much as possible, and where they did not immediately obey suggestions from Washington were dismissed. When the private secretary was upon his trial, he had access to the documentary evidence against him. Some of it disappeared and he was acquitted, only to be suspected of greater crimes than those with which he had been charged.

The chances of the President for a third term vanished. Still, his friends were powerful enough to prevent the nomination of the more prominent aspirants; and Mr Hayes, Governor of Ohio, was chosen by the Republican convention at Cincinnati. The platform adopted said little about reform. It was opposed to an increase of the existing paper currency. Charity and amnesty to the South were proposed. Nevertheless the party managers descanted on the atrocities of Southern whites, or, in American electioneering slang, "waved the *bloody shirt*," and seemed to desire a revival of the war issues.

When the Democrats met in convention at St Louis, they had reconciled such differences as had existed in their party concerning the currency. Their platform was no less positively in favour of me-

tallic currency than that of their opponents. But their principal argument before the people was the crying necessity for reform in the Government. They nominated Mr Tilden, the Governor of New York, a gentleman of high character, and untrammelled with followers. His administrative ability and energy had been shown by his vigorous suppression of abuses and corruption in the government of his State. Complete amnesty was insisted upon for the Southrons.

With these candidates, and the principles alluded to, the two great parties proceeded to join issue. The year had been busy. The great Exhibition drew off attention to some extent from politics, and it was not till late that excitement ran high. The result was not at all doubtful in the South, except in the three States of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida. Strong efforts were made in each of them to get rid of Republican rule, and many negroes seceded from that party. It was apparent that without some extraneous influence the States would be lost to the Republicans. This did not immediately arouse their party managers. They had done no good by previous meddling. It was hoped that the Republicans would be able to secure Mr Hayes' election by the vote of northern States alone, against even a united South. This would have enabled the party to keep alive the sectional strife, on which they had come into power, and existed for sixteen years. The States of Indiana and Ohio both held elections for State offices in October. The results would show whether the Republicans could obtain enough votes in the North to elect their candidate without electoral votes from the South. Could Mr Hayes secure both of these, he could dispense with Southern votes. But after a spirited contest, in which

each side brought up its last man, the Democrats carried Indiana by a decided majority. Mr Hayes' chances were reduced to a minimum. Votes must be secured for him at the South *à tout prix*, or ruin to the Republican party was sure.

The machinery for manipulating votes in Louisiana was of long standing—the Returning Boards solidly Republican and intrepidly unscrupulous. In South Carolina the constitution of the Returning Board was new; and to secure men who could be depended upon, the majority was selected from Republican office-holders and candidates for re-election. Appearances were in favour of the election of Mr Wade Hampton, the Democratic candidate for Governor. He had been one of the most brilliant cavalry commanders under the Confederacy, was a representative of one of the oldest families in the State, and, before the war, had been perhaps the largest of its landed proprietors and slaveholders. His irreproachable character, and the number of his friends, amongst whom his former slaves were not the least ardent, made it to be feared that his success would involve a majority for the Democratic electors.

Governor Chamberlain, the incumbent, spent much of his time at this juncture at Washington. When the Democrats carried Indiana, he hurried home; and soon the newspapers were filled with accounts of disturbances in South Carolina. Investigations showed that they had been commenced by negroes, and it was strongly suspected that they had been purposely instigated by the Governor. It was easy, however, to complain of the whites, and so the Governor called lustily on the President for Federal troops to restrain the white population during the coming election. The promptitude with which his

call was responded to showed clearly the President's appreciation of the danger to his party. Every available man in the Federal service was ordered to South Carolina, ostensibly to preserve the peace; really, as was suspected, to promote disturbance and bloodshed. The South Carolinians, under Hampton's advice, restrained their anger, and, notwithstanding insults, proceeded quietly with the election. The presence of the troops had the effect of keeping many Democrats from the polls; for it was well known that the protection to be afforded was all on one side. Nevertheless, the result was the election of the Democratic State ticket by a small though decided majority. The electoral ticket fell somewhat behind, and its success was claimed by the Republicans. In Louisiana, despite all the expedients of State and Federal officials, the Democrats carried all their tickets by over 7000 majority. In Florida the same result was reached, but only by some three or four hundreds. These States cast together 19 electoral votes: Louisiana, 8; South Carolina, 7; and Florida, 4. Their importance was immediately apparent. With them Mr Tilden had secured 203 of the votes to be cast by the electors, of which 184 were beyond the reach of Republican manipulation. Mr Hayes had secured 166. The whole number of electoral votes to be cast is 369. If by any means 19 votes could be diverted, Mr Hayes would be elected by a majority of one. There was no help for it. The returns must be manipulated and changed to meet the case, or the Republican party must retire. The Administration and the party leaders were equal to the occasion. Their agents were scrupulous only in partisan duties. The Returning Boards were ready—and more, were

willing—to perpetrate any false certificates necessary to secure continuance in office. The evident intention evoked protests and denunciations from their opponents; but these were made the reason for calling more loudly than ever on the Federal Government for assistance. So the President sent troops and officers to overlook the canvass as well as the elections. General Ruger was ordered to support the Republican partisans in Florida as well as South Carolina. Meanwhile members of both political parties from the other States hurried to New Orleans, Columbia, and Tallahassee, to watch the progress of events. They saw some remarkable proceedings.

The Returning Board of Louisiana admitted several persons of both parties during their preliminary sessions. It was endeavoured to prevent the reception of returns which were adverse to Republican success, until after the count. The most frivolous pretexts were resorted to. The payment of postal charges on returns which had been sent by post was refused. Messengers bringing the returns were stopped and delayed. Records of current proceedings were altered to suit circumstances. Time was spent in listening to tales of the outrages of whites, which if they had any foundation at all, were coloured with all the fervour of African imagination. The Democrats submitted affidavits of several thousand negroes who had voted for the Democratic candidates. Although full credence was given by the Board to the stories of outrage committed by white men, this asserted conduct on the part of black men could not be believed. So the Board turned out the scrutinisers, without avowing any principle of action, and proceeded to make a clean sweep of the obnoxious returns. Those from

the rural districts went first; and as the falsification of these did not effect the object, a large portion of those from the city of New Orleans followed. All the Republican candidates received certificates of election in due legal form; and the Board, having done its partisan duty with unblushing impudence, adjourned at once. The Democrats protested, secured the best evidence possible of the true state of the returns; and Mr McEnery, the *de jure* governor, who had been prevented from acting by military interference, certified to the election of the Democratic electors.

In Florida, the Board at first attempted to dodge the difficulty. It was composed of two Republicans and one Democrat. The presence of the latter was a misfortune for the manipulators. Though powerless to prevent fraud, he was sure to expose it, and so the majority fixed the day for counting the votes at a date too late for the legal meeting of electors for President. The Republican Governor was prepared to act himself, failing the action of the Board, and give certificates to the candidates of his own party. The Democrats obtained a *mandamus* from the Supreme Court of Florida ordering the Board to do its duty at once. Under this pressure the full Board met, and by a majority vote threw out a sufficient number of votes to serve the party purposes, and certified to the election of the Republican candidates both State and Federal. The Democratic member protested, exposed the proceeding, and certified to the election of the opposition candidates.

In South Carolina the law provided for the canvass of the votes for State officers and Legislature by the Legislature itself. The Democratic leaders applied for and obtained an injunction from the Supreme Court of the State to restrain the Return-

ing Board from acting on the returns. The Court ordered the votes to be counted for information; and it was evident that the Democratic candidate for Governor, and a small majority of the Legislature of the same party had been elected. The vote concerning the Federal electors was alleged to be doubtful. The Court ordered the Board to give certificates according to the returns. The Board refused—met and threw out such votes as they saw fit—gave formal certificates to the Republican candidates, State and Federal—and adjourned. The Court fined them fifteen hundred dollars apiece, and ordered them to be imprisoned during pleasure for contempt. But, as if to indicate that their action was approved at Washington, the United States Court interfered, on what grounds it is not stated, and the prisoners were *de facto* at liberty.

The Legislature and Governor of South Carolina were by law to enter at once upon their duties. It was necessary to act at once, and the President gave orders to the Federal officer in command at Columbia to support the Republican candidates with his whole force if necessary. It seemed more evident than ever that the great desire of the Federal authorities and Republican party managers at Washington was to produce turmoil and riot, so that they could raise again the cry of rebellion and stifle inquiry. They were disappointed. The Supreme Court of the State, acting upon the returns reported, gave certificates to those members of the Legislature who had been thrown out by the Board. When, however, these presented themselves at the capital, they found themselves excluded by Federal troops. On this, the whole Democratic portion of the Legislature retired in a body. Several Republicans, disgusted at the interference of the troops, went with them,

and there was no quorum left. The Democrats organised their house at another place, and on a subsequent day met in the Capitol. Under protection of the troops, however, the Republicans brought in their claimants; and the Republican Governor prepared to use force to eject objectionable Democrats. On this the Democrats again retired to avoid collision with the Federal troops. In spite of their want of a quorum, the Republican rump inaugurated Chamberlain as Governor, and attempted business. The Democrats, meanwhile, obtained an injunction on the banks in which were deposited the funds of the State, to prevent payment of money to the Republican claimants of office. Having a quorum, the Democratic Legislature proceed to canvass the returns as they had received them from the Supreme Court, and inaugurated General Hampton; and so the State was provided with a dual Government.

The progress of these events threw the rest of the nation into excitement. It was clearly indicated, within a few days after the election, that Mr Tilden was the successful candidate; and the masses of the people were quite ready to acquiesce, and proceed with their ordinary avocations. But when the evident intention of the President and Republican managers to falsify the returns was disclosed, the wrath of the Democrats was intense. The independent press of the country joined them in denouncing the fraud. The whole scheme of Republican strategy showed out in strong light at once.

It was seen that interference in Southern elections was to have been avoided, until the hope of unaided success in the North was gone; while the machinery which had been prepared was held in readiness for the last resort. When the October

State election showed that Indiana was lost to the Republicans, the Presidential mandate was issued, and South Carolina was garrisoned in force. But the Democrats were successful notwithstanding; and while with prearranged machinery the fraudulent abstraction of nineteen votes was to be deliberately consummated, it was thought better to raise a disturbance to cover the transaction. It was intended to enlarge upon the frauds and violence committed by the whites on negroes, in States which for ten years had been under complete control of the Republican party and Federal authority. The assertion was absurd, but it was all that there was on which to found a colourable question of the correctness of the returns, as originally made in each electoral precinct. If investigation could be choked down, so much the better. If not, it was intended to declare that the investigations had developed so much uncertainty in the matter that it only remained to trust to the aggregate official returns as certified to, after revision by the Returning Boards, which were not to be questioned.

The Senate had prepared to stifle the opposition of the Democratic House, by repealing the joint rule which had been passed to provide for contingencies in the canvass of four years previous. The House, however, insisted that the rule was still in force. Had matters gone on smoothly, and well certified official returns been furnished to the Republican Senate insuring the election of Mr Hayes by even a majority of one, he could be declared by the Republican Senate the President. The protests of the Democratic House might be disregarded. Trouble, of course, would ensue; but only a few weeks would intervene between the declaration of the vote and the

inauguration. Mr Hayes could readily be protected by Federal bayonets while he took the oath of office and delivered his speech from the eastern terrace of the Capitol. As if to show that this was intended, the President ordered soldiers to Washington from distant points in numbers sufficient to form the nucleus of a garrison. The measure was unprecedented in time of peace. The force could readily be increased by the troops who had been sent to overawe the Southerners during the perpetration of the frauds. It is useless to speculate upon the further intentions of the Republican leaders. They were the children and champions of civil discord; and, as in the past, so could they reasonably hope to fare well in the future during the supremacy of their parent. Still, colourable excuses were wanted for their proceedings, and constitutional forms were to be observed, though the spirit of that revered constitution was utterly disregarded. A check to the scheme unexpectedly arose in the North.

The minor Republican managers, perhaps thinking that as their leaders notoriously disregarded the spirit of the constitution, the observance of the letter was of little consequence, placed Federal office-holders on their electoral tickets in two States, Vermont and Oregon. When attention was drawn to this, Mr Taft, the Republican Attorney-General gave it as *his* opinion, that this did not invalidate the election of the ticket, or give the individual next on the poll a right to take his seat with the electors; nor did it abrogate one of the electoral votes of the State, but left a vacancy which could be filled by the remaining electors. Whence he derived his reasoning, except from the necessities of the Republican party, is

doubtful ; but the Vermont Returning Board, after having sought to evade responsibility by pleading that their powers were purely ministerial, adopted his view. The ineligible elector resigned his Federal office, was re-elected by his associates as an elector, on no other authority than Mr Taft's opinion, and the full vote of Vermont was cast for Mr Hayes.

In Oregon a different view prevailed. The certificates in that State were given by the Governor. He was a Democrat ; and decided that votes for an incompetent candidate were void, as if no votes had been given, and that the next candidate on the poll, being eligible, was entitled to the position, and gave his certificate accordingly. This gave one of the votes of Oregon to Mr Tilden. When, however, the electors of Oregon met, the Republicans declined to act with the Democratic elector, and appointed a Republican to fill what they called a vacancy ; gave all three votes to Mr Hayes, and transmitted their vote. But they had no certificate. The Democratic elector who held the certificates for the three, being deserted by his colleagues, nominated two electors to fill vacancies, who voted for Mr Hayes, while he voted for Mr Tilden. This vote was forwarded backed by the regular certificates.

This state of things in respect to the votes of Vermont and Oregon, changed the aspect, and interfered seriously with the Republican programme. When the electors, certificated and uncertificated, cast their votes on the 7th of December, Mr Tilden received 185 votes, officially endorsed, being a majority of one. Mr Hayes received 184 votes, likewise officially endorsed. If the official records were undisturbed, Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks were elected President and Vice-Presi-

dent of the United States. Mr Hayes and Mr Wheeler were inevitably defeated, unless the Senate could interfere and change the vote of Oregon. While President, Cabinet, Republican leaders, the Army, Returning Boards, and candidates had, at the cost of no end of degrading measures, secured official certificates for the coveted nineteen votes from the South, insuring, as they believed, the necessary majority of one, it had eluded their grasp through the carelessness of their partisans in the far-off and comparatively insignificant State of Oregon. The denunciations of the independent press of the country upon the intended frauds, and this unexpected event, imbued the Administration and Republican party with caution.

When Congress met, the difficulties of the situation were recognised at once. Both Houses appointed committees of investigation to report upon the events of the election and canvass in the disputed Southern States. Some moderate Republicans counselled compromise. It was proposed and consented to that the Senate and House should appoint a joint committee to consider what action should be taken to settle the controversy. In this condition of affairs, awaiting the reports of the different committees, both Houses of Congress adjourned for the usual holiday recess.

Little progress was made in the investigations during the recess, but it was understood that the joint committee resolved on a proposition to submit the questions in dispute to the decision of the Supreme Court, adversely. Popular feeling throughout the country, though intense, was still under control. The Democrats, feeling themselves aggrieved, and supported by public opinion, took certain action. In

two States conventions were called, and mass meetings were held in many places. Expressions of opinion were very decided, but, with few exceptions, they were of a peaceful nature.

Meanwhile the Supreme Court of Florida ordered the Returning Board to certify to the returns for the officers of the State, as they had been received, thus forbidding them from exercising their discretion or manipulating the votes. Two members at first refused to act; but the third, being a Democrat, proceeded to act without them. Upon this the recusant members reconsidered; and finally, after a good deal of tergiversation, certified according to the returns, as they had been received, for the State officers. The Democratic State Government was finally inaugurated without opposition. Attempts were made to set up a dual Government, but they failed, although the Republicans still claimed a majority for their candidates for Presidential electors.

In South Carolina, after a few days' session, both Legislatures adjourned about the same time. No attempt was made to compromise or adjust the dispute. It seems that parties have determined to await the settlement of the great question of the Presidency.

In Louisiana, however, there obtained more positive action. The Democrats announced their intention of inaugurating their State Government. The Republicans applied for Federal assistance to prevent them. The Administration, however, had become exceedingly cautious. The Federal officers were directed to recognise neither party, but simply to preserve order. The Democrats being overwhelmingly in the majority in the city of New Orleans, inaugurated their Governor, Mr Nicholls, in presence of a large concourse of citizens. He at once

appointed his officers, including a chief of police. Several thousand of the State militia were called out, and a strong body of policemen was speedily organised. In a few hours the new Government took quiet possession of every building belonging to the State in the city of New Orleans, except the State House. This was occupied by Mr Packard, the Republican candidate, with the Republican rump of the Legislature, and protected by some thirteen hundred negro policemen. Elsewhere the Republican officials abdicated, but Mr Packard kept the wires hot with vain applications for Federal assistance. The situation was dangerous, and it seemed that the Democratic forces were about to attack the State House. Prudent counsels, however, prevailed; and seeing what had been obtained, the Democratic Governor dismissed his armed followers, and contented himself with preserving peace within his undisputed jurisdiction. It seemed that things were likely to remain *in statu quo* awaiting the decision of the great question. The Republicans in the State House receiving no support from Washington as they had expected, began to lose heart, and commenced quarrelling amongst themselves. Believing that the ascendancy of the party was over, some of the negroes bolted, and in spite of the efforts of the sergeant-at-arms, made their way over to the Democratic Legislature. It seemed that whatever organisation was left amongst the Republicans was about to dissolve, when the Administration took alarm. General Augur, the Federal commander at New Orleans, was ordered to recognise the Republicans if necessary, and support the decisions of the Returning Board, pending the investigation by the Congressional committees. This made the Republicans and negroes

jubilant, and excited the Whites; but it is not apprehended that serious disturbances or conflicts will ensue.

The joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives at length agreed upon a plan of proceeding, and have recommended it for adoption to Congress.

It provides that upon the 1st day of February both Houses shall assemble in the hall of the House of Representatives, the Vice-President presiding. He will proceed to open the certificates of electoral votes for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States, and hand them to the tellers; and the certificates are to be read in the hearing of both Houses.

So far, everything is as set forth in the constitution, except that it is proposed to anticipate the date of counting the votes by two weeks, to gain time for discussion upon points which may prove to be disputed. But, as the constitution never contemplated the interference with State Governments by Federal authority which has obtained under Republican Administrations, it did not provide for a decision when adverse certificates are presented from one State. The contingency was not considered possible. To meet the case, the proposed plan goes on to provide that—

Should any question arise concerning the validity of any vote, the Senate shall retire to its own chamber, and each House of Congress shall deliberate separately. An objection having been made to any vote, such vote shall not be counted except by an affirmative vote of both Houses. When two certificates shall have been received from the same State, the question of validity is to be referred to a Commission to be composed of five Justices of the Supreme Court, five Senators, and five Representatives.

To this Commission all testimony is to be referred, and it is to have all the inquisitorial powers which Congress can give it. A majority of the Commission is to decide, and its decisions are to be final, unless overruled by the concurrent vote of both Houses.

As this plan will probably be adopted, it may be well to summarise the points at issue. The whole number of electoral votes is 369. Of these, it is believed that Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks will receive 185, officially certified, for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency; and Mr Hayes and Mr Wheeler will receive 184 votes, for the same offices, also officially certified. Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks, it is believed, will also receive 19 votes from persons claiming to be duly chosen by the people of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, as electors, but who have been deprived of certificates by the fraudulent conduct of the Returning Boards of those States. Mr Hayes and Mr Wheeler, it is also believed, will receive one vote from a person claiming to be a duly elected elector from Oregon, whose certificate has been illegally given to another person by the Governor of that State.

The Democrats will claim the election of Messrs Tilden and Hendricks; and further, that 19 electors, who have voted for Messrs Hayes and Wheeler, were fraudulently returned by the Returning Boards of South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida, and that their votes are null and void. And still further: that the electors duly and legally chosen from those States have cast 3 votes for Messrs Tilden and Hendricks, thereby giving them a majority of 39 electoral votes instead of 1.

The Republicans will assert the validity of the disputed Southern votes, and that the official return from Oregon is illegal, and demand

that one vote from that State, illegally returned as for Messrs Tilden and Hendricks, should be transferred to Messrs Hayes and Wheeler. The Republicans will therefore claim the election of Messrs Hayes and Wheeler by a majority of 1 electoral vote.

As there are adverse certificates from all four of these disputed States—viz., Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, and Oregon, the questions relating thereto will, according to the proposed plan, all come before the Commission. Its decisions can hardly endorse as valid, the proceedings of all, if of any, of the Returning Boards, in the disputed Southern States. It may be that, without establishing any of the Democratic claimants as electors, it will be decided that the electoral votes as officially presented are fraudulent, or so doubtful that they must be rejected. Should this be the case with any, or even with the whole nineteen, Messrs Tilden and Hendricks would, if nothing else prevents, still have at least 185 votes, and be elected. If any of the Democratic claimants from the South are established as electors, the election of Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks, is beyond peradventure. The whole nineteen votes from the South being thrown out, the matter will turn, under certain circumstances, upon the decision regarding the single vote from Oregon. The question here is not one of fraud, but of law, and the discussion of this point will perhaps be the most interesting of any which takes place before the Commission. If the decision of the Governor of Oregon is reversed, and the vote in dispute be awarded to Mr Hayes and Mr Wheeler, they will not be elected nevertheless, unless the whole number of votes from the disputed Southern States are awarded to them likewise.

If all of the disputed votes from

the South are thrown out, and the Oregon vote is transferred, then it will happen that the Democratic candidates will fall short of a majority of all the votes cast, by one, and the Republican candidates by nineteen.

The choice will then devolve upon the different Houses of Congress, as provided by the constitution.

The House of Representatives would choose the President from the three candidates having the highest number of electoral votes; the delegations from each State, however, having but one vote. The choice would be only between Mr Tilden and Mr Hayes; and the Democratic House, having the majority of State delegations, as well as the numerical majority, would undoubtedly choose Mr Tilden. The Senate would choose the Vice-President, and as certainly elect Mr Wheeler.

The Republicans would thus, as the result of their manoeuvres, secure the Vice-Presidency, and the succession to the Presidency in case of the death or inability of Mr Tilden. It is probable that, on account of the exposure of their proceedings, and the pressure of public opinion, their leaders have made up their mind to be content with this, but with nothing less. Indeed it is said that, in order to insure it, and guard against the possibility of both Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks being declared elected—as will be the case if any of the Democratic claimants from the South are recognised as electors—the Senate intend, on any colourable pretext, to object to the counting of the votes of Alabama or Mississippi, or any other State whose electoral vote has been cast for the Democratic candidates.

On the other hand, the Democrats, it is said, to prevent the election of Mr Hayes, even if he secures the nineteen disputed votes from

the South, and the single vote from Oregon, will object to the counting of the vote from one or more States whose votes have been cast for the Republicans. They have a colourable reason, to say the least, in the case of Vermont, where, as in Oregon, one of the Republican electors was a Federal office-holder when chosen, and consequently ineligible.

So it may be believed that, if Congress accepts this plan, Mr Tilden will be the next President, and Mr Wheeler the next Vice-President of the United States of America.

Should Congress reject this proposition, and adopt no other, there are but two alternatives :—

1st, The returns must be accepted, according to the official certificates, as the Republicans intended to insist upon doing before the nature of the Oregon vote was disclosed. Mr Tilden and Mr Hendricks will then succeed.

2d, The only other solution would be, that the Senate should disregard the House of Representatives, throw out the official returns for Oregon, substituting therefor the uncertified vote from that State, and confirm the returns from the disputed Southern States, while the present Administration enforces the inauguration of Mr Hayes as President by the power of the Federal Government. This course would bring speedy trouble, exactly how or when it would be difficult to say. Happily, it seems so utterly repugnant to the expressions of public feeling, that it is not probable that it will be adopted.

Under either of the other alternatives, Mr Tilden becomes the President, and succeeds to the vast power and patronage of that office. The fact of Mr Wheeler being of the opposite party, should he become the Vice-President, so long as Mr Tilden is the President, will be inconvenient, but may not interfere with

the Democratic policy. The functions of the Vice-President are only to preside over the Senate.

Mr Tilden will succeed to the Southern embarrassments, and, it may be presumed, whatever other difficulties the departing Administration can transmit. He will have only a small working majority in the House of Representatives, while there will still remain a small majority of two or three against him in the Senate. But he is solemnly pledged to attempt the reform of the abuses which have developed themselves in the administration of the Federal Government. The task before him will require all the strength, skill, and statesmanship with which he may be endowed. It is unfortunate for the speedy commencement of efficient measures, that he will have at first, in case of his becoming the President, so small a legislative support on which he can rely. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that he has the country with him. If he commences judiciously and temperately, in such a manner as clearly to demonstrate his intentions, there will be little doubt of his receiving such an accession of strength at the next biennial elections as will enable him to accomplish much by the time his term expires.

In order that he may not be embarrassed, the Southern people must continue to exercise forbearance. They will have immediate relief from the great evils under which they have laboured for the last ten years, and with that should be content. Nothing would injure the prospects of the new Administration, or more seriously impair its capacity for doing good, than for distinguished Southrons to be placed in prominent Federal offices. Nothing would help the cause of reform more than for them to set an example of abnegation and forbearance in the day of political triumph. By confining them-

selves to securing good administration at home—in their respective States—and redeeming the pledges made for them by Hampton, Gordon, Lamar, and their associates, they will in an incredibly short space of time extinguish the last chance which the Republican party may have of reviving any of the issues of the late civil war, and the South will recover its due influence in the counsels of the nation. Their great men have been out of office so long, that they can forego the troubles as well as the advantages incident thereto for some time longer. They cannot but be sensible of the great necessity for the measures to which the Democratic party are pledged, for similar reforms were provided for in the constitution of the Confederacy which they fought for four years to establish.

It will have been seen that the internal troubles which the Government of the United States has encountered, have arisen almost entirely from the frequency of Presidential elections, and the methods resorted to for securing party success. When the class of professional and venal politicians rose to influence, and succeeded in perverting the spirit of the constitution, so as to cause the choice of Presidential electors to be made by general ticket for each State, the President became the creature of a party. National policy and national interests were but secondary considerations. In fact, partisans came to regard their party as the country. Any means were fair to win. When the public offices were appropriated as rewards for party services, the evil was fearfully increased. The number of needy idlers who plunged into politics became a host. The emoluments of nearly seventy thousand Federal offices became coveted goods for at least one million of the most objectionable class of society. Prominence in agitation only could

secure the prizes; and hence the agitation, on one subject or another, increasing and increasing, at each successive Presidential election, until it brought about the civil war. This furnished more prey for the hungry office-seekers, and with their gains they have kept power in their hands, although the Republican party have notoriously no policy, except to retain their ascendancy and the emoluments of office. For this they have kept large portions of the South under the most odious tyranny, and have been constantly ready to renew the excitement and turmoil of material strife.

Withal, though its provisions have been perverted and violated, the constitution is still spoken of with respect and apparent veneration. In this, perhaps, is an element of safety. If it be still alive, the American constitution has shown itself of wonderful vitality. It is hard to believe that any other could have survived the perversions, mutilations, and infringements to which it has been subjected. Let any one fancy the political and social condition of Great Britain if, upon every change of Government, every civil *employé*, from the highest offices of State to the last excise-man, were taxed to provide a fund for the expenses of the party, and then were made to fight the political battle of their leaders, under penalty of losing their subsistence. Add to this the questionable blessings of universal suffrage, throw in some 20 per cent of negro and foreign votes, and then imagine how long it would be before the utter annihilation of every beneficent provision which has been introduced into the British constitution, from the times of Stephen Langton and John Lackland, to the days of Victoria.

Looking to the operation of the American constitution before its spirit became so exceedingly perverted, it seems, nevertheless, that

a few vigorous measures of reform might do much towards re-establishing it in its purity. The first glaring evil to be eradicated is confessedly the vicious system of "rotation in office." As it is the most obnoxious and most prominent, so it may be the most difficult to be got rid of. The President who does it will need the support of the great body of the nation, and to be able to thrust the professional politicians of the American type aside. Much, however, will depend upon his personal character, and especially upon his persistence in carrying his intentions into effect. General Grant could have readily exercised sufficient influence, had he been so inclined, on his first accession to the Presidency. Indeed something was heard of his intention to reform the Civil Service; but if he ever commenced, he did not, as in his military operations, "keep pegging away," and nothing came of it. Indeed it is said that he now believes it to be impracticable. It may prove to be so, if future Presidents surround themselves with similar characters to those who have infested the White House for the last few years.

Nevertheless it is the first thing to be done. The necessity is known and felt. Hardly a respectable man in the nation approves of the system. Even those most greedy in pursuit of place denounce it, as suffering drunkards do the evil of intoxication. In theory it is easy to commence the reform. There is no necessity for a complicated scheme of new organisation—no absolute need of competitive examinations. Nothing is at first required but to draw the line in each department, distinguishing the offices involving purely administrative duties from those whose incumbents must be associated with matters of Government policy. Let it be established that the holders of

the former retain their situations during efficiency. Disfranchise every one of such officials, and make it penal for them to contribute money or active assistance to forward political purposes of any party whatever, and the first great measure of reform is accomplished.

The public patronage being thus in great part disposed of, the hordes of small venal politicians must disappear. There will be nothing to support them. The contributions of the office-holders to the political purse being cut off, will extinguish a source of corruption on the one side. The Opposition having but small chance of reimbursing themselves from the spoils of office, should they succeed to power, will not find it profitable to subscribe to another. Other reforms will readily follow. A change in the method of electing the President; a provision for a legal solution, in case of a disputed contest, involving such a dangerous dead-lock as now exists; a provision for the immediate responsibility of Cabinet Ministers to Congress, and especially the elevation of the Presidential office above that of a mere party paymaster,—all suggest themselves as of the highest importance. It would be interesting, perhaps, to consider the manner in which they should be introduced. But at present it is useless. We must all await the great initiative measure of reform in American government, the withdrawal of the enormous quadrennial bid for votes in the Presidential elections. On every occasion of considering the magnitude of this openly offered bribe, surprise that its injurious effects have hitherto been kept within any limits whatever, is intensified into amazement.

Government appointments, carrying salaries, in the aggregate value of many millions of dollars annually, have in greater or less degree been put up every four years for half a century, to be scrambled for by

needy partisans and idlers. For the last thirty years the whole amount has been periodically offered in the market. The effect has been continually to debase the national character; to produce numberless instances of detected disgraceful frauds of immense magnitude, on national, state, and municipal treasuries, and probably many more which have never been exposed; to embitter party animosities, to array one section of the country against the other, to incite and continue the most stupendous civil war known to history, to subjugate and inflict years of misery on the fairest portion of the land,—and now has brought about such a condition of affairs that it is yet questionable whether the deadly struggle is not to be renewed in greater intensity than before.

If the Republican party remain in power, the danger is especially threatening. Their continued incumbency in the face of a large popular majority against them amounts to simply this: The American people are to submit and pay their onerous taxes for the benefit of the officials of a party notoriously corrupt; whose only claim to their positions consists in their having perpetrated frauds in the returns of elections, and counted out their opponents. They give no promise of any beneficial change, and, in fact, no promise of anything except the continued oppression of Southern whites, that they may retain the facilities for perpetrating similar frauds in the future. Will the American people submit to it? It would be hazardous to answer this question in the affirmative; still more hazardous to hope for continued peace from such submission.

On the other hand, the chances are that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency will be inau-

gurated. Whatever the former misdeeds of that party, they and their candidate are now pledged to Reform, and it will undoubtedly be required of them. They know what is demanded. Their candidate has been to a certain degree successful in another sphere. There is little doubt that he will attempt to fulfil his pledges if he becomes the President.

Will the American people sustain him? Have the evils of their political system become so glaring, that, from such small beginning, the President can so command their support that he may continue his good work and restore the character of the Government? The various questions which have been alluded to will soon be answered. If settled peaceably, the succession to the Presidency must be definitely settled within a month. The character of future events will be developed in a very short time thereafter. Every well-wisher to America and humanity must hope for a continuance of peace, and scarcely less for reforms in her Government.

The present situation has been foreseen. Writing during an early period of the late civil war, an American statesman, alluding to this very same cause of American trouble, "rotation in office," used language which may here be appropriately quoted:—

"If there is to be no change — if, when peace is restored, the people of America perpetuate the same fatal faults in their Government which have hitherto characterised their administrations—then will the history of the terrible events now transpiring describe with equal truthfulness the conflicts which are to follow. The country will only move with an accelerated pace upon that downward road which leads through anarchy to hopeless despotism."

THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

THE tall house lowers grimly,
Deformed by smoke and rain ;
And the bleared sunshine dimly
Blinks on the window-pane.

Though sore and numb her fingers,
And slowly fades the light,
The girl nor rests nor lingers,
But sews from morn till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
And fails her gentle breath ;
Her fair young form is shrunken,
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows
That she has never seen ;
Of the wonder of song in the meadows,
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,
The nimble hands are slow,—
The voice she dreams of ever
Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,
With only a crust to eat ;
But a fountain of light is springing
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,
Or whether he sings in glee,
He hopes that the world to-morrow
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning
With words no man e'er said,
The world would be turning and turning
If to-morrow he were dead.

Only, both late and early,
The girl, as maidens will,
Dreams when the voice comes clearly
Up to her window-sill.

A brave face has she found him,
A manner frank and gay,
And long ago has crowned him
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
A plume on waving hair,
A cloak that drapes him proudly,
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness
He sings, he has won the prize,
When he brings the light of gladness
To a dying maiden's eyes.

J. R. S.

PAULINE.—PART I.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

Sound itself was silent,
 Save when the Atlantic swell—offspring of some dead storm—
 Heaved up a billow to its memory.

CHAPTER I.—A GAELIC CONGREGATION.

“SEINNIDH sinn chum cliù agus glòire Dhé——”

Such were the words which, startling in their effect and portentous in their signification, broke upon the ear of Pauline as she entered the parish church, after a walk of three miles in length, under the noonday rays of an August sun.

Enigmatical as was the sentence, its immediate effect was only too apparent.

Every collie present cocked his eye, leered at his master, and straightway composed himself to sleep.

The master's face was ministerwards; it was serious, and devoutly attentive. In his hand lay the family Psalm-book, and the unaccustomed thumb was being prepared—how, we need not specify—for its weekly duty of turning over the leaves. The service had begun.

What was Pauline to do?

The door had groaned and closed behind her, the atmosphere was that of the innermost recess of a range of hothouses, and there was two hours' endurance of it in prospect.

Well might her spirit sink.

The collies could understand Gaelic, though they might not follow a sermon—*she* could not interpret a word! The dusty rays of a burning sun were grateful to their panting frames—*she* was suffocating! Each of *them* had his own appointed place—*she* was a stranger! In every way she was worse off than a dog!

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How tired the poor girl felt! How hot, how disappointed, how cross!

The bare contemplation of that two hours' martyrdom made her shudder, and prompted the desperate suggestion that she might, even at this pass, escape. The object of her journey was lost, the expedition had proved a failure; but her heart rebelled against so great a punishment.

Could she by any means avert it? Dare she draw on herself the eyes of all those bowed heads, with the chance, too, of a snap at her heels from some canine bigot set to guard the door? or, more terrible still, a sudden cessation of those dissonant sounds in the pulpit?

Courage said “Yes;” Fear said “No;” and Fear had it.

She must endure to the end, put on perforce the outward garb of decent attention, patiently await—ah! with a wild, weird, rasping cry, the sweet Psalm of David uprose.

Pauline shuddered from head to foot.

Mentally, as at that hour, she listened to the peal of cathedral chimes, and the mellow chant of white-robed choristers, and—measured the distance between her seat and the door.

A pause, another rapid jangle of incomprehensible phrases, a distraction of the worshippers, and the stranger had flown; she stood once more in the sweet, fresh, fragrant air outside.

With a long-drawn breath of re-

lief, Pauline stopped for a minute to gaze on the scene around her.

A broad stretch of blue water lay at her feet, calm as glass, and to all appearance motionless, yet every minute laying bare more and more of the rocky tangle which overspread the beach, interspersed with shallow bays of smooth and glistening sand.

Thin fringes of birch and alder trees skirted the shore, and overhung the broad white road which encircled the island. Sloping backwards from these, and with gradually increasing monotony, dreary wastes of moor, bog, and ravine carried the eye up to the ptarmigan-haunted peaks above.

Towards this prospect Pauline cared not to look. Her eyes were fixed on the pale, dimly-defined horizon; on the tiny islets which seemed to disdain and shrink from the water on which they rested, so carefully did they draw back their pointed headlands from contact with it; and on a large cutter yacht, which had cast anchor in the bay the night before, and which as it lay broadside, showing every spar and rope reflected, might have offered a prominent object for a painter's pencil.

She had watched the white sail of the vessel as it passed Gourloch on the evening before, and mourned its loss in the panorama which the sun, setting, spread nightly before their eyes. The white wing had been folded just as the heavens were lighting up, and it was folded still.

Not a sound came from the sea, and the strange discordant music within the little building alone broke the silence over the land.

Now must Pauline gather up her courage, and take to the road again.

There it lay, glaring in the fierce noonday heat, sheltered only here and there by the birches, and displaying itself in the distance in a

barefaced extent of more than a mile in length, over a hillside, empty even of the shadow of a rock.

Pauline sighed. This was, in plain terms, more than she had bargained for.

When, against the persuasions of her relations at Gourloch, she had made her way to the little Highland church, she had been supported by a feeling of satisfaction, complacency, self-approval if you will, and her aunt had pled in vain.

"My dear, be persuaded. It rarely happens that our own service is put off, and for once we can read our Bibles at home. Such a long walk in this weather, and it is not our own church either!" murmured the lady, feeling a little ashamed of using such an argument.

"I suppose it is much the same, auntie; I never can distinguish between them."

"You have not studied the subject, my dear. But, however, that is not my real reason for wishing you to give it up. It is not fit for you to walk so far. Elsie has gone down to the shore, and taken her books with her. Come, let me find you something to read out of the library."

"Thanks, dear auntie, but I should like to go."

"You know, my love, how gladly I would send you if I could, although it is not our way to have the horses out on Sundays; but really the grey is too lame to be used to-day."

"I always walk, thank you; we never think of driving at home."

Quietly and decidedly the stronger will had put aside the weaker, and, if she rued it, the blame was her own.

That "*Seinnidh sinn chum cliù agus glòire Dhó*" (Let us sing to the praise and glory of God), fell upon her ear like a knell. Nor was she, on reflection, better satis-

fied with the hasty and precipitate withdrawal, which must have seemed to scorn the simple gathering. How could she do it? She had been dazed, bewildered. She was almost, in her confusion, ready to re-enter.

But no! It was too late.

And then above and beyond the obvious causes for discontent previously narrated, it was no easy matter for Pauline to own that she had been in the wrong.

She would have to own it now, easy or difficult—both wrong in going, and wrong in coming away; she would have to walk in, dusty and dishevelled, two hours before she was expected, and make her humiliating confession. Her aunt would commiserate, and Elsie would rally her; of the two, she preferred the idea of being laughed at, and decided that if her cousin had not quitted the shore on her return, she could seek her out, and they could make their *entrées* together.

With this there flashed a bright idea into Pauline's head.

The tide was still on the ebb, the short cut across the rocks would be passable. The prospect of this, with the sudden reaction of surprise and pleasure it inspired, gave a fillip to her spirits, under which she set off. More than a mile could be saved by crossing the bay, and the long ridges of rock, matted with tangle, and thickly strewn with mussels, limpets, and other shell-fish, afforded a tolerably secure footing.

Soon she quitted the road, and with light and active steps began to thread the mazes of the rocky territory.

All went well for a time.

True, she had frequently to retrace her path, and more than once narrowly escaped immersion in a hidden pool. Occasionally, too, she found herself perched upon an

apparently inaccessible height, from which the descent was fraught with peril.

Still, with bare hands clinging to each projecting point, and dainty toes feeling tremulously for security under treacherous sea-weed—too often but the veil of a pitfall—the advance continued.

It grew worse and worse. Her limbs began to ache, her face was burning shelterless under the sun, for, alas! that last spring had snapped the parasol in two, when she came to a full stop. "What shall I do?"

The poor wayfarer was tasting the experience common to explorers of short cuts.

It would seem as if short cuts are haunted by false-hearted sprites, who delight in tormenting such as venture unwarily within their bourne. Try one across fields, and you find half-a-dozen hedges in your way, each backed by a ditch and threaded by a wire. Follow an innocent-looking footpath, as did Christian and Hopeful in the allegory of allegories, and if you are not lodged in the castle of Giant Despair, you are straightway landed in a farmyard deep in mire, from which you look in vain for exit. View all the plain before you, and prepare to tramp it comfortably over a close-shaven, heather-burnt moor, and behold! an artful swamp lurks concealed, with moss and bog-myrtle and cotton-rush flowering on its surface!

Pauline, too far gone to retreat, came to the woful conclusion that another mistake had been committed.

The rocks, which at first had been mere ridges easily traversed, now seemed actually to tower above her; the pools expanded into miniature lakes, and intercepted her path at every turn; while both feet and hands were smarting from contact with the rough and jagged surface.

Suddenly she became aware that she was not alone.

Leaning over a narrow strip of water which ran up between two ledges, was the figure of a man, so intent upon gazing into the crystal pool, that he was apparently as unconscious of her presence as she had hitherto been of his.

His hat was thrown off, and a suit of grey rendered his person so little distinguishable from the smooth surface of stone on which he lay, that had he not changed his attitude on Pauline's approach, she might have been still nearer than she was, without detecting anything unusual.

She turned to escape, her foot slipped, and down she went.

The stranger started, drew himself up, and stared at the apparition. How had she come? What did she want? What was she doing now?

An answer to the last interrogation was self-evident. She was helplessly trying to steady herself on a stone which vibrated to every inclination, her parasol protruded from a crevice many feet below, and her long dress placidly floated on a neighbouring pool. Clearly she was in need of assistance.

"Wait a moment; allow me to help you."

Sooth to say, Pauline had no choice but to wait. She was careless as to the fate of her parasol, and ignorant of the misdemeanours of her robe, but to quit that tottering pedestal, when one false step would precipitate her into a briny gulf, was more than she cared to attempt.

Both hands clutched the rugged wall in front, he advanced, and one was unwillingly loosened and put in his.

"Take care! Not that one! This side! Ah!"

She was in! That last exclama-

tion was called forth by a stumble, a moment's floundering on the slippery surface, and a splash.

The next instant he had seized her other hand, and, by main force, pulled her up beside him.

"Thank you," said poor Pauline, ruefully.

Short of a desert island there could hardly have been a more extraordinary and secluded spot for two well-dressed, well-bred, and well-looking young people to be standing hand in hand, whose acquaintance barely extended over a previous forty seconds or so.

The man saw the joke; the woman did not.

The hand which he held responded to his clasp, with a fervour born of insecurity and fright; the other held on by his arm.

"Grips me like a vice," thought he. Aloud, "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Oh no—not much—thank you. The water is quite warm."

"Your parasol is in the hollow down there; I had better fetch it."

"Pray don't. Don't mind. It is of no consequence whatever."

"You will lose it; you will never find it again if I do not bring it now. If you can just stand still for one moment, I will jump down."

Now the malice of this suggestion consisted in the fact that to stand still was one of the last feats the unlucky fair one was likely to accomplish. The rock on which they stood was so cut up into detached and knife-like edges, that, even as she spoke, she swayed backwards and forwards, pinching his arm spasmodically with each oscillation, while every movement threatened another plunge.

"I shall take the opportunity to collar my hat," reflected the young man, "if she is ever going to let go, that is to say. Suppose you

sit down for a moment?" to his companion.

As this proposal was accompanied by some assistance, it was feasible, and he was free.

And now, for the first time, it occurred to Pauline to look at the person with whom she was fraternising.

As his back was towards her, she naturally contemplated it first. A good back, broad-shouldered, straight, and supple, well set off by the odd sailor-like blouse of grey.

Now he was poking his head down the chasm from which, but nearly out of reach, the parasol poked up its head appealingly to him. Yes, a good head, too; a nice round head, covered with dark, smooth, soft-looking hair. Last of all she obtained a view of the face. "Ah! what a pity!" cried the girl, inwardly; and with furtive glances she continued to scan it till he came back to her side, successful in both his quests.

For the face was—bad.

"May I ask which way you are going?"

Pauline could hardly tell. The idea of retracing her steps was scarcely to be borne—to push on seemed hopeless; she faltered and balanced the *pros* and *cons* in her mind.

At last her tale was told.

"I was nearly let in for that Gaelic service myself," said her companion; "my men found it out, however, and warned me at the church door. So you are on your way to Gourloch?"

"Yes; I was told one could cross here when the tide was out."

"I should doubt it."

"You think it would not be safe to try?"

"Hardly."

"Considering," reflected the young man, "that you were staggering about like a new-born calf a

few minutes ago, and are only happy now because you are sitting down."

"Then I must go back the way I came. Thank you," said Pauline, with dignity. She could be quite dignified as she sat on the rock.

He hesitated, and looked towards the sea. "The men are here. Will you let them put you home? Of course I shall accompany the boat," he added, hastily.

Pauline (aside), "And pray, who are *you*?" Outwardly, she only followed the direction of his eye with hers, and saw what she might have seen long before if she had looked—a large, beautifully-appointed gig, manned by four tidy British tars. "You are very good."

"Not at all. I shall be delighted to be of any use."

"It is barely half a mile beyond that headland; you can see the tower from here."

"What a tremendous round it must be by the road! Five or six miles, I should say."

"Not quite so far, but still——"

"Long enough. You would not do it under an hour and a half."

("I am wet, besides," considered Pauline, who was wetter than she could well confide to a stranger; "and I am tired. And if I refuse and turn back, I must accept his escort over the rocks, for I could not possibly go crawling and falling about, as I did when there was nobody near. What a disastrous expedition it has been from beginning to end! Shall I accept? I wish I knew. The boat does look charming, and sailors are always nice; but I don't altogether like him. Still, if I return, he will come too; and if I go in the boat, there will be all the others. I wonder which would be best or worst!" A pause. "The boat is best.") "Thank you very much, if you are quite sure I am not taking you out of your way——"

("Married," decided the man—"married, and a woman of the world, or she would not be so cool upon it. I never said it was not taking me out of my way. However——") "Not in the least. Let me help you down."

"I cannot imagine," said the young lady, as they stood waiting for the boat, "how you did not hear me before I was so close to you; I made enough noise."

"I heard sounds, but thought my men had come ashore. It was not likely to be any one else, you must acknowledge."

"I did not hear any sound; you took me altogether by surprise."

"And had I not been there, should you have struggled on?"

"Yes, I think so. I don't like giving up what I have once begun."

"You might, if you had had good luck, have been a dozen steps further on by this time. I am sorry I retarded your progress."

"I am very much obliged to you." (Gravely, as with this protest, "So far as you have done me a service, I am bound to acknowledge it; otherwise, as yet we are strangers. Don't make jokes.")

The boat's crew now pulled alongside, and she was handed in.

"Delightful!" exclaimed the weary pedestrian to herself, as they sped over the water with a swift noiseless rush that in a few seconds left the promontory from which they had embarked far behind. "I cannot help being glad I came. It could not be avoided; I had no choice. The men look respectable, and he is a gentleman, whatever else he may be. What an odd adventure! Poor little Elsie! how she would have enjoyed it! I wonder if she will be down at the shore when we come in. No one else will, it is to be hoped. Ah! how pleasant—how very, very pleasant it is! Now we are going over

sand and shells; there scuttles off a little green crab under the weed. It is quite shallow too. Are those oysters, or only their shells? How beautiful are these great trees rising to the surface, and spreading themselves like feathery palms or giant ferns! Far, far down they go, into that deep, dark, invisible pit. If we were to upset here, I should be drowned. I should go straight to the bottom, and never rise again. Ah! I am glad we are off that hollow; the sand is rising again." Thus dreamily her thoughts wandered on, as she hung in silence over the side.

("Might say a civil word or two," inwardly commented the steersman, when some time had elapsed. "I thought all Scotch girls could talk.")

"Is not this beautiful?" said Pauline, turning round.

"Very."

"Nothing can surpass the scenery of the west of Scotland."

"Nothing."

"Especially on a day like this."

"Certainly."

She had made her attempts, it was his turn next.

"I hope you are comfortable?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

"You must be tired?"

"A little."

Discreet, if neither edifying nor original. The lady's turn came again.

"When I come to Scotland I never want to go away; and yet when I am away, I hardly care to seek it out again."

"Just what I have felt. But is not this your country?"

"No."

A pause.

"My home is in the south of England," said Pauline, feeling herself ungracious, "it is—different there."

He acknowledged a difference,

observed that he too was a stranger, and another spasmodic silence ensued. Then with a gasp of relief they simultaneously rushed into the old, old topic of the weather.

Weather past, weather to come, weather at sea, weather among mountains; English, Scotch, and Irish weather; the climates of all countries,—were discussed with an animation that left nothing to be desired.

Meantime the mental commentaries so ran:

"A fine creature. A nice womanly woman. A good daughter, good sister, good wife—oh! indeed! no wife at all," as his eye fell on the

ringless left hand clasped round the parasol—"no wife at all; wrong for once. Be that as it may, you are a wifely, motherly, daughterly girl, and I like you!"

"And you are an odd kind of man, I don't know whether to like you or not."

"Hollo! hollo! hey!"

"Tom!" ejaculated Pauline.

"Tommy!" cried her companion.

With that they turned and faced each other, the meaning of which was, "Pray what do *you* know about Tom?" and, "Pray what do *you* know about Tommy?"

"That is my brother," said Pauline, smiling.

CHAPTER II.—ONE OF THE WILD BLUNDELLS.

"Well, you are a nice girl to go out for a *pleasure-trip* on the *Saw-bath-day*!"

Astonishment and exclamations having been exchanged, the newcomer thus began.

"I did not, Tom. I went to church, and came back by the shore."

"Went by land, and came back by water."

"There is no crossing after all, or else I tried it too far down. I don't know where I should have been now, if I had not been most kindly rescued."

"By him? many thanks," said the boy. He could not have been much over twenty, and was a smart, hearty, merry-go-round sort of a creature, with a loud voice and a laughing eye.

("What! You don't know him? Oh!" in answer to an aside.)

"I say, Blundell, you must come up and have Sunday dinner. That is the house among the trees; no distance, you see. I only turned up myself an hour ago; got a boat, and ferried across at the Ross; and

now my aunt says I should have stayed where I was, and not have travelled upon a Sunday. After my going to church too, on purpose to say that I had been!"

"You have been at church? Where in the world did you find one?"

"Close to the ferry on the other side."

"And how did you manage to arrive here an hour ago?"

"Well, I did not stay the *whole* time you know; I slipped out after the first fifty-five verses of the 119th *Psalm*! Eh, Polly?"

Pauline did not laugh.

"Your sister would have been glad to have been in your place, I daresay. There is nothing but Gaelic at Gourloch Point to-day."

"Is there not? I wish I had been there. I like to hear them screech and squall; it sounds as if you were sitting down upon a bagpipe. But you will come up, won't you?"

"Thanks very much, but I must get back—the men are waiting. You will excuse me, I know."

"I have not yet thanked you——" began Pauline. He smiled, lifted his hat, and was gone.

"I knew he would not come," said Tom, hospitably, "or I should not have been so keen to ask him. I knew that would send him off. What a queer old cracky fellow he is!"

"Old! Cracky!"

"He is half cracked, you know. Where is Elsie?"

"How is he cracked?"

"Aunt Ella said she was down at the shore."

"What do you mean by saying he is cracked?"

"I didn't,—I said he was *half* cracked; and so he is."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. The fellows say he is."

"Why should he not come to dinner when you asked him?"

"Because he never does; and we didn't want him, either."

Pauline pondered.

"He would just have been a bore," continued Tom, as they bent their steps inland; "and Aunt Ella would not have liked it, besides. Queer,—isn't it? They ought to suit each other, those two."

She had no idea what he meant. "How did you know him, Tom?"

"I have known him a long time. The question is, how did *you* know him? I shall tell Aunt Ella of your gallivanting about with one of the wild Blundells, and see how she'll look."

"It was unavoidable," said his sister, steadily. "I was in the very middle of the bay, and had come to a place where I could neither go back nor forward. You may imagine what a start it gave me to find a man close at hand, when I thought——"

"Oh, well," cried Tom, impatiently, "where is Elsie all this time?"

"Perhaps she has gone indoors again."

"She went out when I left. I came down here on purpose to find her."

"Here she is, then!" A laughing voice from behind a rock. "I heard you all the time, and saw you too. What have you been about? Really, you two scandalous people——"

"Speak to Polly, if you like," exclaimed Tom, seizing her hands.

"If you don't look better after my sister another time, Miss Elsie, I shall think twice before I allow her to come and stay with you again. But I am innocent."

"Were you not with her?"

"Not I. She managed this nice little escapade all by herself. I have been here for ever so long, as you might have known, if you had been anywhere but in this crazy, out-of-the-way place down here."

"How did you come?"

"I came by the Ross, got ferried across, and walked over the hill. Mind, I had been to church first, which apparently none of you have. And such a house as I find! Only Aunt Ella in it; you gone, no one can say where; and Pauline sitting cheek-by-jowl with a fellow whose name she does not even know, but with whom she seems vastly taken."

A brother's impertinence, ignored by the stately victim.

"Paulie, I wonder you let him treat an elder sister so!"

"Why, what did you say to her yourself, only a minute ago?"

"Never mind, tell me all about it," said Elsie, impatiently. "Did you find the church, Pauline?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I had to come away, Elsie: it was all in Gaelic."

"Oh! oh! oh!" with a scream of delight. "Oh, that is charming! Oh, you poor Pauline, you dear

Pauline ! and so you had your walk for nothing, and your parasol is broken, and your gown is ruined, and, last of all, you got carried off by a pirate, and were only rescued by Tom and me."

"Come, I like that," said Tom. "What had you to do with it, may I ask ? Sneaking behind that rock until you saw whether the pirate was going to demolish us or not."

"You would make a valiant ally in time of need, Miss Elsie ; like old Blucher, you would come galloping up with a great dust, when all the fighting was over, and do the shouting part."

'Tuheira-sa-sa-sa, und die Deutschen sind da.

Die Deutschen sind lustig, sie rufen, Hurra !'

How long have you been hiding here ?"

"It was some one else's shouting that made me look out. 'Hollo ! hollo ! hey !' and the echo cried after it, 'Ollo ! ollo ! ey !' What makes an echo drop its h's ? They always do, you know."

"And you had seen none of us before ?"

"No ; the first I saw of anybody was when you were all down at the boat. I had heard the dip of the oars before, but it had not come in sight round the point. I concluded that you had come with Pauline."

"And I concluded that you had ; or rather, that it was you sitting beside Blundell."

"Is that the pirate's name ? What is he doing here ?"

"Ask Polly. She knows all about him."

"I suppose that is his yacht, Elsie. He found me in difficulties among the rocks. I was trying to cross the bay as the tide was out ; and just when I had got to a place where I could get neither back nor forward——"

"I have heard this so often that

I am perfectly sick of it," interrupted Tom, rudely. "There was nothing so very wonderful in this great deliverance ; you women always make mountains out of mole-hills. Blundell was fishing in his boat, Elsie, and picked her off, that was all."

"He was doing nothing of the kind," said his sister, warmly. "He was not fishing at all."

"Wasn't he ? Well, then, he ought to have been. I mean to draw him about his Sunday amusements, and you shall see how he rises to it. It was Chaworth who gave me the hint. Elsie, are the gooseberries over yet ?"

"No, indeed, they are but just begun. You forget how much later we are here than you in the south."

"Then let us have a turn at them before dinner."

To humour him she complied, but Pauline, pleading fatigue, escaped into the house.

"We are best by ourselves," said Tom, confidentially. "Pauline always nags me to go indoors before I have had half enough. What have you got there ? Green ones. Are they good ? I like these yellow boys."

"You don't know what is good, then. The green ones have far more flavour. Those are called the honey-globes, but no one cares for them after the others are ripe. These little ironmongers are the best of any."

"Are they ?" said Tom, with all kinds in his mouth at once. "Oh, I say, look here ! My best *visiting* trousers !"

He had been kneeling unconsciously on a juicy red ironmonger, and the result was a deeply-imbedded stain.

"Something always happens to this pair, whenever I wear them," said he, ruefully. "They came from

Smallpage, and are the only ones I have that don't bag at the knee. I put them on to-day, because it was Sunday, to please my aunt."

"It was thoughtful of you, Tom."

"Well, what am I to do? My things won't be here till to-morrow, and—it's getting worse, I do believe—there is not a soul to lend me a pair. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. Why do you not ask Mr Blundell?"

"His? They would trail behind me like the spurs of a fighting-cock. I shall go on board his yacht, though. I say, Elsie, if he is here to-morrow, why shouldn't we have a run in it?"

"Delightful!"

"You would like it, I can tell you."

"But how could it be managed?"

"Oh, there is nothing easier. He is such a queer creature, you can make him do whatever you like, if you take him the right way. That's what Chaworth says. You have only to take him the right way, and you can twist him round your little finger."

"And how, if you take him the wrong way?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I should like to go," said his cousin, "very much."

"You wouldn't be sick?"

"No, indeed! At least I think not."

"What do you mean by you 'think not'? Have you ever been in a yacht?"

"No."

"You know nothing about it, then. They are the sickest things you can go in. There is nothing I like better than a little spanking 15-tonner, with a good sou'-wester to fill the sheets."

"How large is this one?"

"This? Oh, it's far away too big," contemptuously. "It is as safe as anything. Aunt Ella would

go in this one herself, I daresay. It was a little worse thing that Guy was lost out of."

"Who was Guy?"

"Guy? He was the other one. They were the wild Blundells, you know. Such a splendid-looking pair of fellows! Chaworth said——"

"You have had enough, Tom. Come to the greenhouses."

"Chaworth said——"

"Look at this piece of heliotrope, peeping through the hinges. How can it have crept in there?"

"Chaworth said——"

"Shut the door after you."

"You are not listening to me a bit," said Tom, crossly.

Neither she was.

Meantime Pauline sat by her open casement, looking on the sea.

It was an old-fashioned lattice-window, set in a frame of ivy, and both sides were caught back to let in as much of the outer air as possible. The chamber was round, being approached only by a narrow winding stair, which opened out of the gallery below; and the turret-room, as it was called, was appropriated to Miss La Sarte's use, whenever she stayed, as she usually did every autumn, at Gourloch.

Here she sat now, a tall, straight, dark-haired maid, with a thoughtful countenance, and calm, bright eyes.

Unlike Tom, unlike Elsie, unlike any one else in the world was Pauline.

It was this which made Tom rampant at the idea of his sister's adventure, and gave zest to Elsie's enjoyment of her defeat.

Pauline, the good, the grave, the handsome, the decorous, the everywhere admired and approved Pauline, to be caught tripping thus!

Elsie might have been wilful, and daring, and baffled, and made to look foolish as her cousin had been, and no one would have thought twice about it, whilst the

whole house was now gaping at Pauline. Elsie would have been petted and pitied like a lost child; she would have come in bemoaning her fate; showing her hands and her face, her gown and her parasol; and all of a sudden she would have burst out a-laughing in the face of her comforters.

Pauline sits by her window, and her hands lie idly in her lap.

Through the balmy air come ever and anon the calls of sea-birds on the shore; the wild quivering cry of the curlew, or the lapwing diverting wayfarers from her young.

A slight breeze has sprung up with the return of the tide, wavelets lap the rocks, and ripple along the little bays and creeks of sand.

A long hour glides unbroken by, and the dreamer heeds it not.

A sudden attack upon the door; a double attack—one hand used for the rap, the other simultaneously turning the handle.

"Look here! why *don't* you come down? The gong is broken, Aunt Ella says, and you might have known. We have been waiting nearly half an hour.

"I am coming, dear."

"You might just as well read your good books after dinner as before," continued injured Tom.

Pauline, as we know, had not been reading, and there were no traces of books to be seen, but she had forgotten to smooth her hair, and her bonnet still lay upon the table.

Tom looked at her. "Are you tired?" he said, gruffly.

"I am, rather, thank you."

"What a wild-geese chase it was! Blundell must have had a good laugh at you."

They were going down-stairs, and she slipped her hand within his arm.

"Isn't he rather a—strange man, Tom?"

"I told you he was half cracked."

"He never once smiled the whole time, except, yes, when he went away."

"I don't know about smiling, but you should just hear him laugh. He and Guy were the jolliest fellows in the world. Wherever the Blundells were, there was a row, and every night they kept it up. They had half the county by the ears, and there they used to be roaring and fighting——"

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"What were you going to say?"

"I wasn't going to say anything. What do you mean?"

"What were they roaring and fighting about?"

"Oh, for fun. It was Guy who was the great hand; Ralph could be as quiet as a pussy-cat if he liked. Oh! the meekest, mildest creature, without a word to say for himself! So that all the old dowagers used to say, 'What a nice young man!' And he was, *very* nice!" said Tom, emphatically. "I say, you needn't tell Aunt Ella all this; we may just as well go in his yacht, and he is all right now. Do you hear? Mind you don't."

The last injunction gave Pauline food for thought. She waited her opportunity, and thus accosted her brother.

"Tom, if Mr Blundell is not—not a proper acquaintance for us, I cannot help telling Aunt Ella. He ought not to come here, and Elsie and I should not go in his yacht."

"What rubbish! Of course he is all right now; I told you that."

"I don't know what your 'all right' and your 'all wrong' means," cried she, losing patience. "You say he is wicked, and he is crazy, and seem to glory in it, and yet you wish us to be intimate——"

"Who said anything about being intimate? The intimacy is a fiction of your own. You picked him up

for yourself, and were intimate enough with him in all conscience when I came upon you."

"You know how it was ——" began his sister.

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't come to the place where you could get neither back nor forward, again! I know the very spot by this time! Spare us the recital, just this once."

"You are very rude," said Pauline, frowning.

"No, no. I'll be ready for it again to-morrow, and promise to listen to every word. Come, Polly-poddy, don't be cross; you know you want to have the sail, and so does Elsie, and so we'll all go, and have a day of it."

"If you are sure," hesitated she.

"Sure? Yes, of course I am. There is really nothing the matter with him, only that he has been queer ever since he and Guy were out that night in the North Sea, and Guy was drowned. Instead of getting away from the water, as you would think he might have done, he is always on it, and goes mooning about by himself, first to one place, and then to another. But he is quite the pattern man, every one says. I believe," he added, lowering his voice, "he thinks he'll go to

hell, or something of that sort, if he breaks out again."

"Is that what makes you call him crazy?"

"Yes. That is what the fellows say."

"So now," continued Tom, as if a load were off his mind, "you know the worst of him. And, letting alone that, he is as good a fellow as ever lived. Just the kind of man *you* would take to; he is not Elsie's style at all. I say, what a pretty little creature she has turned out, and what airs the monkey gives herself!"

"I don't think any one ever accused Elsie of that before."

"They will now, then. She shuts you up at every turn, and then comes wheedling after you, to get you to go after her again."

"It is only her way, you silly Tom. She means nothing by it."

"Doesn't she, then?"

"Nothing whatever. She is a mere child."

"A monstrous precocious child. Where on earth did she learn to flirt?"

"*Flirt!*" cried Pauline, angrily.

"Yes, flirt. I suppose it is born in a girl. Even a she-Paul will flirt, if she can do it on a Sunday, my dear sister," added he, silyly.

Pauline—blushed.

CHAPTER III.—"BITE HIM, PUNCH!"

The next morning, alas! alas!

Rain; soft, patient, persistent rain, not loud nor passionate, yet holding out no false hopes of giving way, set in with the daylight.

Low over the hillsides hung the misty veil; leaden looked the sea; piteous were the faces that surveyed it at Gourloch.

"Elsie, do you ever have anything but rain, here?"

"Never! It poured the whole of *yesterday*."

"Yes, of course, if it is fine, it is sure to be on a Sunday, when one can't do anything."

"I had a presentiment that it would rain to-day."

"Clever of you, that. I have a presentiment that it will rain to-morrow, and the next day, and the next after that." Tom was out of humour, and the mischief found for his idle hands to do was teasing his cousin.

"It is no worse here than else-

where," affirmed Elsie, smarting like a true Scot under their national disgrace. "We have had very *good* weather, particularly *fine* weather, until quite lately. I am sure I don't know why it should have broken just at this time," continued she, with a troubled look at the sky.

"And what is one to do the live-long day?"

"You might go and see Mr. Blundell," said a quiet voice close by. Pauline was standing with her back to them, looking out of the window.

"Eh? What should I do that for?" demanded her brother.

"You might find out how long he means to stay, and see what is our prospect of a sail."

"Well, I might do that. Perhaps he would take me with him to-day. I don't care for the rain, and it would be better than staying at home." (With a glance at Elsie.) "Men can't be expected to fad about a work-table all day like girls."

"Bring him back with you to entertain us," retorted his cousin.

Tom tossed up his head. "Likely, isn't it? He hates women."

No remark.

"He never goes anywhere when he can help it."

"Oh!"

"And so, as he won't come to me, I must go to him," proceeded young La Sarte with a lordly air, intended to convey that it was impossible two such choice spirits could be long apart. "He will expect me, I daresay."

"Hollo!" Three minutes later, in the avenue. "I was on my way to look you up. What a beast of a day!"

"Well, what have you got for me to do?"

Was he seeking Tom, as Tom was seeking him, from the sheer lack of any other source of entertainment?

They regarded each other earn-

estly. Should they fish? The streams were too high. The shooting of Gourloch was let to a stranger. Boating would be miserable; walking, stupid. Must they actually be driven indoors? It appeared the only thing to be done.

"I hope," said Blundell, as they walked up to the house, "that Miss La Sarte is none the worse for her wetting yesterday."

"Not a bit. At least, I never asked her. Isn't it a jolly old place? Belongs to my aunt, as far as you can see on either side. She was a Macdougall; you would know what that means if you were a native; and since my uncle's death she lives here for the most part of every year. The pity is about the shooting. She might just as well keep some of it for me, even if she let the rest; it is rather hard on a fellow to come to Scotland in August, and get no grouse. I have given her several pretty broad hints on the subject. I should come down regularly if I could look upon it as a moor."

"I don't doubt it," said his companion, drily.

"And, of course, I should have it to offer fellows. I can't ask them down, as it is, when there is no shooting. Fellows who have asked me, you know. There was young Beauchamp; and Farey, Lord Farey's son;—they would both have come down fast enough, if there had been anything for them to do. I had to make up a sort of explanation about my aunt being a widow, and not caring to have a lot of people about. I could not tell them slap out there was no shooting, they would have thought it so uncommonly odd."

"Are you the heir?"

"No, another of us, my cousin, has the title and the B—shire estates. That is why my aunt lives here."

"And does he come in for this property too?"

"Oh no, there's Elsie—I mean

her daughter. A nice girl," said Tom, carelessly. "Sir Edward was only my mother's brother, but we do pretty much as we like here."

"And that was your sister whom I met yesterday? Do you know, the whole time she was with me she reminded me of some one, and I could not puzzle out who it was. Not that she is the least like you, Tommy."

"Is she not? She is thought like me too." (I suppose he means that she is handsomer, and she's not. I am quite as good-looking.)

"We are rather wet for the drawing-room, eh?" said Blundell, with a glance at his sea-soiled boots. "What do you think?"

"My aunt is awfully good-natured, and——" sinking his voice, "the carpets are as old as the hills. Nobody minds about them. Aunt Ella," continued Tom, opening the door, "here is Mr Blundell: what can we do to amuse him?"

"We will do our best," replied his aunt, pleasantly. She was a slight, graceful little thing, to whose opinions her nephew's exceeding deference seemed almost comical. "I am afraid we have nothing here very entertaining, Mr Blundell," affirmed the lady.

"Perhaps Mr Blundell will kindly entertain us," said a new voice, the other courtesies having been exchanged.

Turning politely towards the speaker, he beheld a rosy, golden-haired Hebe, in the first flush of her womanhood; a chubby, dimpled, rounded creature, whose mocking eyes were fixed upon him.

"I am dreadfully stupid," said he, with a drawl.

Pauline, on his other side, jerked her netting - needle impatiently. ("He did not speak in that way to me," thought she. "What a disagreeable, affected, artificial voice! I knew I should not like him.")

Lady Calverley. "You were very kind yesterday in bringing my niece out of an unpleasant predicament. She was a foolish girl to try the crossing, and we may be thankful things were no worse."

"You would have laughed at us," said Blundell to Elsie.

"I am sure I should."

"It is never safe to try a crossing by the sea," continued Lady Calverley.

"I should not have tried it unless the tide had been going out," said Pauline.

"I could cross at any time," said Tom.

Then there was a pause. ("I wonder how I could put up with him!" thought Pauline. "I must have been blind and deaf, or else he is altogether changed since yesterday.")

"Are you not a walker?" inquired Blundell, again addressing Miss Calverley.

"I don't care for walking, unless it is to get things. I should not mind it if I might shoot, or fish, or follow the otter-hounds; but walking for walking's sake is like taking medicine,—you wonder how little of it you can get off with, to do you any good."

Elsie, thankful for any diversion, conscious of charms, graceless and idle, sparkled with animation.

"I declare," speculated Tom, "she is trying her hand on Blundell next."

It was not her place. He had told her his friend was bored with women, and if he had by any chance come up to see Pauline, he ought to be talking to *her*. His aunt, too, merely putting in a word now and then; she should be taking the lead—she ought to *make* their visitor converse with her on this their first meeting.

Elsie was too free, too friendly, with a man whom she had never

seen before. If this were the winning manner of which he had heard so much, he failed to appreciate it.

"What in all the world are we to do?" he reiterated, dolefully.

No one heeded him.

"Pauline, why are you fidgeting with that stupid work?"

"I did not know I was fidgeting."

"You are; and you have hardly done a stitch besides. Why can't you try to make yourself agreeable? Why don't you talk like Elsie?" in a low voice. "It all falls upon her. Neither you nor Aunt Ella will say a word."

"I can't talk to a man who turns his back upon me," said Pauline to herself. She was exaggerating, he had not turned his back; but the lady was nettled.

His back was not turned, but his shoulder certainly was. He was lounging over the side of the easy-chair, snapping his fingers at the pug in Elsie's lap.

Punch was growling, wincing, and quivering with indignation.

"Look at him, Punch! Bite him, Punch! Hist! Good dog, good dog! Don't be frightened, you little coward!" cried his mistress, full of the sport. "Punch, I am ashamed of you, to let yourself be tormented by a naughty, horrid——"

"Go on," said Blundell.

"Elsie, my dear, will you open the dining-room door, and see what luncheon is about? It is surely one o'clock."

Elsie jumped up with an instantaneous obedience edifying to see.

"One o'clock! It surely cannot be as late as that!" exclaimed their guest.

"It has been one o'clock *by me* for ever so long," said Tom, emphatically.

"A quarter to one," said Pauline, consulting her watch. "I think

your clocks are rather fast, Aunt Ella."

"Yes, my dear, we keep them half an hour before the time, as our servants are always late."

"And that pulls them up?" said Blundell, gravely.

"They are obliged to go by the clocks, you know."

"Which they would not do, if you kept them to the correct time?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I wish I knew of any way to make them punctual," said Lady Calverley, herself the most unpunctual woman in existence. "I never can get them to do as I wish in that respect. Well, Elsie, are we to come?"

"No, indeed, mamma, there is no appearance of food; but there is a rush along the passage now that betokens good. There is a sound of abundance of rain. Mr Blundell——" But Blundell had turned to her cousin.

"Ah," said Tom, cheerfully, "it will be all the better when it comes, Elsie! Here Punch, good old dog! you like me now, don't you, sir? Take my advice and stick to me in the dining-room, and it will advance your best interests. The day is clearing, Aunt Ella, after all."

What had made the day brighten, the dog good, and the late luncheon excusable, all at once, in the young man's eyes? Pauline sedately conversing with his friend, or Elsie sitting by astonished and neglected?

"Elsie, come here; I have something to show you."

She came hastily.

"It is only an old halfpenny; but never mind, let us be looking at it. I say, when are we to bring in about the sail?"

"We can't bring it in at all."

"Oh yes, we can, *you* can. You were chattering away to him just now easily enough. Think of something to put it into his head."

"I won't. He was quite rude to me just now."

"Rude to you! How?"

"I spoke to him, and he turned away, and never answered me."

"He was not thinking of you, that was all."

"Then he ought to have been thinking of me," pouting, and looking angrily at the halfpenny. "He should not be so taken up with any one that he cannot attend for a moment to another."

"Oh, you take no notice, that is the best way," advised he, by no means displeased at the tables being thus turned. "He and Pauline will get on together first-rate, for, between ourselves, they are both as mad as March hares. He is not in your line, my dear, at all."

"He has not a pleasant way of speaking. Sometimes I can't tell whether he is in joke or in earnest."

"What does it matter which he is? He is an old frump, and he is not half so good-looking as he was either."

"He is quite good-looking enough."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't call him so very handsome now. And black hair always turns grey soon."

"How old is he?"

"He is a long way over thirty, I know that. He was thirty when I left those parts, or, if he wasn't, he was precious near it."

"Look here!" continued he, turning her attention to himself, "this mark, it shows wonderfully little after all. You can hardly see it in this light, can you?"

"No, no; it is not worth thinking about for a moment," impatiently. "They seem to have gone to sleep in the house to-day. No luncheon, nor anything."

"We are not starving; and when we have eaten it there will be

nothing else to do. I am in no hurry," alleged the lad, defying that internal clock which had anticipated the hour so pertinaciously hitherto.

"For the first time in your life, then. I thought you were always hungry, and greedy, and everything else that a boy ought to be."

"I daresay I was. I was a capital boy in all respects," assented Tom, quietly consigning his boyhood to the past. "And you were not a bad little girl either, Miss Elsie. Do you remember the turkey's nest day?"

No answer.

"What are you listening to *them* for?" cried he, with a frown.

"Nothing—nothing. It was only to 'mamma. She—— What was it you were saying?"

"Nothing worth attending to. I am only boring you. Mr Blundell is a great deal more entertaining, no doubt."

"Tom, you silly boy, don't be ridiculous. I heard every word you said, till just at the last. I was thinking of something——"

"Oh, never mind. It does not in the least signify," tossing up and down the tassel of the blind, with a sham yawn, and an air of superb carelessness.

Elsie had no more to say; her excuses were suspected, and apologies would have made matters worse.

Now at last they were at one in their desires; equally anxious for interruption, the announcement of luncheon was welcomed by both.

The day did not clear, according to Tom's prognostications, and the greater part of it had to be passed, even by him and his friend, within doors.

Five o'clock tea, however, was barely over, when, all at once, the sun shone out.

That more rain would fall ere night, and also through the night,

was but too probable; but for the present there was a lull.

The pattering of heavy drops might be heard upon the laurel hedges from the trees overhead; blackbirds and thrushes did a brisk business among such hapless worms as had crept forth upon the grassy paths; and the roaring of hidden waterfalls seemed all at once to become distinctly audible.

"Let us go and see the Gour Burn in flood!" suddenly suggested Tom. "What do you say, Elsie?"

A making-up, such as is in fashion among quarrelsome children, had been effected between them; and now, as usual, he appealed to her.

"Shall we, Pauline?" cried Elsie.

"Yes, yes, we will! For," subjoined Pauline, with exceeding demureness, "a whole day in the house is tiresome. One needs fresh air."

"My dear Pauline, what are you proposing?" Lady Calverley looked at her niece with astonishment. "Going out *now*! And it will rain again directly!"

"Now mamma, don't say anything, *please*! It will be so delightful! And do make dinner a little later, so as to give us plenty of time. Come, Pauline! Quick! Before mamma can say a word!"

"Why should you not come too?" urged Tom. "Put on thick boots, and come. I'll carry you home if you fall by the way."

"My dear, I could not walk half-way there! And I cannot say I think you ought to ask the girls to go. Why cannot you and Mr Blundell go by yourselves?"

Four gloomy faces made answer first.

Then, "It would be such a grand sight," murmured Pauline.

"I really think they ought not to miss it," pleaded Blundell.

Tom. "It will do them all the good in the world!"

Elsie. "We *must* go."

Further remonstrance would have been idle, and it was understood that Blundell was to return with them to the castle.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GOUR BURN.

"Thy gentlest sweep and boldest leap,
Thy rough rock walls, and plunging falls,
Thy foam-bells ringing free:
Thy pools and thy shallows, thy sun-woven shadows,
Thy startles and sallies, thy fern-glades and valleys,
Were early known to me."

With revived spirits and glowing countenances, the little party found themselves out upon the moor, surrounded by dripping heath and fern, brawling streamlets, and glistening sheets of rock.

"Hi!" cried Tom, walking backwards in front of them, up a steep incline. "This is the kind of thing for me! What a pair of cheeks Elsie has got!"

"What a pair you have got yourself!" retorted his cousin, as though it were an accusation. "Do walk

properly now: this is not a place to trip in."

"Just what I should say it was," tripping as he spoke, and pretending to lurch over the side. "Why did none of you catch me? That pool down there would drown a haystack!"

"Isn't it a splendid pool?" said Elsie. "And the rock opposite is called 'The Otters' Inn.' The otter, when he travels up to the lake on the other side of the hill, spends the day here, and pro-

ceeds on his way the following night."

"I should say he meets with cold comfort," said Tom, lightly. "It wad be sma' plesure to me to bide in a hoose where there was neither parritch nor whusky—eh, Blundell? The Otters' Inn is not quite in the style of the old 'Goat and Compasses.'"

No answer.

"Do you and Chaworth go there still?"

"No."

"Where is Chaworth?"

"I don't know. Miss La Sarte," said Blundell, turning to his companion, "I suppose, by this noise, we are close to the fall now?"

"I knew I should draw him," whispered Tom, triumphantly. "Did you see how angry he was? He hates the very name of Chaworth."

"Then why did you mention him?"

He stared. "Why? Just for that, to be sure! Didn't you see how he turned to Pauline, and would talk no more to me? Oh, it was rich!"

"Elsie," said Pauline, turning round, "we are going down to the ledge: we shall not be away more than a few minutes."

"Is Miss Calverley not coming too?"

No; Miss Calverley declined the invitation decidedly: it made her so giddy, that never once, not even when she was a child, had she seen the fall. She would await their return where she was.

The other three crept down the bank, clinging alternately to branches of trees and points of rock. Pauline mutely declined assistance, for speech was unavailing. The hollow rumbling sound which had been loudly audible on the heights, was now a deafening continuous roar, as the volume of

water, which had been considerably augmented by the recent rain, thundered over the cliff, and lashed the black pool below, into a seething caldron of yellow foam.

The three adventurers, from their ledge, beheld the spectacle in silence.

Tom, his restless eyes roving up and down, as if to gather in every point of the picture, was still influenced by a certain amount of awe, for this was a sight to which he was unaccustomed; his sister, to whom it was more familiar, gazed thoughtfully into the depths; Blundell surveyed the scene with some degree of emotion, but of a kind so inscrutable, that it was difficult to guess whether it afforded him pleasure or pain.

Suddenly he motioned to the others to remain where they were, and disappeared up the bank.

"Miss Calverley, you really must come down. It is magnificent; and your cousin says you have never seen it yet."

"I should like to come so much," said Elsie, piteously; "but oh, if Tom were to touch me——"

"He shan't touch you. No one shall. You shall touch me, and that is all you need do. Hold on by my arm, and you can come down as safely as if you were on a high-road."

A few more entreaties, and she was persuaded.

Yes, wonderful to relate, she was persuaded. Shivering, miserable, yet excited and triumphant, she stood upon the ledge.

Pauline nodded her congratulations, and Tom clapped his hands in her face; but Elsie heeded them not.

She was holding on, as Blundell had told her, by his arm; and as wilder and wilder grew the hurry of the torrent, and more and more horrible the yawning depths below, she cowered the closer to him.

Strange cries, and shrieks, and groans sounded for her in the terrible din of the waters. Her eyes began to swim, her brain to reel. Well for her that some one at that moment touched her elbow. It was only Pauline, unaware of the compact made beforehand, and kindly anxious to see if her cousin were uneasy; but it gave the last touch to the girl's nervous terror, and uttering a cry which was lost in the raging of the waters, she shot up the bank like a hunted animal escaping for its life.

The other three followed, grievous to relate, in convulsions of merriment.

Pauline's rare laugh rang out with the hearty, thorough enjoyment of one not often in mirthful mood; Tom see-sawed to and fro with the agonies of his delight; while even Blundell looked diverted, though politeness restrained him from giving way to the same extent as did the others.

Elsie, the first to ridicule herself upon ordinary occasions, reddened with vexation, and drew herself pettishly away from her cousin's protecting arm.

"Little Elsie," began Pauline.

"Oh Elsie, Elsie!" cried Tom.

"Oh fie, Elsie!"

"It was my fault," said a kind voice, without a trace of amusement in it. "I ought not to have pressed it," continued Blundell, "but I could not bear to think that you were debarred from sharing our pleasure. Miss La Sarte, standing there, you reminded me of the 'Lorelei.' You know the old legend? If you had taken your hat off, and let your hair down, it needed no more."

"Except that it should have been golden hair," said Tom, who had studied at Bonn, and had often enough sung about the "goldnes haar" with the wild students there; "and that Pauline would never lure

any one to destruction. Elsie would make a far better 'Lorelei,'" he added, thoughtlessly.

"You are——kind," said his cousin.

"You are unfair to us all," said Blundell. "I had forgotten the purport of the lady's wishes, and only thought of her picturesque attitude. I had forgotten the golden hair, too, Tom."

"Oh, don't apologise: we are not offended; are we, Elsie? Quite the reverse. And as for Pauline, she knows you *meant* to be complimentary, whatever you might *say*."

Blundell's look said she might, and Miss La Sarte caught it.

"It is growing late," said she, hurriedly. "Let us come."

"And come you along with me, Elsie!" cried Tom. "You and I will make it up on our way home. And I won't tease you, nor bother you, nor anything," he added, in more manly tones than he had yet spoken.

They set off accordingly.

"A nice-looking pair," said Blundell, looking after them. "If it is a fair question, is she quite grown-up?"

"She would say *quite*, if you asked her; but one ought not to be reckoned very deeply accountable at seventeen—ought one?"

"It is to be hoped not," he answered, with a sigh.

"Oh," said Pauline, astonished at his taking it so seriously, "I was only thinking of my little cousin's playful ways. She has such bright spirits that sometimes, now and then, she may be misunderstood. Not, of course, by those who know her."

"Oh, certainly not. The sins of seventeen don't count for much anyway."

("Flippant," thought she. "I dislike that way of speaking.")

"You don't agree with me?" said Blundell.

"I think," said Pauline, with an effort, "that you do not mean what you say. You did not mean *sins*."

"Yes, I did. We may wipe out the sins of seventeen with a single stroke, I should say."

"Oh no."

"No!"

"We cannot wipe out one."

"Then may God have mercy upon us!"

The blood rushed to Pauline's cheek, and her heart seemed to stand still. What did he mean by forcing this strange conversation upon her? by this sudden fall from the smooth surface of ordinary topics to those deep themes which may not be touched but with awe and reverence? She did not know how to answer, how to speak at all. Tom's hints and confidences, was she to distinguish them from his ordinary rattle? Had he, for once in his life, kept within the mark?

Her pulses beat fast, as she took the next few steps in silence.

"I suppose you think me dreadfully profane," said Blundell at last, with a sort of smile.

"No, no;" that rendering not having even occurred to her.

"What then?"

What then, indeed! She could not well adopt Tom's phraseology, and state that she had been wondering whether he were indeed "half cracked" or not. But she was greatly at a loss; she could hardly bring herself to speak.

At last, "I know you are right," said she. "It is the very root of our religion. But—you took me rather by surprise."

"You take me by surprise now. I hardly understand what you mean." ("In fact, not at all.")

"Is not our only trust in the mercy of God?" said Pauline, reverently.

"Certainly."

"Well?"

"Well?"

They looked at each other.

"Apparently we are equally at sea," said he, at last. "I had better explain my views. I believe that we *can* wipe out the faults, follies, sins, if you will, of our youth, by a consistent determination to avoid them for the future. If we cannot do that, I say, God have mercy, for there is no hope for us."

He spoke sullenly in the tone of a man resolved to abide by his own judgment, and his gentle companion winced, even while she answered steadily, "That is not the Christian religion."

"How not?"

"If our only trust is in the *mercy* of God, how can we be expected to *justify* ourselves in His sight?"

"We must 'work out our own salvation.'"

"Work it out through faith."

A gesture of impatience. "Is that what you mean? I have seen quite enough of that sort of thing. Faith is a very easy stepping-stone to heaven. If a man does not lead a consistent life, he is very glad to take hold of faith."

"I should say he would be more glad to take hold of it if he *did*."

"Should you? Ah!"

"You are trying to do what you never can," said Pauline, roused by his alighting tone.

"What is that?"

"Make yourself fit to appear before your Maker."

"I can at least keep myself from being unfit."

She shook her head. Blundell set his lips as if determined to say no more, and an awkward silence ensued.

With vacant eyes fixed upon the ground they marched along in silence, equally anxious to renew the combat, yet each unwilling to take the initiative part. Finally they broke out together.

"Mr Blundell——"

"Miss La Sarte——"

The voices ceased as simultaneously and as suddenly as they began.

"This is absurd," said he. "We need not quarrel because of a difference in opinions; and considering that our acquaintance only dates from yesterday, it is too much to expect that they should jump together all at once. That," he continued in a softer tone, "we must wait for."

"Oh no; we need not quarrel."

"By the way, we were more in sympathy yesterday, were we not? We both tried the church, and were both driven away by the same cause to the same place. How curious to think of your being Tom's sister!"

"Have you known him long?"

"I used to have the boys over from school, and let them run about the place. Tom was rather a favourite of mine. I have only met him once since he went to Oxford, however."

"You wish to change the subject," thought Pauline. "Very well." But before she had time to say a word he recurred to it.

"Miss La Sarte, I'll tell you what it is. Religion does not come easy to a man. There is no use in saying it does. It does *not*. It goes against the grain. A fellow has to set his teeth hard, and *make* himself keep to the right road, or he will go in the wrong. When a parson—a clergyman preaches about faith and conversion, and those sort of things, to us, he makes a great mistake. We want to *do* something—to take hold of something—that is, if a man is in earnest at all."

"Then, Mr Blundell, what benefit do you suppose we derive from the death of our Saviour?"

"We are to be saved by it, if we lead a worthy life. Surely that is

an easy question? Excuse my saying so."

"Can any one lead a worthy life?"

"Certainly. We can lead *unworthy* ones, at all events."

"We can *will* to lead a worthy or unworthy life, Mr Blundell, but the power is absent, unless a mightier Power be working in us."

"Possibly. I know nothing about that. A man knows which way he is going, and it is of his own free will that he takes one direction or the other. There are the others waiting for us," said he, in a tone of relief.

"Did you get any berries, Pauline?" Elsie confronted them with scarlet bunches of the mountain-ash in her hand. "You shall have some of mine. I knew you would never think of getting any for yourself."

"Where did you find them, Elsie?"

"Where? Right across the path, to be sure. Only fancy, Tom, they never saw the rowan-tree, and we were ten minutes twisting off the sprays!"

"We were deep in metaphysics," said Blundell, lightly. "You ran away from us, besides."

Pacing the deck under the low-hanging heavens, ere night set in, a restless form might have been dimly visible, whose restless spirit thus communed with itself.

"So! I have begun already. It is a curious thing now, this faculty of mine! Go where I will, meet whom I may, it is always the same. What had I to do with the fancies of this brown-haired nun? She is one of those pure, guileless beings, in whose nature goodness is inherent; it signifies nothing to her that her creed is made of gossamer.

"Pah! What a farce it is! Do what you like, take your fill of all

that is going, and then—heaven is ready for you.

"I am a dolt to squander sense against nonsense, in other words to argue with a woman—even a pretty one. By Jove! how splendid she looked, with that upward cast of the eye, and that colour in her cheek! I must try the effect again; I love to see a brunette burn.

"She shall not move me, though. Fool as I am, and fool of fools as I have been, there is a chance given to me yet, and as I am a man the devil shall have none of me. That sight, that face—will it ever cease to haunt me? 'The one shall be taken, and the other left.' My God! it was Guy—who was—taken."

"Ha! what have you got there? What book is that? eh? Did I not tell you I would have nothing of that sort where I am master? Eh? Speak out! What do you say?"

In confusion under so sharp and sudden a charge, the delinquent stammered and stuttered.

"What do you say? eh?"

"It ain't a bad book, sir, in—indeed it ain't. Look for yourself, sir. It was so precious slow lying out here, all day long, sir."

The suspected volume was held up for inspection.

"The minister's'—what, 'wooning!'" read his master, with an expression of disgust. "Filling your mind with rubbish like that! Where is the book I gave you yesterday? Why do you not read it?"

"In—in my bunk, sir."

"And there it may remain, I suppose. I might have guessed as much. You will come to no good, I can tell you, Jerry, if you go on like this. There is more mischief done by blackguard books of this sort——"

"Please, sir, have you ever read it?"

"I? No, indeed!"

"It's by a lady," insinuated the culprit, eyeing the book lovingly, and then looking to see what effect the intimation produced.

"What has that to do with it, pray?"

"Might be more delicate, more proper," murmured the lad, with crest-fallen countenance, as feeling that he had expended his last shot, and missed.

"You be hanged!"

The piteous expression, and the pitiful apology were too much; Blundell burst out laughing, and passed below.

"There spoke the true blood! That was wild Ralph back again!" Blake, the captain, had heard the end of the discussion, and witnessed the retreat. "Blest if I don't jump i' my skin to hear them good old words pop up, like the cork out of a sody-water bottle, when it can't be kept down no longer! Ay, it was different in Guy's time. Bless us, it *was* different!"

"It ain't the woin' itself he objects to, d'ye see?" said Jerry, slily. "It's only the readin' of it." (Whistling).

"Duncan Gray cam' here to woo!
Ha! ha! the woin' o't!"

which ancient ditty he had lately picked up in the Highlands, and relished extremely.

Blake paused. "So that's it, is it?" said he, with slow perception. Then, lifting his thumb, he jerked it over his shoulder at the grey tower, which was by this time barely distinguishable in the shadow of the hill.

Jerry nodded.

"Whew! We are in for it then, Jerry, an' no mistake!"

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE proceedings of the Conference have astonished the world. The object was to revise, with the consent of the signatory Powers, that portion of the Treaty of Paris which left the good government of the Christian and other populations of Turkey dependent entirely upon the gracious communication of the Sultan which was recited in the body of that celebrated instrument. The time seemed to be ripe for modifying the clause which had prohibited intervention, and to devise some plan of supervision under which Europe might enforce a better system of administration in the provinces of Turkey. From the date of the Andrassy Note down to that of the English programme of the Conference, the diplomacy of Europe had been centred upon those interesting regions; a civil war had ensued, mediation, and then an armistice; and the orderly succession of events rendered a conference of all the Powers a necessary expedient. England entered upon it with alacrity and enthusiasm; for the small but active body which assumes to represent the English Liberals discerned in its adoption the triumph of their autumn manoeuvres, a first recognition of the wisdom which had gushed in pamphlets and in speeches. Yet on the face of it there were plausible objections to such a gathering, which to some extent disturbed the self-complacency of its self-constituted patrons. According to Mr Freeman, "honourable men representing great and civilised nations have had to sit as equals with the authors of Bulgarian atrocities." They have had to use "words of hollow courtesy to men from whose presence any honest man in other lands would

shrink with loathing." The Turk, moreover, according to this same excellent authority, could not fail to have his own way at such a conference "if he was once treated as an equal, as one with whom it was possible to reason, instead of being called up as a criminal to hear his sentence." Contrast this nonsense (written on the 11th of last month) with the practical results of the Conference, and then we may estimate the wisdom of the high priest of recent agitations. The real object of the statesmen who met at Constantinople was, in the language of the Guildhall speech, "to bring about that permanent peace in Europe which, all statesmen agree, can best be secured by adhering to the treaties which exist." To reconcile the sovereign rights of the Sultan and the integrity of his dominion, with the demands of the Pan-Slavonic agitators headed by Russia, with her policy of independent action proclaimed, and her forces mobilised and preparing an invasion, seemed an almost hopeless task. The five Powers assembled practically as mediators, to moderate Russian demands, to urge Ottoman concessions; and the utmost that any of us hoped for at the time, was either that some compromise might be effected, or that we might get away from the vague talk about concessions, guarantees, good government, moral development, and so on, and find out what was to be considered as a substantial *casus belli*. That was the task of the five mediating Powers; and one or other alternative seemed to be absolutely certain. No one was prepared for what really happened; the absolute collapse of practical business, superseded by a succession of irre-

ducible minima and *résumé mitigés* on the one side, and perpetual exclamations of *jamais, jamais*, on the other. As regards Turkish reforms, nothing has been done; and all that is left upon that topic is to speculate how it has happened that all this rolling stream of diplomacy has terminated in a sandbank—why this mighty project of assembled Europe dictating terms of peace to the Turk, and a final solution to the Eastern question, has vanished into a dream. As respects the maintenance of peace, and the indefinite adjournment of a policy either of hostile occupation or other treaty infraction, we owe it to Lord Salisbury's efforts at Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Constantinople that the aims of the British Cabinet have signally succeeded.

The failure of the Conference, so far as dictation was concerned, is due to the circumstance which the Turk alone was shrewd enough to penetrate—viz., that it was an attempt to dictate to an independent sovereign in his own capital terms of peace and capitulation without previously incurring any of the risks or the strain of war. Nominally the Turk had to deal with united Europe; but there was no united demand, nor any union of interests, nor any united resolve to extort concessions by main force. A generous aspiration for an improvement in the lot of Turkish subjects, and a desire to close one war and avert another, had brought them together. No single Power ever intended war except Russia; and Russia was fast throwing away every pretext of strife when she engaged with the other Powers not to seek for extension of territory, or any other means of individual aggrandisement, and pared down her demands to a trumpety proposal of delimiting Bulgaria, and inducing 3000 Belgians to enrol themselves in a Turkish

police force. No one else was prepared to fight; and the other Powers must have agreed with Germany, that the upshot of the Conference was, not that Turkey was bound to give solid guarantees for the future, but that Russia should have the alternative plainly put before her, either to go to war and stand her chances, or else to abandon her mischievous Pan-Slavonic agitation. To suppose that the Turks would allow themselves to be coerced by any fear of seeing the plenipotentiaries depart, each in a separate man-of-war, or by any alarm at the prospect of a *chargé d'affaires* replacing an ambassador, was ridiculous. Their audacity throughout these proceedings has been marvellous; their impertinence—as, for example, when Safvet Pasha assured the Plenipotentiaries that he had never read the Andrassy Note—bordered upon the sublime; and their stubborn inflexibility, with the St James's Hall orators in front of them and the Bosphorus behind them, has extinguished much cheap indignation and furious zeal. If they had not reddened their hands in Bulgarian blood, their recent diplomatic victory when pitted against overwhelming odds would have roused a strong enthusiasm in their behalf. As it is, they have involved in inextinguishable ridicule the proposal that we, of all people, should undertake the arduous task of driving them from Europe, in the forlorn hope of advancing the cause of civilisation by the sanguinary strife which would follow. We may search in vain through these proceedings for any single demand made upon Turkey which is worth a war. Yet for months we have been told by "demagogues and agitators," and even by responsible statesmen, that we ought to join Russia in hostile measures in order to extort concessions from the Sultan favourable to

future good government. For what are we to invade Turkey, reverse our traditional policy, perhaps incur the armed hostility of Austria and Germany? Is it in order to delimit Bulgaria, to gain the right of sanctioning the appointment of pashas, to reinforce the Turkish police, or to prohibit the bearing of arms in public places, or for all combined? The Conference, with the events which preceded it, has certainly been useful in clearing away the delusions which have been so sedulously promoted. The condition of Turkey is not so scandalous as to justify armed intervention or to become a standing menace to its neighbours. It is not worth the while of any Power to invade the territory of the Sultan if all hope of ultimate advantage to itself is abandoned. Whatever sympathy the Pan-Slavonic leaders may have with Russia, that sympathy is very little shared in by the people, who have no confidence in the civilising agencies which were set in motion in Poland and Turkestan, and who feel that time is on their side in dealing with the Turk, while it would be dead against them when once they were enclosed in the iron grip of Russia.

The diplomatic campaign which has just closed is so extremely interesting that we venture to remind our readers of its leading incidents, so far as they have yet been disclosed. It will long be memorable in the history of Europe; and if it is permissible to believe that the Turkish schemes of reformed administration will derive life and vigour from what has passed, there will be no drawback to the pleasure with which Europe as well as England has watched the defeat of an unworthy agitation on the part of Russian propagandists abroad and our intriguing Liberals at home. The peril of an active Russian intervention was undoubtedly at one time

a very real one. At the outset of the Conference, according to the Austrian correspondent of the 'Times,' Russia, while anxious to dispel any doubt as to her resolve to have occupation in one form or another, explained in a Note to the Powers the limits and objects of her intervention. Her mission, she declared, was one of peace. She had no hostile designs against Turkey, but she desired to better the condition of the Christian populations, without curtailing the Sultan's sovereignty or violating the integrity of his dominions. War would only ensue if the Turks tried to prevent this mission of peace. In that case, the Russian army as it advanced would organise the country on the principles of local autonomy. If it advanced through Roumania or Servia, the existing authorities would be made use of for that purpose. In a province of the enemy, a Russian governor-general would at once be appointed to take charge. Numbers of civil functionaries were attached to the Danube army with a view to carry out this scheme. If Russia reorganised Bulgaria in this manner, Austria was to be at liberty to discharge the same duty in Bosnia and Herzegovina. That was the programme put forward—the avowed plan of operations. At this point the English Plenipotentiary arrived on the scene, and for a time all went merry as a marriage bell. We were duly informed that the Russian ambassador was pleased with the pacific disposition of Lord Salisbury, and was ready to communicate to him a plan of complete pacification. On December 11, the nine representatives of the six European Powers held their first sitting at the Russian Embassy. The most perfect accord was promised. Lord Salisbury and General Ignatieff expressed themselves mutually pleased with one another; and the Sultan assured the English

Plenipotentiary that the most earnest wish of his heart was to promote the welfare and equality of all his subjects.

The preliminary Conference occupied nearly a fortnight. The Plenipotentiaries, little forecasting the result of this grand experiment, determined to exclude Turkey whilst the conditions which united Europe would present for her acceptance were being drawn up. If it had really proved to be united Europe which was sitting in conclave, then no doubt this mode of proceeding would have been a wise one. In truth, a very conflicting Europe was taking secret council together. It could not unite in signing a protocol, or in taking any step which looked in the smallest degree like united action. It would have been more to the purpose if the five mediators had been closeted first with one combatant and then with the other. The plan adopted of preliminary, followed by plenary Conferences, only served to accentuate the defeat which Europe has suffered—to expose the hollowness of the pretensions which had collected it together. The main feature of the preliminary Conference was the great endeavour made on all sides to secure unanimity. Whenever a difference was threatened, the difficulty was avoided by leaving the question which occasioned it an open one, or by finding some general compromise which temporarily shelved it. The Russian view was that all the needed reforms should be embodied in a note, and presented to the Porte by each of the ambassadors, and that Turkey should be forced either to accept them or to place herself in opposition to what was euphoniously called the will of Europe. But when these questions of reform, and especially the most difficult one of guarantees, came to be dealt with, extreme views gave way to more

moderate and practical ones, and the process of reckoning without your host proceeded with commendable rapidity. They all agreed that the question of guarantees was a very delicate one; and at the same time it was equally certain, from the failure of many previous well-intentioned schemes of reform, that no reforms, whether volunteered or extorted from the Porte, would without solid guarantees be worth more than the paper upon which they were written. According to a distinguished foreign secretary of France, in order to reform the Turk, it would be necessary first of all to impale him; but the moderation of the Powers abstained from that suggestion. The preliminary Conference sat till December 22, having framed a number of proposals to bring before Turkey at the regular Conference, there to be finally discussed and settled. Discord amongst themselves was carefully avoided; and the Turk was supposed to be conciliated by being allowed unofficially to watch the parturition of the European mountain.

The members of the preliminary Conference, we were told, had repeated interviews with the Turkish Plenipotentiary, and acquainted him unofficially with what had passed. They virtually assured him that the concert of Europe had been restored by the abandonment of a Russian military occupation, and that the guarantee which he would be required to give was the establishment within his dominions of a sort of police force supplied by some neutral State. That was the first sign that dictation would fail. And when Belgium decidedly declined to be that neutral State, and the Conference decided to refer the occupation arrangements to the greater deliberative capacity of the plenary Conference, the Turk must have felt that a policy of violence was at an end.

The first symptom of doubt as to whether the Sultan would prove tractable or obedient appeared in a piteous telegram from St Petersburg, dated December 24th:—"There is a possibility of refusal, . . . the dignity of Europe requires that an attempt be made to enforce," what the telegram called, "its decisions." From that time the rumours steadily flowed in of increasing concessions by Russia—increasing obstinacy on the part of the Turks—growing disinclination for war on the part of the troops, the volunteers, the Cabinet of the Czar. On Sunday, December 17th, the Turkish Grand Vizier was dismissed, and Midhat Pasha was raised to the vacant office. Apparently that appointment boded no good to the success of the Conference. Midhat Pasha had his own view of reform of the Turkish Constitution; and although the proposals of the Powers were described by a rabid Turkophile as so ridiculously mild that the Turks would be great fools if they did not at once accept them, Midhat threw out clear hints that he would meet them and all other interference with the internal affairs of Turkey on the part of foreign Powers with an inexorable and invincible *non possumus* and with three emphatic *jamais*.

Thus it came to pass that the proposals of the Powers, at the conclusion of the preliminary conference, did not resemble an ultimatum, or even an irreducible minimum of request and recommendation. Even the plan of putting them in the shape of a protocol to be signed by all the Plenipotentiaries was abandoned. The proposals were presented on December 30, accompanied by a note from General Ignatieff as *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique. The Powers, it seems, were particularly anxious to spare the Porte the humiliation of an armed occupation of

any part of the Ottoman territory. They desired a slight territorial aggrandisement for Servia and Montenegro, and a more orderly administration in the three Provinces, including the delimitation of Bulgaria; and proposed to attain that end by organising a police force, and with the aid of Belgian gendarmes, and by appointing an international commission. The supremacy and independence of the Porte were to suffer no diminution—the Government retaining the power of garrisoning the strong places, and of initiating all reforms. The Porte, for example, was to appoint the Governor-General subject to the approval of the Powers. Provincial councils were to be reconstituted by fair elections under the existing laws. The notion of disarmament was abandoned in face of its enormous difficulties; and in lieu of that, arms were not to be carried about the person in public places. These measures could scarcely be described as either drastic or heroic, or worthy of that organised and ostentatious interference of united Europe to which they owed their birth.

At the very outset of the plenary conferences, to which Turkey was admitted, the armistice was prolonged to the beginning of March. That, we take it, was a clear gain to Turkey; so also was the circumstance that she was not, to quote Mr Freeman's favourite phrase, "brought up in her own capital before the plenipotentiaries, like a criminal, to hear her doom." In other words, the proposals were not laid before her in the shape of an ultimatum. The Turkish plenipotentiaries, who by this time had fully scanned the situation, then declared their readiness to enter into a discussion of the points drawn up by the Conference, on condition that they might bring forward their own counter-proposals, which should,

equally with the others, form a basis of discussion. This was agreed to ; and in that way any disadvantage which Turkey might have experienced from being excluded from the preliminary conferences was cancelled. Moreover, as she had all along been unofficially informed of what had been going on, and had herself gained time before it was necessary to show her hand, the advantage remained with her, of which she was not slow to avail herself. The Sultan and his advisers took time to consider their course ; and for the first four or five days of the New Year the suspense of the public reached the highest pitch. Alarming rumours were in circulation, and every one thought that the issue of peace and war was immediately to be decided. In the first communication made by Safvet Pasha to the Conference, only two points in the proposals of the Powers were singled out for the application of Midhat Pasha's authoritative "*jamais*." They related to the international commission and the foreign gendarmerie ; but these objections quickly expanded till they embraced nearly the whole of the proposals made to them. They objected to their defeated vassals receiving any accession of territory, to the delimitation of Bulgaria, to their appointments requiring the sanction of the Powers, to their troops being relegated to particular garrisons. In other words, they objected to capitulate before they had been defeated, and in presence of what they shrewdly suspected was a retreating foe. The correspondents of the newspapers regarded this decision as a desperate one ; but apparently the Turks themselves formed a truer estimate of the situation. In their *pourparlers* they were careful to discuss the various kinds of guarantees, raising the inference or expectation that they admitted them in principle,

which expectation they eventually were not at all inclined to fulfil. Improving upon the permission to bring forward counter-proposals, which should be discussed alongside of the original demands, they framed them in such a shape as to ignore or obliterate these demands altogether. The desire to embark in dilatory negotiations was obvious ; for when challenged as to their absolute refusal of these demands, they said they must refer the matter to the decision of the Porte. Accordingly, another adjournment took place. The Porte decided that it was unable to accept the basis on which the proposals of the Powers had been drawn up. The Powers, on the other hand, agreed that the Turkish counter-proposals could not be even discussed. In this state of things, either war must ensue, or one side or the other must give way. To the astonishment of everybody, a collision was averted, not by Turkey reconsidering its resolves, but by the Powers (so it was said) modifying the proposals which had been drawn up at the preliminary conference. If this is true, a more decisive diplomatic victory can scarcely be imagined. The Powers absolutely agreed, not (as they legitimately might have done) to modify their proposals one by one, after discussion by the plenary conference, but actually to take them back as a whole and revise them, in the hope that when reformed and recast Turkey might deign to look at them. To adapt their bill of fare to the Sick Man's fastidious appetite was an impracticable undertaking. He nauseated the very presence of his anxious nurses. United Europe withdrew what was supposed to be its ultimatum, and thereby revealed to the world that which the Porte had clearly detected—that it was an ultimatum which was only to be enforced by moral persuasion, unless Russia chose, in the spirit of

the Moscow programme, to be the executioner of its will, with the condition, well-understood beforehand, that, under no circumstances, was she to derive to herself profit or compensation, or to look to any of her colleagues for the slightest assistance. She might count on their moral support, and on floods of sympathetic ink, should she not be successful; but on the first appearance of victory, in the words of Prince Bismarck, a wholly new situation would be created, which would oblige her moral supporters to reconsider their respective interests.

The concessions on the part of the Powers were, that the gendarmerie should be composed of native elements, Christian and Mohammedan, with European commanders, and that it should be under the orders of the governors and of the International Commission. The Turks accepted this arrangement, subject to the initiative of the measure being left to them. They graciously renewed their acceptance of the terms contained in the Andrassy Note with respect to a consular control in Bosnia and Herzegovina. But they declined to discuss the modified proposals of the Powers even when they were separated by a very slight difference from what Midhat Pasha, in his private *pourparlers* with the plenipotentiaries, had seemed to consider acceptable. All this, moreover, while their own counter-proposals remained intact. In addition to that, Turkey chose to fasten a quarrel upon Roumania by curtly refusing to explain some articles in the new Constitution which she had ostentatiously proclaimed over the heads of the plenipotentiaries. Roumania had interpreted them as an infringement of her independence, and this aggressive act on the part of the Porte must be attributed to an overweening con-

fidence in the strength of her position.

On January 8, a great step in advance towards an ultimate solution was supposed to have been taken. It turned out to be that, with the proposals of the Powers in their mitigated form on the one side, and the Turkish counter-proposals on the other, the Turks graciously listened to the arguments of Count Corti and Lord Salisbury, to the effect that the proposals of the Powers contained no new principles, but were based on those which the Porte had already accepted in the Andrassy Note and the English programme for the Conference.

Apparently they were so far gratified with the arguments, and with the assurance of the Plenipotentiaries that they were not supposed to have consented tacitly to any new principles inconsistent with the Sultan's sovereignty and independence, that they retreated from a position of pure negation. They condescended to enter upon a discussion, and to exchange ideas with a view to an understanding. The discussion, according to the Vienna 'Times' correspondent, took a conciliatory turn, not only on the question of the nomination of the Governors, but likewise on the question of the guarantee itself. He added, writing on January 10, "All this marks only the first faint traces of a possible understanding; but still even this is a notable improvement on the position of things a few days ago." The total result of the first ten days of this year, as it appeared in the 'Times' on January 11, was, that two conflicting rumours were in the air about a possible compromise between the modified proposals of the Powers and the new Turkish Constitution. Side by side, however, with this, came the intelligence that Serbia—ruined, humiliated, and in despair of obtaining even the cession of Little Zwormik

through the influence of her powerful patrons—thought, after all, that her best policy would be to conclude a separate peace over their heads with her offended suzerain.

At this juncture, in the very same 'Times' which announced these disastrous failures of the united diplomacy of Europe, appeared the speeches of two Liberal politicians who were under the necessity of addressing their constituents. Both of them claimed this Conference as the triumph of the Liberal party. Sir William Harcourt declared that every man of common-sense must have seen from the first that the Conference was the only hope for a pacific solution. He regretted that Russia did not show the same firmness and decision in June which she exhibited with such good results in November. By that time the English Government, wiser than they were in May, saw that the Conference was necessary in order "to dictate terms of peace to Turkey." He did not forget to add that the mission of Lord Salisbury was a direct reversal of all the previous policy of the Cabinet; and he attributed it to the influence of the Liberal party. "At last," he exclaimed, "our English Minister has addressed to the Government of Turkey language which the English people can approve and understand." Like Mr Lowe, he envied the moral position which Russia had made for herself, and thought that she had secured credit and authority from our incapacity. He considered it inadmissible that Turkey should be allowed to repudiate the distinct demands of Lord Salisbury. "Such a course would cover the country with contempt, and the Cabinet with dishonour."

Mr Fawcett, *more suo*, was still more outspoken. According to him, *they* (meaning his constituents) had *all* gained a great triumph, which

they and their children, and their children's children, would be glad to think of. A great cloud had been lifted off the country, and a great danger averted; for the Government, with their pro-Turkish proclivities, had been humbled and baffled. All Europe had combined to obtain from the Porte effectual guarantees for the better government of the Provinces. He hoped that England, at any rate, would pursue a policy of courage, whatever that vague phrase might mean.

There is no doubt that, by preventing the conclusion of peace, when Serbia was anxious to effect it, and before Russia contemplated exchanging an unofficial for an open war, the Liberal party are indirectly responsible for the Conference; but how any politician, speaking on the 11th January, could find room for either national or party exultation, we are at a loss to imagine. Whatever might eventually come to pass, at that date the Conference had only succeeded in exposing to the Turk the organised impotence of Europe, in gaining a perpetual *jamaïs* to its almost humble supplications. And at the very time that the strains of sagacious triumph resounded from Oxford and Hackney, Prince Bismarck had already denounced the imbecility of the whole proceedings, and threatened to withdraw his representative rather than submit to further humiliation at the hands of the Ottoman Government. Our Liberal friends are entitled to all the credit which they, from their point of view, can derive from this Conference. For ourselves, we recognise it as, under all the circumstances, a salutary expedient. Its results have hitherto been a series of disappointments, so far as the future welfare of the subject races of Turkey are concerned—so far as any hope may have been entertained of advancing nearer to a solution of the interminable Eastern Question.

But as a means of clearing up certain confused and muddle-headed notions which have prevailed in some quarters in England, it has been invaluable.

The truth of the whole matter seems to be, that during the last month or six weeks Russia and Turkey have been face to face, their relations *inter se*, and the relations of the five mediators towards them, being diametrically at variance with the previous anticipations of the world. A Conference would never have been held, but that every statesman in Europe believed that it was the last alternative to war, that a final effort would be made to moderate Russian demands, and encourage, or even force, Turkish concession. The illusion lasted during the whole of the preliminary Conferences. From the first sitting of the plenary Conference down to the last, the task of the mediators has been to restrain Russian concession and moderate Turkish resistance. General Ignatieff seemed to have forgotten the possibility of an *ultimatum*; as for a golden bridge on which to retreat, it was not worth constructing; the Turks refused even discussion; and when seven points out of nine had been abandoned, and nothing was left but a revised commission and approved governors, they objected to having their internal administration criticised from a foreign stand-point. It was in vain to urge on them the acceptance of those two points. It was no business of theirs to prevent the Conference from proving utterly abortive. They were in their own capital, desirous of avoiding European intervention, anxious to wish the plenipotentiaries God-speed on their way home. It was inconsistent with their new constitution to accede to any proposal.

Ludicrous as the whole thing is, the general opinion of Europe would

seem to be that the Turks are perfectly right; that the Conference had no *locus standi* for the purpose of reforming their institutions; and all the business, as it turned out, which they had to attend to was, that out of the seven assembled Powers, five should mediate between one of them which was determined not to attack, and the other which was firmly resolved to resist. That was the actual position, and nothing could possibly come of it. It was clear that the Powers had no treaty right to interfere: when they took back their recommendations, and reconsidered them in deference to the objections of the Porte, and altered them, they virtually abandoned the moral claim of superior wisdom and superior civilisation; and in the defection of Russia they had not the bludgeon of a single policeman at command. Dictating terms of peace to the Turk sounded easily enough at St James's Hall; but at Constantinople it looked like a jest or an impertinence. Ottoman statesmen are evidently skilled and keen-sighted diplomatists; and no one doubts the courage and nerve with which they will confront overwhelming odds. Then, when the question of Russian aggression was disposed of, there still remained the terms of peace with Servia and Montenegro, and the question of the Bulgarian atrocities. As regards the latter, deplorable as they were, we really have heard quite enough about them. England has denounced and reprobated them; but the force even of her condemnation, emphatic as it was, was diminished by the discovery that no inconsiderable fraction of her public men were eager to make political capital out of them, regardless of the consequences. None of them, apparently, had ever heard of a massacre before, but the men of business at Constantinople had to recollect that, sad as such

events must necessarily be, they are the inevitable accompaniments of war, at least among savage races and in the midst of insurrection, foreign intrigue, civil war, race and religious animosities. France was significantly reminded of the massacre of the Huguenots—a far more atrocious proceeding—and of various scenes which stained her own revolutionary history. Our own suppression of the Indian Mutiny was not bloodless; and the notion of this massacre being converted into a *casus belli* by civilised Europe against the Turk is absolutely ridiculous. Sir William Harcourt's letter to the 'Times' of January 17th, reciting Safvet's defence of the proceeding, and arguing that Europe was responsible for it, may be coupled with Mr Lowe's parable of our "keeping" a ferocious beast to guard our interests, and may now be consigned to oblivion. Those who would use the carnage at Batak as a torch to light up a sanguinary war in Europe, in the hope of party advantage, are worse than the authors of the atrocities. We do not believe that a single indignation orator, if he were to pass from heedless declamation to responsible action, would follow out the violent counsels which excite or amuse his uninstructed admirers.

Then as regards peace with Servia, if the Russian forces are withdrawn from her assistance, she had far better conclude her own terms with the Sultan. What moral or treaty right have the Powers to interfere? Every one admits, even Mr Gladstone himself, that Servia's conduct was utterly indefensible upon any known principle of international law. Much may be said in extenuation of her conduct, having regard to the excitement of her population, and the influence of the scenes enacted in her neighbourhood. *It is, however, no mitigation whatever that she enabled Russia*

to carry on a sort of unofficial war with Turkey, and was called a coward for her pains in the Moscow speech. She is now in a deplorable position. Russia has no goodwill towards her. She is absolutely ruined, and at the mercy of her suzerain, who may, for aught that we can foresee, shortly be in a position to dictate terms of peace at Belgrade. Turkey, however, concedes the *status quo* as a basis of an arrangement. But as to ceding Little Zornik, the Turks rightly contend—and nothing except a firm belief in their weakness would invalidate their reasoning—that it is offering a premium to revolt. The fortunes of war have decided against her, and as regards her moral claim, or the moral right of the Powers to intercede in her behalf, we were reminded in the Aylesbury speech that she has outraged every principle of honour. "The Porte," said Lord Beaconsfield—for the Servian cause fares no better at Aylesbury than at Moscow—"was formerly in possession of the chief fortresses in Servia, no one questioning its right; and it only gave them up because Servia made strong representations to the Great Powers, and because the Great Powers pledged their honour almost to Turkey, that if she would only give up Belgrade and the other fortresses, she should never be annoyed by Servia—it was only through that that the Servians had the power of making the resistance which they have made." Yet Servia made war, Europe gave her moral support, Russia a covert alliance, making use of her to set at defiance all the rules by which neutrals are bound, and all this while the Porte was restrained by the Treaty of Paris from carrying its arms within the territory of its rebellious vassal. It is not proposed to discontinue or weaken that international guarantee; but the

Powers have no case for interference, no right except that of brute force to enlarge Serbia's boundaries, and give her the position of victor in the recent conflict. There is no suggestion of giving Turkey a reciprocal guarantee against the encroachments of a vassal whose territory she is bound by treaty to respect, of freeing her from the restraints which are not imposed upon Serbia. Whether therefore we look at the past, the present, or the future, if Serbia obtains peace on the basis of the *status quo*, she may consider herself, on any principle of fair play, exceptionally fortunate.

The result is that Turkey triumphs at all points. It may be that new vigour will be infused into her policy of reform, and that Midhat's constitution will not be the dead letter which the Sultan's decree of 1856 immediately became. If so, this Conference will not have sat in vain. Otherwise the only lesson to be drawn from it is, that it is in vain to arrange terms of capitulation before there has been a war. It is not the fault of the five Powers that this fiasco has occurred. Still less can any responsibility be cast on our own autumnal agitators, who ostentatiously claimed the credit of this Conference in that blind self-confidence which they have exhibited all along. No Government in Europe apparently now pays the smallest attention to them; Russia and Serbia did for a time, but shortly discovered their mistake. The meeting of the Powers was inevitable in presence of General Ignatieff's ultimatum and the assembled forces of the Danube. It is not their fault that after all Russia did not mean any harm; and the Porte, keener than they, at once detected it. The Areopagus of Europe has reaped no discredit, but it must be ad-

mitted that Russia and our Russianising politicians at home are covered with confusion. No doubt it has not happened entirely as we should have wished. It would have been more satisfactory if the Porte could have been induced to enter into some binding agreement to reform the administration of its provinces. There would have been more hope for them in the future, and greater stability in the existing arrangement as to the continuance of the Ottoman empire. But, at any rate, the sick man has shown unexpected vigour and vitality, and that itself is a hopeful sign. At any rate new life is infused into the Treaty of Paris, and all honour is rendered both at home and abroad to the Ministry which firmly and tenaciously upheld its provisions. It is no diminution of the universal credit to which they are entitled that it was the only possible policy. The events at Constantinople have clearly demonstrated that the only alternative to that policy is the mad scheme of allying ourselves to Russia in order to exterminate the Turks, or expel them from Europe, or deprive them of their authority. It is no sort of credit to any rational men that they did not adopt that wild and impracticable suggestion. That such a suggestion should have emanated from an ex-Minister of the Crown has created universal astonishment; that it should have been adopted at public meetings has vindicated the English character for "enthusiasm," and exposed the strong temptation which English public men are under to pervert enthusiasm to the support of ignoble purposes. The notion of her Majesty's Ministers having been influenced in their policy by the wild rhetoric which has disgraced the recess, needs no refutation. It succeeded in tempting Serbia to its ruin, and in inspiring the London 'Times'

with occasional bursts of extravagance. But treaty engagements and international duty have in the end prevailed; and on the 16th January the 'Times' informed its readers that the whole Eastern problem "was reduced to that elementary question to which we long ago pointed out it must come. That question is not what is desirable, but what is practicable." In how many impracticable aspirations that powerful organ has indulged in the indefinite interval to which it refers its readers probably remember.

It is, we venture to believe, wholly impracticable to supervise the administration of a country without assuming the responsibility of government; or to assume the responsibility of government over any province or territory without first establishing authority by force of arms. Lord Palmerston in 1856 insisted upon the impracticability of enforcing against the Sultan any treaty engagement by him to execute reforms or govern in any prescribed manner, even if the Sultan had at that date been willing to give such an undertaking. Diplomatic remonstrance was the sole remedy as long as Turkey retained its independence. You cannot give to subjects a right of appeal against their government unless you wish to produce utter disorganisation. When Turkish misrule arrives at that point that Europe, rather than allow it to continue, wills that it should be annexed by a Power whose antecedents inspire her with confidence, the task may possibly be a practicable one. But who in 1875-76 will say that Russia is that Power, with all our recent memories about us? And who can say that the misrule complained of is a scandal and menace to Europe, when in 1871 the treaty of guarantee was renewed without one word of complaint by any single Power *as to the misgovernment which*

violated its conditions? If annexation is out of the question, it is wholly impracticable to govern by supervision. We tried it in India in the interval between Lord Clive's attempt to supervise native administration in 1765, and Warren Hastings' scheme of government in 1772. Government by supervision soon fell through. The supervisors take all the life and responsibility out of a Government, and must themselves assume the functions which they paralyse in others. When a state has reached that stage of decrepitude that its Government will submit to foreign supervision, it is time that it should cease to exist.

Then comes the question, What has caused it all? The Moscow speech, as well as the preparations made and the loans invited, were not feints; they denoted serious resolves. Yet from the moment the Conference assembled, the word must have been passed to General Ignatieff to surrender every demand rather than accept a war. The result of the preliminary Conference has been to show what is the maximum of demand which Russia can make without arraying the five Powers, or any of them, in hostility to her. But no advantage can be derived from that circumstance in the future, for no joint demand was ever formulated, and the assent was subject to the results of discussion in plenary Conference, and to their acceptance by Turkey. The retreat is an actual *bond fide* one, and so far from Turkey being placed in the position of a criminal brought up to hear sentence, she was left mistress of the situation, entitled to accuse the Powers of some apparent levity and presumption in their suggested interference with her sovereign rights.

The reasons must of course be sought outside the territory of Turkey. The Eastern Question is far

less one of adjusting the relations of the Porte to its subjects than of the international rivalries of the surrounding Powers. We take it that if Lord Salisbury failed at Constantinople to adjust those relations in the way that was expected, he at least succeeded in his antecedent mission to the Courts of Europe in securing peace and the eventual withdrawal of Russian demands. In other words, since that mission, the relations of Germany and Austria to the whole subject have been cleared up, and the true character of the Triple Alliance revealed. The principal sponsor to the Berlin Memorandum showed clearly that if the ulterior projects referred to in that document involved a war, it was one in which he intended to maintain an attentive neutrality. He could not prevent it, indeed, by menace or otherwise, but he intimated pretty clearly that it could not begin without his consent, and would not terminate in any manner which he did not approve. The utmost that he would do for Russia was to give her friendly support at the Conference; but if she went to war, as he appeared to hope, whether hostilities were localised or not, he could remain umpire of the strife. It was impossible not to see that the policy announced was in unison with that of the English Cabinet, tempered by great professions of unchanged friendship for Russia and of loyalty to their common object. The 'Moscow Gazette' might well ask, in reference to this friendship and this common object of the Triple Alliance, whether a common demand, seriously and deliberately made by Germany and Russia, would not insure at once the gratification of their wishes. "Why then," it pertinently asked, "have they failed to reach the goal which Prince Bismarck assures us they are aiming at conjointly?" Reference was made to the work

of diplomacy in which Germany has always sided with Russia for more than a year, still without result. "There is something vague," it declares in an article evidently inspired, "and indefinite in the relations between the two *allied* empires which is passed over in silence." The whole truth was not disclosed, and it was suggested that Germany's object was to see Russia entangled in a war, itself free to benefit by her embarrassment. Unless Russia is confident in the perfection of her "instrument," and its capacity to win another Sadowa, a definite understanding with Germany is a *sine quâ non* of war.

For in the absence of an understanding, in respect to which no doubt an equivalent or compensation would have to be made, Russia has no ground for trusting to the friendship of the German Government, or to its long-feigned indifference to Eastern affairs. Russian neutrality was no doubt important during the events of 1870-71, and so was Napoleon's during those of 1866. But since the French war, Prince Gortschakoff has reaped the full fruits of a *pourboire* policy, in his release from a vexatious clause of the Treaty of Paris; and less than two years ago he gave dire offence to his *quondam* friend by ostentatiously claiming credit for having prohibited the renewal of hostilities with France. It is inconsistent, at least with all that is known of the last ten years, to suppose that there is any more understanding, on the part of Germany, with Prince Gortschakoff about the Danube and its provinces, than there was with M. Benedetti about Belgium. And if the speech of Prince Bismarck is construed literally, including his reference to the relative military strength of the two Empires, or (which is equally important) to his known estimate of their relative strength, it amounts to a

final prohibition of a Russo-Turkish campaign. The readers of M. Klackzo's book will remember that only thirteen years ago he seriously doubted Russia's capacity to quell the Polish insurrection, and suggested as an alternative course for Germany to pursue—"to allow the situation to become more developed and more aggravated, wait until the Russians have been driven from the kingdom, or reduced to ask for help, and then advance boldly, invest the kingdom with troops, and take possession on Prussia's account." An enterprising neighbour of that sort is a kind of bail for your good behaviour. There was an unfriendly ring about his December speech which must have recalled a variety of ambiguous relations to the Magyars and to Mazzini, and forcibly reminded Prince Gortschakoff that German unity is not yet completed, in the direction especially of northern empire.

Even in the anxious period between Sadowa and the war with France, M. Benedetti, who watched the Prussian Premier with unceasing vigilance, discerned that his indifference to Eastern affairs was simulated. He was anxious not to stand committed, equally anxious not to change rôles and become a card in the game of the St Petersburg Cabinet, and determined not to compromise Prussia in any future Eastern complication. To throw England into the arms of France, or to facilitate any accession of strength to Russia, is not his policy. Sedan, by its suddenness and completeness, destroyed Russian hopes on the Balkan as effectively as Sadowa destroyed that of Napoleon on the Rhine. Slav preponderance on the Danube, the decease of the Porte, the collapse of Hungary, are not matters of indifference to Germany. To quote a well-known passage of M. Klackzo: "From the day that Prussia became identi-

fied with the whole of Germany, or rather assimilated it, she perforce inherited all German interests and German influences on the shores of the Danube and at the foot of the Balkans. Thenceforward her share in Eastern policy became a large one—far larger than that of either France or England."

Then with regard to Austria, although there has been considerable vacillation in her policy since her treaty with Hungary in 1867, and even since the commencement of the recent troubles, yet of late her line of action has been decidedly opposed to all aggression from the North. The wish for a more active policy in the East, restless as she was under her overthrow in 1866, perhaps with some notion of carrying out Kossuth's idea of a Danubian confederation presided over by Magyars, led to conciliatory overtures towards Russia, in which the French Emperor joined. The result was that Turkish troops were withdrawn from Servian garrisons, Roumania increased her independence, the Cretans obtained self-government. This policy did not last long, and both France and Austria dropped their Eastern intrigues, not, however, without having stimulated what is called the Moscow conference. Again the attempt was made to win over Slav sympathy, and led to Austrian encouragement in 1875 of the beginnings of the insurrection. The example was soon followed by the Greek Catholics and others under the influence of Russia. As time went on, and the situation "became more developed and more aggravated," it attracted the whole attention of the empire. The Magyars, who are the leading people in foreign policy, however much they might like themselves to dominate on the banks of the Danube, had no mind to see either Russian or Slav frustrate their design. The Germans

of the Empire are the next in importance in determining the policy of Austria; and their disinclination to fall under the dominion of Prince Bismarck quickly got the better of their hatred for the Turk and their sympathy with the insurgent Catholics. The formation of a tributary independent state has had no more zealous opponent than Austria, whose statesmen regard it as a new Russian outpost on Austria's flank. Annexation was equally distasteful, for it would involve expenditure, disturb the equilibrium of the newly-formed empire, probably necessitate the grant of compensation to Russia. Germans and Magyars alike agreed that Turkey must be upheld at all costs; and the remaining scattered tribes of the empire were either indifferent or exercised very little influence over the conduct of foreign affairs. This is a remarkable and, we conceive, a salutary change from the policy of Count Beust ten years ago, or even from the earlier schemes of Count Andrassy. It has come to be recognised that a successful invasion by Russia, and her establishment in the revolted provinces of Turkey, her mastery over the Lower Danube, would be a death-blow to the Austrian empire. Indeed, the Russian newspapers have talked not less confidently of the disruption of Austria than of Turkey. Austrian statesmen have always upheld the principle of Ottoman independence: their most clear-headed writers trace to a partial defection from that principle during the Crimean war, and to the half-hearted hostility to Russia then exhibited, the serious misfortunes which have since befallen their country. The game of "reforming the Turk" is one at which they will never play in desperate earnest. It is one of which they speedily tire, and from which they cannot hope to win either security, profit, or honour. Baron

Henry de Worms, in his 'England's Policy in the East' (p. 10), declares that "it is simply a question of existence for Austria that the dominion of Russia in Eastern Europe should not be allowed to extend beyond its present limits." Even its recovery of the small strip of Bessarabia extending to the mouth of the Danube is declared highly dangerous to Austrian interests, "both from a strategical and a commercial point of view." A redistribution of power in Eastern Europe on a Slavonic basis would necessarily involve the loss by Austria of more than one-half its present territory, and even her total extinction as a State. Such a redistribution would necessarily result if Russia established her dominion between Austria's south-eastern frontier and the sea.

France and Italy, moreover, as Mediterranean Powers, are strongly opposed to Mr Bright's chivalrous idea of throwing open the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to the war-ships of the world, and fail to appreciate the pacific character of the proposal. Not even the prospect of a Russian alliance will tempt the French newspapers into any expressions of sympathy with the Eastern policy of the Czar. M. Thiers declares that the time is not adapted either for great blunders or great actions. The voice of Europe is unanimous against a policy of violence. And notwithstanding her past compliances with the "will of Europe," Turkey, under the guidance of Midhat Pasha, refuses the smallest concession.

It was under these circumstances, and with this species of relation to the Eastern question, that the five mediating Powers succeeded so thoroughly in the task of restraining Russian aggression, in maintaining peace, in checking further infringement of the Treaty of Paris. In that half of their work, which is infinitely

the more important, the mission of Lord Salisbury has been signally successful. As we pointed out last month, if that mission had no other result but to bring out more clearly the relation of Germany and Austria to the Turkish difficulty, it would have been well worth the effort. But the result of the Conference has disclosed a great deal more. It has shown the desperate tenacity with which the Turks cling to that independence which was secured to them by the Treaty of Paris; and that any attempt to pursue a policy of intimidation, unless it is followed up by a relentless war, will ignominiously fail of those decisive consequences which the purblind orators of St James's Hall so confidently predicted. It has shown, in spite of the Moscow speech and the warlike preparations of the last few weeks, that Lord Derby was right in his estimate last summer of the improbability of any general war occurring. The decline of national enthusiasm, the partial breakdown of the military organisation, financial difficulties, and commercial disaster, have incapacitated the Czar for open hostilities.

But, at any rate, the Conference has been a failure in that portion of the English programme which consisted of "adjusting with the other Powers the relations of the Porte to its subjects." The Porte considers that to be its own business. The task was only assumed by England, inasmuch as all the Powers, including Turkey itself, had on the occasion of the Andrassy Note admitted the propriety of diplomatic intervention. It is not of the essence of English policy. England intervened reluctantly, and at the time with but cold approval from Lord Granville and Lord Hartington. Intervention, we take it, is now at an end. Yet it has not been fruitless. The proclamation of Midhat's Constitution, and

the accession of Midhat Pasha himself under a Sultan who is at least an improvement upon his predecessors, are a clear gain. The Turks, too, have been thoroughly roused; they have had to nerve themselves to the issue of death or dishonour—to resolve on a death-struggle, unaided by a single friend. For the future the Government must be keenly alive to the danger of violating the pledges they have made, eager to prevent the renewal of such a crisis as that through which they have passed. The subjects, moreover, will be more exacting, and will probably claim the benefit of the Constitution in which they are largely interested. New life has been infused into the empire; Musulman and Christian alike may be the better for the ordeal through which they have passed.

For ourselves, we have no reason to regret the result of the Conference, or the price at which we have gained our experience. If Turkey had, at the last moment, made some trifling concession, and entered into a binding arrangement upon that basis, the *fiasco* would have been none the less complete, but the immediate future would perhaps have been more settled. Even then there would have been a constantly recurring difficulty of how to enforce it. It would have owed all its validity to the determination of one or more Powers to see it respected. Her final decision, however, is more worthy of an independent Power; and the virtues of courage and intrepid resolution would seem to be inconsistent with that moral corruption which is so freely imputed to her. The victory which the Turks have gained at Constantinople has gone far to regain for them the good opinion of Europe; and if they follow it up by a policy of clemency and improved administration in the revolted provinces, they will vindicate their claims to empire still more

successfully than by their rout of European diplomacy. And then as regards the cost of our own political lesson, we owe much to Lord Beaconsfield's Government. The simple and obvious policy of observing our engagements and minding our own business has thoroughly triumphed in the end. English interests have not suffered, nor has the general peace of Europe been disturbed. The national indignation at the Bulgarian atrocities has no doubt been stained and vulgarised by party malevolence. But in the end we have not forfeited the confidence of other nations by impulsive and unreasoning abandonment of our international duties and traditional policy. The first duty of Governments is to their own subjects; and a Cabinet which rules over hundreds of millions cannot abandon their interests and safety out of supposed deference to those high-flying notions of philanthropy which serve to inspire a peroration or a pamphlet, but which form a most uncertain and shifting basis of national policy.

If the sentiment which overpowered the nation last autumn—that “overcharged emotion of a shuddering world,” as Mr Gladstone called it—were now to guide our policy, what would be the result? According to Mr Gladstone's pamphlet, our chief object should be to insist upon our Government repairing their moral and material if not purposed complicity in the Bulgarian atrocities, in order to take “out of the way of an united Europe the sole efficient obstacle to the punishment of a gigantic wrong.” We are bound to insist that they provide against the terrible misgovernment of the anti-human Turks, with their broad track of blood and their hostility to all civilising agencies, their enactment of scenes “at which hell itself might *almost* blush.” The very least that the case demands, we are told, is the extinction

of Turkish rule in Bulgaria, Herzegovina, and Bosnia. All the indignation of last autumn “is as froth,” unless it leads to action for that purpose.

The result of the Conference has thrown light on the wisdom of this policy. Yet, as it seems to us, if we strip it of the extraordinary excitement of language, it expresses the only alternative policy to that of the Government. It still remains for Parliament to pronounce an opinion upon it, in determining what shall be the policy of England in consequence of the failure of the Conference. We assume that the course which Russia will adopt under existing circumstances will be to throw that failure upon united Europe, and leave to united Europe the task of vindicating its own counsels. What course are we to pursue? Is the country prepared to enter upon an anti-Turkish crusade in deference to our speech-making, leader-writing, non-subscribing atrocity-mongers? If not, the only other alternative is to abide by existing treaties and decline further intervention. A violent policy, in the presence of the deep national mistrust and jealousy clearly revealed of late by a heterogeneous empire like that of Great Britain, against resolute and fanatical opponents, in violation of our traditional policy, in obedience to mere sentiment, in neglect of our national interests, will at once be rejected by every reasonable politician. What good could come of it, except to increase tenfold the misfortunes of the inhabitants of Turkey, and involve in one common misery a far larger portion of the human race? The only good that has come of the recent troubles is the change of Government at Constantinople and the proclamation of a Constitution. That has been dearly purchased by the desolation of Servia, the bloodshed and devastation which have

been caused. War is not the cure for the evils of Turkey; it might lead to the creation of a second Poland in the regions of the Balkan, and other blessings of Russian rule; but if the Christian inhabitants of Turkey are to be benefited, it must be by their continued growth in numbers, strength, and material resources. It is difficult to prescribe a cure; but it would be easy—and has been easy—to aggravate the disorder and the suffering. Pan-slavism in whatever form it appears is fortunately not an English question. It must settle itself and its pretensions alongside of Russian ambition, Austrian duality, Ottoman tyranny. The truest friendship which we can show to the subjects of the Turks, is to abide by our treaty engagements, restrain hostile invasion, restrict the operations of war, and discourage foreign intervention. A blatant sympathy does them no good; it costs us nothing, and, while it goads them to ruin, largely increases our own stock of complacency and self-esteem. We should never embark in Mr Gladstone's violent schemes; and if we did, they would involve a terrible fate to our nominal *protégés*, many of whom would probably take up arms against us, as readily as they have done against their Russian allies.

When Parliament meets the policy of adhering to existing treaties, and of discouraging hostile intervention within the Ottoman territory, will be on its trial. Who

can doubt that, except for the small fraction of Liberal politicians who have adopted Mr Gladstone's recent leadership, that policy will be unanimously approved? It is not merely a question of the past, whether the Ministry, in a situation of extreme difficulty, have conducted affairs with honour and prudence; but if there is a rival policy for the future to be adopted, now is the time to declare it. The whole of Europe will watch what will pass at the meeting of the British Parliament. The Ministry, we all know, stand by their policy and their acts, and have nothing to explain, to qualify, or to apologise for. It will be for their opponents, who have denounced the faith of treaties and clamoured for an offensive alliance between Russia and England, who have stimulated public excitement and aspired to take out of the hands of the Ministers the conduct of foreign policy, to justify their conduct to Parliament and the public. We have not the slightest doubt that the decision will be against them—that in the long-run the conduct of the Ministry is approved of by the more moderate and judicious members of both parties of the State, and that censure awaits those who in the midst of a difficult crisis publicly thwarted the policy of their own Government, and recklessly stimulated the opposition and hostilities of the Powers to which that Government was opposed.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

PART X.—CHAPTER XXII.

It was piteous to see, and hear. The blood would not stop; it spurted no longer, but it flowed alarmingly. Vizard sent Harris off in his own fly for a doctor, to save time. He called for ice. He cried out in agony to his servants, "Can none of you think of anything? There—that hat. Here, you women! tear me the nap off with your fingers. My God!—what is to be done? She'll bleed to death." And he held her to his breast, and almost moaned with pity over her, as he pressed the cold sponge to her wound—in vain; for still the red blood would flow.

Wheels ground the gravel. Servants flew to the door, crying "The doctor! the doctor!"

As if he could have been fetched in five minutes from three miles off.

Yet it was a doctor. Harris had met Miss Gale walking quietly down from Hillstoke. He had told her, in a few hurried words, and brought her as fast as the horses could go.

She glided in swiftly, keen, but

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self-possessed, and took it all in directly.

Vizard saw her, and cried, "Ah! help!—she is bleeding to death!"

"She shall not," said Rhoda. Then to one footman, "Bring a footstool *you*;" to another, "*You* bring me a cork;" to Vizard, "*You* hold her towards me so. Now sponge the wound."

This done, she pinched the lips of the wound together with her neat, strong fingers. "See what I do," she said to Vizard. "You will have to do it, whilst I—ah, the stool! Now lay her head on that; the other side, man. Now, sir, compress the wound as I did, vigorously. Hold the cork, *you*, till I want it."

She took out of her pocket some adhesive plaster, and flakes of some strong styptic, and a piece of elastic. "Now," said she, to Vizard, "give me a little opening in the middle to plaster these strips across the wound." He did so. Then in a moment she passed the elastic under the sufferer's head, drew it over with the styptic between her

finger and thumb, and crack ! the styptic was tight on the compressed wound ; she forced in more styptic, increasing the pressure, then she whipped out a sort of surgical housewife, and with some cutting instrument reduced the cork, then cut it convex, and fastened it on the styptic by another elastic. There was no flutter, yet it was all done in fifty seconds.

"There," said she, "she will bleed no more, to speak of. Now seat her upright—— Why ! I have seen her before. This is—— Sir, you can send the men away."

"Yes ; and, Harris, pack up Mr Severne's things, and bring them down here this moment."

The male servants retired, the women held aloof. Fanny Dover came forward, pale and trembling, and helped to place Ina Klosking in the hall porter's chair. She was insensible still, but moaned faintly.

Her moans were echoed : all eyes turned. It was Zoe, seated apart, all bowed and broken—ghastly pale, and glaring straight before her.

"Poor girl !" said Vizard. "We forgot her. It is her heart that bleeds. Where is the scoundrel, that I may kill him ?" and he rushed out at the door to look for him. The man's life would not have been worth much if Squire Vizard could have found him then.

But he soon came back to his wretched home, and eyed the dismal scene, and the havoc one man had made : the marble floor all stained with blood—Ina Klosking supported in a chair, white, and faintly moaning—Zoe still crushed, and glaring at vacancy, and Fanny sobbing round her with pity and terror ; for she knew there must be worse to come than this wild stupor.

"Take her to her room, Fanny dear," said Vizard, in a hurried, faltering voice ; "and don't leave her.

Rosa, help Miss Dover. Do not leave her alone, night nor day." Then to Miss Gale, "She will live ! Tell me she will live."

"I hope so," said Rhoda Gale. "Oh, the blow will not kill her ; nor yet the loss of blood." But I fear there will be distress of mind added to the bodily shock. And such a noble face ! My own heart bleeds for her. Oh, sir ! do not send her away to strangers. Let me take her up to the farm. It is nursing she will need, and tact, when she comes to herself."

"Send her away to strangers !" cried Vizard. "Never ! No—not even to the farm. Here she received her wound ; here all that you and I can do shall be done to save her. Ah, here's Harris with the villain's things. Get the lady's boxes out, and put Mr Severne's into the fly. Give the man two guineas, and let him leave them at the 'Swan,' in Taddington."

He then beckoned down the women, and had Ina Klosking carried up-stairs to the very room Severne had occupied.

He then convened the servants, and placed them formally under Miss Gale's orders ; and one female servant having made a remark, he turned her out of the house neck and crop directly with her month's wages. The others had to help her pack, only half an hour being allowed for her exit.

The house seemed all changed. Could this be Vizard Court ? Dead gloom — hurried whispers — and everybody walking softly, and scared — none knowing what might be the next calamity.

Vizard felt sick at heart and helpless. He had done all he could, and was reduced to that condition women bear far better than men—he must wait, and hope, and fear. He walked up and down the carpeted landing, racked with anxiety.

At last there came a single scream of agony from Ina Klosking's room. It made the strong man quake. He tapped softly at the door. Rhoda opened it.

"What is it?" he faltered.

She replied, gravely, "Only what must be. She is beginning to realise what has befallen her. Don't come here; you can do no good. I will run down to you whenever I dare. Give me a nurse to help, this first night."

He went down and sent into the village for a woman who bore a great name for nursing. Then he wandered about, disconsolate.

The leaden hours passed. He went to dress, and discovered Ina Klosking's blood upon his clothes. It shocked him first, and then it melted him: he felt an inexpressible tenderness at sight of it. The blood that had flowed in her veins seemed sacred to him. He folded that suit, and tied it up in a silk handkerchief, and locked it away.

In due course he sat down to dinner; we are all such creatures of habit. There was everything as usual, except the familiar faces. There was the glittering plate on the polished sideboard, the pyramid of flowers surrounded with fruits. There were even chairs at the table, for the servants did not know he was to be quite alone. But he was. One delicate dish after another was brought him, and sent away untasted. Soon after dinner, Rhoda Gale came down and told him her patient was in a precarious condition; and she feared fever and delirium. She begged him to send one servant up to the farm for certain medicaments she had there, and another to the chemist at Tad-dington. These were despatched on swift horses; and both were back in half an hour.

By- and- by Fanny Dover came down to him with red eyes, and

brought him Zoe's love. "But," said she, "don't ask her to come down. She is ashamed to look anybody in the face, poor girl."

"Why? what has *she* done?"

"Oh, Harrington, she has made no secret of her affection; and now, at sight of that woman, he has abandoned her."

"Tell her I love her more than I ever did; and respect her more. Where is her pride?"

"Pride! she is full of it; and it will help her—by-and-by. But she has a bitter time to go through first. You don't know how she loves him."

"What! love him still, after what he has done?"

"Yes. She interprets it this way and that. She cannot bear to believe another woman has any real right to separate them."

"Separate them! The scoundrel knocked *her* down for loving him still, and fled from them both. Was ever guilt more clear? If she doubts that he is a villain, tell her from me that he is a forger, and has given me bills with false names on them. The bankers gave me notice to-day, and I was coming home to order him out of the house when this miserable business happened."

"A forger! is it possible?" said Fanny. "But it is no use my telling her that sort of thing. If he had committed murder, and was true to her, she would cling to him. She never knew till now how she loved him, nor I neither. She put him in Coventry for telling a lie; but she was far more unhappy all the time than he was. There is nothing to do but to be kind to her, and let her hide her face. Don't hurry her."

"Not I. God help her! If she has a wish, it shall be gratified. I am powerless. She is young. Surely time will cure her of a villain, now he is detected."

Fanny said she hoped so.

The truth is, Zoe had not opened her heart to Fanny: she clung to her, and writhed in her arms; but she spoke little; and one broken sentence contradicted the other. But mental agony, like bodily, finds

its vent, not in speech, the brain's great interpreter, but in inarticulate cries, and moans, and sighs, that prove us animals even in the throes of mind. Zoe was in that cruel stage of suffering.

So passed that miserable day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ina Klosking recovered her senses that evening, and asked Miss Gale where she was. Miss Gale told her she was in the house of a friend.

"What friend?"

"That," said Miss Gale, "I will tell you by-and-by. You are in good hands, and I am your physician."

"I have heard your voice before," said Ina; "but I know not where; and it is so dark. Why is it so dark?"

"Because too much light is not good for you. You have met with an accident."

"What accident, madam?"

"You fell, and hurt your poor forehead. See, I have bandaged it, and now you must let me wet the bandage—to keep your brow cool."

"Thank you, madam," said Ina, in her own sweet but queenly way; "you are very good to me. I wish I could see your face more clearly. I know your voice." Then after a silence, during which Miss Gale eyed her with anxiety, she said, like one groping her way to the truth, "I—fell—and—hurt—my forehead?—Ah!"

Then it was she uttered the cry that made Vizard quake at the door, and shook, for a moment, even Rhoda's nerves, though, as a rule, they were iron in a situation of this kind.

It had all come back to Ina Klosking.

After that piteous cry, she never

said a word. She did nothing but think, and put her hand to her head.

And soon after midnight she began to talk incoherently.

The physician could only proceed by physical means. She attacked the coming fever at once, with the remedies of the day, and also with an infusion of monk's-hood. That poison, promptly administered, did not deceive her. She obtained a slight perspiration, which was so much gained in the battle.

In the morning she got the patient shifted into another bed, and she slept a little after that. But soon she was awake, restless, and raving: still her character pervaded her delirium. No violence. Nothing any sore-injured woman need be ashamed to have said: only it was all disconnected. One moment she was speaking to the leader of the orchestra—at another to Mr Ashmead—at another, with divine tenderness, to her still faithful Severne. And though not hurried, as usual in these cases, it was almost incessant and pitiable to hear, each observation was so wise and good, yet, all being disconnected, the hearer could not but feel that a noble mind lay before him, overthrown and broken into fragments like some Attic column.

In the middle of this the handle was softly turned, and Zoe Vizard came in, pale and sombre.

Long before this, she had said to Fanny, several times, "I ought to

go and see her;" and Fanny had said, "Of course you ought."

So now she came. She folded her arms, and stood at the foot of the bed, and looked at her unhappy rival, unhappy as possible herself.

What contrary feelings fought in that young breast! Pity and hatred. She must hate the rival who had come between her and him she loved; she must pity the woman who lay there, pale, wounded, and little likely to recover.

And, with all this, a great desire to know whether this sufferer had any right to come and seize Edward Severne by the arm, and so draw down calamity on both the women who loved him.

She looked and listened, and Rhoda Gale thought it hard upon her patient.

But it was not in human nature the girl should do otherwise: so Rhoda said nothing.

What fell from Ina's lips was not of a kind to make Zoe more her friend.

Her mind seemed now like a bird tied by a long silken thread. It made large excursions, but constantly came back to her love. Sometimes that love was happy, sometimes unhappy. Often she said "Edward" in the exquisite tone of a loving woman; and, whenever she did, Zoe received it with a sort of shiver, as if a dagger, fine as a needle, had passed through her whole body.

At last, after telling some tenor that he had sung F natural instead of F sharp, and praised somebody's rendering of a song in *Il flauto magico*, and told Ashmead to make no more engagements for her at present, for she was going to Vizard Court, the poor soul paused a minute, and uttered a deep moan.

"Struck down by the very hand that was vowed to protect me!" said she. Then was silent again. Then

began to cry, and sob, and wring her hands.

Zoe put her hand to her heart, and moved feebly towards the door. However, she stopped a moment to say, "I am no use here. You would soon have me raving in the next bed. I will send Fanny." Then she drew herself up. "Miss Gale, everybody here is at your command. Pray spare nothing you can think of to save—*my brother's guest*."

There came out the bitter drop.

When she had said that, she stalked from the room like some Red Indian bearing a mortal arrow in him, but too proud to show it.

But when she got to her own room she flung herself on her sofa, and writhed and sobbed in agony.

Fanny Dover came in and found her so, and flew to her.

But she ordered her out quite wildly. "No, no; go to *her*, like all the rest, and leave poor Zoe all alone. She *is* alone."

Then Fanny clung to her, and tried hard to comfort her.

This young lady now became very zealous and active. She divided her time between the two sufferers, and was indefatigable in their service. When she was not supporting Zoe, she was always at Miss Gale's elbow offering her services. "Do let me help you," she said; "do pray let me help. We are poor at home, and there is nothing I cannot do. I'm worth any three servants."

She always helped shift the patient into a fresh bed, and that was done very often. She would run to the cook or the butler for anything that was wanted in a hurry. She flung gentility and humbug to the winds. Then she dressed in ten minutes, and went and dined with Vizard, and made excuses for Zoe's absence, to keep everything smooth: and finally, she insisted on sitting up with Ina Klosking till three in

the morning, and made Miss Gale go to bed in the room. "Paid nurses!" said she; "they are no use except to snore, and drink the patient's wine. You and I will watch her every moment of the night; and if I'm ever at a loss what to do, I will call you."

Miss Gale stared at her once, and then accepted this new phase of her character.

The fever was hot while it lasted; but it was so encountered with tonics, and port wine, and strong beef-soup—not your rubbishy beef-tea—that in forty-eight hours it began to abate. Ina recognised Rhoda Gale as the lady who had saved Severne's life at Montpelier, and wept long and silently upon her neck. In due course Zoe, hearing there was a great change, came in again to look at her. She stood and eyed her. Soon Ina Klosking caught sight of her, and stared at her.

"You here!" said she. "Ah! you are Miss Vizard. I am in your house. I will get up and leave it;" and she made a feeble attempt to rise, but fell back, and the tears welled out of her eyes at her helplessness.

Zoe was indignant, but for the moment more shocked than anything else. She moved away a little, and did not know what to say.

"Let me look at you," said the patient. "Ah! you are beautiful. When I saw you at the theatre you fascinated me; how much more a man? I will resist no more. You are too beautiful to be resisted. Take him, and let me die."

"I do her no good," said Zoe, half sullenly, half trembling.

"Indeed you do not," said Rhoda, bluntly, and almost bitterly. She was all nurse.

"I'll come here no more," said Zoe, sadly, but sternly, and left the room.

Then Ina turned to Miss Gale and said, patiently, "I hope I was not rude to that lady—who has broken my heart."

Fanny and Rhoda took each a hand, and told her she could not be rude to anybody.

"My friends," said Ina, looking piteously to each in turn, "it is her house, you know, and she is very good to me now—after breaking my heart."

Then Fanny showed a deal of tact. "Her house!" said she; "it is no more hers than mine. Why, this house belongs to a gentleman, and he is mad after music. He knows you very well, though you don't know him, and he thinks you the first singer in Europe."

"You flatter me," said Ina, sadly.

"Well, he thinks so; and he is reckoned a very good judge. Ah! now I think of it, I will show you something, and then you will believe me."

She ran off to the library, snatched up Ina's picture set round with pearls, and came panting in with it. "There," said she; "now, you look at that!" and she put it before her eyes. "Now, who is that, if you please?"

"Oh! it is Ina Klosking that was. Please bring me a glass."

The two ladies looked at each other. Miss Gale made a negative signal, and Fanny said, "By-and-by. This will do instead, for it is as like as two peas. Now, ask yourself how this comes to be in the house, and set in pearls. Why, they are worth three hundred pounds. I assure you that the master of this house is *fanatico per la musica*; heard you sing Siebel at Homburg—raved about you—wanted to call on you; we had to drag him away from the place; and he declares you are the first

singer in the world ; and you cannot doubt his sincerity, for *here are the pearls.*"

Ina Klosking's pale cheek coloured, and then she opened her two arms wide, and put them round Fanny's neck and kissed her. Her innocent vanity was gratified, and her gracious nature suggested gratitude to her, who had brought her the compliment, instead of the usual ungrateful bumptiousness praise elicits from vanity.

Then Miss Gale put in her word—"When you met with this unfortunate accident, I was for taking you up to my house. It is three miles off ; but he would not hear of it. He said, 'No ; here she got her wound, and here she must be cured.'"

"So," said Fanny, "pray set your mind at ease. My cousin Harrington is a very good soul, but rather arbitrary. If you want to leave this place, you must get thoroughly well and strong ; for he will never let you go till you are."

Between these two ladies, clever and co-operating, Ina smiled, and seemed relieved ; but she was too weak to converse any more just then.

Some hours afterwards she beckoned Fanny to her, and said, "The master of the house—what is his name ?"

"Harrington Vizard."

"What !—*her* father ?"

"La, no ; only her half brother."

"If he is so kind to me because I sing, why comes he not to see me ? *She* has come."

Fanny smiled. "It is plain you are not an Englishwoman, though you speak it so beautifully. An English gentleman does not intrude into a lady's room."

"It is his room."

"He would say that whilst you occupy it, it is yours, and not his."

"He awaits my invitation then ?"

"I daresay he would come if you were to invite him, but certainly not without."

"I wish to see him who has been so kind to me, and so loves music ; but not to-day—I feel unable."

The next day she asked for a glass, and was distressed at her appearance. She begged for a cap.

"What kind of cap ?" asked Fanny.

"One like that," said she, pointing to a portrait on the wall. It was of a lady in a plain brown silk dress, and a little white shawl, and a neat cap with a narrow lace border all round her face.

This particular cap was out of date full sixty years ; but the house had a store-room of relics, and Fanny, with Vizard's help, soon rummaged out a cap of the sort, with a narrow frill all round.

Her hair was smoothed, a white silk band passed over the now closed wound, and the cap fitted on her. She looked pale but angelic.

Fanny went down to Vizard, and invited him to come and see Made-moiselle Klosking—by her desire. "But," she added, "Miss Gale is very anxious, lest you should get talking of Severne. She says the fever and loss of blood have weakened her terribly ; and if we bring the fever on again, she cannot answer for her life."

"Has she spoken of him to you ?"

"Not once."

"Then why should she to me ?"

"Because you are a man, and she may think to get the *truth* out of you : she knows *we* shall only say what is for the best. She is very deep, and we don't know her mind yet."

Vizard said he would be as guarded as he could ; but if they saw him going wrong, they must send him away.

"Oh, Miss Gale will do that, you may be sure," said Fanny.

Thus prepared, Vizard followed Fanny up the stairs to the sick-room.

Either there is such a thing as love at first sight, or it is something more than first sight, when an observant man gazes at a woman for an hour in a blaze of light, and drinks in her looks, her walk, her voice, and all the outward signs of a beautiful soul; for the stout cynic's heart beat at entering that room, as it had not beat for years. To be sure he had not only seen her on the stage in all her glory, but had held her, pale and bleeding, to his manly breast, and his heart warmed to her all the more, and, indeed, fairly melted with tenderness.

Fanny went in and announced him. He followed softly, and looked at her.

Wealth can make even a sick-room pretty. The Klosing lay on snowy pillows whose glossy damask was edged with lace, and upon her form was an eider-down quilt covered with violet-coloured satin, and her face was set in that sweet cap which hid her wound, and made her eloquent face less ghastly.

She turned to look at him, and he gazed at her in a way that spoke volumes.

"A seat," said she, softly.

Fanny was for putting one close to her.

"No," said Miss Gale, "lower down: then she need not turn her head."

So he sat down, nearer her feet.

"My good host," said she, in her mellow voice, that retained its quality but not its power, "I desire to thank you for your goodness to a poor singer, struck down—by the hand that was bound to protect her."

Vizard faltered out that there was nothing to thank him for. He *was* proud to have her under his

roof, though deeply grieved at the cause.

She looked at him, and her two nurses looked at her, and at each other, as much as to say, "She is going upon dangerous ground."

They were right. But she had not the courage; or perhaps—as most women are a little cat-like in this that they go away once or twice from the subject nearest their heart, before they turn and pounce on it—she must speak of other things first. Said she, "But, if I was unfortunate in that, I was fortunate in this, that I fell into good hands. These ladies are sisters to me," and she gave Miss Gale her hand: and kissed the other hand to Fanny, though she could scarcely lift it: "and I have a host who loves music, and overrates my poor ability." Then, after a pause, "What have you heard me sing?"

"Siebel."

"Only Siebel! why, that is a poor little thing."

"So I thought, till I heard you sing it."

"And, after Siebel, you bought my photograph."

"Instantly."

"And wasted pearls on it."

"No, madam; I wasted it on pearls."

"If I were well, I should call that extravagant. But it is permitted to flatter the sick. It is kind. Me you overrate, I fear: but you do well to honour music. Ay, I, who lie here wounded, and broken-hearted, do thank God for music. Our bodies are soon crushed; our loves decay, or turn to hate; but art is immortal."

She could no longer roll this out in her grand contralto; but she could still raise her eyes with enthusiasm, and her pale face was illuminated. A grand soul shone through her, though she was pale, weak, and prostrate.

They admired her in silence.

After a while she resumed, and said, "If I live, I must live for my art alone."

Miss Gale saw her approaching a dangerous topic: so she said, hastily, "Don't say *if* you live, please, because that is arranged. You have been out of danger this twenty-four hours, provided you do not relapse; and I must take care of that."

"My kind friend," said Ina, "I shall not relapse; only my weakness is pitiable. Sometimes I can scarcely forbear crying, I feel so weak. When shall I be stronger?"

"You shall be a little stronger every three days. There are always ups and downs in convalescence."

"When shall I be strong enough to move?"

"Let me answer that question," said Vizard. "When you are strong enough to sing us Siebel's great song."

"There," said Fanny Dover; "there is a mercenary host for you. He means to have a song out of you. Till then you are his prisoner."

"No, no, she is mine," said Miss Gale; "and she shan't go till she has sung me 'Hail, Columbia!' None of your Italian trash for me."

Ina smiled, and said it was a fair condition, provided that 'Hail, Columbia,' with which composition unfortunately she was unacquainted, was not beyond her powers. "I have often sung for money," said she, "but this time"—here she opened her grand arms, and took Rhoda Gale to her bosom—"I shall sing for love."

"Now we have settled that," said Vizard, "my mind is more at ease, and I will retire."

"One moment," said Ina, turning to him. Then, in a low and very meaning voice, "*There is something else.*"

"No doubt there is plenty," said Miss Gale, sharply: "and, by my

authority, I postpone it all till you are stronger. Bid us good-bye for the present," Mr Vizard.

"I obey," said he. "But, madam, please remember I am always at your service. Send for me when you please, and the oftener the better for me."

"Thank you, my kind host. Oblige me with your hand."

He gave her his hand. She took it, and put her lips to it with pure, and gentle, and seemly gratitude, and with no loss of dignity, though the act was humble.

He turned his head away, to hide the emotion that act and the touch of her sweet lips caused him; Miss Gale hurried him out of the room.

"You naughty patient," said she, "you must do nothing to excite yourself."

"Sweet physician, loving nurse, I am not excited."

Miss Gale felt her heart to see.

"Gratitude does not excite," said Ina. "It is too tame a feeling in the best of us."

"That is a fact," said Miss Gale: "so let us all be grateful, and avoid exciting topics. Think what I should feel if you had a relapse. Why, you would break my heart."

"Should I?"

"I really think you would, tough as it is. One gets so fond of an unselfish patient. You cannot think how rare they are, dear. You are a pearl. I cannot afford to lose you."

"Then you shall not," said Ina, firmly. "Know that I, who seem so weak, am a woman of great resolution. I will follow good counsel: I will postpone all dangerous topics till I am stronger: I will live. For I will not grieve the true friends calamity has raised me."

Of course Fanny told Zoe all about this interview. She listened gloomily: and all she said was,

"Sisters do not go for much, when a man is in love."

"Do brothers, when a woman is?" said Fanny.

"I daresay they go for as much as they are worth."

"Zoe, that is not fair. Harrington is full of affection for you; but you will not go near him. Any other man would be very angry. Do pray make an effort, and come down to dinner to-day."

"No, no; he has you, and his Klosking; and I have my broken heart. I *am* alone; and so I will be all alone."

She cried and sobbed, but she was obstinate, and Fanny could only let her have her own way in that.

Another question was soon disposed of. When Fanny invited her into the sick-room, she said, haughtily, "I go there no more. Cure her, and send her away—if Harrington will let her go. I daresay she is to be pitied."

"Of course she is. She is your fellow-victim, if you would only let yourself see it."

"Unfortunately, instead of pitying her, I hate her. She has destroyed my happiness, and done herself no good. He does not love her, and never will."

Fanny found herself getting angry, so she said no more; for she was determined nothing should make her quarrel with poor Zoe. But after dinner, being *tête-à-tête* with Vizard, she told him she was afraid Zoe could not see things as they were; and she asked him if he had any idea what had become of Severne.

"Fled the country, I suppose."

"Are you sure he is not lurking about?"

"What for?"

"To get a word with Zoe—alone."

"He will not come near this. I

will break every bone in his skin if he does."

"But he is so sly; he might hang about."

"What for? She never goes out; and, if she did, have you so poor an opinion of her as to think she would speak to him?"

"Oh no; and she would forbid him to speak to her. But he would be sure to persist, and he has such wonderful powers of explanation, and she is blinded by love: I think he would make her believe black was white, if he had a chance; and if he is about he will get a chance some day. She is doing the very worst thing she could—shutting herself up so. Any moment she will turn wild, and rush out reckless. She is in a dangerous state, you mark my words: she is broken-hearted, and yet she is bitter against everybody, except that young villain, and he is the only enemy she has in the world. I don't believe Mademoiselle Klosking ever wronged her, nor ever will. Appearances are against her; but she is a good woman, or I am a fool. Take my advice, Harrington, and be on your guard. If he had written a penitent letter to Mademoiselle Klosking, that would be a different thing; but he ignores her, and that frightens me for Zoe."

Harrington would not admit that Zoe needed any other safeguard against a detected scoundrel than her own sense of dignity. He consented, however, to take precautions, if Fanny would solemnly promise not to tell Zoe, and so wound her. On that condition, he would see his head-keeper to-morrow, and all the keepers and watchers should be posted so as to encircle the parish with vigilance. He assured Fanny these fellows had a whole system of signals to the ear and eye, and Severne could not get within a mile of the house undetected. "But,"

said he, "I will not trust to that alone. I will send an advertisement to the local papers and the leading London journals, so worded, that the scoundrel shall know his forgery is detected, and that he will be arrested on a magistrate's warrant if he sets foot in Barfordshire."

Fanny said that was capital, and, altogether, he had set her mind at rest.

"Then do as much for me," said Vizard. "Please explain a remarkable phenomenon. You were always a bright girl, and no fool; but not exactly what humdrum people would call a good girl. You are not offended?"

"The idea! Why, I have publicly disowned goodness again and again. You have heard me."

"So I have. But was not that rather deceitful of you? for you have turned out as good as gold. Anxiety has kept me at home of late, and I have watched you. You live for others; you are all over the house to serve two suffering *women*. That is real charity, not sexual charity, which humbugs the world, but not me. You are cook, housemaid, butler, nurse, and friend to both of them. In an interval of your time, so creditably employed, you come and cheer me up with your bright little face, and give me wise advice. I know that women are all humbugs; only you are a humbug reversed, and deserve a statue—and trimmings. You have been passing yourself off for a naughty girl, and all the time you were an extra good one."

"And that puzzles the woman-hater, the cynical student, who says he has fathomed woman. My poor dear Harrington, if you cannot read so shallow a character as I am, how will you get on with those ladies up-stairs,—Zoe, who is as deep as the sea, and turbid with passion—

and the Klosking, who is as deep as the ocean?"

She thought a moment, and said, "There, I will have pity on you. You shall understand one woman before you die, and that is me; I'll give you the clue to my seeming inconsistencies—if *you* will give *me* a cigarette."

"What, another hidden virtue! You smoke?"

"Not I, except when I happen to be with a noble soul, who won't tell."

Vizard found her a Russian cigarette, and lighted his own cigar, and she lectured as follows:—

"What women love, and can't do without, if they are young and healthy, and spirited, is—Excitement. I am one who pines for it. Now society is so constructed that, to get excitement, you must be naughty. Waltzing all night, and flirting all day, are excitement. Crochet, and church, and examining girls in St Matthew, and dining *en famille*, and going to bed at ten, are stagnation. Good girls—that means stagnant girls; I hate and despise the tame little wretches, and I never was one, and never will be. But now look here: We have two ladies in love with one villain—that is exciting. One gets nearly killed in the house—that is gloriously exciting; the other is broken-hearted. If I were to be a bad girl, and say, 'It is not my business; I will leave them to themselves, and go my little mill-round of selfishness as before,'—why, what a fool I must be! I should lose Excitement. Instead of that, I run and get things for the Klosking—Excitement. I cook for her, and nurse her, and sit up half the night—Excitement. Then I run to Zoe, and do my best for her—and get snubbed—Excitement. Then I sit at the head of your table, and order you—Excitement. Oh, it is lovely!"

"Shall you not be sorry when they both get well, and Routine recommences?"

"Of course I shall: that is the sort of good girl I am. And oh, when that fatal day comes, how I shall flirt! Heaven help my next flirtee! I shall soon flirt out the stigma of a good girl. You mark my words, I shall flirt with some *married man*, after this. I never did that yet. But I shall; I know I shall.—Ah!—there, I have burnt my finger."

"Never mind; that is exciting."

"As such I accept it. Good-bye. I must go and relieve Miss Gale. Exit the good girl on her mission of charity; ha! ha! ha!" She hummed a *valse à deux temps*, and went dancing out with such a whirl, that her petticoats, which were ample, and not, as now, like a sack tied at the knees, made quite a cool air in the room.

She had not been gone long, when Miss Gale came down, full of her patient. She wanted to get her out of bed during the daytime; but said she was not strong enough to sit up. Would he order an invalid couch down from London? She described the article, and where it was to be had.

He said Harris should go up in the morning, and bring one down with him.

He then put her several questions about her patient; and at last asked her, with an anxiety he in vain endeavoured to conceal, what she thought was the relation between her and Severne.

Now it may be remembered that Miss Gale had once been on the point of telling him all she knew, and had written him a letter. But, at that time, the Klosking was not expected to appear on the scene in person. Were she now to say she had seen her and Severne living *together*, Rhoda felt that she should

lower her patient. She had not the heart to do that.

Rhoda Gale was not of an amorous temperament, and she was all the more open to female attachments. With a little encouragement she would have loved Zoe, but she had now transferred her affection to the Klosking. She replied to Vizard, almost like a male lover defending the object of his affection.

"The exact relation is more than I can tell: but I think he has lived upon her, for she was richer than he was; and I feel sure he has promised her marriage. And my great fear now is lest he should get hold of her and keep his promise. He is as poor as a rat, or a female physician: and she has a fortune, in her voice, and has money besides, Miss Dover tells me. Pray keep her here till she is quite well, please."

"I will."

"And then let me have her up at Hillstoke. She is beginning to love me, and I dote on her."

"So do I."

"Ah, but you must not."

"Why not?"

"Because——"

"Well, why not?"

"She is not to love any man again, who will not marry her. I won't let her. I'll kill her first, I love her so: a rogue she shan't marry, and I can't let you marry her, because her connection with that Severne is mysterious. She seems the soul of virtue, but I could not let *you* marry her until things are clearer."

"Make your mind easy. I will not marry her—nor anybody else—till things are a great deal clearer than I have ever found them, where your sex is concerned."

Miss Gale approved the resolution.

Next day, Vizard posted his keepers, and sent his advertisements to the London and country journals.

Fanny came into his study, to

tell him there was more trouble—Miss Maitland taken seriously ill, and had written to Zoe.

"Poor old soul!" said Vizard. "I have a great mind to ride over and see her."

"Somebody ought to go," said Fanny.

"Well, you go."

"How can I—with Zoe, and Mademoiselle Klosking, and you, to look after?"

"Instead of one old woman. Not much excitement in that."

"No, cousin. To think of your remembering! Why, you must have gone to bed sober."

"I often do."

"You were always an eccentric landowner."

"Don't you talk. You are a caricature."

This banter was interrupted by Miss Gale, who came to tell Harrington Mademoiselle Klosking desired to see him, at his leisure.

He said he would come directly.

"Before you go," said Miss Gale, "let us come to an understanding. She had only two days' fever: but that fever, and the loss of blood, and the shock to her nerves, brought her to death's door by exhaustion. Now she is slowly recovering her strength, because she has a healthy stomach, and I give her no stimulants to spur and then weaken her, but choice and simple esculents, the effect of which I watch, and vary them accordingly. But the convalescent period is always one of danger, especially from chills to the body and excitements to the brain. At no period are more patients thrown away, for want of vigilance. Now I can guard against chills and other bodily things, but not against excitements—unless you co-operate. The fact is, we must agree to avoid speaking about Mr Severne. We must be on our guard. We must parry—we

must evade—we must be deaf, stupid, slippery; but no Severne—for five or six days more, at all events."

Thus forewarned, Vizard, in due course, paid his second visit to Ina Klosking.

He found her propped up with pillows this time. She begged him to be seated.

She had evidently something on her mind, and her nurses watched her like cats.

"You are fond of music, sir?"

"Not of all music: I adore good music, I hate bad; and I despise mediocre. Silence is golden indeed, compared with poor music."

"You are right, sir. Have you good music in the house?"

"A little. I get all the operas, and you know there are generally one or two good things in an opera—amongst the rubbish. But the great bulk of our collection is rather old-fashioned. It is sacred music; oratorios, masses, anthems, services, chants. My mother was the collector. Her tastes were good, but narrow. Do you care for that sort of music?"

"Sacred music? Why, it is, of all music, the most divine, and soothes the troubled soul. Can I not see the books? I read music like words. By reading I almost hear."

"We will bring you up a dozen books to begin on."

He went down directly; and such was his pleasure in doing anything for the Klosking, that he executed the order in person, brought up a little pile of folios and quartos, beautifully bound and lettered, a lady having been the collector.

Now, as he mounted the stairs, with his very chin upon the pile, who should he see looking over the rails at him, but his sister Zoe.

She was sadly changed. There was a fixed ashen pallor on her

cheek, and a dark circle under her eyes.

He stopped to look at her. "My poor child," said he, "you look very ill."

"I am very ill, dear."

"Would you not be better for a change?"

"I might."

"Why coop yourself up in your own room? Why deny yourself a brother's sympathy?"

The girl trembled, and tears came to her eyes.

"Is it with me you sympathise?" said she.

"Can you doubt it, Zoe?"

Zoe hung her head a moment, and did not reply. Then she made a diversion. "What are those books?—Oh, I see; your mother's music-books. Nothing is too good for *her*."

"Nothing in the way of music-books is too good for her. For shame!—are you jealous of that unfortunate lady?"

Zoe made no reply.

She put her hands before her face, that Vizard might not see her mind.

Then he rested his books on a table, and came and took her head in his hands paternally. "Do not shut yourself up any longer. Solitude is dangerous to the afflicted. Be more with me than ever; and let this cruel blow bind us more closely, instead of disuniting us."

He kissed her lovingly; and his kind words set her tears flowing. But they did her little good. They were bitter tears. Between her and her brother there was now a barrier sisterly love could not pass. He hated and despised Edward Severne; and she only distrusted him, and feared he was a villain: she loved him still with every fibre of her heart, and pined for his explanation of all that seemed so dark.

So then he entered the sick-room

with his music-books; and Zoe, after watching him in, without seeming to do so, crept away to her own room.

Then there was rather a pretty little scene. Miss Gale and Miss Dover, on each side of the bed, held a heavy music-book, and Mademoiselle Klosking turned the leaves and read, when the composition was worth reading. If it was not, she quietly passed it over, without any injurious comment.

Vizard watched her from the foot of the bed, and could tell in a moment by her face whether the composition was good, bad, or indifferent. When bad, her face seemed to turn impassive, like marble; when good, to expand; and when she lighted on a masterpiece, she was almost transfigured, and her face shone with elevated joy.

This was a study to the enamoured Vizard, and it did not escape the quick-sighted doctress. She despised music on its own merits, but she despised nothing that could be pressed into the service of medicine: and she said to herself, "I'll cure her with esculents and music."

The book was taken away to make room for another.

Then said Ina Klosking, "Mr Vizard, I desire to say a word to you. Excuse me, my dear friends."

Miss Gale coloured up. She had not foreseen a *tête-à-tête* between Vizard and her patient. However, there was no help for it: and she withdrew to a little distance with Fanny; but she said to Vizard, openly and expressively, "Remember!"

When they had withdrawn a little way, Ina Klosking fixed her eyes on Vizard, and said, in a low voice, "Your sister!"

Vizard started a little at the suddenness of this, but he said nothing: he did not know what to say.

When she had waited a little, and he said nothing, she spoke

again. "Tell me something about her.—Is she good? Forgive me: it is not that I doubt."

"She is good, according to her lights."

"Is she proud?"

"Yes."

"Is she just?"

"No. And I never met a woman that was."

"Indeed it is rare. Why does she not visit me?"

"I don't know."

"She blames me for all that has happened."

"I don't know, madam. My sister looks very ill, and keeps her own room. If she does not visit you, she holds equally aloof from us all. She has not taken a single meal with me for some days."

"Since I was your patient and your guest."

"Pray do not conclude from that— Who can interpret a woman?"

"Another woman. Enigmas to you, we are transparent to each other. Sir, will you grant me a favour? Will you persuade Miss Vizard to see me here alone—all alone? It will be a greater trial to me than to her, for I am weak. In this request I am not selfish. She can do nothing for me; but I can do a little for her, to pay the debt of gratitude I owe this hospitable house. May Heaven bless it, from the roof to the foundation-stone!"

"I will speak to my sister: and she shall visit you—with the consent of your physician."

"It is well," said Ina Klosking, and beckoned her friends; one of whom, Miss Gale, proceeded to feel her pulse, with suspicious glances at Vizard. But she found the pulse calm, and said so.

Vizard took his leave, and went straight to Zoe's room. She was not there. He was glad of that;

for it gave him hopes she was going to respect his advice, and give up her solitary life.

He went down-stairs, and on to the lawn, to look for her. He could not see her anywhere.

At last, when he had given up looking for her, he found her in his study, crouched in a corner.

She rose at sight of him, and stood before him. "Harrington," said she, in rather a commanding way, "Aunt Maitland is ill, and I wish to go to her."

Harrington stared at her, with surprise. "You are not well enough yourself."

"Quite well enough in body to go anywhere."

"Well, but," said Harrington—she caught him up impatiently. "Surely you cannot object to my visiting Aunt Maitland. She is dangerously ill. I had a second letter, this morning—see." And she held him out a letter.

Harrington was in a difficulty. He felt sure this was not her real motive; but he did not like to say so, harshly, to an unhappy girl. He took a moderate course. "Not just now, dear," said he.

"What! am I to wait till she dies?" cried Zoe, getting agitated at his opposition.

"Be reasonable, dear. You know you are the mistress of this house. Do not desert me just now. Consider the position. It is a very chattering county. I entertain Mademoiselle Klosking; I could not do otherwise when she was nearly killed in my hall. But for my sister to go away whilst she remains here, would have a bad effect."

"It is too late to think of that, Harrington. The mischief is done; and you must plead your eccentricity. Why should I bear the blame? I never approved it."

"You would have sent her to an inn, eh?"

"No; but Miss Gale offered to take her."

"Then I am to understand that you propose to mark your reprobation of my conduct by leaving my house."

"What! publicly? Oh no. You may say to yourself that your sister could not bear to stay under the same roof with Mr Severne's mistress. But this chattering county shall never know my mind. My aunt is dangerously ill.—She lives but thirty miles off.—She is a fit object of pity. She is a—respectable—lady; she is all alone: no female physician; no flirt, turned sister of charity; no woman-hater—to fetch and carry for her. And so I shall go to her. I am your sister, not your slave. If you grudge me your horses, I will go on foot."

Vizard was white with wrath, but governed himself like a man. "Go on, young lady," said he; "go on. Jeer, and taunt, and wound the best brother any young mad-woman ever had. But don't think I'll answer you as you deserve. I'm too cunning. If I was to say an unkind word to you, I should suffer the tortures of the damned. So, go on."

"No, no. Forgive me, Harrington. It is your opposition that drives me wild. Oh, have pity on me. I shall go mad, if I stay here. Do, pray, pray, pray let me go to Aunt Maitland."

"You shall go, Zoe. But, I tell you plainly, this step will be a blow to our affection—the first."

Zoe cried at that. But, as she did not withdraw her request, Harrington told her, with cold civility, that she must be good enough to be ready directly after breakfast tomorrow, and take as little luggage as she could with convenience to herself.

Horses were sent on that night

to the "Fox," an inn half-way between Vizard Court and Miss Maitland's place.

In the morning, a light barouche, with a sling for luggage, came round, and Zoe was soon seated in it. Then, to her surprise, Harrington came out, and sat beside her.

She was pleased at this, and said, "What! are you going with me, dear; all that way?"

"Yes, to save appearances," said he: and took out a newspaper to read.

This froze Zoe, and she retired within herself.

It was a fine fresh morning; the coachman drove fast; the air fanned her cheek; the motion was enlivening; the horses' hoofs rang quick and clear upon the road. Fresh objects met the eye every moment. Her heart was as sad and aching as before; but there arose a faint encouraging sense that some day she might be better, or things might take some turn.

When they had rolled about ten miles, she said, in a low voice, "Harrington."

"Well?"

"You were right. Cooping one's self up is the way to go mad."

"Of course it is."

"I feel a little better now; a very little."

"I am glad of it."

But he was not hearty: and she said no more.

He was extremely attentive to her all the journey, and, indeed, had never been half so polite to her.

This, however, led to a result he did not intend nor anticipate. Zoe, being now cool, fell into a state of compunction and dismay. She saw his affection for her leaving him, and stiff politeness coming, instead.

She leaned forward, put her hands on his knees, and looked, all scared, in his face. "Harrington!" she

cried, "I was wrong. What is Aunt Maitland to me? You are my all. Bid him turn the horses' heads and go home."

"Why, we are only six miles from the place."

"What does that matter? We shall have had a good long drive together, and I will dine with you after it; and I will ride or drive with you every day, if you will let me."

Vizard could not help smiling. He was disarmed. "You impulsive young monkey," said he, "I shall do nothing of the kind. In the first place, I couldn't turn back from anything; I'm only a man. In the next place, I have been thinking it over, as you have; and this is a good move of ours, though I was a little mortified at first. Occupation is the best cure of love; and this old lady will find you plenty. Besides, nursing improves the character. Look at that frivolous girl, Fanny, how she has come out. And you know, Zoe, if you get sick of it in a day or two, you have only to write to me, and I will send for you directly. A short absence, with so reasonable a motive as visiting a sick aunt, will provoke no comments. It is all for the best."

This set Zoe at her ease; and brother and sister resumed their usual manners.

They reached Miss Maitland's house, and were admitted to her sick-room. She was really very ill; and thanked them so pathetically for coming to visit a poor lone old woman, that now they were both glad they had come.

Zoe entered on her functions with an alacrity that surprised herself; and Vizard drove away. But he did not drive straight home. He had started from Vizard Court with other views. He had telegraphed Lord Uxmoor, the night before, and now drove to his place,

which was only five miles distant. He found him at home, and soon told him his errand. "Do you remember meeting a young fellow at my house, called Severne?"

"I do," said Lord Uxmoor, drily enough.

"Well, he has turned out an impostor."

Uxmoor's eye flashed. He had always suspected Severne of being his rival, and a main cause of his defeat. "An impostor?" said he: "that is rather a strong word. Certainly I never heard a gentleman tell such a falsehood as he volunteered about—what's the fellow's name?—a detective."

"Oh, Poikilus. That is nothing. That was one of his white lies. He is a villain all round, and a forger by way of climax."

"A forger! What! a criminal?"

"Rather. Here are his drafts. The drawer and acceptor do not exist. The whole thing was written by Edward Severne, whose endorsement figures on the bill. He got me to cash these bills. I deposit them with you, and I ask you for a warrant to commit him—if he should come this way."

"Is that likely?"

"Not at all; it is a hundred to one he never shows his nose again in Barfordshire. When he was found out, he bolted, and left his very clothes in my house. I packed them off to the 'Swan' at Tadlington. He has never been heard of since; and I have warned him, by advertisement, that he will be arrested if ever he sets foot in Barfordshire."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then—I am not going to throw away a chance. The beggar had the impudence to spoon on my sister Zoe. That was my fault, not hers. He was an old college acquaintance, and I gave him opportunities: I deserve to be horse-

whipped. However, I am not going to commit the same blunder twice. My sister is in your neighbourhood for a few days."

"Ah!"

"And perhaps you will be good enough to keep your eye on her."

"I feel much honoured by such a commission. But you have not told me where Miss Vizard is."

"With her aunt, Miss Maitland, at Somerville Villa, near Bagley. *Appropos*, I had better tell you what she is there for, or your good Dowager will be asking her to parties. She has come to nurse her Aunt Maitland. The old lady is seriously ill, and all our young coquettes are going in for nursing. We have a sick lady at our house, I am sorry to say, and she is nursed like a queen, by Doctress Gale, and ex-Flirt, Fanny Dover. Now is fulfilled the saying that was said—

'Oh woman, in our hours of ease;'

I spare you the rest, and simply remark that our Zoe, fired by the example of those two ladies, has devoted herself to nursing Aunt Maitland. It is very good of her, but experience tells me she will very soon find it extremely trying; and, as she is a very pretty girl, and therefore a fit subject of male

charity, you might pay her a visit now and then, and show her that this best of all possible worlds contains young gentlemen of distinction, with long and glossy beards, as well as peevish old women, who are extra selfish and tyrannical when they happen to be sick."

Uxmoor positively radiated as this programme was unfolded to him. Vizard observed that, and chuckled inwardly.

He then handed him the forged acceptances.

Lord Uxmoor begged him to write down the facts on paper, and also his application for the warrant. He did so. Lord Uxmoor locked the paper up, and the friends parted: Vizard drove off, easy in his mind, and congratulating himself, not unreasonably, on his little combination, by means of which he had provided his sister with a watchdog, a companion, and an honourable lover, all in one.

Uxmoor put on his hat and strode forth into his own grounds, with his heart beating high at this strange turn of things in favour of his love.

Neither foresaw the strange combinations which were to arise out of an event that appeared so simple and one-sided.

DEVIOUS RAMBLES WITH A DEFINITE OBJECT.

NO. IV.

THOUGH we may fairly count ourselves as the foremost among nations in the distribution of the fruits of machinery over the face of the globe, we do not hold the absolute monopoly of all. Other communities have small special trades of their own, wherein we are their customers, like the rest of the world. It is instructive to look at all practices between man and man from both sides,—from the negative as well as the positive—from the takers as well as the givers—from the buyers as well as the sellers. In this view I offer you the results of some inquiries into the physiology of a curious monopoly enjoyed by a German town in a commodity that deserves to be ranked as about the hardest in that great division of commerce called the hard line. We are as far up the Rhine as Bingen. The town itself is signally uninteresting to any one whose aspirations go beyond the well-cooked dinner of one of the best Rhenish hotels. The scrubby vineyards are as dreary as the others that have tired you. If you scramble up to the Schloss, you will find that, like many others of “the frequent feudal towers” that frown over the wild and winding Rhine, it is merely a yeoman’s ill-conditioned grange, with something like turret and battlements cemented on its top to make it look fierce from a distance. Suppose you take the train up the valley of the Nahe. The stream is generally muddy where it joins the Rhine, but it brightens as you ascend it, and the hills are greener and fresher than those you have left in the grand thoroughfare. You pass the picturesque village of Birkenfeld,

and look into the next village—Oberstein—perhaps as picturesque, but not so clean. It is almost entirely occupied by working people. Their houses rise irregularly along the rocky base of a steep mountain screen; they look as if they had been pitched against the face of the rock and had stuck there. Two castles complete the general effect with a feudal finish. Near them is the oddest of all churches—literally a cave. It is cut into the base of the rock, and fronted with some architectural devices. Inside, a strange, unwholesome-looking greenness spreads over everything; but it has otherwise all the aspects of a church built a couple of centuries ago, even in the element of monumental statuary.

The rocks around Oberstein have long been peculiar as yielding in rich variety several kinds of decorative minerals, going by the names of jasper, chalcedony, agate, cornelian, onyx, and the like. Here the size of some of the agate nodules is on such a scale that the crystals in their hollows are large enough to be cut into jewellery; and so furnish, by their varied colours, the trinkets that pass as sapphires, emeralds, beryls, and amethysts. Working in these materials became by degrees the standard industry of the place, and a trade in the produce gradually expanded. As the workers increased in number, and bred up a race to follow in the ways of their parents, the riches of the surrounding rocks were insufficient to supply the materials for the manufacturing and trading enterprise so created, and the raw material was brought from all quarters whence it could be

easily supplied. This, let it be parenthetically noted, is not an unusual phenomenon in the growth of a standard market. Our linen manufacture began where flax grew; and it would have perhaps risen to the consumption of half the lint grown throughout the world, but cotton—an entirely foreign material, to be treated in a different manner—took to itself the lion's share in the vegetable textures. With wool it was otherwise. All the animal textures, with small exceptions, came from the backs of sheep; and the produce and sale of woollen textures were rigorously protected by merciless laws, because it was believed that the waste countries of northern England and of Scotland afforded facilities unmatched by any other part of Europe for the rearing of sheep; and it was the duty of a paternal Government to cultivate by rewards, and protect by punishments, an arrangement of nature so fruitful in blessings. The land was redeemed from barrenness and made pleasant and profitable. Mutton was abundant, and the woollen manufacture of the country became a mighty trade. The manufacture and trade still prevail in the same districts where they were thus fostered. But their very expansion, by bringing together multitudes of people, has narrowed the sheep-rearing. Possibly some of the great manufacturing factories that were founded when there was not a stone of foreign wool imported, now do not consume a stone annually of the native-grown material—all comes from Australia. In Oberstein, it cannot be said that the native material has been exhausted; but it is now evidently a mere trifle in comparison with the imports from Brazil and other distant places. The manufacture of flannels and stockings has not much akin to the cutting of

jewellery; but I bring the two industries together as instances of a phenomenon often seen in the physiology of manufacturing industries, that the staple of industry may remain when the local facilities out of which it may have grown have departed.

Well, all the civilised world buys the ornamental stone-work of Oberstein. Of course it is adjusted to the demand; and the demand is often for an article that has got into esteem by coming into existence somewhere else. The tourists create markets in countless places for some special product of the locality—something to be carried home as a memorial. The Oberstein stone-cutter studies this distribution of mercantile enterprise, and endeavours to supply all the markets at least with jewellery.

Trade, in catching a new market, has a power and subtlety comparable only to the operations of the common air when giving effect to nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, or water finding its level by hydraulic pressure. The manufacturer who lets the great stream of wrought goods out upon the world from his emporium knows little or nothing of the various ducts that carry, and the various forces that press them through these ducts to the consumer. He may have had an idea that the commodity will "take," and is worth a trial. When that is successful, he only knows that his goods are carried rapidly off his hands, and he may safely bring more into the market. The distribution is the result of a moral law of nature, exhibiting itself in the phenomena of selfishness begotten of skill in a certain number of human beings acting separately to one end, as bees make the honeycomb with their separate cells.

I propose to lay before you a curious specimen of the operation

of this law in the distribution in unexpected places and unexpected shapes of what the Germans call their *achaten waare*. You are taken to one of the spots—on the sea-beach, or some of the centres of attraction called watering-places—whitherto resort the infirm in the hope of mitigating disease and prolonging life. I believe you and I, who have had no experience of what that phase of existence is, can have little conception of the intensity of its miseries. The strong man who has buffeted with the world successfully—to whom the excitement of constant action is as the breath of life—must pass his days in some distant, inconvenient, intolerable region, in utter solitude but for the crawling about of a few creatures who only remind him of his own sad fate. The great standard sports of his kind—hunting, shooting, even fishing—are precluded. One may surely say that gambling is not to be commended as a last resource.

The unfortunate is told that he may read a little; but he hates books. Well, he may observe nature; but can aught be more stale and unprofitable? Let us, however, turn the observation of nature into a means to our end—into a pursuit; and let what he is told to pursue be an acquisition—something that he can actually hold in his hand, possess, and keep in his possession. It is not easy to link this desirable end with the great natural sciences unless one is far advanced in the acquisition of them as sciences. A *hortus siccus* is a poor possession to one who is not a botanist. An adept in conchology may extract a world of suggestive science out of the common shells on our seaboard; but the tired barrister or banker, relegated to some bathing-place for change of air, who should pass his hours in picking these up and

ranging them on his chimney-piece, would be apt to excite a little shaking of the head among his old friends in town.

However, the case is desperate. Some light, easy hobby must be acquired, even at the cost of a little ridicule; and after having, with a due sense of responsibility, looked at the claims of various pursuits, I come to the conclusion of recommending the victim to pick up stones. If he begin without science, he will acquire by degrees enough of it to distinguish what is worth keeping from what is not; and then a path of ambition, boundless in extent, is opened—for is there any other chattel in the world so valuable as certain stones are?

The lithologist, who in a small hard line may be counted a sportsman, is already becoming a distinct being from the geologist, who is a philosopher. He is already so far advanced as to have a small literature at his service. This is generally sorted geographically, becoming in that way an item in the guide-books; but there is also a general literature in lithological sport, and it is showing its expansiveness by a classified division. I have beside me an amiable little book called 'Beach Rambles in search of Seaside Pebbles and Crystals, with some Observations on the Origin of the Diamond and other Precious Stones,' by J. G. Francis. I call the book amiable, because I think its light, cheery, half-enthusiastic tone, and its easy, simple, yet attractive suggestions, might have a wholesome influence on any of those beings, sick in body and at heart, whose impression on first reaching the bleak and barren shore can but deepen the already existing depression. The author of the book is too healthy an enthusiast to be exactly followed by the tottering invalid. He says of the

qualifications and duties of "a searcher after pebbles," that

"He should have good legs, good eyes, good judgment, and—I may as well say it at once—good temper. He should choose a likely part of an unfrequented beach, and should go down at the right hour, somewhere about half-tide, when the tide is running out. It is well for him to walk with the sun a little behind him and on one side; and I would recommend him, if possible, to avoid entertaining a north-easter in his teeth."—P. 46.

These are the sayings of a hale and hearty man who has warmed to his hobby, and, like an experienced huntsman, cannot readily tolerate what is slovenly or uncanonical; or like your friend the mighty golfer, who complained of "a deal of levity in that game."

But if it exacts sterling qualities in the healthy devotee, the book shows how easy a thing it is to acquire the initiative in the practice; and he must be hopeless indeed who would not desire to behold a vista of progress in the only available pursuit that infirmity has left to him. And there is hope of a pleasant way of life in such precepts as these:—

"If you hear the sea make a dull booming noise during the night, be on the look-out two or three tides later, when the first shingle now thrown up has drifted and settled down. Large pebbles will then be found on the top of all, the process being much like that which takes place in shaking a basin of lump-sugar. But it will be well for you to be always on the alert. The seaside elements must be coaxed and humoured if you hope to get anything by their agency. A beach itself is exceedingly capricious. On some days you may walk for miles and remark nothing worth picking up; perhaps the next day, over the same ground, so great will be the profusion of fossils as to suggest the idea that since your last visit a petrified shoal had returned to life, swum in the bay,

and there been once more stifled in gurgling lime or liquid silex, and penetrated by the metallic moss."—P. 76.

Here the novice finds the diagnosis of a crack beach in brief simplicity:—

"Amid countless boulders of flint, and heaps of hardened gravel, we have upon a good beach certain smooth translucent pebbles, and we have fossil petrifications enveloped in an opaque crust, and we have the variegated jaspers and moss agates."—P. 32, 33.

The following is a charmingly candid homage to the attractive feature I have attributed to this pursuit—the sense of acquisition and possession. The warnings against excess, expressed towards the end, are not likely to alarm the class to whom I recommend the author's hobby.

"I have great pleasure in seeing fine pebbles of my own polished. You can stop the wheel every now and then, and watch how the stone gets on. When the chiaroscuro begins to come out in the coloured pattern, the effect is like that produced by holding some lively object before a mirror. The surface no longer appears flat; but you obtain aerial perspective, as in a good painting. It is in vain to deny that the lapidary's acquaintance might in time prove an expensive amusement; for pebble-hunting is a hobby, and, like all hobbies, is liable to be over-ridden. But experience begets caution. For a score of stones which a tyro will leave on the board to be cut, a connoisseur will not venture above two or three."—P. 28.

Throughout even the hobbies that are admitted to the rank of field-sports, there is a certain relish imparted to the pursuit, that it leaves somewhat in the possession of him who embarks in it. This gives a kind of solidity and balance, as the hunter of old used to think of the trophies of his bow and of his spear. In Germany I have found an opinion to prevail that the

Englishman's craze for anything is merely in the "sport," as he calls it, not in the possession. It is not wonderful that if a phenomenon is incapable of finding entrance to their own philosophy, they should form incoherent notions. I remember, when in perhaps the noblest fishing district in the world—the Bavarian highlands—an enthusiastic votary of Loch Leven, carrying his tackle with him for practice in the beryl-coloured torrents swarming with trout, felt himself in danger of assault by an indignant mob gathering round him. He was a magician. The process of reasoning towards this conclusion had a Germanic lucidity and ergoism in it. They, the peasantry, though well acquainted with the fish and all their ways, had to hunt them in their waters, and then apprehend them with great difficulty; whereas here comes a stranger from an unknown distance, who, by the influence of his enchanter's wand, makes the trout voluntarily leap on the outstretched hook.

Great as the light may be that has been let in upon the darkness of that period, Hermann's notions on fishing as a sport are still clouded when he thinks possession of the ostensible fruit is not appreciated; when he believes that the sport is all-sufficient, and the angler would rather be glad that some one should relieve him of the burden of his acquisitions. I suspect this to be a delusion. He says to himself,—The Herr Englander wants sport in my river; let him pay for it. The fish he takes out of the water are savoury and succulent. I shall relieve him of their burden. For Hermann is always signally acute in finding and appropriating small gains. In the beautiful mountain district near to the fine old cities of Nürnberg and Regensburg—in the Franconian Schweiz—a genial

friend who was there this year found the practice in full organisation. Two florins a-day were paid for the privilege of angling. An attendant had to be hired to assist the stranger and show him where to fish, also to see to the appropriation of the spoil. But I apprehend the whole to be a mistake; for, though not much of a sportsman, I think there must be something in the bringing home of the bag or basket, even though we should discount the material enjoyment of feeding on the contents.

Of this last-named element of enjoyment the acquisitions of the mineralogist do not admit. But he may make a collection not only beautiful, but valuable. Then he is carrying out a pursuit that passes by an imperceptible transition into a mighty science. The hammer that is merely serving for the acquisition of pretty trifles may have passed into the service of geology. We all know the story of the wayfarer who had seen an imbecile old man blowing bubbles; and who had, in fact, seen Newton experimenting in the laws of gravitation. Then Meg Dodds has her joke about the studious men who collected bagfuls of "chuckie-stanes" and went about with hammers in their hands, like the ghosts of stone-masons, saying they were finding out how the world was made. She had far more respect for the contemplative angler; and I have noted occasional symptoms that the devotee of the hammer must submit his soul in patience to the consideration that he passes, among sensible, practical people, as one suffering under a form of mental imbecility or disease. I have been myself occasionally watched by a kindly eye, and have read the thoughts passing through the brain behind it to this effect: Now there is one well endowed with this world's gifts; he has his

good clothing and other desirable effects to match. He has no need to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow; all his needs have been provided for. Yet behold how thankful a hard-working man should be when he has all his wits about him, and sees the helpless son of wealth and comfort who has lost the blessing that cannot be bought with wealth! Another band of observers also I have known—a group of Irish navvies watching the hammerer with eyes less expressive of benevolence than of greed. When he has departed, they make a simultaneous rush on the spot. Their interpretation of his eccentric movements is, that he has been searching for gold; and as he carries somewhat away, they conclude that he has been successful. On such an occasion I had my own private reflections on their possible sensations, from the fact that the material I had been at work on was a quartz-rock, richly veined by the golden-hued sulphate of iron known as pyrites.

Let us not disparage geology and its aims. It was unmercifully laughed at in the days when M'Culloch was known by the name of "the stone doctor." But much by his assistance and the researches of a host of other devotees, it has achieved triumphs worthy of its mighty aims. It has fanaticisms and quackeries, like all great sciences. I rather think, indeed, that it offers special inducements to fanatics and quacks, by its easy solution of difficulties by an upheaval and overlapping here, and a subsidence there; and so the work that has been going on for thousands of years under the deep sea is brought up to the light of day to reveal all its wonderful metamorphoses to the absolute eye of science. I have my doubts, too, about the absolute conclusiveness of the glacial theory, though I have

seen many thousands of the scratchings that led to it.

But all this by the way. I am seeking an innocent occupation for a tired mind, and I recommend mineralogy or lithology practically applied in the picking up of specimens, whether the practice shall lead into the higher walks of science or not. If it do so—if, for instance, a young man, when the elements of the higher acquirements in knowledge are beginning to crowd in on his aspirations for the future, be led by lithology to stratification,—it is well; for he shall thereby have acquired a practical knowledge that will give a satisfactory precision to his subsequent inquiries. When you take a walk with a man who is on the most familiar terms with the line of dip, the synclinal and anticlinal axis, and with systems Oolitic, Triassic, Permian, and Silurian, you will be surprised to find how ignorant he is of the names and natures of the actual stones lying along the moor. It is in my recollection how the daughter of an illustrious geologist, eloquent on the influence of porphyritic upheavals, betrayed perceptible surprise when told that she had been walking a mile or so on porphyry—as effectually surprised as if she had found herself walking over beryl or topaz.

I can recall with the shadow of pleasant satisfaction that evening long, long ago at Chamouni when I produced a pocketful of the beautiful quartz-crystals known generally as "cairngorms." One could then knock them off the granite boulders—a pleasant diversion to the long walk across the ice of the *mer de glace*. Along the line of the well-beaten track to the Jardin they have now probably all disappeared; but the adventurous Saxon who penetrates into new wilds might yet find them occasionally. I remember the time when they yet abounded in

the district they take their name from by the feeders of the Spey and the Dee. They were of many colours—the smoky brown, the purely transparent, the bright yellow of the topaz, the purple of the amethyst. There were found among them crystals of the beryl hue; and these were believed to be not mere rock-crystals, but to have the specific gravity of the gem. There was a 'good deal of laughter when, in a destructive conflagration of the heather and underwood, sweeping over a breadth of several miles, the newspapers of the north attributed the origin of the fire to the influence of the sun, in a peculiarly hot, dry season, upon the gems so abundant among the rocks. There was a legend of one specimen, that must have been of gigantic size, in the face of a precipice—a legend repeated in many parts of the Eastern world. I knew old people who said they had seen it at night; and attempts were made by rifles, and, I think, once by artillery, to bring it down. The country has now been well swept of its rock-crystals, with their history real and legendary. I have heard this accounted for by the presence of the Court at Balmoral, but I think a more probable cause for it is the Ordnance Survey. One would be glad enough to believe that the intelligent young men devoted to so dreary a duty found mineralogy and other cognate studies of nature a pursuit alike consolatory and profitable.

I think it may safely be asserted that of no other hobby are the raw materials so amply distributed over the face of the earth as those of the lithologist are. That vast, unlovely region of unadorned flatness, the great northern plain of Europe, stretching from the Ural Mountains to the Harz and the Alps, promises little; yet it is strewn with mighty boulders of igneous rocks, whereof

the birthplace is one of the deep mysteries that still haunt geology, however neatly some adepts may account for it. We take an idea of the grandeur of the specimens to be picked up in this field when we remember that the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St Petersburg stands on one of them, and out of another was cut the mighty *tazza* in front of the Museum at Berlin. It might be pronounced, on conjecture, that to the lithologist's pursuit the Netherlands, washed up out of the slime of the sea, could not by possibility afford material. The student of nature will find means for other and not uninteresting investigations. Swammerdam rendered himself illustrious by his brilliant discoveries in the Dutch ditches. But man may have brought from a distance and laid down even somewhat to study lithology in. I know a paved floor where some of the finest specimens of the footprints of extinct animals are stamped. At hand is a pretty specimen of the lepidodendron, picked up in a builder's yard, in a part of the world where such a petrification had no more right to come into existence than melons have to ripen on our heaths or figs on our hedges. Not many years ago, in the pulling down of an old building in London—London Bridge itself, I believe—there was a rush by specimen-seekers on the heaps of Portland-stone so let loose; and there were found, still retained in their ancient matrixes, the wondrous fossils of the oolite.

But without artificial assistance the Londoner has abundant means of studying palæontology and lithology. People have got sharp cuts from the teeth of the shark by handling thoughtlessly the lower tertiary bed known as "London clay." Hear how emphatically in that useful little condensation of all the sermons in stones—Mr Page's

‘Hand-Book of Geological Terms’—the riches of this formation are set forth:—

“It consists of a tenacious, bluish-black clay, varying from 300 to 600 feet in thickness, enclosing numerous bands of septaria, and (along with the accompanying strata) abounding in marine shells of extinct species—crabs, lobsters, and other crustaceans—teeth of sharks, and many other genera of fishes—bones of crocodiles, turtles, serpents, and birds—leaves, fruit, stems of plants, and rotted trunks of trees, perforated by boring mollusca,—all indicating a warm and genial climate.”

The common English flint takes a brilliant polish; and when it has got this polish, exhibits an inexhaustible variety of beauties. I have known it mistaken for Egyptian jasper; but the flint is susceptible of greater variety than the jasper, since it is one of the few polishable stones that contain, in silicious petrification, shells, sponges, and other organic remains. It rivals in variety, and often in beauty, the petrified tamarind-tree of India. Yet did I never see a trinket made of flint, nor a polished specimen of this mineral among others—jaspers, agates, or marbles—lying on a drawing-room chimney-piece! There is something surely out of joint in this, when the London jewellers’ shops spread before us heaps of brooches, bracelets, and necklaces made of Aberdeenshire granite—a material now so happily applied, in its polished condition, to architectural decoration, but which all my northern patriotism will not encourage as a fit decoration for the neck of beauty.

It happened to me to have been acquainted for many years with a large and beautiful mass of polished stone in the window of a lapidary’s shop. The lapidary could give me *no information* concerning it, save

that it was the hardest stone he had ever cut, and that he had found it in the ballast thrown out from ships on a quay. This method of casual removal of the most worthless heavy articles available at the place of embarkation has been a cause of occasional geological puzzlement, and of the germinating of grand theories doomed to speedy extinction not always unaccompanied by a chorus of laughter. There was nothing in this stone like the beautifully translucent effects of the agate and the onyx, sometimes running in contrasted bands sharply defined; nor of the rich varieties of red, purple, green, and yellow of the jasper, often standing out in full bloom on the surface—at others, where the opaque siliceous is mixed up with transparent quartz, leading the eye into mysterious little caverns, where the coloured parts seem to bloom like beautiful lichens. Nor was there anything in the unknown specimen of the nature of the heliotrope, with its fierce blood-red streaks, flashing through and intensifying a green more perfect than any bestowed by nature on the vegetable world. There was none of the transparency—even the translucency—that gives a charm to other ornamental stones in this one; and it had no pleasant variety of outlines, being simply small round flints embedded in a matrix. When polished, the mass demanded admiration, simply by the bold superficial beauty of the various colours, which a brilliant polish enhanced.

Years rolled on, and the provoking mystery was still visible in the lapidary’s window. There was no making out any relationship for it with that mighty formation in Scotland called “The Great Conglomerate.” This, for all its grand name and geological influence, is, with many of its neighbours, among the most incompatible of rocks for any

of the amenities of civilised life, and generally entirely incapable of taking a polish; while the mysterious specimen took about the most brilliant polish I had ever seen. In the conglomerates, whatever may be the nature of the enclosed boulders or nodules, the matrix is ever frangible, being in general sand cemented into a crust by lime or iron. But here the matrix was silicious, like the nodules, partaking of their polish.

There was a ray of light on hearing a popular name given to the stone. It is a good instance of the tendency of the true-born Englishman towards the vulgar and unæsthetic that this brilliant mineral is called the "pudding-stone." This led the way to Hertfordshire as a *situs*, and to St Albans as a centre of research, the more welcome for the opportunity afforded of wandering through the long, grand abbey, and wondering whether those herring-boned arches of narrow brick were really the Roman work they appeared to be. In no book of reference, however, scientific or topographical, could I find such a rock as I was seeking recognised; and I could see no such rock—no rock at all, in fact. In this difficulty I sought counsel in a recess behind the bar of the Black Swan, where assembled a group of small farmers and the miscellaneous community found in such places. One proclaimed that it was the "mother-stone" that I was in search of. As to its being a rock, if I wandered in the fields I might find it "anywheres," or "nowheres at all." It lay in cakes, interrupting deep ploughing; and if I could carry it all away on my back, I should be welcome. Another said it was properly called the "breeding-stone;" and I found the philosophy of both names to be, that the nodules were flints in the nursery or cradle, and when they grew larger they went

off as independent flints on their own resources. A member of the community having some education doubted this. Something was then said about the absence of organic remains in places where the pudding-stone abounded, and remarks were passed on the organic remains of the neighbouring southern shore. On these remarks a gigantic farmer became indignant by reason of their irreverence, and uttered, with brief eloquence, the sound orthodox dogma, "It's aw daumned nonsense. The world were made in seven days, and them beasts you speak of were drowned in the flood."

I concluded that this stone, with its many gifts, material and imaginary, might be found in the rubbish along the edges of the ploughed field, and there it was to be got in abundance. Now, here a beautiful ornamental stone abounds in the neighbourhood of London. But where do we see its ornamental capacities put to use? I happen to have seen just one instance of its adaptation, in a very beautiful box possessed by an eminent geologist. It is but fair to say that the extreme hardness of the stone might make it difficult of application to popular use. For a given surface I found that a lapidary charged four times as much for polishing my Hertfordshire specimens as for polishing the jaspers and agates found on the coast of Scotland. But then the extreme lustre of the polish which is given arises from the hardness that makes it costly—and surely a high price given in compensation of special beauty is not an anomaly in London traffic.

This is a digressive ramble. The Hertfordshire specimen, with its three thoroughly domestic-sounding names, stands apart, and does not lead us on to any of the far recesses either of simple mechanical geology, or the connections with the animal

and vegetable kingdom. If I required to select a spot where one doomed to temporary rustication might find the fullest resources for outside study, I would select Whitby, where there are archæological as well as geological attractions. The houses in the town, or village, stand almost on each other's tops, like those of Oberstein. The two are alike in each being an emporium of jewellery; and as there are the *achaten waare* shops in the one, so there are the establishments for the sale of the real Whitby jet in the other. But there is otherwise a mighty contrast—for Whitby is one of the cleanest of English, while Oberstein is one of the dirtiest of German towns: and the contrast is all the more emphatic, that the dirty town is in a narrow valley, almost destitute of the means of cleansing—for the natives would deem it barbarous and brutal to strip themselves and tumble into the Nahe; while the clean English town is a sea-bathing place, where it is the duty of all people to disport themselves in the waves.

The explorer will naturally find his way to the shingly beach, passing marine terraces and the edges of all the Knabs. He may then at his studious leisure pick up trifles of various kinds. Washed from broken-up fragments of the amygdaloidal traps are stones all of one class, but, according to varieties in the disposal of colours, named as agates, cornelians, and onyxes. There are coprolites and other organic trifles; but the ambitious investigator will perhaps desire to follow the organicals home to their own rocky abodes. He walks on to the alum-mines; and there, mixed with the greasy shale impregnated with alum, are nodules having the shape and size of a cricket-ball somewhat flattened. These are easily broken, and with *each fracture* there comes forth one *of those beautiful snake-like am-*

monites whereof the story is exultingly told by Whitby's Nun how

“Of thousand makes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed.
Themselves, within the holy bound
Their stony folds had often found.”

These are easily attainable, and will be a pleasant acquisition to the novice; while the more ardent investigator may be ambitious of securing some relic of the mighty tribe of extinct saurians.

We had got a good way off from Oberstein and its trade in jewellery when we were among the Hertfordshire boors and their breeding-stone; but at Whitby we are precisely at the spot where the best instances of the subtle trade I have hinted at may be exemplified. On such a shingly beach as that between the town and the alum-mines, the novice has picked up a pretty translucent stone of a bluish-white or pale-red colour. If it is a gem of any kind, its value to him will be enhanced by his personal skill exemplified in its discovery, and he consults some lapidary or jeweller on the question of converting it into a brooch or seal. The ordinary dealer might perhaps tell him that it is a bit of common quartz, unfit for decorative purposes; or, if it happen to be of the agate kind, that it would be foolish to waste some six or eight shillings' worth of hand-labour in the conversion when a better article of German agate-ware could be got for a shilling. But in this treatment of the case there would be both cruelty and folly. The wiser mind takes the stone into consideration. It evidently gains in prospects by inspection. It gets a touch of the emery-coated horizontal wheel, that the crust may be slightly peeled so as to afford a glimpse of the interior. Yes, it will do. If the fortunate finder returns in a week, he will obtain it converted into the article he desires. Now the wiser mind looks

also at Oberstein and the produce of its many water-power wheels—has, in fact, looked into the matter deliberately in the promotion of his business. Why should he give six shillings' worth of labour to produce—supposing it served to produce—the article of which he has a stock in hand which he has imported from Germany at some eight or ten shillings per dozen? And if he gives his customer that which was desired, shall he not take from him the price which that customer had agreed to pay? The difference is but the fair reward of skill and wisdom.

In this country we are cutting hard stones by steam-machinery, as the Germans are cutting them with the primitive water-wheel. The goods produced in the two countries are, however, different. I am not aware that anything larger than the handle of a walking-stick, a paper-presser, or a tiny cup, comes from Oberstein. Our cuttings are in great blocks of granite and porphyry for monuments and architectural decorations. We all know how much brilliancy Pall Mall has acquired from this new industry. But why should we limit machine-cutting to these two among the silicious minerals? No doubt they are the only kind that give masses large enough for pillars and pedestals. But the jaspers and the pure red porphyries can be obtained in masses large enough to be made into minor ornaments such as vases and *tazzas*. In oriental countries, I suppose the jasper could be found in great masses fit even for architecture—and how beautiful a decoration it would make! Might not, too, the despised flint be brought into the service? In wandering last year along the banks of the Maas under the shadow of the strong honeycombed cliffs of the Pietersberg at Roermonde, with its cavernous habitations, I saw pieces of flint three feet long.

But there is a more serious deficiency in our work of this kind in the absence of the æsthetic, the ingenuity of the mechanic being unaccompanied by its proper companion, good taste. When we find a classical vase or *tazza* or cup cut with great labour out of chalcedony or jasper, how exquisitely light and symmetrical is its form! while the potent machinery, in whose grasp the hardest stone is as plastic to the will of its director as the potter's clay, gives us unsightly square tombstones, or bowls of the clumsiest pristine form for fountains. It is sad to think that the Egyptians, who pursued their polishing work through the barbarous aid of slavery, should have had more of the æsthetic spirit to guide them than we, who have caught and subjected so potent an unsuffering slave for all work, and have had before us that world of classic beauty which the Egyptian did not see. It is almost sickening to think of the amount of human labour bestowed on the granite and syenite works of Egypt. We may have some idea of them from the British Museum, where even the Cockney mind sees something admirable and wonderful in the polished nose of Rameses. I do not know how the great *tazza* in Berlin was made; but the grace of its form is unapproachable by anything I have seen of machine-cut granite at home.

Before finally dropping the thread of discursive reflection, beginning with the influence of our commercial enterprise on the habits of our neighbours, I would desire to ventilate the question whether we may attribute to this cause a perceptible metamorphosis of habit in Northern Germany. For some twelve years or so I have there failed to see the gigantic china-made pipe of old, and there has been substituted for it an article made of wood or composition, with an aptitude for con-

venient use suspiciously English-looking. The departed style of pipe was generally about three feet long. The bowl, about six inches long, was stuck in the neck of a fountain, as it was termed, but, more properly, a cesspool, which received the essential oil distilled from the tobacco, and had to be emptied now and then. There were several mysteries about the great pipe. One was how its owner had acquired the art of keeping it in operation, and at the same time attending to any other business; for the trouble it gave in keeping it in smoking trim and out of mischief seemed sufficient occupation for one man. The great mystery about it, however, was, that it was the badge of a social condition. The working *burschen* in blue blouses did not display it. They might have pipes of the same material, but of much smaller size. Then, in the ascent upwards, the possession stopped where the ribbon in the button-hole began. The well-born, decorated persons generally used small meerschaums set in silver and emblazoned with the family arms.

So, then, the large pipe was a badge of rank or caste. If we are to seek for the type of a corresponding caste in this country, I would suggest that it may be found in the body of gentlemen who put the pen behind the ear. Workmen do not follow this practice; they have not pens to dispose of, and the back of the ear would not make a convenient resting-place for a saw or an axe. Then you never by chance saw a gentleman in his own private carriage with his pen behind his ear, having forgotten in an absent mood to remove it on leaving his place of business. The clerks in shops, warehouses, custom-houses, and coach-offices were of old the gentry of the long pipe in *Germany*, and of the same are those

of the pen with us. When the clerk is promoted to be a partner or manager, you will observe that he immediately drops the pen; he has risen out of the caste of which it is the badge. If our old friend the Opium-eater had been alive, I would have set the ratiocinatory machine in his brain at work on this mystery. I think I can see him solemnly unwinding its phenomena, and fixing it down in the category of caste as obdurate, fixed, and settled as if by the decree of fate, yet arising spontaneously in its own proper place, sanctioned, enjoined, or protected by no decree, *ukase*, or Act of Parliament—a thing so faint as scarcely to receive recognition in common conversation, for the badge is taken and dropped without comment. You never heard of the head of a firm announcing to the industrious apprentice who has first been promoted to the desk that he is to be “taken into the house,” and may remove the pen; nor does the happy man announce his promotion in stating the fact of removal. Yet it is an event as fixed as any of the great decrees of fate.

An archæological friend announces his intention of looking into the question of the pen in connection with the fashion that obtained for the English Puritans the name of Prick-eared. He draws attention to the fact that when, because Louis the Grand had high shoulders, the decree went forth that all gentlemen should wear periwigs, the retention of the pen in the peculiar position referred to became impracticable among those whose rank demanded this august decoration.

I think it not improbable that I may some time or other devote a treatise to this interesting question in social physiology. A glance at any available sources of information has not as yet been successful in solid results, though it has included

the profound work of the learned Thiers—not Louis Adolphe, but the Abbé Jean Baptiste, the *curé* of Champrond, renowned for his quarrel with the Bishop of Chartres, and for his investigations in regions unknown to and dreaded by his order—as, for instance, the Saturnalia of the ancients, and the Fêtes des Foux of the middle ages. The work bearing on the present point is, ‘*Histoire des Perruques*; où l’on fait voir leur origine, leur usage, leur forme, l’abus et l’irrégularité de celles des ecclésiastiques : Paris, 1690.’ Meanwhile, abandoning further present research, I am content to cite a brief testimony to the significance of this symbol of caste, from an author entitled to, and certain to receive, your implicit homage. In the great romance of ‘*Daniel Deronda*,’ just as we reach the porch of those wondrous revelations of Jewish life which afford a practical antithesis to the sordid selfishness usually associated with the chosen people, we are told, “When Cohen entered, with a pen behind his ear.” There is high art in the exceeding simplicity of this his “pen behind his ear,” the symbol that at once proclaimed his caste. All further definition would have been waste.

It is a trite and stale opinion—as old as the time of Francis Bacon, and older—that travelling abroad so as to see foreign people and their institutions, broadens the intellect and exterminates narrow prejudices. But I think this principle, however it be admitted in theory by “the British tourist,” has little practical influence on his appreciation of things; and that often what you and I might count an example to found a practical improvement on, only hardens his heart in its obstinate belief that everything in Old England, and especially in “town,” is perfect. Hence, in undertaking to show that our neighbours abroad

have in many points of the development of the great railway system shown a rationality, and a faculty of adaptation to the proper end in view, such as might be a good lesson to us at home, I am aware that I incur the penalty of something like blasphemy against the enterprise, science, and capital of Britain. But it is an observable fact—whether or not it can be accounted for on ethnical or other philosophical principles—that the communities which have been the inventors and early promoters of great civilising influences, have let their imitators get beyond them in the common progress, by a too tenacious adherence to the practices that at the beginning astonished the world with their novelty and ingenuity; while, as familiarity with them invited, if not contempt, yet an appreciative criticism, strangers were not inclined, like ourselves, to continue in the belief that final perfection had been achieved.

And yet, when I have stepped so easily in at Westminster Bridge, and so easily out at South Kensington, taking other trips here and there all round London, in the District or Underground Railway system, I would almost give my adherence to the creed that here perfection had been reached. No doubt, if you fail to keep a bright look-out, you may find that to reach your destination of three miles off you have travelled thirty miles, going several times round London. But this is in consequence of the adaptability of the arrangements to the vast wants of the three millions, and to the exactness of fitting that will serve as precisely as clockwork the needs and purposes of every one who studies and remembers how to effect them. How different it was when there was but one railway in Britain—between Liverpool and Manchester! and hence, utterly unconscious that some day it might be

reticulated with iron threads of the same sample, "Town" was rejoicing in the infancy of the omnibus system, and the prospects for the comfort and enjoyment of the children of existing citizens in its growth and maturity.

For some time the Liverpool and Manchester stood alone—an additional wonder of the world. People went in special missions to behold it, and perhaps risk life in a trial trip. Others having occasion to pass through Lancashire, would endeavour to adapt their course so as to avail themselves of it; and of these I happened to be one. It was in fresh memory how wise men had jested about devouring the first carriage that successfully completed the journey. Geologists said that Chat Moss would avenge outraged nature by some day swallowing up the whole infliction; and practical mechanics laughed at the idea of a tractive power that could dispense with teeth on wheels and rail like those of a rack and pinion. But a tragic awe and shadow of gloom still hung over the first exhibition of this audacious invention of man. Who now remembers the tragic death of Huskisson and its significant concurrents? his dispute with the Duke of Wellington—the Duke sternly denouncing him while he wished to temporise—the prospect disturbing all men's minds of the changes that brought Earl Grey to the destiny that might have been Huskisson's had he lived? And here were these two men—the Duke and the statesman who was to push him from his stool—seizing the moment of meeting to have a conciliatory talk with each other, when up came the thundering engine on the other line like a terrible avenger. It was no more uncommon thing in the practice of the present day than a passenger taking the opportunity of a stoppage to talk with a *friend in the next carriage*; but all

was new, exciting, and wonderful at that time, and the end gave a terrible significance to the working of the new mechanical power. The mighty ruler of battles, whose word had been effective for the issues of life and death among thousands, was helpless to keep from being slain at his feet the man whose life of all others he would have desired to preserve. In the general survey of railway accidents, it was a very small one. The occurrence was in every way natural: Huskisson should not have come out of the carriage unless he could have calculated on more nimbleness and precision in returning. Perhaps other things were as they should not have been. But could not the same logical train of causes and effects dispose of many of the tragedies that have been called "special providences," or in any other shape attributed to a force of preternatural doom, over which human skill and caution have no control?—tragedies which, instead of stimulating inquiry and exertion to obviate their repetition, have set communities to prayers and penitential exercises, which blind them to the opportunities which a beneficent Providence has put at their disposal for the protection of mankind against such calamities. I make not this allusion with a reproachful hint that the public of the day took the superstitious view of the tragedy; on the contrary, it was accepted in its true character as an accident that might have been obviated by care, and would not occur again if proper care were taken. But is there any other community save that of the United States where this secular spirit would have ruled on such an occasion? And yet, to the present day, we have not taken the lesson fully home in purchasing safety at any price, however high; and it is one of the curious illogicalities of human nature, that it is among

those who are most inclined to superstitious notions about doom, destinies, and special providences, that the providential mechanical arrangements against railway accidents are most anxiously cherished.

My next railway experience was in Belgium. The same physical conditions which had made this "the classic land of fortified defence," had made it the nursery of the Continental railway system. The ground flat, yet firm, very fruitful, and strewn with affluent cities, opened it at once to the new force, when the idea of taking it into the valleys of the Alps would have been deemed as preposterous as a tunnel to Australia. At that time there was not a foot of rail in Holland, and it was peremptorily maintained that the Netherlands of Holland would not bear the weight of the railway. As testimony to this, it was observed that all wheeled vehicles are an affair of nervous tolerance on that fragile crust of soil; and in Amsterdam, where the peril culminates, they are prohibited. I do not know whether this nervousness has been conquered; but at the time I refer to we all went about in a strange machine, which must have been old in my youth, since it is described with much precision by the lady whose experiences of Holland, in the year 1756, have already graced my erratic contributions.

"So soon as we came in at the post, a man came up to us driving a very droll machine. This was what they call a *trano*, which is just the body of a coach hirsling on——" But here, I regret to say, I must stop, for the Scots gentlewoman of high lineage, who had all her days frequented the best society, uses a word that is excluded from print, and, I presume, from conversation, in the present day. It was plen-

tifully used by our great-grand-parents; and some of them protruded it so far into the antagonistic social stratum of the present day, that the last Duchess of Douglas—the beautiful and accomplished—was renowned for using it, along with some companion terms now sentenced to the same social perdition. But let Mrs Calderwood proceed: "And drawn by one horse, yoked with ropes, which a man walks afoot and drives, and holds it when it goes off the crown of the causeway—for those in it hirsle into the strand. This is the best description I can give you of it, for I often heard that, at Amsterdam, they had coaches without wheels, but I imagined there was more machinery about them than I found. They are very neat within, and glass, and just a coach in every respect, but nothing more than the body. They have, it seems, a great tax on wheels, whether for shaking the town, which is all founded on piles, or not, I cannot tell." *

Happening last year to be wandering about here and there in Holland, I found the railway system abundant and well served. It struck me as revealing new features, not generally associated with Holland; and so it always must be, I take it, when a new method of travelling is invented. All previous travelling, if it were not completed by water conveyance, had to radiate from the water by auxiliary conveyance over short distances. The railway carries one over long stretches of barren dry moorland, with no water—not even sufficient dampness for the production of peat, but here and there patches of vegetation where organic matter has been laid down on the hard sand.

The Dutch are amphibious animals, with a percentage more of the

* Coltness Collections, 159.

water than of the firm dry land in their nature. By a sort of general assent through all times and places, those who go down to the sea in ships, doing business in great waters, and beholding the wonders of the deep, have had the reputation of requiring and possessing more courage than your mere landsman. Horace could be cited, along with the Bible, to attest this homage. And yet, your hardy tar is sometimes taunted in popular literature for his—it must not be called timidity, but shyness—of some of the perils and adventures of land life, and is supposed to envy the security of his own tight craft, when the wind is tussling with tiles and chimney-cans. “I wish to God I had these fellows on the yard-arm of a man-o’-war!” I once heard a gallant old salt say after a day in the hunting-field. I suspect the company that had seduced him thither had also been playing tricks on him. The Dutch long resisted the intrusion of the fiery rivals of their beloved navigable canals; and there seems to me to abide yet among them something of a jealous aversion and timidity towards these hard lines. The Dutch are rich and tidy, doing everything they do with a finish; and their treatment of railways seemed to me something of the nature of shutting up and hermetically sealing some noxious malign demon or destructive agency, not merely dangerous to those who incautiously intruded on it, but liable to break out and set about active mischief of its own.

I had on one occasion a good opportunity of studying one of these precautionary arrangements, since I was apprehended and imprisoned in order that I might study it and keep it in future remembrance. A railway viaduct, as we barbarously term it, carries the *trains* from the westward over the *Maas* at Venloo. Beside the line is

a roadway, and both are covered by a roof abounding in glass, like that of a well-found railway station in this country. I was walking rapidly along the smooth causeway, when I heard behind a succession of fierce shouts and yells; and when I stopped, two men ran up to me with a thoroughly furious aspect, and assailed me verbally in Dutch. I inferred promptly enough that they desired my company, and were prepared, if I would not yield to persuasion, to resort to force. I was conducted by them to a nice-looking small dwelling-place close on the line, and at the end of the viaduct. There was a general appearance of domesticity about it, including the prattle of children in the floor above; and I was placed in a clean, well-furnished apartment below, where I was told that I must abide until the train passed: if I did not do so of consent, I would be locked in. Well, of course the affair lasted only a few minutes, and was an outrage on the opposite side of the infliction of injury or of subjection to risk. In fact, the danger against which all this costly organisation was established seemed no more than this, that though there was plenty of room both for foot travellers and for train along the duct, some nervous person on the rushing in of the train might lose self-possession and jump on the line in front of the engine.

The Dutch railways seem to me to have approached more nearly to perfection than even the German in their care for your luggage—the sacred *gepeck*. The system is copied from that of a bank of deposit, and is a very good imitation of it. Your billet frees you at once of care and trouble, and it is negotiable paper—a deposit-receipt, good for the rendering of your effects at any time. The British tourist in the infancy of the railway system denounced the lazy caution that

required him to have his luggage at the train half an hour before the starting time; and there was then no hospitality at the "Hof" as there now is. The delay has been abbreviated, while the inducements that might have made it endurable are amply supplied.

I have no doubt that if this arrangement were adopted by us, it would be accomplished with more completeness and efficiency still. There remains the troublesome matter of petty fees, besides a regulated tariff. The Germans, by the way, who are an honest people, surely do themselves injustice by their ceaseless warnings of the stranger against the *taschendieb* or pickpocket. At Aachen once on a time, having rather heavy luggage, I preferred that it should lie where it was laid down on the station platform while I took my leisure till my train came up. I had of course a ticket crediting it to me elsewhere. A porter remonstrated with me on this folly, looking out, of course, for hire and wages. I tried to pay him off with an empty compliment, saying there were no thieves in Germany; but he answered with epigrammatic promptness, "*Der Dieb ist allenthalben*"—the thief is everywhere.

The general notion is perhaps correct; but I incline to the belief that he is less prominent and active in Germany than in any other part of Europe where his opportunities are as large. It is perhaps a shabby supposition, but I cannot help the temptation of suggesting that the abundance of paltry fees dropping at all the pores of the traveller's purse in some measure compete with the function of the *Dieb*. A friend whose position and duties are somewhat allied to those of the detective officer, has informed me that the virtuous philosophers who are continually discovering an easy and effective method of putting an

end to crime, forget that the great staple crimes—those of the predatory kind—are trades as well as crimes. He holds as a corollary that the best extirpator of any one of these crimes is to establish conditions under which it fails to pay; and the pursuing the trade under the terror of punishment is one, and at present about the most effective, of these conditions. The richer the country, the larger of course will be the stock-in-trade and the profits of the thief, making it all the more difficult, therefore, to render his calling unremunerative; whence may be accounted for two reciprocal social phenomena,—the one, that there are no thieves in Ireland, because there is nothing to steal—the prospects of the profession there, are not sufficient to induce any one to train himself and set up business as a thief; the other, that half the thieves in our great north-western cities have Irish names.

I think it appropriate here—though you may not concur in the view—to tell how last summer in the town of Metz I encountered a very disagreeable surprise. Having concluded a purchase in a shop, I found an insuperable obstacle to the completion of my part of the bargain. I was penniless—my purse had disappeared. I find on reflecting on that occasion how selfish human nature is; for it is true that "amid the place of thousand tombs," where there had been more lamentation and mourning and woe than in any other part of the world in our days, my paltry loss of a few gold pieces occupied far more of my attention for the time. I knew no one in that historical city; I was uncertain whether my credit would be acknowledged there; but it was as well to try. With a good deal of the nervous and undignified sense of inferiority I found my way to the counter of the International

Bank. I was told that the Herr Director desired to see me: it seemed a bad sign—all signs are bad to those placed in the position of what our north-country neighbours aptly call “a seekin’ body.” When I entered the hall of fate, the Herr advanced, shook me by the hand, and said with a perfect English accent, “I am delighted to see you, sir—how much do you want, and in what shape?” We had some pleasant chat, wherein the impression continued of his being in person as well as speech like a well-bred English gentleman. Is it possible to give higher laudation than this? I satisfied myself on inquiry that I had no right to suspect any particular person of having pillaged me, or even to suspect abstractly that a theft had been committed, for there were defects in my arrangements quite sufficient to account for the loss. It was some satisfaction to believe that the small sum in changing ownership had possibly fallen into the hands of some honest creature to whom it might be a beneficence outweighing the loss to me.

At the social board one story calls up another; and I find the same influence at work in the solitude of the library. Irresistibly an incident that occurred to me far nearer home associates itself with my Metz adventure by something like antithesis or “contrariety,” as the philosophers say when accounting for association of ideas. It must ever be green in my memory, since the occasion of it was an evening spent with our genial friend Henry Glassford Bell, and it was the last of several receptions at his hospitable board. On my return to my temporary abode in the great city that was the capital of his judicial domain, I found my parlour filled with policemen. I had left my *window open*, and some audacious *thief had dashed in at it and carried*

off whatever likely object came to his hand. Some of the articles were found in the neighbourhood, among them fragments of a portfolio belonging to me. It had been evidently dashed on the spike of a railing, violently torn asunder, and thrown away as unproductive. The monster who performed this feat proved himself to be a disgrace to his profession. There lay the fragments with other recovered articles on a round table. On the faces of the circumstancing policemen there came a gleam of surprise mingled with something like awe and admiration when, thrusting a hand into one of the fragments, I drew from it three five-pound notes. I thought it probable that, considering the class of persons present, and the talk likely to occur about so uncommon an event in police circles, the preposterous conclusion of the affair might reach the ears of the perpetrator; and it is a fact that I had not the slightest feeling of sympathy with the mortifying sense of disappointment that must have visited him. I have got far away from the general question—the honesty of the Germans—and the question whether their notions, confused as I know them to be in other matters, have the sort of confusion in the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, used among us as a circumlocutious and sarcastically courteous way of putting the question, whether the object of it is a knave or an honest man.

We are still on the line, and I may therefore appropriately testify that, when the Dutch railway system came into existence, I found no difficulty, though knowing no more of the language than a casual analogy with other languages can afford, in recognising the stations of arrival when respectively called out from the platform. Let me first ascertain what each station—generally also a town—is called by the na-

tives, and I can say that in every country but one where I have travelled by railway, I have always recognised the names as called from the stations without difficulty. The one exception is England; and the exceptional defect culminates round London. The inarticulateness of the utterances there appear to me to arise from the practice of throwing so much emphasis on the last syllable, that its precursors are lost in an inarticulate mumbling. They are like the murmuring or sputtering of a train preceding and giving occasion to an explosion. Thus of two names such as Waltham-Stow and Stow, you will distinctly hear only the "Stow," which is the conclusion of the one, and the total of the other. Hence, having the last syllable shot into your ear, you are left in the vast maze of local nomenclature to realise its precedents, with the faintest phonetic assistance. As Monsieur Jourdain was not aware of the fact that he had been all his life talking prose, so perhaps the shouters of these unintelligibilities are not aware of the contribution they are making to philology, to comparative etymology, and consequently to ethnology. They are as serviceable to science as vivisection, without being amenable to the charge of cruelty — unless, indeed, it come within that category, that they sometimes sweep ancient ladies and other feeble or nervous persons far beyond their projected destinations. All forms of intellectual effort seem to have their evolutions of restoration; and we seem to be getting back a repetition of the old etymological dogmatisms that seemed to be buried with the Pictish question. The difference of course is, that the old combatants were unscientific in their methods, while science has now accomplished certainty; but this is a kind of improvement that is apt to be claimed for all the dubious and perilous forms of science

when they fall into new hands. However, whether or not the new pundits are to supersede the old, they have a large experimental laboratory, as it were, ready to their hand; and a traveller from Sutherland to Cornwall can lay up a wonderful collection of specimens of the several shapes in which the names of places are distorted by the phonetic variations of the station-shouters. But taking the Highlands, Buchan, the south of Scotland, and the north of England, Wales, and all other variations, I still say that the climax of antithesis between written and spoken is in and around London. From a selection made—whether for the purpose of a new great work on the analysis of the several concrete groups forming the great abstract of the Aryan languages, or for some effort of minor importance—a collection has been compiled to illustrate the variations between the names in the printed time-tables and those shouted at the station; and having been favoured with an inspection of that collection, I offer a few specimens:—

<i>Tabular.</i>	<i>Phonetic.</i>
King's Cross.	Think your cross.
Seven Oaks.	How he smokes.
Seven Sisters.	With their blisters.
Clapham Junction.	Rumgumption.
Charing Cross.	Herring buss.
&c.	&c.

Nor when the perplexed passenger is swept into the resounding station is he more likely to select the name of the place he has reached, from the abundant specimens of art and literature covering the high walls on either side; and here is another feature which I think shows a viciousness of management exceptional to our own country. But in the meantime I have surely said enough—perhaps too much; and we may keep over this point to be dealt with on some other occasion—if indeed it is worth discussing.

BALZAC.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC was one of those rare geniuses who are at once the delight and the despair of their admirers. Take nine out of ten of his later novels, and if you read him with due appreciation, you are as in the grasp of Victor Hugo's *pieuve*. For he does not grapple you by a single spring of interest, such as a thrilling plot or a telling cast of characters. He throws out feeler after feeler, laying firm hold of you with each. He introduces you to scenes of most dramatic interest; he prepares you a succession of subsidiary surprises. Each of his personages is a study in itself, fertile in illustrations of those great problems of human nature which he is always suggesting and labouring to solve. He scatters roses and pearls broadcast through his pages, in the shape of apothegms and epigrams, that stimulate the intellectual powers, exciting them to involuntary objection or assent, and supplying them with unfamiliar texts for meditation. His characters live and breathe for you, as they were living and breathing existences for their author, although they often fall altogether beyond the spheres of your experience; and frequently they flash out upon you in unsuspected lights, even when they had at first appeared to be most commonplace. There is no lack of vigorous sensation in the shape of adventures, and crime, and sinister intrigue; but it is those characters of his that engross you the most, since you know no more than their creator what is ultimately to become of them. Their fates seem to be shaped irresistibly in the course of nature; and Balzac, like the priest of the oracle, is but the mouthpiece of Nature's decrees. You

find it hard to lay down his books; you fear to lose the intertwining threads of his stories, or to miss the clue to his characters that is dimly recommending itself to your perceptions: yet you yawn, and would willingly skip, could you only reconcile it to your conscience. It is the most irrefragable proof of the grand genius of the author of the '*Comédie Humaine*,' and of his rare gifts of perspicuity, that he can afford to bid defiance to those ordinary traditions that are the stepping-stones to popularity and pecuniary success.

Lachons le grand mot, to borrow a favourite phrase of his countrymen. Balzac is often tedious, and sometimes positively dull. He is not one of the authors who seize on salient points here and there, trusting much between times to their readers' imagination. He cannot help filling in everything, as he works along in most elaborate detail. He goes about his task like a watchmaker, with the magnifying-glass fixed in his eye; and he not only anatomises the feelings in their most minute fibres, but even insists upon drawing out inventories of the furniture, and describing the quality and texture of the materials. That system of his has its advantages, no doubt. You are brought the more vividly face to face with his men and women, that the artist with his power of pencil and brush has given such impressive reality to all their surroundings. But it is tantalising to have the interest held in suspense while he is indulging in the unseasonable digressions to which he devotes himself with mistaken conscientiousness. For the fact is, that he wrote on changing impulses and

discursive associations rather than on any artistic method. He seemed incapable of taking a bird's-eye view of the country he meant to travel over, so that he might conduct you straight to some given point by impressions engraved on his memory. On the contrary, he plunges down into picturesque broken ground, and loses himself in a labyrinth of winding lanes that lead nowhere in particular. He follows one of them so long as it pleases his fancy ; and then turns sharp to the right or left as he is tempted by some object that he gets a glimpse of in passing. He is perpetually stopping to discourse with the characters he meets on the way, leaving the party who started under his guidance to look after themselves in the meantime. Any eccentricity or oddly-developed type in any of those chance acquaintances holds him spell-bound ; he tarries and talks till he takes you to the bottom of it, or else he impresses the interesting stranger into his travelling company. You may make a most interesting and profitable journey, although you may be condemned to many moments of *ennui* when your tastes and those of M. Balzac tend apart. But it is a question with you whether you are ever to reach your destination ; while the time you may pass on the road is matter of absolute uncertainty.

But there is a graver exception to be taken to his work, and one that leaves a more lastingly unpleasant impression than mere recollections of occasional weariness. While he is grappling our admiration and interest, we may become conscious of something like the chilling gleam of the eyes of the devil-fish, reflected through the more or less clouded medium ; and we see the trace of the trail of the serpent tainting the roses and the pearls. Balzac was an honourable and high-minded

man, with an abundance of kindly energy at the disposal of those whom he loved. In spite of his perpetual whirl of distractions, and some strong antipathies and prejudices, he was generally ready to do a good-natured thing ; and he showed a most generous appreciation of the virtues and good qualities of others. Yet it is certain that from his writings you would often take him for a misanthrope who delights in cold-blooded cynicism for its own sake ; and if the human comedy is as Balzac represents it, then human nature is a very ugly thing. He never appears to make himself so comfortably at home, he never exults so fully in his strength and in the vigour of his acute perception, as when he is searching out the basest motives of humankind, and laying bare the most repulsive sores of society. His sinners wander into strange paths, and have a depraved instinct for staining their humanity. He makes them rise to heights of sublime atrocity of crime, as he follows them with genuine literary zest into the meanest and most petty offences. What is more—and in that he shows himself a master—he is never so far carried away by his sympathies as to make any one appear too good and spotless. For he has the habit of subjecting motives to a searching scrutiny, consigning to each its share in influencing an action or a sentiment ; and when we are in a mood to admire, and indisposed to criticise, he will insist upon showing us where selfishness came in, although possibly the individual may have been self-deluded. A long and profound study of human life has led him to certain broad conclusions, and taught him a system of tests which he applies instinctively in all cases. Yet for himself, perhaps he judges people the more leniently that he knows the temptations that beset their weak-

nesses, and is never surprised when he sees them succumb. After what we have written already, we shall not be suspected of indiscriminate or exaggerated flattery. But in this respect—he it said without irreverence—Balzac's calm, and, at bottom, benevolent insight, is that of a genius who is raised some degrees nearer to omniscience than the most gifted of ordinary mortals; while the use he occasionally makes of the power, and the cynicism with which he expresses the result of his observation, suggest, superficially at least, the fancy of a fallen angel who takes pleasure in gloating over the debasement of the race of fallen men.

Looking at Balzac's writings in this aspect, what we like the least, and what strikes us, besides, as being the least true to possibilities, is the moral or immoral monster he occasionally takes pleasure in conceiving. No doubt such a conception may create most powerful effects—which may possibly have been the inducement to his author to invent him; and we know no character of Balzac's who would strike us more forcibly, could we reconcile inherent inconsistencies, than his Marquis de Montriveau in the 'Treize' and elsewhere. For Montriveau is presented to us as all that is noble. He is a man altogether *hors ligne*—a gallant soldier, an intrepid traveller; he has talent and learning, to say nothing of brilliant social gifts. Loyal and honourable, he stands out from the frivolous ornaments of the *salons*, shaming them into insignificance by merely acting after his nature. Even in point of Parisian morality he stands high—though, of course, he launches out on strong provocation into a grand *liaison*. But the manner of the grasp that he lays on the reigning empress of fashion, is the most conclusive of tributes to the grandeur of his soul; and

through many chapters we live in his intimacy, while we grow to regard him more and more. Of a sudden, and at a touch of the author's wand, De Montriveau changes his features, and appears in a different light. The gallant general, the indefatigable worshipper of science, the chivalrous lover, is, and has been for many years, the sworn accomplice of a gang of criminals of all ranks. By the terms of a terrible oath, he is bound to assist in any atrocity that may forward their criminal purposes or serve their brutal lusts. For himself, he employs his confederates to assist him in his savage vengeance on the woman he adored but yesterday. We refuse to admit that such a conception comes within the compass of possibilities. With all his imperfections, man cannot be made at once in the image of God and of the devil; nor can heavenly light shine into outer darkness. And that Balzac has let his genius break bounds in that direction, and carry him, for once at least, far beyond the limits of the natural, is significant of his morbid and somewhat gloomy bent.

As for the morality of his work, we have little to say of it here, as we must return to the subject when we come to notice his novels. Of course, the man who laid himself out to paint the whole range of human nature in general, and of the phases of French life in particular, and who prided himself on the exact fidelity of his painting, must often execute pictures over which prudery would draw a veil. Nor was Balzac likely to be an over-stern judge of the gay indiscretions he sympathised with and shared in. He was an exceedingly liberal-minded man of a world he knew very thoroughly, and he accepted love-making in irregular shapes as not incompatible with the practice

of the virtues. He was no more inclined to be mealy-mouthed than Rabelais, though the breadth and vigour of his language have been toned down in accordance with the times when he wrote. He frequently indulges in an expression a little *leste*; he does not balk himself of a happy idea because it might bring a blush on the cheek of enlightened innocence; and in his *rôle* of the artist copying closely after nature, he does not shrink from suggestive or even provocative touches. But we may say of him as we said of George Sand, that he would have scorned to stoop to a traffic in immorality for the sake of vending his literary works or increasing the circle of his admirers. He needed money; he always needed it desperately. But he had too earnest a consciousness of the dignity of his art, and of the responsibilities attaching to his exceptional genius, to dream of playing false with his fame, and descending to a place in the rabble he satirised.

On the strength of our great admiration for his powers, we have begun by adverting to all that we can urge in detraction. Nor shall we waste time now in singing his praises, seeing we shall necessarily have occasion to do so later. For, like his friend George Sand, whom we made the subject of a recent article, Balzac is one of those writers whose works are singularly illustrated by a knowledge of his personal history. We should fail, for one thing, to be sufficiently persuaded of the intense realism of the scenes they describe did we not begin by realising the writer's extraordinary opportunities of study. Possibly, too, we might misjudge the somewhat misanthropical satirist as a man, did we not have glimpses of his *vie intime* in letters which are highly autobiographical. As it happens, the latest volume of

his collected writings, which has been published in Paris no very long time ago, contains a copious selection of his correspondence, which is prefaced by an interesting memoir by his sister. Balzac was too incessantly busied in bread-getting and bill-meeting, to have time for the elegant dilettanteism of letter-writing, with its well-balanced sentences and carefully-polished phrases. His strictly business notes are models of point and brevity. But he had certain favoured correspondents with whom he kept up sustained relations; and to his free communications with these we are indebted for many characteristic and instructive confessions.

The irresistible bent of his genius was as remarkable as the versatile originality he afterwards displayed. He *would* be a man of letters; and nothing could turn him from his purpose, although he had strong leanings towards ease and luxury, and thoroughly appreciated the charms of riches. It is his favourite sister, Madame de Surville, who writes his memoir and edits his correspondence; and she takes a sisterly pleasure in recalling the suggestive memories of his boyhood. Almost as a child, "he already admired as an artist the soft landscapes of his beloved Touraine that he described so well. He sometimes stood still, in his enthusiasm, before those beautiful sunsets that illuminate so picturesquely the Gothic spires of Tours, the villages sprinkled along the *coteaux*, and this Loire, so majestic, covered with sails of every size." He easily lost himself in dreamy abstraction; and yet he only needed to be recalled to the life of the world to throw himself into it heart and soul. The child was just as the man was in later life. Then he lived among the books in his library, making himself the slave of the lamp and pen.

Yet if he were won away from them, he made his rushes into the world with the keen sense of enjoyment that shook all his anxieties from his shoulders. He became the *joyeux sanglier* that Champfleury, with singular felicity, described him. Already, in his childhood, his mind and eyes were constantly occupied. When his mother took him to the cathedral of Saint-Gatien, "none of the poetry and splendours of that noble church were lost on him. He remarked everything, from the marvellous effects of the light produced by the venerable window-panes, the clouds of incense which enveloped in their veils the officiating clergy, to the pomp of the divine service, made more magnificent still by the presence of the cardinal-archbishop." But that love of magnificence and luxury was inborn in him,—unhappily, in one sense—since it distracted and overtaken his powers, making his long career a perpetual struggle,—fortunately for himself and his admirers in another, since it inspired him in his own peculiar vein.

The boy grew up what might have been expected. He was ready enough to show himself ardent in labour, if the labour was of the kind he liked. Once set him to a subject that touched his fancy, and he forgot the hours, and was insensible to weariness. That remarkable combination of tastes and faculties in him contributed in no small degree to his success. He would meditate, moralise, and soliloquise *à discretion*, or rather *à indiscretion*. But at the same time, no one could be shrewder in observation or more penetrating in his practical investigations. Hence the blending of speculative reflection with varied worldly knowledge that has made the fortune of his writings. But that by the way. Seeing his precocious quickness and intelligence, it was natural that his father

should have thought of the law as a profession for him. A grateful notary, who had been helped by Balzac the elder, was anxious to take the son into his office, and charge himself with the young man's advancement. Honoré was horror-stricken when the scheme was suggested; and, luckily for him, he was blessed with an eccentric father and a most devoted mother. A compromise was come to; and it was agreed in a family council that he should follow his fancy in the meantime, and try his hand at literature. If he succeeded according to his convictions, so much the better for him; if he failed, he could always fall back on the friendly notary's proposal. And already, by his attendance on law lectures and in the notarial chambers, he had acquired the useful technical knowledge which he turned subsequently to such excellent account.

It had been arranged that he was to live on a trifling allowance in a *chambre de garçon* while he made the trial he had insisted upon. His mother loved him so much, that she resigned him with satisfaction to present privations in the belief that they must bring him to a more reasonable mind. But Honoré justified his persistency by the constancy with which he stood the ordeal; till, after heroic effort in the face of discouragements, he emerged from it in the light of his growing fame. He had rapid changes of mood from exaltation to extraordinary depression—changes such as he experienced through the rest of his life; but on the whole, he bore up through his probation nobly. He had betaken himself to it cheerfully enough, having begun by following the precept of the Greek philosopher, and taken to a searching self-examination as a prelude to his studies of people in general.

In his first letter as the independent tenant of his attic, he writes his sister with regard to his domestic arrangements, and goes on to mention that he has engaged a servant:—

"Yes, a servant! He has a name as odd as that of the doctor. He calls himself *Tranquille*; mine, *moi-même*. A bad investment, truly! *Myself* is idle, awkward, thoughtless. His master is hungry or thirsty. Sometimes he has neither bread nor water to offer him; he cannot even protect him against the wind which is whistling across his door."

For a long time he was to support himself on bread and water, congratulating himself when he could procure them in sufficient quantity; or could only indulge in anything better by discounting the prospects of his future wretchedness. We can remember no other great novelist who educated himself so patiently for the destinies he was assured of, and who bore up so serenely against disappointments, notwithstanding intense fits of depression. It was not vanity, but a profound conviction and self-assurance, that helped him to struggle on; and with his almost infallible gift of perception he had appreciated himself, although no one of his intimates or relatives would agree with him. He wrote a great number of novels, bad, indifferent, or execrable; and the strange thing was, that though he laboured on in hope, he was never for a moment blind to their imperfections. Before he had well gone to work in training his faculties, he was already dreaming dreams of Alnaschar. In the troubled future of France, he sees splendid chances for genius.

"Our revolutions are far from being ended; and in the way in which agitation goes on, I can only look forward to many more tempests. Good or bad, the representative system demands

immense talents: the great writers will be necessarily sought after in times of political crisis; do they not unite to science the talent of observation and a profound acquaintance with the human heart?"

"If I am a *gaillard*—and I do not yet know that I am—I may one day have something more than a literary celebrity, and add to the title of a great writer that of a great citizen. It is an ambition which may still tempt one."

He intended his novels to be the stepping-stones to the tribune and the Ministry. Although, by the way, he always held that real literary distinction was the noblest of all aims, yet we find him shortly afterwards writing his sister as follows, when he had tried his best: "I send you two new books. They are still extremely bad, and but very slightly literary, above all. You will find in one of them some amusing enough pleasantries and some sort of characters, but the plot is detestable." Friends to whom he submitted his masterpieces pronounced bluntly against him—one of them, who was supposed to be an expert, declaring solemnly that the aspirant ought to take to anything in the world except literature; and the public as well as the friends of his family fully confirmed the unfavourable verdict. Yet he only braced himself for renewed exertion, although painfully susceptible to passing discouragement—advancing his education by judicious self-criticism, till labour was finally crowned with success. Unfortunately, before that point was gained his privations had proved too much for his patience; and, with his tastes and temperament, we can hardly wonder at it. Balzac was a born adventurer and speculator, and might have found some shorter cut to fortune elsewhere, had he not satisfied his love of excitement by

persevering in his forlorn literary hope. In the days when it was even harder for him to sell his manuscripts than to write them, he accumulated a load of pecuniary obligations from which he never shook himself free.

In the intervals of professional activity he threw himself heart and soul into schemes which promised him leisure to labour for fame in his own enthusiastic fashion. The longing for money with him was only as for a means to an end ; and all he could save from pressing creditors was lavished as fast as it was gained. Now, when a few hundred francs in tangible coin or notes seemed like the purse of Fortunatus to him, he would start on a flying trip to the Mediterranean, to open up some El Dorado of mineral wealth that had been neglected since the days of the Romans or Carthaginians. He sets foot in the land of promise, to find there is a screw loose ; and, with his quickness of intelligence, he is prompt to recognise as much. Another man of a nature as sanguine would be dashed and humiliated. But for Balzac, not a bit of it. He announces the evil news with a cheerfulness which is not in any way assumed. That scheme has crumbled to the sight and touch ; bah ! so much the better. I see my way to another far superior in every way—and that second one follows the fate of the former. He was always snatching at glittering phantoms, which as invariably eluded his clutch ; although more than once, as in some of his printing speculations, the shadow changed tantalisingly to a substance as soon as Balzac had sold. But in the meantime he was signing his name to the obligations which he never acquitted, and could only renew. Not that the money was all lost ; and the experiences he gained were great, al-

though dearly purchased. He had covered quires of paper with calculations, and filled his brain with floating figures. He had gone through the fluctuations of hope and doubt, passing through despondency to utter despair when he found that fortune again had played him false—that all he had to show for his troubles and anxieties was an addition to his notes of hand, and a more imminent prospect of insolvency. Dissimilar as the two men were, in all respects but the one, Balzac was his own César Birotteau. He had made the personal acquaintance of the Claparons and the Gigonnets. He had danced attendance in the chambers of notaries like Roguin ; in the anterooms of second-rate bankers like the Kellers and the Nucingens ; he had even knocked at the doors of the Pères Gobseck. And his feelings under that slow martyrdom, where the same tortures were perpetually renewing themselves, as far transcended those of a Birotteau as the grand but imprudent genius was of a more delicate organisation than the perfumer. Balzac was not only missing the money that was to have helped him in his cherished ambitions, but wasting the invaluable time that ought to have been devoted to making himself immortal. When his powers should have been concentrated on some engrossing conception, he was distracted by painful thoughts and worried by urgent claims. We can imagine him gnawing his heart in bitterness, as he haggled over items with some pettifogging notary, or sought to soften the heart of some grasping usurer. Whether he succeeds or has the worst of it, his resentment is the same ; but at least he will have the satisfaction of a characteristic revenge. He rushes home to his writing-room, fills himself a cup of the blackest coffee, and proceeds to gib-

bet the pettifoggers and bloodsuckers for the benefit of their contemporaries and succeeding generations.

For although to every one of the great masters of romance their characters must be real and vivid existences, with none was that the case more than with Balzac.

"Such a one is a *drôle*, and will never do anything worth speaking of, he would say. Such another one, a hard worker and an honest fellow, will grow rich, and his character will make him happy. Those people have been guilty of many a peccadillo; but they have so much intelligence, and so great a knowledge of mankind, that they must arrive inevitably at the high spheres of society."

"He gave us news of the people in the '*Comédie Humaine*,' his sister goes on to say, "as he would tell of what is going on in actual society."

"Do you know who Félix de Vandanesse is going to marry? a demoiselle De Grandville. It is an excellent connection he is going to make: the Grandvilles are rich, in spite of all that Mademoiselle de Bellefeuille has cost the family."

And if any one pleaded for some unfortunate, who seemed on the highroad to ruin, he would answer, "Don't trouble me with your sensibilities: the truth before everything. These people are weak, unskilful; what must happen will happen; so much the worse for them."

Balzac would never have made his fame or his fortune had he not had the physical strength to walk lightly under a load that might have crushed many a fair constitution. Latterly he was not unfrequently ailing, and no wonder. We find his medical man prescribing the absolute repose which it was almost impossible to give himself; for if he laid his pen aside by an effort, his brain was still as busy as ever. From his earliest manhood, he had been playing fast and loose

with his superb stamina. He set regular hours at defiance. He turned his night into day. He stimulated his powers when they flagged, and banished sleep when it offered to restore them, by a reckless abuse of the strongest coffee. It was wonderful how much he would sometimes accomplish at a sitting, or in a succession of vigils broken by brief intervals of rest. He had written ninety-seven novels from first to last; generally he was driving more than one of them abreast, while revising others for new editions. Nor, in spite of the fecundity of his brain and the free flow of his ideas, did he throw off his books like Scott or Dumas, and send them from him once for all to seek their fortunes. He polished and repolished. He revised the proof-sheets ten or a dozen times, till the original manuscript must wellnigh have disappeared. As one of his critics says somewhere—when he had hit upon the right phrase to begin with, he would go hunting about in search of a better one; and this method made frightful inroads on his time, and consequently on his profits. Of course the severity of the incessant strain told frequently on his spirits. Thus, among scores of similar passages, we find him writing his sister at the age of five-and-thirty:—

"What energy must we not have to keep the head sound when the heart is suffering so horribly!—to labour night and day, to see myself incessantly assailed, when I ought to have the tranquillity of the cloister for my works! When shall I have it? Shall I have it for a single day? Perhaps only in the tomb. Then I will hope that the world may do me justice. My happiest inspirations have always sparkled, besides, in the hours of my most extreme suffering."

At the same time these sufferings, though real enough, were by

no means unmingled bitterness to him. He delights in dilating on his labours, and on the difficulties that aggravated them; and there is a certain gasconade when he gets on that topic. See what I have to do, he seems to say; this work of mine would break down the strength of a Hercules, and yet how brilliantly I succeed under so superhuman a tax on my powers. He writes to Madame Zulma Carraud—

“I must tell you that I am immersed in an unconscionable labour. My life is changed mechanically. I go to bed, like the fowls, at six or seven in the evening; I am woke at one in the morning, and I work on till eight; at eight I sleep another hour and a half; then I take something rather substantial, a cup of pure coffee, and I harness myself to my *facre* at four o'clock; I receive; I take a bath, and I go out; and after dinner I go to bed. . . . The gains come in but slowly, the debts are inexorable and fixed. Now, I have the assurance of a great fortune.”

His letters are full of passages which show at once the brilliancy of his paces and his staying powers, as for example:—

“To give you the measure of my courage, I must tell you that ‘Le Secret des Ruggieri’ has been written in a single night; think of that when you read it! ‘La Vieille Fille’ has been written in three nights. ‘La Perle brisée,’ which at last brings to an end ‘L’Enfant Maudit,’ has been composed in a few hours of moral and physical anguish; ‘tis my Brienne, my Champenoise, my Montmirail—‘tis my campaign of France. But it has been the same with ‘La Messe d’Athée’ and with ‘Facino Cane.’ I have written for Saché in three days the first fifty sheets of the ‘Illusions Perdues.’”

Notwithstanding his false start, and the consequences of his rash speculations, he might soon have *been rich had he not been so reck-*

less. The great sums that flowed in might speedily have liquidated his liabilities. Unfortunately, his imagination, brilliant as it was, scarcely served him sufficiently. When he needed to transport himself into the realms of fancy, to conjure up oriental splendours in the Parisian *salons*, he had to inspire himself by working amidst appropriate surroundings. Then, when he had to describe the magnificent hotels of his Duchesse de Langeais or Madame de Beaucéant, replete with art treasures and elegance as they were, his eye had only to wander over the hangings and cabinets in his own studio to catch at once the inspiration of colours and material. The sums that Balzac spent on art, upholstery, and *bric-a-brac*, from first to last, must have been enormous. We scarcely care to use the word “squandered,” as we have said already, for these costly accessories had their influence from the first on his impressionable mind, and latterly his fancy must have languished without them. But it sounds strange to those who look upon literature as a profession like any other, to read of his *naïve* anxiety over bills falling due, with more to follow in regular course; and to hear of some mad pieces of extravagance, which he mentions as if they were indispensable dealings with the banker. He gives thousands of francs for a clock and some ormolu *girandoles*, adding “*pas cher*” by way of comment. Naturally he was always changing and bartering his collections; and it must be admitted that he sometimes sold things for more than they had cost, as his reputation as author and connoisseur became established. He talks of everybody coming to look at some Florentine picture, and being struck dumb with admiration; and we get an idea of the luxury

that reigned in his interior from a letter to Madame Hanska, whom he afterwards married. "Bertin has been stupefied by my riches: he has found the *tête-à-tête* of old Sèvres delicious, and has told me I could easily sell my beautiful service of Chinese porcelain for three to four thousand francs."

We have seen how Balzac was brought into most disagreeable contact with the prototypes of many of the personages who figured most offensively in his pages. His sister hints that he found time to lead something of the life of a gay man about town; and his letters show that he was on intimate terms with high-born ladies in the most select circles. He lived at a period when three different sets of society offered a contrast of most striking studies to a brilliant artist of manners. There were the survivors of the great wars and the gilded fashion of the Empire: generals who had won their grades on Napoleon's battle-fields; and ladies who had been encouraged to lavish the fortunes their husbands had made. The old aristocracy of the emigration came home again to the dilapidated *hôtels* of the Quartier St Germain, after the hundred days; and there was the financial plutocracy who supported the *bourgeois* king, and sought to imitate the hereditary magnificence across the river in their gorgeous *salons* of the Chaussée d'Antin. All these unique sets Balzac has stereotyped with equal fidelity; their conversation is in harmony with the ideas he ascribes to them, and comes in so naturally that it might have been taken down by shorthand. Yet it puzzles us to know, after reading such letters as we have quoted, how he contrived to arrange his time so as to mix in general society. No doubt, on occasion, he would go as matter of literary business to a

dinner or a ball, as he used to go docilely from his dreaming to his play as a boy; and once in the world, he would enter into the enjoyment of the hour, and become the delight of the circle he fascinated. But, as a rule, he must necessarily have lived much alone, and held little communication with the idlers of the capital. Although on friendly terms with George Sand, with Victor Hugo, and others of his distinguished contemporaries, he seems to have had no literary intimates; and he avowed a profound disdain for professional critics.

Nor do we see reason to believe that the indifference he professed was assumed. On the contrary, his firm belief in his genius was proved by his painful struggle to success; by the system on which he stinted himself of the actual necessities of existence, while lavishing his money or pledging his credit for the luxuries he believed to be indispensable to his mission. Throughout his correspondence he makes no secret of his opinions with regard to himself. "The truth before everything," as he said himself; and the exceptional talents he had been gifted with shone clear as the light of day. We might multiply passages in the way of proof; but let us take what he tells us of two of his novels. "Yes, the '*Recherche de l'Absolu*' is a grand composition, as you say, and I have all the consciousness of it." Again, he had praised his '*Médecin de Campagne*' in far more unmeasured terms:—

"You shall read this magnificent work," he writes to Madame Zulma Carraud. "You shall see how far I have gone. *Ma foi*, I fancy I could die in peace. The book is worth, in my opinion, more than laws, and than battles gained. It is the Gospel in action. Yes, the second edition is all my own. In the month of December will appear the edition at twenty sous.

I cannot get it out of hand before. How many people have wept already over the confession of the 'Médecin de Campagne'! Madame d'Abrantes, who weeps but seldom, has dissolved in tears over the disaster of the Beresina, in the 'Life of Napoleon, told by a soldier in a barn.'"

So we have the man, inconsistent-ly characteristic, mixing up the miserable money details that would struggle for the first place in his thoughts, with the frank pleasure he expressed in the splendid triumphs of his intellect. From first to last his life seems to us to have been a melancholy one, although doubtless he found much feverish enjoyment in the violent excitement of his work; in the self-satisfaction with which he looked back upon it, and in the tributes paid to his self-application. With much of the sybarite in his temperament, detesting disturbance, suspense, and anxiety, he had to rest his exhausted frame on thorns in place of roses, while gloomy thoughts were hunting him like nightmares, and clamorous creditors were hammering at his door. With his ambition set on an ideal reputation, and eager to arrive at it by the shortest way, he felt himself painfully clogged by the trivialities that fretted him at every step. With warm affections and a craving for congenial domestic companionship, he toiled on, as a Bohemian in depressing isolation; and although he did steer himself into port at last—he married his friend and admirer, the Countess Hanska, a very few months before his death—he only struggled into calm water to break up and go down. That checkered career of exertion, anxiety, aspirations, disappointments, and intoxicating triumphs, is at once the key to the tone of his writings, and an assurance of their close reproduction of nature.

The 'Chouans' was the first of his novels that brought him any

reputation. Before its appearance, he had been writing with constitutional perseverance, slowly overcoming the reluctance of publishers, and gradually obtaining somewhat less miserable pay for the work which cost him extraordinary labour. From first to last he may be said to have recast his stories in the proofs rather than revised them; and the sheets that were sometimes submitted to him ten or a dozen times, came out in the end absolutely rewritten. But the 'Chouans,' although it certainly cannot be called commonplace, strikes one as being less characteristic than indicative of the special faculties of its author. It depends comparatively little for its effects on those delicate shades and touches that sustain the highest order of interest. The plot is sensational, almost melodramatic, and it abounds in thrilling scenes and violent action. But the men and the women are subordinated to the action, although it is true that Mad. de Verneuil and the Marquis de Montauran show something more than the promise of the genius of this marvellous analyst of mankind. The very sound of the word *Chouannerie* strikes a sensational note. It is suggestive at once of night surprises, ambushes, and mysterious signals; of gloomy figures of sinister mien; of feats of irregular warfare, followed by deeds of remorseless bloodshed. Balzac has handled his sombre theme with all his vigorous strength of description, yet we have a sense that a plot which spared the imagination was scarcely worthy of his genius. Who could fail to be impressed with the capabilities of the Breton landscapes for such a *mise en scène*,—the grey heather and the dark pine-forest under the chilly skies of spring or autumn; the fields cut up in fantastic shapes by the deep-worn lanes that stream down in water-

courses; the grim farmhouses with their low-hewed doors and walls of massive stone, each one of which might serve, on occasion, for a *fortalice*; the lonely and dilapidated *châteaux* like the Vivetière, fitting locations for such tragedies as were enacted there in the 'Chouans'? And in the description of scenery, for which he has a predilection, Balzac excels less in breadth of effect than in power of detail. He loves to elaborate after the manner of the Dutch masters—witness that very picture of the Vivetière, with hundreds of others we might select at random. He is more at home in the old-fashioned garden of some quaint *hôtel* in the provinces, or on a sunny spot on the banks of his native Loire, than in the limitless immensity of those Breton horizons, where the gloom of land and sky is vaguely confounding itself in the distance. Compare him, for example, with the poetic realism of Emile Sonvestre, and there is no question as to which of the authors' work has left its indelible traces on your imagination.

But if we pass to men from inanimate nature, one recognises at once the touch of the master. The commandant Hulot, with his subordinates Merle and Gerard, and one or two representative soldiers among the *lapins* of his rank and file, stand out in trenchant outline from the canvas. We see the stamp of men who saved the Republic one and indivisible, notwithstanding its extravagance and its load of infamy, till it succumbed to a soldier greater than they. We see and respect the blunt honesty of the better class of the *sans culottes*, so that we are moved by the tragedy in which so many of "the blues" are made to perish, although little pathos is expended upon it at the moment. Then, on the other hand, we have the Royalist irregulars described with a hardy

originality which defies the prepossessions of sentimental legend. Nor do we believe that Balzac has painted too much *en noir*, repulsive and disillusioning as his pictures are. His Marche-à-terre and his Pille-Miche are the types of the small Breton farmers as they had become towards the close of the last century. Of loyalty they knew little. In taking the field and mounting the white cockade, they were moved mainly by superstition and avarice. They marched because the priests bade them, under pain of losing Paradise. They pillaged those rich neighbours of the towns, with whom they had always been at bitter feud, before they slaughtered them. They chose for their captains the local *seigneurs* who had always treated them as neighbours rather than serfs, but they insisted on being guided rather than led. And under the baleful influences of a ruthless war, they gave themselves over blindly to half-bestial passions; while as for their disregard of kindred as of human life, a judicial assassination like that of the unlucky Galope-Chopine was a mere everyday incident. In short, the distinctive merit of the 'Chouans' seems to us to be its independence and accuracy as a historical study by an artist who certainly does not flatter, but who is incapable, at the same time, of conscious dishonesty.

The 'Histoire des Treize'—of course we do not take the novels we notice in their chronological order—deals with the philosophy of crime in a very different state of society. We may term it a mixture of refined perversity and ferocity—the negation of conscience embodied in action. We are glad to believe that in this instance Balzac has for once left the regions of sober realism for those of morbid and fantastic extravaganza; yet he exhibits his habitual art in the admirable vrai-

semblance of everybody and everything, except those main incidents that give his story its interest. The charming Madame Jules Desmaret, the spirited and brilliant Duchesse de Langeais, are women painted in the perfection of nature. Auguste de Maulincourt is such a member of the *jeunesse dorée* as you may see any day on the Boulevards, at the Jockey Club, or in an omnibus box at the Italiens. The Duchess, Madame de Nucingen — many others — are people we have often met before in other of Balzac's romances. They are people we shall often meet again; and there can be no question as to their identity, so that they naturally ought to answer for the reality of the monsters we find in easy intercourse with them. All they do and feel — their passions, their jealousies, their petty intrigues, are precisely what we might expect in their circumstances; whatever the difference in their social stations, they are neither better nor worse than their neighbours. Even Ferragus, the chief of a terrible secret society, when he passes for Mon. de Funcau, is admirably vouched for when he presents himself in the best company; while the Marquis de Ronquerolles, brother of one of the reigning queens of the *beau monde*, is the representative of an old and honourable house; and the dignified Marquis de Montriveau is the soldier and *savant* we have described him.

How are we to tell, when carried along by the *entrain* of the story, where probability ends and absurdity begins? Balzac has done his best to confound our perception; and, much to the credit of his talent for mystification, may boast of a wonderful measure of success. The notion of mined floors and tunnelled walls, of secret staircases and spring pannels, planned in charming Parisian mansions with *no reference* to unforeseen adven-

tures, goes far beyond anything invented by writers of the school of Mrs Radcliffe. But, when we come to think of it, the history of the Thirteen is infinitely more monstrous in its moral aspects. The idea is not altogether novel, although its extension and application are audaciously original. We have a group of thirteen men,

“All gifted with a grand enough energy for remaining faithful to the same idea; honourable enough not to betray each other, even should their interests be brought into antagonism; politic enough to conceal the hidden bonds that unite them; strong enough to rise superior to all the laws; bold enough to undertake anything, and fortunate enough to have invariably succeeded; . . . incapable of fear, and having never trembled before the prince, the executioner, or innocence.”

In reality, it would hardly have involved a greater strain on our credulity had Balzac, in his opening sentences, laid down the outlines of a story whose heroes in the last stages of lung-disease should perform prodigies of athletic endurance, or who should carry into practice the precepts of the Gospel by promoting vice in all its shapes. And yet, to a certain extent, he makes us believe in the existence of his fraternity; and we prove our faith by being conscious of an agreeable horror when they are moving their hands in the darkness to weave a web round some hapless victim. We have alluded already to his Marquis de Montriveau, who is made to conceal under the appearance of a singularly noble nature Satanic depths of cold-blooded depravity. But in connection with the character he is represented as bearing, and by way of illustrating the spirit in which ‘*La Treize*’ is conceived, we need only quote those closing sentences which are the requiem of the unhappy Duchess of Langeais.

Much as he loves to revel in the horrible, and to throw light on what is most repulsive in our nature, we do not know that Balzac ever wrote anything that jars more painfully on our holier feelings. It was so that he intended it, of course. He arrived at a fitting climax to a wildly hideous story, and it is the gay-hearted *insouciance* of the tone that makes it so terribly effective in its cynicism. Be it remembered that the dead Duchess had been the idolatrous passion of Montriveau's later life; that her sudden disappearance had only added fuel to the fire, while the idea of her being dead to him had hallowed his recollection of her; that he had sacrificed everything to searching for her all over the world, and had summoned the twelve to his assistance to ravish her from the convent where she had taken refuge. And this is what he had to listen to:—

"Montriveau remained alone in the cabin with Antoinette de Navareins, whose features for some hours shone on him with the sublime beauties of that special calm that is lent by death to our mortal remains.

"*'Ha ça,'* said Ronquerolles to Montriveau, when the other appeared again on the poop; 'it was a woman, now it is nothing. Fasten a cannon-shot to each of the feet, pitch it over into the sea, and then think no more of it than of a book we have read in our childhood. *Hein?*'

"Yes," said Montriveau.

"There you are rational. Henceforward have passions; but as for love, *fi.*' . . .

"Yes, that has been nothing more for me than a poem," said Montriveau, when the whirlpools in the water had disappeared in the wake of the brig.

"We may concede you the poem, comrade, for satisfying what remains in you of human weakness," said De Marsay, gracefully puffing away the smoke of his cigar. 'Your duchess! . . . I used to know her. She was

not worth my girl with the golden eyes. And all the same, I strolled out quietly one evening to go and bury my poignard in her heart. At that time you were not one of us.'

It would be difficult to find a book in more marked contrast to the plots and crimes of the 'Chouans' and the 'Treize' than 'César Birotteau.' With Birotteau we are in full *bourgeoisie*: we only hear of the leaders of society as patrons of the honest perfumer; the worst form of atrocity is a trick of the trade, a fraudulent bankruptcy or a swindling speculation. The ambitions are limited to throwing out a new shop-front or pushing a new perfume; at most, to giving an entertainment that shall dazzle the neighbours of the quarter. One would have said that Balzac, with his fine instincts for subtle analysis, with his convictions of the dignity of the literary life, with his love of all that was artistic and sensuously beautiful, would have been the last man in the world to make himself at home with such people as the Birotteaus. For although always involved in affairs owing to persistent embarrassments, his habits were anything but those of a man of business; and when he did cherish a dream of growing rich by speculations, his dreams were invariably tinged by his imagination.

We might have fancied that, like other writers who have professed to embrace all types of society, he would have merely rested lightly on the prosaic existences of the *caisse* and the counter, or else condescended to them with a certain affectation. But, on the contrary, he never throws himself more heartily into his work, or labours at it with more elaborate painstaking. He evidently prides himself, and with abundant reason, on his minute knowledge of business details. It is with his Birot-

teaus as it is with his *bonhomme* Grandet and so many others. He is inexhaustibly fertile in conceiving the commercial combinations which are to make a hit or retrieve a misfortune. He prompts the technical talk and speculations of the Crottats and the Cruchots as if he had spent the whole of his time in a notary's chambers, instead of entering them with disgust to labour in them *contre cœur*. He is as absolutely at home in the *tripotages* of the Claparons and the Du Tilletts, as if he had perverted the best part of his talents to inventing financial traps and snares. What is more, he inspires you with a keen interest in persons the most commonplace and unprepossessing, by glorifying the humbler duties and virtues in their least engaging form. His Birotteau is just what we might imagine a successful perfumer to be. Birotteau attributes to genius what is very much the result of chance and luck with industry. He has more than his fair share of vulgar foibles, and is eaten up by the pompous vanity which lures him on to his ruin. But the little man comes out under the teachings of misfortune, till he compels us to honour him for his genuine nobility. Yet in him at least there is nothing unnatural; he is made to display no unexpected qualities when it suits some special purpose of the author. He simply sticks by a dogged honesty, and stands upon a point of commercial honour, that is the sublimity of his ideas as a respectable tradesman. Our sympathies are with him at the first only because he has fallen into the hands of scoundrels. Our regard is gradually acquired to him since we see that he has the respect of the worthy man who had been the first to warn him of the foolish risks he ran; and, finally, he *most wins* our affection, because,

through all the misery his madness has brought upon them, he can keep his hold on the hearts of his wife and daughter. So that, when he saves himself from the indelible disgrace of bankruptcy, and in the end pays all his creditors in full, we assist at the family *fête* of congratulation as if we had been one of the *habitués* of the family circle. César Birotteau must be set down as one of the masterpieces of the versatile efforts of Balzac's genius; and while there is abundance of simple domestic tragedy in the vicissitudes and poignant anxieties of the Birotteau family, there is plenty of quiet humour as well—especially in the swelling self-importance of the perfumer, who, with his firm faith in his brilliant destinies, poses as the Napoleon of scents and soaps, and is inimitable when he initiates his apprentice Popinot in the secret of the marvellous Huile Céphalique, which is to glorify Parisian commerce in the person of its illustrious inventor.

In the 'Père Goriot,' which is also essentially Parisian, Balzac soars a higher flight, although he scarcely achieves a greater success. Yet in his 'Père Goriot' he goes deeper in his appeals to the emotions, as he multiplies his intensely moving situations, and infinitely widens the range of his subjects. The character of Goriot is original, if ever character was so. He obviously suggests King Lear; and yet he has but little in common with Shakespeare's creation, except a blind paternal devotion repaid by cruel ingratitude. Unlike the Marquis de Montriveau, there is nothing in Goriot which makes us pronounce him impossible, though he is one of the very strangest of Balzac's strange social phenomena. His love to his daughters may be said to be pure, as it is practically limitless, but only because he seems to be absolutely deprived of

any moral sense. His intellect is as *borné* as that of Birotteau, although at one time he promised to do well in life, when he was gathering the fortune that his daughters squandered. But he is *naïf* to a degree in the expression of his most peculiar sentiments with regard to his darling children. Balzac happily describes the father's feelings as the sublime of the canine nature, scenting the compassion and sympathies that he excited in sympathetic hearts. When he lavishes on the friendly Rastignac the confidences of what is something like his second childhood, he bursts out passionately in the candour of his confession—"I loved them so much [his daughters], that I kept returning to them as a gambler to his game: *car mes filles, c'était mon vice à moi; elles étaient mes maîtresses; enfin tout.*" And Balzac observes, analytically and very characteristically, of his eccentric hero—

"A thing worth remarking is, the power of infusion possessed by the sentiments. However coarse a creature may be, so soon as it expresses a strong and real affection, it exhales a peculiar fluid that modifies the physiognomy, animates the action, colours the voice: often the dullest of beings arrives, under the excitement of passion, at the loftiest eloquence in the idea, if not in the language, and appears to be moving in a luminous sphere. . . . Are not our noble sentiments the poetry of the will?"

And the follies that Goriot perpetrated for his daughters were not confined to stripping himself first of the luxuries, then of the comforts, and finally of the bare necessities with which he had surrounded his old age. He went the extraordinary length of assisting them to most extraordinary consolation, for the misery that had come of uncongenial marriages. He takes to Rastignac as the avowed lover of Madame de Nucingen, and does all in his power

to help the young man to the happiness on which he has set his heart. The closing scenes of this melancholy life are very moving and painful, when the old man lies dying of a broken heart in his wretched attic in the sordid boarding-house; and, while tended by kindly or indifferent strangers, exhausts himself in making excuses for the children who should have been smoothing his pillow. His deathbed is horrible in its alternate transports of rage and efforts at self-deception—all the more ghastly because the trivialities that made the grand objects of his daughters' frivolous existence were mixed up with the shrieks of a soul in anguish, whose last moments were embittered by a vision of the reality as it always has been. The promptings of his conflicting feelings are struggling in his bosom to the end.

"Tell her," he exclaims to the lover of his elder daughter, "that you will love her no longer if she does not come. Something to drink; my bowels are burning. Lay something on my head. The hand of my daughter—that would save me, I feel it. . . . My God! who will repair their fortunes for them when I am gone? I will go to Odessa for them—to Odessa, to make *padés d'Italie.*"

It is no small triumph to make us sympathise so profoundly with the miserable old man, notwithstanding his terrible sufferings. For his affection is degrading and degraded in its nature; and his passion for his daughters, as his creator says himself, was rather the passion of an affectionate brute. But Goriot stands out pure and almost noble in his unselfishness, by comparison with the people among whom his lot is cast; and the crowd of Parisians of all sets with which the painter fills the breadth of his canvas, remind us in the moral point of view of the rabble rout in Milton's "*Comus.*" The

daughters of the poor old hero are just made human enough to command our hearty execration, by the occasional flickerings of fitful duty they show to their doting father and benefactor. Now and again they pay him a stealthy visit in his den, with mixed motives, in which covetousness predominates; and although occasionally Delphine, the elder of them, is melted into something like genuine feeling, yet she will not hear of a visit to his death-bed, in answer to the earnest expostulations of her lover, since she is busy attiring herself for the ball, which is to give her a step in society. The lover, being young, is somewhat shocked, yet he does not break with her for ever; and the husbands of the sisters encourage them in their heartlessness. As these gentlemen choose to connive at their own dishonour, it is matter of absolute indifference to them that their wives should be destitute of natural affection. Baron de Nucingen is a representative of the class of mushroom financiers, who have amassed their precarious fortunes by swindling and sharp practice. The Comte de Restaud, on the other hand, is the embodiment of aristocratic vice and recklessness. The female leaders of society, the Duchesse de Langeais and Madame de Beauséant, are titled courtesans, whose flimsily-veiled amours are matters of public curiosity and notoriety. Drop downwards to the boarding-house over the river, where Goriot and De Rastignac have taken up their quarters, and the moral atmosphere grows thicker and more nauseous. It must be admitted that the details of the circle assembled there are a revelation, and that the sketches of its various members show masterly discrimination and power. But the general effect is depressing, and even disgusting; and we sorely long for

some light to relieve the depths of the shadows. Balzac seems to luxuriate in the sombre touches he lays on—in the delineation of cruelty, coarseness, baseness, and brutality. Noisiest and most prominent in the party is Vautrin, an escaped convict, who passes for a second-rate man about town—who avows his motives with aggressive cynicism, and prides himself on his contempt for laws and proprieties. Vautrin, of course, wears a disguise, and no one of his fellow-lodgers is in the secret of his criminality; but the fact that so coarse-minded a ruffian should have been tolerated, speaks volumes for the feelings of the rest. They delight in the vulgar *argot* of the day, which Balzac hits off to perfection. They all make cowardly sport of the weaknesses of such helpless butts as the Père Goriot; and their well-timed merriment has a livelier impulse when the old man lies in the agonies of death. Mademoiselle Victorine Taillefer, and the medical student Bianchon, are the only kind of exceptions; and the young girl is a simple nonentity, while the youth has the worst manners of his class.

Eugène de Rastignac, cast amidst such surroundings and exposed to such temptations, might have been made to point a moral and illustrate the purity of virtue, by escaping contamination from the one and triumphing over the other. He is a youth of generous impulses and excellent upbringing. He is the hope of his family in the country, who have resigned themselves to privations to insure him a career. When he comes to Paris, he appears to be all that is honourable. He has every inducement to do well, and may turn to good or evil. With his eyes fully open, and with many searchings of heart, he deliberately chooses the bad. He is caught by the glitter and tinsel

of the fashionable world ; sacrifices character and honour to the attainment of a rapid fortune ; and coolly sets himself to trade on his personal affections and fascinations. He levies a forced contribution on the affection of his mother and sisters, that he may open a credit with a fashionable tailor, provide himself with boots and gloves, and buy bouquets for his mistress. His artificial necessities bring him into the clutches of Vautrin, who plays the part of Mephistopheles to him. He sues for the patronage of his relative, Madame de Beauséant, that she may help him in his *liaison* with the wealthy Madame de Nucingen. He lets the wife of the banker provide him an apartment, and supply him with luxuries and the means of display ; and he means to make the credit of the injured husband the stepping-stone to his coveted fortune. "In initiating himself into the family secrets of Monsieur and Madame de Nucingen, he had observed that to make love an instrument of fortune, he must drink shame to the dregs, and renounce the noble ideas which are the absolution of the errors of youth." What conceptions of love ! what a career ! what a melancholy fate ! He goes back from the funeral of poor old Goriot, where he has had to borrow some *sous* from a servant that he might give a trifle to the gravediggers, to dine with Madame de Nucingen, the daughter and one of the murderers of the dead man. Reading such a novel as this, with all its talent, and because of its talent, we feel that the sister and biographer of Balzac has undertaken a delicate task in defending the boldness and freedom of the author. Fidelity to nature excuses much ; but surely it is the pleasure and privilege of romance to look at life as it is, in the reflections of a more luminous atmosphere than

that which envelops the 'Père Goriot.'

But whatever faults of the kind we may find in novels like the 'Père Goriot,' sad and unsatisfactory as is the impression they leave behind, it is easy enough to contrast with them other works of the author which excite sensations that are widely different, — his 'Eugénie Grandet,' for example ; and infinitely more, his 'Balthazar Claes.' Claes's researches in pursuit of "the Absolute" are wildly fantastic ; although Balzac, as usual, has thrown an air of credibility over them by the scientific precision of his technical details. But step by step with the progressive experiments of the philosophical monomaniac, there develops itself a drama of domestic life which is profoundly real and most powerfully touching. Possibly to heighten the contrasts, the scene is laid in the Low Countries, the very land of the prosaic and practical ; for Douai, though a city of a French department, is Flemish to all intents and purposes. We are introduced to the tranquil dignity of a Flemish interior, where a family of the old burgher aristocracy is living in traditional luxury. With ample means and simple habits, there can hardly be a household on earth from which care seems more absolutely banished. Nor is material refinement wanting, nor lively and noble sensibilities. The mansion of the Claes is a museum of art-treasures, which generations of its proprietors have made it their pride to accumulate — treasures which money could neither rival nor replace. Nor had its present master made a mere *mariage de convenance*, to lead a happy but humdrum existence, with a worthy woman of narrow notions. On the contrary, his was a marriage of romance as well as affection. The burgher aristocrat worships his high-

born wife the more chivalrously that a slight deformity had made her painfully sensitive; while she on her part repays his devotion with love and romance that amount to adoration. But a gathering cloud casts its shadow on the bright interior, and a darkening trouble turns that quiet happiness to misery. The accidental utterances of a foreign visitor, whom he hospitably welcomed in an evil hour, sends Balthazar Claes to the alembics, and starts him in pursuit of the impossible. As difficulties surprise him or unexpectedly disappear, he becomes more blindly the slave of this idea that has mastered him. With his mind abstracted in imaginary combinations, with his eyes riveted on the will-o'-the-wisps that are eluding him, he strains on the heart-strings of his suffering wife, whom he still adores when he has leisure to think of her. The pangs she feels at the miserable change in their relations make her indifferent at first to the approach of more material misery. Her reflections over the loss of her husband's sympathies and companionship—for his eyes merely rest on her dreamily, from time to time, as a piece of familiar furniture, or an abstraction apart from his pursuits—are conceived and described with infinite pathos. They make her almost indifferent at first to the impending wreck of their fortunes,—for properties are sold or mortgaged to feed the flame of the furnaces; while pictures, plate, and priceless furniture disappear in the smoke of the crucibles and retorts. The wealthy burgher and noble has come to totter on the brink of insolvency; and while his wife is hard driven to find food for the family, he is running up fabulous bills for chemicals. If he is made to hear reason for a moment, the answer that invariably satisfies his conscience is,

that he has groped to the brink of the grand discovery. Why trouble himself about trifles or some passing inconveniences? When he has wrung the grand secret from reluctant nature, there will be no limits to the riches which he will gather at will for his children.

Hence the fearful struggles to which his wife is condemned. Half their common fortune is his; she feels that she should be the guardian of the rights of her children; but she loves her husband as intensely as ever, and she cannot forget how he had married her, portionless and deformed as she was. No one but Balzac has ever mixed up business and the passions in so masterly a manner. We have the dry details of a sale of property; of an ugly schedule of debts; of the terms on which the hypothec is to be arranged that is to meet them. And moving among them all is a broken-hearted woman, who is being killed by inches by the husband who loves her—who is yet capable of the effort of concentrating her mind on intricate masses of figures, and whose only relief, when her brain is over-jaded by them, is giving herself over to the dismal luxury of sorrow. She has long resigned herself to the consciousness that she is impotent against the rival in her life-struggle. When Balthazar, in some transitory gleam of sense and repentance, gives her a solemn promise to abandon his laboratory, she releases him from the pledge after a brief probation. That experiment has failed like the others; for his wretchedness is so great under his enforced abstraction, that she has not the heart to see it. She might have been revenged by his remorseful sorrow when she dies at last, had it not been that the forebodings of how terribly he will miss her had strewn more thorns on her dying pillow. And

although he has been the deliberate author of her own misery ; though he has slowly murdered his wife, and thrown crushing burdens on his ruined children,—yet we are brought into a mood of melting sympathy with the lonely man when he is exiled from his once-loved home, with the wrenching away of all his associations. We do not know a sadder story than that of Balthazar Claes, or a more painfully vivid conception of the tenderness of all-forgiving love.

Nor can we recall any more striking example of Balzac's delight in precise details, and the range and accuracy of his miscellaneous information. Contrast him with some of his fertile contemporaries—Dumas, for instance, or even Victor Hugo. Dumas always affects omniscience while he displays a marvellous ingenuity in blundering. Hugo shows a superb assurance in the ludicrous ignorance he envelops in a halo of eloquent expression. Balzac, on the other hand, writes of alchemy, chemistry, and natural philosophy as if he had devoted years of his life to these subjects. If any of his characters is seriously ill, or even suffers from some passing affection, he elaborates a diagnosis of the symptoms as if he walked the hospitals habitually. He notes the beating of the pulse, dilates on the tinges of the complexion, marks the twitching of the nerve, even looks into the pupil of the eye. It is possible that experts might see inconsistencies and inaccuracies in his medical reports ; at all events, they are perfect so far as the purpose of his art is concerned. Then as to his general descriptions of the houses his people inhabit, and the furniture these houses contain, he carries the conscientiousness of his art to a morbid extravagance, although it must be admitted that he obtains the results on which he had

probably calculated. Honest tradespeople like the Birotteaus, with no very salient features, become more of actual individualities to you when you have been told the form of the family bedstead, and the texture and colours of the serge or chintz with which their chairs were covered. We know nothing so unique in fiction as the care with which this great writer makes out the sordid inventory of the dining-room in the shabby lodging-house in his 'Père Goriot.' You might fancy him a broker or sworn appraiser, with a touch of such poetry as might be nourished in the slums ; yet the study of that inventory unconsciously gives us a clue to the character of the vulgar boarders. And here, in 'Balthazar Claes,' on the contrary, the magnificent connoisseur in art, the luxurious collector of costly *bric-a-brac*, comes to the front. In the art-treasure magazine of the old Flemish magnates, Balzac the virtuoso is in his element. Inspiring himself by a glance round the chastened splendours of his writing-room, absorbing the spirit of his sculptural *buffets* and pictured tapestries, we can conceive him giving his imagination *carte blanche* to create the *mises en scène* which are merely refinements on what he saw before his eyes. It is quite out of the question to quote, since any attempt at quotation in this *genre* must necessarily run to inordinate length. But as a specimen of his best work in the manner, we refer Balzac's readers to 'Balthazar Claes.'

'Eugénie Grandet' has also its pathetic and melancholy side. The life of the heroine's mother, like that of Madame Claes, is made a slow martyrdom by her husband ; and she only feels it the less, that her nature is less sensitive than that of the nobly-born Spanish lady. But Eugénie herself is more unfortunate than Madame Claes, inas-

much as she has never known what it was to be happy. Had that been all, she would have been the less to be pitied. But unhappily she has had something more than a glimpse of the possibilities which are never to be fulfilled for her, although she lives and languishes in weary expectation of them. She has stood entranced for a moment on the threshold of Paradise, and had breathed something of the intoxicating atmosphere of love. She has a healthy, vigorous nature, and ardent capabilities of affection; and she is heiress, moreover, to a superabundance of the riches which might have purchased her all manner of worldly enjoyments. But she is doomed to be denied even the gratifications which may fall to the lot of the poorest; nor is she long permitted to indulge those tender recollections that are so often the only consolation of the unhappy. It is a pretty episode, and full of promise to her, when her heart is awakened in her blooming girlhood by the sudden appearance of the fascinating cousin whom she has an opportunity of consoling under crushing bereavements. But the sweet is turned to bitterness before it has well been tasted; and at last, when her native warmth has been chilled in an atmosphere of petty intrigues and calculations, she sacrifices herself despairingly with her eyes open to a man of intense respectability whose character she reads and despises.

But the most marked feature in 'Eugénie Grandet' is its trenchantly satirical portraiture of the *vie de province*. Balzac has taken a hard-fisted old miser for his hero, and pretty nearly withered all kindly feeling in him; but we dare not charge him with exaggeration in his delineation of the *bonhomme* Grandet. Elwes and Dance, and other well-known English characters, have been guilty of more eccentric and insane

vagaries. The great effect of Grandet lies in this, that he is a biting satire on French provincial nature; for he merely carries out to a revolting excess the failing that is unfortunately too common. It is usually unfair to generalise as to national characteristics, since exceptions are often so frequent as almost to reverse the rules. But it is certain that in France, and especially in the French provinces, parsimony is pushed to the length of avarice. The nation is almost always in extremes. Money lightly come by is lightly lavished in the capital and large cities; but even there, a marvellous conversion is often operated in the spendthrift if he has stopped himself short of utter ruin: while in the small towns, the villages, and the country districts, exaggerated economy is ingrained in all classes of the people. They grow rich by saving rather than by making. They stint in what Englishmen of a corresponding class regard as the absolute necessities of existence. They make it their pride to add steadily to their *magot*, as their hearts bleed if compelled to encroach on it; and when they have made a small investment in the land or the funds, they accumulate the revenues to roll up the principal. So it is that the Government stocks are so extensively held by small investors, and that the soil in many districts is subdivided almost infinitesimally.

Now the griping Monsieur Grandet is made the incarnation of the sharper qualities of the shrewd provincial, magnified and distorted into vices. He had started in life as a cooper of Saumur; he had got on in his trade by indefatigable industry. His principles of action were simple. He never consciously missed a chance, or spent a *sou* when he could save it. All his life has been spent in getting the better of his neighbours, in ways that may have been legally

honest, though often they were the reverse of honourable. And it was significant of the identical sentiments of the society about him, that the very neighbours who suffered by his keen dealing—the neighbours whom he had wounded in their most sensitive points, by getting the better of them in hard-driven bargains—respected him the more, while they cursed and grumbled. We may call Grandet a financial genius *en petit*—for he was as diabolically shrewd in money matters as narrow-minded in other respects. When fortune offered him a chance, his narrow intellect seemed to be illuminated by an inspiration. Balzac has made excellent use of his own unfortunate speculations in detailing the more lucky ventures of Grandet. The retired cooper, who used to meditate over brilliant hits in the purchase of staves, turns his mind to every species of money-lending. He buys land cheap, owing to some taint in the titles that are practically unimpeachable; he makes close calculations as to the comparative cost of clearing it or leaving it covered with copsewood; he hits off bargains in the bullion which he keeps stored up in his repositories; or buys into the fluctuating funds on the promptings of his extraordinary prescience. In fact, he goes to work with the confidence of unvarying success, and was never known to experience a defeat, except on one memorable occasion—and then, defeated and humiliated as he was, he carried off all the profits of a victory. It was in a bargain with a quick-witted Jew, who stammered provokingly, and was strangely hard of hearing. Grandet, growing impatient, did his best to help the poor man, forgot his deliberate cunning of fence in placing ideas in his opponent's mouth, and found himself victimised accordingly. But thenceforth he adopted the weapons

of the Hebrew in all cases of delicate bargaining, and repeatedly reaped the material advantages of his habit of stuttering and his dulness of hearing. The idea is admirable as depicting the calculating hypocrisy that is so often to be found lurking under the apparent bluntness of the French countryman, who in any matter of business is to be regarded with extreme distrust.

The description of the interior of the miser's household is a mixture of pathos and dry drollery. We are amused, and in a manner interested, by his sordid habits, and by the paltry shifts of frugality, for which, like many more worthy people, he has always some false but plausible excuse. We have him counting out the lumps of sugar; laying a strict embargo on the fuel and the candles; borrowing back the crowns from his wife which he had just screwed up his courage to bestow on her. We see him surrounded by his little circle of parasites, leading members of the *bourgeoise* aristocracy of Saumur, who consent to sit like crows in the mist round his meagre board, and suffer themselves to be made cats'-paws to serve his purposes, since each hopes to be repaid in the end by the hand of Mad. Eugénie for one of their relatives. But even when we smile, we cannot forget the presence of these two unfortunate women with their blighted lives, the wretched victims of this tyrant's meanness. In the practised hands of Balzac, Grandet is made to point a terrible lesson. His, it is true, is an extreme instance; but he gives the measure and the value of that worldly success which many of us are blindly labouring for. He has succeeded in everything beyond the wildest dreams of his low ambitions; and his successful life has been one miserable failure. If he has been

ever conscious of anything but the meanest impulses, it is so long ago that he has altogether forgotten it. While heaping up the riches he has not the heart to touch, he has been adding to the weight of his cares and anxieties. He appreciates his wife, if he has long ceased to love her; and he kills her in spite of himself, by slow sufferings, for he knows that he will miss her when she is gone. He has some instinct of animal affection for his daughter, and he deliberately denies her all hope of happiness. It might be supposed that so sharp-witted a man must have his eyes opened at the last; and it might have seemed a temptation to Balzac's genius to paint the horrors of a terrible awakening on his deathbed. But no; the artist has condemned the miser to an appropriate and even a more miserable end. For the ruling passion has mastered him so absolutely that it does not relax its hold at the last; and Grandet leaves the world he has tricked and abused without one perception of his mistake—without one regret for his misdoing.

"When the *cure* of the parish came to administer the last rites of religion, his eyes, dead to all appearance for some hours past, revived at the sight of the cross, of the candlesticks, of the silver holy-water vessel, which he gazed at steadily; and his eyeglass moved for the last time. When the priest held the vermilion cross near his lips that he might kiss the Christ, he made a fearful motion, as if to lay hold of it; and this last effort cost him his life. He called Eugénie, whom he did not see, though she was kneeling before him, and bathing with her tears the hand that was cold already.

" 'Bless me, my father,' she asked of him.

" 'Take good care of everything. You will account to me for it all down there,' said he, proving by that dying word that Christianity ought to be the religion of misers."

It is difficult to come to disentangle one's self from among Balzac's characters, since they present themselves in so infinite a variety of illustration. Thus, by way of contrast to the *bourgeois* establishment of the Grandets, we are tempted by that striking group of the aristocratic society of Alençon, which we meet with in the 'Vieille Fille.' Mad. Cormon herself is admirable; as is the superannuated *roué* the Chevalier de Valois, with his unflinching finesse and unquenchable *verve*. We should have liked to have noticed many of the minor personages in the scenes of Parisian and provincial life, such as Papa Gobseck the usurer, and the "illustrious Gaudis-sant," the commercial traveller. But we feel that it is high time we had done; and before finishing, we must devote a page to that most fantastic tale, the 'Peau de Chagrin.' Artistically speaking, it is utterly spoiled as a novel by the introduction of the supernatural element; as well as by the digressions, the lengthened dissertations, and the desultory episodes, which are unusually crowded on each other, even for Balzac. But some of these episodes are characterised as much by their hardihood of touch as by their depth of observation: the author excels himself in his treatment of the physiology of vice and dissipation; and all the daring originality of his special genius breaks out in Raphaël, the central figure. The conception of the whole course of Raphaël's fortunes, with the fatal fulfilment of the wishes that isolates him irretrievably from his fellows—turning to agony all the joys he had coveted, dooming him inexorably to an existence of agonising self-restraint—is simply terrible. The whole story is fantastic in the extreme; yet even in it there is that form of realism which forces us half to believe. When Raphaël

enters the ignoble gaming-house in the Palais Royal to stake his last *louis*, despair has set its seal on his noble features, so as to provoke the pity of even the hardened *habitués*. With a craving for all the pleasures that life has to offer, with a passion to which his poverty is a fatal bar, for years he has kept body and soul together on means that seem fabulously insufficient. His solitary *louis* lost, he has made up his mind for suicide, and resolves to spend his last moments in wandering over a magazine of priceless curiosities. It is there that in his recklessness, in spite of warning, he accepts the deadly gift of the *peau de chagrin*, whose possession assures him the gratification of his wishes. Only it shrinks with the expression of each desire, and when it has shrunk to nothing, his term is to expire. When he exerts his terrible power, the result is the more tantalising that his wishes realise themselves in a way so natural, that it appears he might have been made happy without the skin. Thus, when he asks a fortune, it comes to him by the death of a distant relative. And the casual expression of the most trivial and indispensable want—ordering a dinner, calling for a car-

riage or an article of clothing—reduces the mysterious skin as inevitably as the wildest ambition would do. So the miserable man, grappling himself to the world he had once been so ready to leave, attempts to prolong his baleful existence by keeping a *major-domo* near his person, whose duty it is to anticipate his every need ; but all is in vain. Mind and body are wasting in slow agonies ; and the closing scene is precipitated when, dazzled by the charms of the woman he adores, he loses the control of his thoughts, and summons her to him with a cry that is suicidal.

The whole tone of the story is sombre in the extreme : many of the scenes are sinister in their lurid colouring ; there is not one of them which does not leave a painful impression behind it ; and there is neither relief nor repose from the strain on the feelings. But if you desire to know Balzac thoroughly, this '*Peau de Chagrin*' is a book you are bound to read ; nor could we have ended our article with a more striking illustration of the remarks we made in the beginning on the colour of his mind and his genius.

PAULINE.—PART II.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER V.—“WOULD COMPLIMENTS SUFFICE?”

FOR the five following days, rainy mist, and misty rain, shrouded both sea and land.

The offer of a sail in the *Juanita* had been made and accepted; for Lady Calverley, pleased with Blundell's address, and satisfied with her nephew's assurance that his friend was one of the best fellows in the world, saw no objection. But the dawn, when it broke, invariably showed the same disconsolate prospect, and the expedition had to be postponed.

He must come up to the castle instead; and Tom's "You'll look us up in the morning, at all events," was the understood conclusion to every meeting.

"Could anything be more tiresome?" moaned Elsie, when on the fifth day the heavens still gloomed as heavily as ever. "He will go away soon. We shall never have our day—our delightful day: we shall look back to this time all our lives, and say, like the emperor of old, we have 'lost a day.'"

"And it is so calm, too," murmured, in gentler accents, Pauline.

"Quite perfect," added her brother; "just the right kind of day for a sail. Not a breath stirring anywhere. We should be lying opposite the Point from morning till night, drinking champagne and talking metaphysics, eh, Polly?"

"I suppose there is hardly enough wind—I had forgotten that."

"Enough? Do you imagine Blundell and I would stagnate on shore all this time, if there had been enough to puff out a nautilus-shell? He is regularly stuck here, that is why he is so thankful to come up

day after day. He'll be off with the first breeze that suits."

"It will be very mean of him if he is," said Elsie. "After saying so much about our going. We may never have such a chance again."

"You can't expect him to stay for that. He is on his way to the Lewes, and only put in here for the Sunday. He is as strict as a parson about that, you know—a precious deal stricter than many a parson would be, too. It is of no use Aunt Ella's asking him to dinner on Sunday, by the way; he would have to do penance half the night after it."

"Is he a Roman Catholic?" cried Elsie, opening her eyes.

"Something very like one," reflected Pauline: "I did not think of that before. Such a religion would naturally commend itself to his mind, if it is as Tom says. How stupid of me not to find that out! He has given me every opportunity."

Tom had not answered, being intent on a curve in the shepherd's crook he was whittling out of a hazel rod.

"Tom, why did you not tell us before?"

"Tell you what?" holding the stick at arm's-length before him.

"That he was a Roman Catholic."

"That who was? What are you talking about?"

"Mr Blundell."

"Blundell!" said Tom, putting down the crook, and looking at her; "what on earth do you mean?"

It had all been a mistake; Blundell was as sound a Protestant as any one among them—he had only used the word penance in jest.

"Though I daresay he would like to say masses for Guy's soul," continued Tom. "He has never been heard to mention his name since the day he died; and you see he has broken with Chaworth and the whole lot of them. He is quite a reformed character, Polly. Take my blessing."

Elsie glanced at her cousin; but it was impossible to discern whether she heard or not.

"I wish he would take me off with him," began Tom, after a pause, during which he had been whittling most industriously. "How jolly it would be!"

Silence.

"That is to say," he relented, "for a week or so. Of course I should come back here again. Why do you look so grave, Elsie?"

"It would be such a disappointment."

"Would it? Would it really, Elsie?"

"So few yachts ever come here; and the ones that do, never belong to people we know. Once Mr M'Phail offered to take us in his; but mamma said he was a shopman, and would not let us go. I did not care what he was; I would have gone, and so would Pauline. And now when mamma is quite pleased and willing—she is going herself if her cold is no worse—it is rather hard."

"I am sorry for you," said Tom, seeking to hide his chagrin under the guise of pleasantry. "Perhaps, however, it is as well that you are not particular as to your company—a shopman or a scamp—you will be all the more easily pleased."

"Tom! What do you mean?"

"Pauline knows. She does not mind, you see, so why should you? She, like a wise woman, is content to 'take the gifts the gods provide' her, and ask no questions."

Elsie looked from one to the

other, scanning the two faces, between which there was so strong an outward likeness, so little real resemblance.

There was the same rich russet-brown hair, deep-set eyes, delicately cut nose and chin, and warm colour in the cheek—but here it ended. It penetrated no deeper. It was lost in the expression of the eye and lip—lost in every word and thought.

They might have been taken as two distinct types of the race from which they sprang.

Pauline was a Huguenot of the past century, Tom a Frenchman of to-day.

Earnestness, sobriety, and elevation of purpose distinguished the sister; instability and careless ease characterised the brother. It was impossible that there should be sympathy between them; but there was a perfectly good understanding. Tom was fond of his sister, and proud of her, even while ridiculing her scruples, and disregarding such gentle admonitions as she occasionally sought to administer. He was fonder still of Elsie. An unkind word from *her* cut him to the heart. Her presence made him a man.

The three were assembled in the comfortable old-fashioned library, where, when alone, they usually spent their mornings.

The visitor who had daily joined them of late had not yet appeared; and so agreeable had been his society, so thoroughly had he contrived in that short time to become one of themselves, that they were at a loss what to do without him.

Some time had passed without Pauline's taking part in the conversation.

She was musing with troubled eye and flushed cheek, until roused from her reverie by the sound of her own name.

Elsie was regarding her and Tom alternately, and Tom's "She is con-

tent to take the gifts the gods provide her," fell with meaning on her ear. Her eye flashed, and the colour started to her cheek.

"I took a brother's word," she said.

He had gone too far. One way or other he must eat his words; but what to Pauline would have been mortification unspeakable, was a light thing to Tom.

"I thought I should draw her," he said, gaily. "He is right enough, Elsie—I only said it to tease Pauline."

"You said it to tease *me*."

"You? no. What did it matter to you? He is Pauline's friend, not yours. Think of a saint like Pauline taking up with a sinner like Blundell!"

"When will you give up that foolish habit of saying a thing and contradicting it the next moment?" cried his cousin. "Soon it will come to this, that no one will believe a single word you say. You knew you were talking nonsense to Mr Blundell about Punch yesterday: there is nothing of the Wiloughby pug about him; and he was given to me because his tail was too long, and his muzzle too pink."

"Punch may thank me for giving him a pedigree, then," replied he. "If it had been the other way, I could understand your indignation, but I was doing the very best I could for the old fellow."

"That was it! You wanted to make him out to be something fine, knowing all the time he is not."

"And pray, what greater proof of friendship would you ask for?"

He was incorrigible; Elsie betook herself to generals.

"I do hope you will be more careful before Uncle Macleay."

"Who, pray, is Uncle Macleay?"

"He is my uncle—double-distilled essence of uncle; there, make

what you can of that. Come, read me my riddle, I beg you to say, how is he my uncle, this Uncle Macleay?"

"Poetry, Elsie! and you a Presbyterian! Eh, lass, d'ye no ken that pawetry and profawnity gang han' in han'?"

"If you think you can talk Scotch, Tom, you can't. It is the one thing you can not do. I advise you to leave off attempting it."

"Uncle Macleay speaks it more correctly, no doubt."

"I daresay he does. All verry old people do——"

"Oh, that's glorious! I shan't give up hope then; in time I too may become a proficient."

"You are so stupid. Uncle Macleay is a dear, good, kind old man, whom everybody likes; mamma will be very much vexed if you are rude to him."

"When did you ever know me rude to anybody? I have not the slightest intention of maltreating the aged relative; on the contrary, I have no doubt we shall become the best of friends. But," affecting alarm, "he won't expect me to converse in Gaelic, will he? It would be cruel—barbarous; I have not time to prepare—I have not even a dictionary. Help, Pauline! help! It is a trap, a snare, a device of the enemy; let us save ourselves by flight before the attack begins."

Pauline raised her head, and beheld foolish Elsie wincing under this profound satire.

"You are mistaken, Tom," said his sister, quietly. "You are preparing a surprise for yourself when you see Dr Macleay."

"How?"

"He is one of the finest gentlemen I ever met in my life."

Here was a statement! Here was an occasion for Tom's face to lengthen, widen, open, and spread

itself out in every direction that could indicate extreme amazement.

Amazement, not incredulity—Pauline must ever inspire belief—but it was speechless, unwilling amazement.

Even Elsie looked appalled by the strength of her ally, and doubtful for a moment of the ultimate value of such assistance. She could not have said so much. Affectionately indignant as she had been on her great-uncle's behalf, in her heart she had been framing apologies for him; she had been conscious, under the brilliant scintillations of Tom's wit, of a secret desire that he had timed his visit otherwise.

Pauline's *coup* at once placed him on a higher level; and if Pauline would but stand to it, if Dr Macleay would but justify her eulogium, his niece's triumph would be complete.

Quick as thought she followed the lead. "I am only afraid of what *he* may think of *you*," said she.

"Very true," said Pauline.

But, unfortunately, she smiled. Tom laughed, then roared, and was himself again.

"We are very ill behaved," all at once cried his sister, jumping up and kissing her cousin merrily. "We are dreadfully in need of some one to come and keep us all in order."

"And here he comes!" said Tom, significantly. "Here he comes!"

"Oh, here he comes!" echoed Elsie. "Here he comes, Pauline!"

Pauline could not imagine what they meant. How should Mr Blundell keep them in order? What could make Tom so absurd? Mr Blundell was no very good example for any of them. Idling away his time, as if he had nothing in the world to do but amuse himself. Tom would never settle to anything till he went; and Tom

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had promised so faithfully to read, during this term.

Which of the schools was he going in for?

The conversation was quite edifying to listen to, when Mr Blundell came in, to take his part, and be appealed to, and have his opinion discussed.

Then came the walk, and Tom's whisper to Elsie to let Blundell and his "Lorelei" go first.

"Aunt Ella said we were to be sure to let her know if he came, you know, Elsie, to be proper, and that; so, as we haven't done that, we can send them on in front, and you and I can mount guard behind."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all. I know that was what she meant. She told me to be *sure* to let her know. I said, 'All right,' and bolted. Now this is how I make it 'all right,' you see."

"She won't be pleased, Tom."

"I can't go back for her now."

"Let us go on with them, then."

"Go on with them! What should we do that for? They don't want us, and we don't want them. We have far better fun by ourselves. Now I'll tell you all about what I am reading for. It's all bosh what Pauline says, you know, about my not passing; I mean to go at it, when I go back, I can tell you. Now, are you attending?"

When they came back from the walk Dr Macleay had arrived, and was in the drawing-room.

He was a man of remarkable appearance. In person tall and spare, his features, naturally striking, were rendered still more so from being shaded by a profusion of snow-white hair, which also softened the effect of a skin somewhat roughened and weather-beaten by constant exposure.

His smile was good-humoured;

his whole aspect mild and benignant; but it was like the gentleness of the great ocean as it sighs itself to sleep after the tumult of many storms,—like the quiet of the forest when there are no leaves left in it to rustle.

He was a widower, and childless.

For many years past he had led a useful and unostentatious life in one of the Hebridean islands, holding an authority absolute among his own people, and undisputed, if not definite, over other parishes. He was now engaged to stay at Gourloch for three or four days, but longer than that they hardly hoped to detain him.

"You remember my niece Pauline?" said Lady Calverley; "and this tall boy? No? He is her brother. And — our friend, Mr Blundell."

"And — our dog, Mr Punch," subjoined Elsie. "Mr Punch, shake hands. You needn't bow, in case it should turn into bow-wow. See how good he is! He always knows exactly how to behave himself, and he always barks at the right people."

"Witness my reception," said Blundell. "He suspected me for two whole days,—did not give me the benefit of the doubt, which every man has a right to. One ought to be looked upon as an honest man till proved a rogue, Punch."

"A dog's code is the reverse. You have to produce credentials of honesty before he will believe you are not a rogue. And I am not sure," continued Dr Macleay, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "that he has not common-sense on his side."

"Those collies at church on Sunday, every one of them suspected me," said Pauline; "and they must have had their worst fears realised. Dr Macleay, do

you think dogs ought to go to church?"

"Certainly not, Miss La Sarte. I command my old Trim to stay at home every Sunday, but——"

"He does not obey?"

He laughed and shook his head.

"Does he follow you into the pulpit?" asked Pauline.

"Not exactly; he waits at the bottom of the stairs. I pretend not to see him till we are at home again."

"And what would he do, if some one were to rise and leave the church?"

"I cannot say; he has given me no precedent to judge by. Were any of you unwell on Sunday?"

Pauline, with spirit, related her adventure; but as she proceeded, her principal auditor became grave.

"I very much doubt that crossing," he said. "The people about here may know when to take it, and probably have landmarks to guide them across; but, Miss La Sarte, it is not fit for you. What would you have done if Mr Blundell had not been there? The tide might have been back upon you before you had got half-way! Take my advice and don't try unknown crossings again; you may not always find a deliverer so handy."

She laughed and promised. She would not be tempted in future; but she could not wish to undo the past.

Did he, her so-called deliverer, share the feeling? Apparently he did. His eye boldly sought hers, as he interposed—"You do not grudge me my good fortune, sir?"

"Very much indeed," replied the Doctor, with alacrity. "You are most unreasonable to suppose I could help grudging it. A man who goes about staring into pools of water ought not to expect to see any image reflected in them but his own. Especially——"

A significant movement of the head interpreted the meaning of the unfinished sentence.

"Nobody pays you and me any compliments, Punch," said a low voice, talking softly to itself. "Never mind, Punch dear, we don't want their nasty compliments."

"Wise little woman!" said her uncle.

"Silly child!" said her mother.

Everybody said something—good, bad, or indifferent; and, in the hubbub, some one who had stooped down to pick up the dog's collar, whispered a few words which reached no ear but that for which it was intended, "How could you say that? Would *compliments* suffice?"

CHAPTER VI.—OFF TO OBAN.

It would not be easy to describe the state of Blundell's mind at this time.

He was unhappy, aimless, and idle.

His nerves had received a severe shock from the terrible scene of which he had been a witness, and his consequent solitary wanderings had not tended to restore their tone.

Having broken away from all his former associates, he had no resources but in himself; and the life he had elected to lead for the remainder of his days had, in six short months, palled upon him.

The impression he had received was still too powerful not to keep its grasp upon his conscience; but he was restive under it, wretched and miserable.

At this point he meets Pauline.

Here is a woman, so good, so pure, so true, that she would seem to have been placed in his path, to lead him forward on the way to heaven.

Here is a beautiful, rational, lovable creature, all that fancy could suggest, all that reason could require.

Now then, why may he not go in and win?

She is free, that is certain.

An affected misapprehension, an elaborate apology, and three words from Tom, have set that point at rest.

What holds him back?

The prospect is bright, serene, perfect in all its details, and—it cannot allure him.

It is Elsie's doing.

Ah! that little chit! What business has she to interfere with his happiness? What business has that saucy smile to come between him and those grave, starlike eyes?

She is but a plaything, a child. A good child enough, but still a child. Nothing in her—nothing.

He amuses himself now and then with the little puss? Of course he does. Why should he not? He likes children. They are great fun. He likes to tease and trick them, and cause them to cry and pout, and then kiss and be friends again.

Miss Elsie is rather too old for the kissing, but that only makes it the more piquant.

He laughs to think how she would have behaved supposing her to have been the fair adventuress on the rocks! He fancies how he could have terrified her by tales of quicksands and swiftly approaching tides! How he would have rallied her on her forlorn appearance! on her charming spirit of enterprise! What sly allusions he would have made to it afterwards, and how cross she would have been with him—for the moment!

With this he falls to considering

what the real heroine of the act looked like ; how she spoke, how she clung to his arm, how haughtily she held him at a distance one minute, and how helplessly she appealed to him the next !

He had never seen anything more charming than the reserve giving way to eagerness, girlish and natural, when he proffered a rescue.

What a fool he had been to think of her as married ! He might have known—might have seen—might have guessed — could not imagine how he could ever have supposed such a thing ! Pshaw ! She was as unsophisticated a creature as possible, and he had called her a woman of the world !

The pendulum oscillates towards the Pauline point.

The more he thinks of her the more he sighs for her.

His soul loathes the memory of his wasted youth ; he shrinks from it—turns from it.

"Pauline, Pauline, I want to love you. I want you to love me. You were sent to me. You ought to be mine. You would help me—would teach me—make me good as you are. And I *can't* ! I *can't* !"

His head falls down upon his hands, he breaks out into sobs and tears.

After the rain came wind.

What had before been a dull, slate-coloured, unbroken surface of water, was speedily changed into a raging sea, of varied hues and unceasing motion.

Friday night saw the change ; and the boat which brought Blundell ashore on Saturday morning rocked so violently, even in the sheltered part of the bay where he landed, that the utmost caution was needed to prevent its bumping on the rocks.

"This is a new experience," said he, cheerfully. "We are going the

round of bad weather in all its shapes. It is something not to fear being ice-bound—not that I should care, but the Juanita would. I am off to Oban to-night."

The effect of this announcement was electrical.

Lady Calverley uttered a soft ejaculation of "To-night !" and by an irresistible impulse glanced at her niece.

Pauline stirred not, raised not her eyes, but her countenance betrayed, by a curious, almost imperceptible *something*, that she had heard.

Tom's mouth, from force of school-boy habit, puckered for the whistle which his maturer judgment refused to sanction. But Elsie alone, with dilated, sorrowful eyes, deprecated the cruelty of the sentence.

"And we have never had our sail," said she.

"You would not come to-day ?"

"Why not ? There is enough wind, is there not ?" with eager gaze fixed upon him.

"Enough ? Oh, quite—a feast !"

"But you are going yourself ?"

"Not I. We should be tacking from morning till night. I shall walk to the ferry."

"And the Juanita will meet you ?" said Tom.

Blundell was looking at Elsie—Elsie who was hanging upon his words as if her very being depended on them.

Could he disappoint her in such a trifling matter ? Would it not seem unkind, rude, a poor return for all the kindness he had met with ? The whole party looked disconcerted by his leave-taking.

Thus in a few seconds of time all was changed.

"The Juanita will remain where she is. Miss Calverley, we may have better weather when I come back."

"You are coming back ?" she cried, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. I hope to turn up again in a few days, like the penny of evil repute."

"Oh," rejoined Elsie, pacified, "then you will come in for our harvest-home."

"You are not going to have a harvest-home yet? The corn is not down."

"We are obliged to have ours beforehand, as we dance in the big barn, and it will be more than half full afterwards. Will you come?"

"Am I to come, Lady Calverley?"

"It will be very good-natured if you do. We are much in need of support. And you will allow your sailors to come likewise, I hope? They would be quite acquisitions."

He wished she had not asked them—wished, almost wished at least, that she had not asked him—wished from his heart there had been nothing to ask either him or them to. Whenever he desired to break away, he seemed to be hemmed in afresh. An excuse he might have made certainly: his brother had only been dead six months, and during these he had gone nowhere, he had joined in no festivities.

But such an apology never once occurred to him, so strong in his mind was the feeling of aversion on other grounds.

Why had this nuisance turned up just now to add to his complications? What had a good woman like Lady Calverley to do with rioting and vulgar revelry? What would his men think, on whom he enforced abstinence with such an iron hand?

With a bland and grateful smile, "Thank you," he replied—"only too happy!"

"You will bring the old place down about your ears, Mary," commented her uncle, who had entered and silently greeted the visitor whilst the arrangement was being made.

"My dear uncle, we have our harvest-home every year, and have never had an accident yet."

"Half a hundred roaring, stamping, thumping ne'er-do-weels, every man-jack of them bent on digging his heels through the floor if he can——"

"And no one enjoying the fun more than Uncle Macleay," cried his saucy grand-niece. "And he has got to make a speech afterwards, which we have not. So *Viva!* How we will dance instead!"

"You dance?" said Blundell, with an air of surprise.

"To be sure we do, and you must dance too. Tom's dancing is the admiration of everybody."

This was enough—Blundell would not now have absented himself on any account.

"Well, I *hope* I shall be back in time," said he; "I will do my best. If I do not appear, you will know it is no fault of mine. Can I do anything for anybody in Oban?"

Nobody wanted anything done, and he rose to go; having announced his intentions, he could not now draw back.

"But Elsie has got your stick!" cried Tom. "Elsie, you must give it up. You try mine, and you will find it is just as light; or if you don't, I can cut you another, to-day."

"Which won't be ready for a week. I will fetch it," to Blundell. "But you must let me have it when you come back. I can't walk about without one, now."

When she came down again, he was waiting for her in the hall.

"There, take it!" said she; "you will need it to help you across the 'Englishman's Sorrow.'"

"What may that mean, Miss Calverley?"

"Nothing," colouring under the gravity of his reply. "Only a name

given to part of the Mohr Ben particularly difficult to climb. You will be glad of your stick then."

"I should be glad of a straightforward answer now."

She was struck mute.

"You meant that I should be glad of something to comfort me when I am away from you."

He had intended to put her in a passion, and had succeeded.

"How—how can you? What——" cried she, trembling all over. The door opened.

"Hush! never mind! It was all a joke; only a joke, mind. Don't be cross with me. (Louder.) By the way, this Highland ball, am I to have the honour of opening it with you?"

She could not speak.

"Oh, you are not gone?" said Tom, in the doorway. "My aunt wants to know if you won't have luncheon, or wine, or something?"

"It could be on the table in five minutes," said the lady's voice behind.

"No, indeed, thanks. I shall get something at the ferry."

"Well?" to Elsie.

She turned away. "You can't dance a reel."

"I can't dance anything, but I think I can dig my heels into the floor as hard as even Dr Macleay could desire. Will you be my partner?"

So he wrung from her a sullen consent ere he went.

"He can't dance, indeed!" cried Tom, not over well pleased with what he had heard. "That's rather good, I think. When there was not a wake, nor a fair, nor a lark of any kind going, within twenty miles of Blundellsaye, but he and Guy were in the thick of it!"

"He would not learn much dancing in that way."

"If he had not dancing he had *drinking*."

"Does he drink?" said his cousin, in a low voice.

"Drink? no. You can't watch him very closely, or you would see that for yourself. He won't even allow his poor fellows their glass of grog; and looks such daggers at the decanters here, that it is positively uncivil. I can't get my mouthful of port after dinner, for him. No, he doesn't drink, *now*."

"Was he very bad, Tom?"

There was an air of good faith about Tom, which compelled a certain amount of credence, even from the most sceptical of listeners.

"Bad as bad could be. The hardest drinker in the county," impressively. The slightest opposition, and he would have substituted "in England," but Elsie was subdued, and he had only to proceed. "They were both getting quite bloated and bottle-nosed. Then Guy dropped off, and Ralph pulled up. Just in time, I can tell you."

"He does not look as if——"

"Oh yes, he does. A man could tell it in a moment. Depend upon it," knowingly, "Uncle Macleay sees it as well as I do."

Apparently Dr Macleay did, for shortly afterwards he took the opportunity of questioning young La Sarte more closely about his friend than any of the rest of the party had thought of doing.

Tom was in his glory. "I knew him when I was at Stow. His place, Blundellsaye, is not far from there. He was in the Life Guards," feeling as if each statement clinched his man's respectability more satisfactorily than did the one before it.

"Indeed! you knew him very well?" rejoined the old gentleman, carelessly.

"Oh, by Jove, yes! All our fellows knew him. We were often over there. The most splendid place," proceeded Tom, launching out—"quite a palace, gardens,

grounds, everything. And shooting—no end of shooting, best shooting in the county. Have you ever been in Berkshire?"

"Not lately. Not for several years."

"Perhaps you have seen his place?"

"Perhaps I have, but there are a great many fine places down there."

"Yes, of course," rather taken aback. "Of course, the first county in England for good houses."

"Do you think so? I am not sure that I agree with you. But it must have been a great thing for you to have had a good friend, near at hand, in your school-days."

"Well," said Tom, with a little laugh, "I don't know that he was a particularly good friend. They were a little bit wild, you know, he and his brother; but we don't say anything about that here."

"A married man?"

"Oh dear no—never was a less married man, I should say."

"He seems to be very much at home with you all?"

"Quite a tame cat about the house. They all like him, you see; my aunt is quite taken with him."

"Your aunt!" thought the Doctor. "I wish your sister may not be taken with him too. He is doing his best to make her, and this rattle-pate sees nothing."

"Rather got the better of the old boy," reflected Tom. "Put him off the scent completely. Scored, and no mistake!"

Dull and spiritless was the party assembled in the drawing-room after dinner that evening.

Dr Macleay, indeed, did his best towards reanimating the little circle which had lately been so full of life and gaiety, but nobody seconded his efforts. Dry as dust sounded in their ears the topics of the day—bald and flat the chit-chat of

cheerful garrulity. Tom was uneasily watching his cousin, who was restless, flighty, and out of humour; his aunt was oppressed by a nervous headache, and the howling of the storm, which had increased towards night; and Pauline seemed chiefly anxious to be left to the indulgence of her own thoughts.

No one asked for music, no one cared for tea, no one seemed willing to do anything the others wanted. Of the three young ones, it may be said that each one of them was in a more unreasonable, contradictory, pick-a-quarrel mind than the other.

"Elsie, let us have a game at backgammon?"

"Oh no."

"Chess, then?"

"I hate chess!"

"Béziq?"

"Mamma does not like the sight of cards."

"Cards? It is the most innocent game in the world! Who ever heard of gambling at béziq? And I suppose that is what she objects to?"

"There is not a pack in the house, at any rate."

Tom raised the question, "What shall we have?"

"Nothing."

"You are in a nice mind to-night," said he, eyeing her. "May I ask if I have done anything to offend you?"

Poor soul! no. That power was not in his hands. If he could but have offended her, there might have been hope for him.

"No, Tom," said she, wearily, "how should you?"

"It is all very well for Pauline,—she never favours us with much conversation; the only difference is that to-night we are to be deprived of any—but you, this is not your way at all. Some people might even insinuate that a certain small personage in days gone

by was called a chatterbox — eh, Elsie?"

"Oh, I can chatter, if you like! There is so much to chatter about, is there not? Plenty of fun and news, and everything is so lively and entertaining, ourselves in particular."

"So that's it, is it?" said he, slowly. "You are dull. I am sorry; I might have guessed that before. It is stupid work for you to be left with only us and Dr Macleay to amuse you——"

"To be left!" said Elsie, rather

pale. "What are you talking about?"

His bolt had struck. He could only answer gloomily, "You know best," and silence fell between them.

"Tom, I beg your pardon; I was very disagreeable. Please, Tom, forgive me."

He nodded, with a watery smile in his eyes that touched her heart.

"Tom, I will play any game with you that you like."

"Elsie, I had rather you did not play with me at all."

CHAPTER VII.—A TALK IN THE TURRET-CHAMBER.

"Wer? Ich? Ich, eines mannes Bild,
In meinem reinen Busen tragen?
Dies Herz, von Himmelsglanz erfüllt,
Darf einer ird'schen Liebe schlagen?"

—*Jungfrau von Orleans.*

Next morning found them all in better minds, as became the day. The elements likewise had exhausted their angry feelings. All was bright and peaceful.

Dr Macleay conducted divine service in a small church within a mile of the castle, the relieving a sick brother of his Sabbath duties being the primary object of his visit there. He had been unable to come the week before, and hence Pauline's walk and its consequences.

"Paulie, do you not think it was a little, a very little too long?"

"No, Elsie, I was surprised when it was over."

"So was I, for I thought it would never be over. But I should not say so to any one but you."

She was nestling her head down in her cousin's lap, over which the golden hair, unbound, fell like a veil. The two had retired to the turret-chamber, had settled themselves within the little recess, and, I grieve to add, had bolted the door against poor Tom, who was hovering somewhere in the vicinity.

"It was a beautiful sermon," said Pauline.

"Yes, I daresay. Mamma is always in such spirits when Uncle Macleay is going to preach. I had not a word against the sermon, Paulie; only I thought it might have been said in a little less time. You have not such long sermons in England?"

"Our service is longer, much longer. On the whole, they come to the same in the end."

"To tell you the truth, it was Tom I felt for. He kept changing his arm about, and fidgeting with his rose, and it put me out so, that I grew as bad as he. Then I did wish Uncle Macleay would have left out the words 'fourthly' and 'fifthly;' it would not have called one's attention to its being such a length if he had said all he had to say, without marking the intervals so emphatically."

Pauline laughed.

"Paulie, I always think you are so good about our church."

"Don't you know that I am a Calvinist by descent?"

"And I am a Lutheran by inclination. Your churches, or better still, your cathedrals, I do delight

in them! I would never go to a Presbyterian church again if I could get to one of these. Does this one of ours not strike you as horrible when you first come? Does it not, Paulie?"

"The music is rude, certainly," replied her cousin; "and the building—well, the less said about it the better. But the people and the preacher—— Elsie, do you ever think what a noble life your uncle leads? When he was talking last night, telling us those strange wild tales of what he has actually himself gone through, has known, and seen with his own eyes, he seems to me to turn into one of the heroes of the first Church, 'full of faith, and power, and the Holy Ghost,' going from place to place teaching and preaching, in spite of every kind of danger and hardship. How lightly the things of this world seem to sit upon him! He is not ignorant; he knows and is interested in all that is going on, far more than any of us are—but he chooses not to mix in it. And such abilities, such energies, as he expends upon these simple people! I never heard the Word of God explained with greater *care*, greater *pains* than we had it to-day. The language was so well chosen——"

"Paulie, you are quite enthusiastic."

"Yes, I am; I felt *stirred*. It did one good to be there."

"I am glad he came when you were with us."

"And the people, how attentive they were! And what long distances they had come!" continued Pauline—the romantic, as well as the devotional side of whose character had been touched. "Did you notice how they sat almost motionless from first to last, as if they would not lose a word if they could help it? I could not keep from thinking of the 'two or three' gathered together, for, after all, we were so

few; but I do believe, Elsie, He was in the midst of us."

"Then only Tom and I were naughty," said Elsie, ruefully. "I saw how you were listening; and when he stopped, if your eyes had not been so firmly fixed upon him, I should have thought you had been asleep, you started up so."

"Asleep, dear?"

"I know you were not, of course. You sat like a statue from beginning to end. You are a very good Pauline."

"Elsie!" Pauline was actually blushing. "I am ashamed to tell you, but—but—I was not attending at that moment. I don't know how it was, but just then my thoughts had wandered, and the end did take me by surprise. I was thinking—for I ought to tell you the truth—whether the sea-air would take the colour out of my lilac hat if I were to wear it when we go in the yacht!"

"Then you are the best Pauline that ever was, to come and confess it! And I love you twenty hundred thousand times better for that, than if you could repeat the sermon word for word from beginning to end."

"I don't know how it was," pleaded Pauline.

"Never mind how it was; you looked so good, so perfect, sitting there, in that pretty white lily bonnet; and then to think—— But, Paulie, I don't mind telling you now,—I did not listen *at all*! I hardly heard a single word, I was so restless; and I could not help thinking of other things all the time. Indeed, I do usually attend to Uncle Macleay, and never found his sermons long before."

"You were thinking?" said her cousin, slowly.

"Yes, about all sorts of things. Paulie, how strange this last week has been! We seem to have been living quite in a world of our own,

don't we? Isn't it odd, when one comes to remember that it was only this day week you first met Mr Blundell?"

"Elsie, I want to say a word to you—about Mr Blundell."

"What about him?" a quick movement, a sudden alertness of reply.

"You see we have only Tom's word to depend upon for all we know of him. And you know what Tom's word is. I daresay he may be quite correct on some points—indeed Mr Blundell has let us know that of his own accord; but Tom contradicts himself so, as to others, that it is impossible to trust him."

"I should think it was."

"Dr Macleay let drop a hint of this kind to-day. Not in the least as if it concerned any of us; he only suggested in a general way that young men were not the best judges of each other, and let me see whom he was thinking about. I could hardly tell how it was done, but somehow it startled me to find how completely we are in the dark as to what he *is*, though we may know what he *has*. So I thought I would just remind you, Elsie."

"But why me?"

"I was afraid that perhaps you might have been—thinking—about him, dear."

"Who? I? I think!" exclaimed Elsie, in unfeigned astonishment. "What can you mean, Pauline? It is *you*, not *I*—"

"Elsie!"

"This is all very fine. You, who are so wise, and so busy with your nice little motherly admonition—take care of yourself, Madam Pauline. No, you need not turn your great eyes on me with that pathetic look—don't you think that I have eyes as well as other people? Yes, mamma, is it you?" in answer to a tap at the door.

"I am come indoors, dear."

"Yes, mamma, I'll follow in a

moment. Where is my Bible?" said Elsie, looking about her. "So," kissing her cousin, "farewell for the present; and, Pauline," in her ear, "there is an old song that runs—

'Look well to thyself, and take care of thyself,

For there's nobody cares for thee.'

For '*nobody*' read '*somebody*,' my dear."

Tuesday dawned, Tuesday broke into a gracious, glorious summer noon-tide, Tuesday drew towards night.

In the little room, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Pauline is braiding her brown hair; in the vast untidy wilderness below, Elsie stealthily crimps her golden locks. Tom, in the white attic above them all, resolves with infinite satisfaction on the absolute necessity of a second shave. He sings as he is dressing: his heart is light, for his cousin has been more than usually gentle with him all day. Not a word has passed among the three as to any expected arrival.

They have all assisted at the decorations, visited the barn, and inspected the supper-table.

Now they have retired to make their toilets, for the lanterns are being lit, and it is long since the first guests made their appearance.

"They're come!" Old Davie was nodding his head in at the drawing-room door, his breath short with excitement. "They're come! The men are come!"

"Which men, Davie?"

"The men—the men from the yacht." (He pronounced the word exactly as it is written.) "Will I put them in the barn with the rest, or take them in my room?"

"Which shall he do? Pauline, say." Lady Calverley was apt to depend upon her niece.

"Is it not time for all of us to go? That would make it right either way," suggested Pauline.

"Eh! which does her leddyship say?" cried the old man, who was deaf, and troubled with many cares. "They are waiting down by a' this time."

"Ask them to go in," replied his mistress, with dignity. "We are coming now ourselves, Davie."

"Ye mun wait till the folks are in. The carpet's no doun yet. Eh, my leddy, ye *mun* wait," for she was advancing. "There's a carpet for the hail length o' the road, an' whae's it for but yersel, an' the Doctor?"

"We did not need a carpet, surely. It is quite dry to-night."

"Ye mun hae your carpet," resolutely rejoined Davie. "It's no consistent that ye should be walkin' wi'oot a carpet this time o' the night."

"So much trouble," murmured she, giving way, however.

"Let them tak the trouble. Oo, ye may lauch," muttered the old man, offended at the merriment he saw on every side; "but when there's naebody but me, and a' the folks to see to, an' this an' that, it's weel there's some—ay, ay——" mumbling all the way he went, as he trotted down the passage.

"*Noblesse oblige*, Aunt Ella," said Tom, gaily.

"And he has not been long, at any rate," added the Doctor, as Davie, returning, flung open the door with an air of ignoring the previous contention, and announced magnificently, "The people are waitin' your pleasure, my leddy."

Forth they sallied: Lady Calverley in her comfortable black velvet, with an eye to the draughts, and the airy nature of the ball-room; Pauline and Elsie in their white frocks and woollen wrappers; Dr Macleay and young La Sarte in their chilly, cold-giving, evening suits, which they had not been allowed to evade even for once.

"Be as you always are; it is

best," Tom's aunt had replied in answer to his piteous appeal; and the Doctor, with his usual good-humoured "Well, well," had given in at once. Tom must perforce give in likewise.

"Now, Elsie!" He claimed the right to stand up with his cousin.

"You know I promised to dance the first with Mr Blundell."

"Blundell!" as if it were quite a new idea. "He is not coming, depend upon it. He never meant to come; it was all smoke about his being back in time. Twenty to one he sends for the Juanita to Oban. Come."

She hesitated.

"You need not wait for *him*!" cried Tom, contemptuously; "you must begin, the people are all looking at us. If he comes, there is Pauline."

She suffered herself to be persuaded—she could not help it.

Then began the scene forecast by Dr Macleay.

The shouting, the stamping, the digging of heels into the rafters; the full flow of a Highland reel was at its height, though the dancing had not yet assumed the daring, joyous, out-and-out character which would follow later in the evening, when there was a movement of curiosity at the lower end of the ball-room, and a tall stranger walked quietly up one side to the corner where the hostess and her party were assembled.

"You-did not wait for me," said a voice in Elsie's ear.

She was standing still, on the outskirts of the Reel a Thulichen, whilst Tom and a swarthy young shepherd strangled each other in the middle; and had seen him come.

"You should have been here in time," retorted Miss Coquette, throwing back the golden head, with all its wavy *rouleaux*; "I could not keep the people waiting."

"Not five minutes! And I have walked twenty miles to be here to-night."

"You cannot be fit for dancing, then. Go and sit by mamma. Pauline is not dancing, either," she added, significantly.

Then her turn came again.

All the lookers-on had collected round this set, and Tom was the hero of the moment.

"Yaish, yaish—a pretty lad—a weel-faured lad. An' goot at the danshin. Ay, ay—ferry goot at the danshin. An he'll be for Miss Ailshie, wull he no? I'm shoor! An he'll be for the shootin', and the feeshun, an' whatever else. An' thonders the English laidie, sister to him—that'll be her shentleman, is it no? An' a pritty man, too. Deed ay. What for no? Tougal, my man, is there nae word o' the Talisker?"

The "Talisker," indeed, was singularly long in making its appearance, and eventually it leaked out that none was to be forthcoming till supper. This was a new thing at Gourloch, where the lady's hospitality had hitherto been exercised entirely through her factotum Dougal, and there had been whisky in abundance.

On this night my lady, with decision, gave her orders that it should circulate more sparingly.

"They seem very merry," observed Blundell, who stood by Pauline's side, looking on the scene with an aspect inappropriately stern; "wonderfully merry, considering what a world we live in. Some people would go dancing to their graves, I believe."

"This is surely an innocent enough amusement," replied she, in some surprise. "These good people enjoy themselves thoroughly after a very harmless fashion. And I must say I prefer it as a spectacle to what one meets with in our modern ball-rooms."

"I never go to balls."

"Hark to Blundell!" whispered Tom to his cousin, as the last words reached their ear in the sudden lull caused by the cessation of the music. "He is coming it strong, is he not? He thinks that will take with Pauline, you know. I daresay he never goes to balls; and why? Because they used to be too soft for him, and now he is too soft for them."

"You never go to balls!" said Miss La Sarte, in answer to the last remark.

Then she paused for two reasons.

She was no ball-goer herself, but a sudden repugnance seized her to naming what might appear to be a coincidence of opinion; also she did not know what now to say.

"I am here to-night against my will," continued she. "Life is too great a matter to be spent in jiggling about like idiots or mad people."

"This is hardly a question of spending lives, is it?"

"I see you are bent on defending it at all hazards. I am sorry to disagree with you, but I thought in a matter of this sort *you* would have been on my side."

"Is it the dancing itself you dislike, or the gathering together for any amusement?"

"Either—both. Every one here would be better at home."

She almost laughed in his face. "Pray don't say so to my kind aunt—she would be quite distressed. I am very sorry you are not enjoying yourself; but, since you are here, you must try to bear with us for a little."

He recovered himself.

"What a bear I am! Miss La Sarte, you must let me alone when I am in a temper like this. Could you not see I was only trying to make myself disagreeable? Yes, you could, you must have seen it; and you would not allow yourself to be provoked; you are too gentle, too merciful. But one thing you

have done, you have made me ashamed of myself. Pray forget, if you can, the nonsense I have been talking."

She was about to reply, but some one else claimed her attention.

It was an ancient dame, inquiring, with profound respect, "Wull ye no be danshin yersel, young laidie?"

"I am a bad hand at it, Nelly."

"Oich, fie! It is yersel that sayes it. It is not that, neither."

"No one would care to have me for a partner."

"Deed ay wad they then! Deed wad they too! It is Tougall wad be the prood man——"

"Come with me," said Blundell, hastily; "that is, if you will. You shall forgive me thus."

"And you and I will stand opposite to them, Elsie," cried Tom.

"Oh no, indeed! I must not dance with you again. It is Dougald's turn now; he is already rather out of countenance because I did not begin with him——"

"Oh, never mind him, the next will do——" began Tom.

"Your cousin is right," interposed an angry interfering voice. "Why should you wish to keep her from amusing herself? Miss La Sarte and I need no *vis-à-vis*; we are quite willing to sit down again. In fact you would rather, would you not?" turning to her with an "*I would rather*" written in his face.

She meekly acquiesced, and they retreated as spasmodically as they had advanced.

"So you've hung fire, have you?" said Tom, coming back with a rosy-cheeked, straight-backed matron whom he had selected. "And Elsie's off too! Never mind, Mrs M'Corquodale, we will take our places here, and some one else will be sure to come. Here you, Hector, there's no one here. That's right. Now we're ready."

"Tom is in great force," said his friend, observing him narrowly.

And indeed the gaiety and good-humour of the young leader of the revels won the hearts of all around him. Easy without being familiar, genial yet not jocose, his genuine and hearty abandonment to the pleasures of the evening placed him in a light so favourable that Lady Calverley was proud of her nephew, Pauline of her brother.

Elsie, infected with a like spirit, flitted hither and thither, all smiles, sparkles, and animation.

She and Tom by their united exertions left no one unattended to, and the good-humour and admiration of the company rose to a climax when the pair of blithe young creatures hand in hand came gaily bounding down the middle, amidst two long lines of faces awaiting their turn in the old-fashioned country-dance.

"Now then, up there, look alive! Begin a set, you people in the middle! That's right, Alister! Come along! Now, Elsie! Polly, what are you about? Why don't you and Blundell have a turn? It's the best fun in the world!"

Thus prompted, there was no escape for the recusant.

Hitherto, although Miss La Sarte had danced, he had not been her partner; he had been leaning with folded arms against the wall, silently looking on. He had now to ask her inclinations, and as they were not antagonistic, places were found for them.

"Mr Blundell does not help half so much as I thought he would," whispered Elsie to her cousin. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Not in the least. We were having rather a sober conversation just now, perhaps that is it?"

"Oh, is that it? But you might keep your sober conversations for another time; we want every one

now to help in making it pass off well."

"You and Tom are doing that."

"Tom is a host in himself," said Elsie. "Tom, I am praising you. You are behaving admirably. I don't know really what we should have done without you. I only wish other people would do their parts equally well," she added, distinctly.

"Miss Calverley thinks we are shirking our duties," said Blundell to his partner.

"Not Pauline." Elsie looked up at him with fearless eyes. "But I do think you might exert yourself to be a little more generally agreeable."

"Ought I? What must I do? You sent me away yourself, and told me I was not fit for dancing."

"You might go about among the people, and talk to them."

"But I am not to dance?"

"No one would expect you to be very much inclined to jump about after a twenty-mile walk."

"Have you walked so far, to-day?" said Pauline. He had not told her.

Blundell laughed. "I am not quite such a poor creature as that comes to. My walk was only a good preparation. It is you who have stopped my evolutions," to Elsie. "It was you who laid the embargo on me, which prevented my showing off this evening. I might have been twirling and pirouetting in the midst of as admiring a circle as gathered round Hector just now, if you had not commanded me to forbear."

"You are wonderfully plausible. Pray, when may we expect to see you begin? I shall be one of the admiring circle of spectators."

"You still will not trust me?"

"How trust you?"

"You will not dance with me?"

"Elsie!" It was Tom, with a

stamp of the foot in his voice, and hands stretched out for her. Before she could answer she was whirled away.

After all, it had been rather pleasant nonsense, and of course he had had to make some excuse; it was absurd that he and Pauline should sit flirting together the whole evening; she hoped there would be an end to that for the present, at least.

The country-dance was over, and the indefatigable performers were grouping for the last reel before supper.

"Elsie, you had better dance with Blake. He is Blundell's skipper, rather a swell, and he is standing there with no one to speak to. Now, Mr Blake, Miss Calverley is going to take you for her partner this time."

"Me, sir? I'm, I'm—its pertickler kind of you, sir, and of the young lady——" with a bow to each. "But I ain't quite right on my legs—borned that way. Very much obliged indeed, sir." And the flattered skipper retreated, thinking vastly higher of the entertainment than he had done previously.

"You had better take one of them," counselled Tom. "They are all hanging together like a pack of sheep. Here you," said he, catching hold of our friend Jerry, and thrusting him forward—"you stand up here: and mind you do your best, for you have got Miss Calverley for a partner."

Jerry, fiery-red to the roots of his hair, and retreating inwardly from all his garments through very limpness, obeyed; and Tom, bidding his cousin keep the set open for him, turned away to match together and hustle to their places as many more of the company as had not already paired, and could give no good reason why they should not be joined together.

"Am I to have the pleasure, at last?"

Blundell had heard Tom gallantly soliciting the hand of the blooming village schoolmistress, and had found his way down to the lower end of the room forthwith.

"No, indeed! I am dancing with one of your men."

"With *whom*?"

"One of your sailors. There!" indicating the unfortunate Jerry, confronting her with a face so drawn and withered, that the strongest solution of alum poured down his throat could alone have produced a like result.

"Jerry," said his master, quietly, "go and find some one else. And know your place better another time," added he, in a voice that threw yet more alum into the already stiff potation.

"As if it warn't bad enough already," muttered the poor lad, as he turned away. "An' I could ha' sworn it was the t'other one too."

"How dared the fellow presume!" exclaimed Blundell, passionately. "How could your cousin allow it!

Pray forgive me this unintentional annoyance," taking her hand; "such audacity——"

"It was not his fault. He was told to do it."

"Told! Who told him?"

"Tom did, from me."

"From you? It was a great mistake. Tom should have known better—he should not have done it."

"He should, if I told him."

Her heart was swelling proudly, but she would not hear the absent condemned. At the moment, in her confusion of spirit she fully believed that the idea itself, not merely the acquiescence in it, had been hers.

"It was a great mistake," repeated Blundell, dictatorially. "You ought not to dance with men like these."

The hand he held was snatched from his. "Excuse me," said Miss Calverley of Calverley, with the air and frown of an empress; "it is for me to judge what I ought and what I ought not to do in matters like this."

And without another word, she left him.

CHAPTER VIII.—BY-PLAY AT THE BALL.

Here was Elsie in a new light!

He had seen her grave, merry, bold, timid, and on the verge of tears, but whatever might be *her* mood, she had never moved *him* in the slightest degree before.

Now, the child had suddenly asserted her womanhood, and discomfited him. He looked so foolish, so crestfallen, standing there where she had left him, that he felt an explanation was due to himself. Due, but to whom? Pauline, of course. It did not occur to him to care whether any one else had observed the incident or not.

Apparently Miss La Sarte was too deeply engaged in conversation to have observed anything. Her

face was turned upwards, her slim, willowy figure was slightly thrown back from the waist, and she was smiling. He thought he had never seen her look so well, but he thought it with a pang, for some one else had looked equally well a moment before.

The smile was still upon Pauline's cheek when he approached—a pre-occupied, interrupted smile, with which he had nothing to do. He was compelled to wait ere he could gain her attention.

"I had to put a stop to your cousin's dancing with one of my men," he began. "A rough fellow. Lady Calverley would not have liked it. It was Tom's fault——"

here he remembered he was speaking to Tom's sister, and stopped.

"Tom is thoughtless," said she, indifferently. "It did not occur to him, I daresay."

"Nor to your cousin either; she is much displeased with me."

"Is she? I daresay you deserve her displeasure."

("You are coming out in a new light too!" cried Blundell, inwardly. "What is the meaning of it?") Aloud, "Why should you suppose I deserve it?"

"Why should she be displeased with you?"

"She thought I was scolding her."

"Then probably you were. I have no doubt my cousin behaved admirably, and"—with a charming smile—"you must excuse me now, I am going to dance with Mr Carr." Which, being interpreted, meant that Pauline was very angry.

Mr Carr was a clumsy young man, whose figure appeared to have made up in quantity what it lacked in quality.

As (having taken Lady Calverley's shooting) he lived in a rude hut on the moor, with no accommodation in it for any one but himself and his servant, it might be supposed he was sometimes rather at a loss, and she had bethought her of summoning him to assist at the harvest-home.

His assistance proved pretty much what might have been expected.

He had no interest in the proceedings beyond as they amused himself; and as he had not appeared for an hour after the time specified, and had then found his hostess alone, save for the company of one white-headed old gentleman, he had meditated a speedy retreat.

The discovery of two pretty girls belonging to the house party had changed his mind; and he was considering which of the two to begin

with, when his heart suddenly sank like lead. He had caught sight of Blundell and Tom, both in evening dress.

There was no reason why the spectacle should have affected him. It may be a matter of opinion whether or no he was not the more correctly attired of the two; certainly had he been in full dress, and the rest in morning clothes, it would have been infinitely more unpleasant.

But on this point numbers always have carried, always will carry, the day.

The consciousness of being comfortably and suitably clad fails to make happy the man who is habited unlike other men, especially if his is the convenient, theirs the becoming attire.

From this moment Mr Carr became a nonentity.

There was no hope now of his flourishing about, cheering on the dance, being the principal figure in the room. This could have been borne by everyone but himself. But neither was there any hope of his being a useful, efficient ally, and all were disgusted with him. He had been allowed to nurse his spleen in obscurity until Miss La Sarte, for purposes of her own, had drawn him forth, smiled upon him, and partially restored his self-complacency.

"You are not going to dance with that lout?" said Blundell, in a low aside.

"Why not? Are you going to scold me next?"

"Should you prove as refractory. Let me rescue you," offering his arm as he spoke.

"No, indeed; how can I? You would not have me behave so ill to this poor man. We have all neglected him quite enough to-night."

"Say you would, if you could, then."

"Our dawnce, I think," said Mr Carr, approaching, and looking at the interloper as if he feared even yet the morsel were to be snatched from his lips.

Fortune smiled upon him, however. Miss La Sarte showed no inclination to linger, and that other fellow who had been making all the running with her up to this time was now left in the lurch. So he commented, and the reflection was balm to his wounded spirit.

Blundell, however, was not so deceived—he had got his answer, though not in words.

"Pauline"—Lady Calverley seized upon her niece,—“let this be the last. Elsie is growing quite wild. I don't know what odd-come-short she has got hold of now, but she ought not to dance with any but our own people.”

"This is going to be the last, Aunt Ella."

"And do say a word to her, my dear; she heeds you more than she does me."

"What about? I think she is behaving as well as possible," said Pauline, perversely.

"My dear!"

"I do. I can't see any harm in her dancing: she has been doing it to please others the whole evening; she has never had a thought for herself. I think she deserves praise rather than blame."

Pauline was incomprehensible, and the perturbed lady fell back upon her uncle.

"Don't you think we have had enough of this?"

"I have had enough, Mary, and I daresay you have; but I doubt we are in the minority. Look at that scapegrace!" regarding with perfect benignity Tom's windmill figure and radiant countenance. "Do you hear him?—do you hear the young jackanapes? Making a din fit to bring the place down."

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"He is but a boy," apologised Tom's aunt. "He forgets himself sometimes."

"Then let him forget himself as often as he can. A man who forgets himself has good stuff in him. What is his sister about, that she leaves all the work to little Elsie? Ah! I am glad to see her standing up at last."

On the whole, Lady Calverley was ill used by her confidants.

"Well done! well done, sir!" This from the Doctor, clapping his hands loudly and with hearty approbation as Tom, panting, gasping, and using his handkerchief in a very different manner from that which had amused Punch the evening before, drew to his side.

"That *was* a reel!" cried he. "Did you see my partner's performances? She has nearly killed me! I never saw such a woman to dance in my life! And she is the mother of a dozen children, all here to-night, and all dancing like good uns!"

"Ay, ay," said the Doctor. "I hope you will foot it as nimbly when you come to be a grandmother, Elsie."

"I hope she won't ask me to foot it with her," said Tom. "I know what would happen. I should never survive it."

"The supper is ready; will your leddyship take your place the noo, or wull ye hae them a' in first?"

"Take them in first, Davie, and we will follow when you come for us."

Accordingly, before many minutes had passed, there was an obvious diminution of the crowd.

It took nearly half an hour ere the emigration was finally accomplished; but, soon after the echoes of the last footsteps had died away, the lady of the manor and her friends were summoned.

Blundell was standing by Pauline

when the messenger came; Tom was kissing his aunt over her shoulder, as he enveloped her in her furs; and the Doctor was kindly trying to engage Mr Carr in conversation, and make him feel less of an intruder into the circle. Elsie was resting on a bench at a little distance.

The wraps were now brought forward. Blundell took up his companion's, a soft, white, cloudy shawl, and drew it round her; then he looked at the little pale-blue bundle left on the seat, and hesitated.

Already their hostess was advancing on Tom's arm, and he fancied he caught a rueful glance directed to the blue shawl. He took it up, and smiled to Pauline. "I must make my peace with the little one," he said.

How she received this he could never tell; Mr Carr had almost jumped forward, had pressed in front of him, and had led her off with an air of triumph.

The Doctor, after a momentary hesitation, had followed; there was no one left to interfere.

"I hardly know if I may venture to offer my poor services," began Elsie's cavalier, in a voice that could be, when he chose, exquisitely modulated. "Will you take this from my hand?"

A slight formal inclination, and "Thank you," was all his politeness obtained.

"You have heated yourself with all this dancing; is it safe to go out into the night air all at once? Had we not better wait a few minutes?"

"I'm not in the least afraid. The others have gone, you see."

Steadily her eye met his. He was on the wrong tack; he must try another.

"Come, then," carelessly. "But don't go and say I gave you cold. By the way, have you forgiven me yet?"

"No." Short, sharp, emphatic.

"No? Are you such an implacable person? I should never have guessed it."

"You forgot yourself altogether just now, and it is not the first time."

This was the little speech which had been carefully prepared, whilst with bland and gracious mien Miss Calverley dispensed her closing favours. If their recent disagreement were not adverted to by him, neither would she say a word; if he recalled it, this was what he should get.

Evidently it was unexpected; he looked surprised, puzzled; and they walked the whole length of the ball-room in silence.

At the door-step stood Davie, lantern in hand. "Be quick, Miss Elsie! be quick! They're waitin' on me, and I canna be wanted longer——"

"Go on before," said Blundell, authoritatively; "we will follow. Now," said he, firmly, turning round to his companion, and putting his hand upon her arm, "you will tell me what you mean."

"It is easily told. You do not treat me with the courtesy which is my right, and which I expect from you in the future."

Likewise carefully prepared. It was plain he stood at disadvantage, having had no rehearsal.

His "That is a grave charge, Miss Calverley," was rather a lame conclusion to some moments' thought.

"It is a true one."

"May I ask how long I have lain under your displeasure?"

"Always." Terse, if not grammatical.

"Since the first day?"

"Yes; since the first day."

"And you will not state particulars?"

"No."

She moved forward, and he me-

chanically offered his hand to conduct her down the steps.

Still nothing more was said. It was apparent he was pondering the matter over, and her heart sank a little as she saw she had not done with him.

"Just tell me," said he, at last, as they entered the dark, old-fashioned portico. "Just give me some idea what I do that so vexes you; and I give you my word for it, that you shall never have cause to complain again."

"It is not—not anything in particular," rejoined she, skirmishing, like a wise general, from the heights. "It is the way you always speak to me, always look at me, as if you were saying things to see how I would take them, to—to play with me. You never behave so to Pauline."

A faint smile stole over his face; he had caught the clue.

"Miss La Sarte is some years older than you are; you must not expect to be treated exactly the same."

It was a risk, but the event justified his temerity.

"I did not expect it," said Elsie, quite humbly; "I did not expect to be treated *quite* the same. But still, if you would not make such a great difference, if you would not show it so plainly, it would—the others would—you know——" she broke off suddenly—"I am not a child now."

"Certainly not," said Blundell, gravely.

"And mamma is so vexed if people think I am younger than I am. She is quite put out with *me* when they do so; she thinks it is my fault."

"Are you sure it is not?"

"Perhaps it is," said Elsie, sorrowfully. Then she stood still in the blaze of light into which they had entered, and raised her clear

eyes to his. "I must have been wrong, or you would never have said that."

He looked down on her, "Suppose we say we were both wrong."

"Yes," eagerly; "and—and, Mr Blundell, please don't tell anybody; please" (with great anxiety) "don't tell mamma or Pauline."

The next moment Tom was in front of them.

"We thought you had been locked out. I was on my way to look you up. Come inside, it is such fun. I tell Aunt Ella she ought to make a speech, and Uncle Macleay backs me up, Elsie." Then to her aside, "You should see that fool, Carr! He thinks it is his innings with Pauline now, and he is grinning and wriggling from ear to ear. What was Blundell about to let him cut in? I could not believe my eyes!"

All that followed after this must of necessity be done or said in public. Healths were drunk, songs were sung, speeches were made; and at length the last guest had departed, and the last lamp was put out.

"I must say it, dear. I am sorry to have to reprove you, but I cannot let it pass. Your behaviour to-night did not please me at all. Here, there, everywhere; you and Tom never seemed in one place for two minutes together. It is all very well for Tom; but for you, a young lady—I was quite shocked. So different from Pauline!"

Lady Calverley, who was one of the flighty kind herself, held her niece to be perfect, and would fain have cut her daughter to the same pattern.

"Go to bed now, and let us say no more about it; but it really will not do. We shall have to give up our harvest-dances altogether, if

there is to be this romping. Just like the Miss Gregorys!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Well, it is; I never approved of it from the first—never. But your poor, dear father—however, let us say no more about it. Your uncle was very kind; but I am sure Mr Blundell was surprised, and I don't wonder at it."

A little droop of the lips, but no protest.

"Pauline behaved so well—but, indeed, she always does. So gentle, so dignified, never putting herself forward, and—how well she looked!" cried Lady Calverley, with sudden eagerness. "I am sure Mr Blundell is struck with her."

"Good night, mamma."

"Good night, my love. You look pale," observed her mother, with some compunction. "I don't say that you meant any harm, Elsie, but you must learn that you are growing into a woman, dear, and show more womanly feeling. You know I can only desire your good. Oh, don't cry!" said the poor lady, cut to the heart to see the large eyes filling. "It was no fault, I told you that; I did not mean you to take it so. Now you make me feel as if I should not have spoken. Only wrong things are worth tears, Elsie."

Lady Calverley did not stop to reflect how seldom it is the things which are wrong which cost the bitterest tears: a foolish speech of our own, a slighting word of another's, and our pillow is wet; but where are the drops that should fall over the unkind thought, the envious pang, the jest at folly? Our hearts will ache for a prick to our vanity, our cheeks burn at the mocking of a simpleton; but does their *sin* cause us a sigh or a cry? Nay, for this we have no choking sobs, no quivering lips. To weep we need to suffer.

And thus with our little Elsie.

She sleeps, but even her dreams are haunted. She wakes, and recollection wakes with her.

They had all conspired in disapproval. Blundell had told her of one indiscretion; her mother had accused her of many. She had herself asserted that she was no longer a child, and almost immediately afterwards had been charged with want of womanly feeling.

And then, cruellest of all was that comparison to Pauline. Happy Pauline! Admired as well as beloved, beautiful as well as good, what needed she more?

"And he to dare to tell me that! To hold her up as an example to me" (which he had not done), "and to say that I must not expect to be treated the same! I wish he would go away, and take her with him! I wish never to see either of their faces again! And here I must go down to them all, as if nothing had happened, and submit to be scolded and lectured by everybody! I shan't, though—not by him. When he comes up next I shall be sitting quite cool and quiet, and be very much taken up with letters, or something. If he speaks I need not hear at first, I will make him repeat it twice; then he may go and talk to his Pauline! Tom shall keep his distance too; he **thinks** he can twist me round his little finger. Mamma won't like it, I daresay. I shall just tell her I can't help that; I am doing my best to be like Pauline!"

A pause.

"Oh, I couldn't say it! I could never, never say it! Oh, Pauline! dear, dear, *kind* Pauline!" broke out a loud sobbing whisper as pride and passion fled, "I am a very wicked girl, and you are—an angel! God bless you, God bless you, dear Pauline!"

JOTTINGS FROM THE TYROL AND ITALY.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.—NO. V.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—It is a long time since I sent you a letter, and it seems to me a longer time than it is. Many changes that have followed my last writing throw it far back into the distance; for I have traversed leagues on leagues of ground, and seen men and cities in some variety; events have raced onwards and turned engrossing topics into faded pictures—poor players that have had their hour upon the stage and now are heard no more; high summer has, during these months, given place to the dreariest days of winter.

Yea, it was then high summer, and I, far up among the Alps, babbled of War and Politics;* now I write by the fireside in southern Italy; which mention of the fire is to advise you that the weather is wet and gloomy, for when the sun shines here as he commonly does, we do not need artificial warming. It seems to me that I, though a wanderer, must be strongly marked by habitativeness, for I linger in every place that I visit, after its pleasant season has departed, and am generally at last driven out by cold or tempest. So it was with me at Berchtesgaden, a place that was truly charming when I wrote, but one which can put on a frowning aspect on occasion, as I have cause to remember. But as long as the sun shines, the peaks and valleys in that silent region; the moss-grown rocks staring out from among the many-coloured foliage like aged things drawn forth by the warmth of summer; the thousand trickling

rivulets concealed for the most part by leaves or herbage; the weather-beaten crags above and the green slopes below; the waterfall pouring over the crest and splashing and foaming into a chasm black with incalculable depth; the fragile rustic bridges spanning torrents; the eternal snows crowning the highest hills,—these sights, and sights like these, endlessly recurring through the winding solitudes, were delightful at a time when heat and dust and drought were exercising the travellers on plains and the dwellers in noisy cities. The orderly and courteous Tyrolese peasants, too, moving on feast-days in groups along the roads, dressed in their picturesque attire, and halting at each of the innumerable shrines which skirt the way to bend or uncover, are agreeable objects in the landscape. Not one, male or female, ever passes you without a salutation. I saw among them very little mendicancy, and heard very few complaints of poverty. It is to be hoped that they do not think themselves poor, in which case nine-tenths of the pain of privation will be escaped; but they certainly are, to our appreciation, miserably provided. All goes well enough as long as summer lasts; but it is impossible not to think of the long and terrible winter, of which a reminder is seen in the little stock of indispensable fuel stacked near each cottage. But the cottages themselves do not seem to promise protection against severe weather, and could hardly be made thoroughly comfortable if firewood

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September 1876.

were attainable by their inhabitants in unlimited quantity, which probably it is not. At Berchtesgaden, as in the more northern parts of Germany, beer is the prevailing beverage, and makes its appearance in the great glass mugs—not being in this latitude rivalled by a *vin ordinaire*, as is the case further to the south. The young children are pictures of rosy health, but the same pleasant aspect is little seen in those who have lived beyond their childhood. The hard life tells sadly against freshness and beauty. The male costume is calculated to set off a lithe graceful figure, and its many colours are generally harmonious and pleasing; but the fashion of the female is to distort her figure by aiming at what sailors call breadth of bean. Wonderful protuberances are seen laterally below the women's waists; and I have even heard it said that, like the rings of straw in the rim of the planter's hat, the length of the transverse axis indicates the worldly wealth of the wearer. The short dresses leave very little concerning ankles *et supra* to be imagined; and no imagination would ever figure anything so horrible as the substructure of ninety-nine peasant women out of the hundred.

The beauty of the scenery is much heightened by the mountain lakes, of which there are several within easy reach of Berchtesgaden. Foremost among these is the Königs-see, a sheet of water whose equal it would be hard to find. It is of great depth and surpassing clearness, and is walled in by towering mountains that rise almost perpendicularly out of its waters. You float along its expanse, propelled generally by female rowers, and enjoy a strange pleasure in the circumstances. Below you is a surprising deep, while almost overhead are the snows of ages on crags and

peaks, where the chamois runs unmolested; and a strip of azure, like the ceiling of a lofty hall, is your share of the summer sky. It is more than an hour's pull from end to end; but if you care to pause in your voyage and indulge in "the Contemplative Man's Recreation" you may do so at a small cost, and with a fair prospect of sport. One fish, the *säibling*, I have never met with save in these waters, and it is quite worth taking for the table. A very short dyke of land separates the Obersee from the Königs-see. I should imagine that they were formerly one lake; for it is only at the far end of the Obersee that the mountain wall closes in, which seems to be the natural enclosure of the whole. The isthmus, which I have above called a dyke, is probably due to rock-falls from the mountains on either side. Notwithstanding the abundance of game on the hills around, I hardly think I should enjoy a winter sojourn here; but yet a royal sportsman has thought the amusement worth seeking, for the king has a hunting-lodge on the shore, and his father is said to have resorted to it frequently. Like Arethusa, the Königs-see is said to play at hide-and-seek with the dwellers on earth's surface; but its hidden course is of modest length, and under-runs no sea. Its waters are thought to reappear in a waterfall near Hallein, and you are shown a hole in the rocky side of a mountain where they first enter the earth. The connection was proved, I heard say, by the fact of the waterfall having ceased one summer, at a time when the surface of the lake was below the level of the chasm in the rock, and having recommenced to flow when the lake recovered its ordinary depth. Overhung as the lake is by lofty mountains, it must receive every year an immense accumulation of soil from fall and wash;

yet so far have the falls of ages been from filling it, that, if you can believe the common report of the neighbourhood, there are places in it where, to this day,

“Fathom-line could never touch the ground.”

I have a suspicion that this, if true at all, must be so because a fathom-line has never been properly used there. It would be interesting to see the water sounded by a competent leadsman. But, then, it is doubtful whether the great mass of tourists would thank any one for ascertaining the exact depth, when it is so delightfully startling to be assured that this sheet of water, a mile and a half broad or so, has no bottom. Be it fathomless or not, it is a charming place to float about on a midsummer day. Here, if anywhere, you can forget the workaday world and its cares as you traverse this enchanted flood, which may well have its genius and its legends, and dream bright dreams of faery, or wake up echoes which the rocks reverberate for miles.

The Königs-see looks so sheltered that no wind from any quarter can ruffle its temper. But its look deceives. The winds, stealing craftily along sinuous ravines, or plashing with open force through inviting clefts of the mountains, or breeding a quarrel within the bounds of the water, and kicking up a private shindy there as in a place where their diversions are not likely to be interrupted, do sometimes not only disturb its serenity, but put it into a furious passion quite unbecoming a lake of distinction, insomuch that the flat-bottomed boats which ordinarily glide over its ripples cannot live for the magnitude and wickedness of its waves. It is true, moreover, that the dangerous squalls come on so suddenly that it is necessary to make for land with all

despatch. If a boat near the midlake should be caught in this way, it is restrained by a royal edict from attempting to get back to the point from which it started, and enjoined to land its passengers and crew at the king's hunting-box, close to which there is an inn. All hands are there taken care of at the king's expense (so I understood the account) until the weather is again such as to promise them a safe return. One likes to see a paternal government doing a paternal act not of the castigating kind—an act whose advent does not incite one, like the prudent little man celebrated by our friend ‘Punch,’ to *put something on* when paternal action is expected.

Before I forget it, let me say for the benefit of those interested in investigating cases of longevity, that in the cemetery at Berchtesgaden is to be seen a stone recording the birth in 1705 and the death in 1822 of Anton Adner of Schanarr, who thus appears to have attained the age of 117 years. The stone was erected by order of the king, so I suppose that Adner's age had been ascertained with some care.

And I must not omit to state that there are at Berchtesgaden extensive salt-mines in the heart of a mountain, which most visitors go to see, and which are well worth seeing. One puts on a suit of overalls (of which a stock is kept at the mine), and is lifted and let down by rather primitive mechanical assistance. With the fine fall of water which they have in this valley, I wonder that there are not more mills at work. There are some, but there might be many more. It seems to me that it would be an excellent site for gunpowder-works; and, so near as it is to extensive forests, sawing might be carried on to any extent. There are good roads from the valley to

different railway stations, and there could be no difficulty in the transport of raw materials or manufactured articles. Visitors have every reason to rejoice that the peaceful little place is not studded with factories.

When it once began to rain at Berchtesgaden, the windows of heaven were opened with a vengeance. It was a rain with which there could be no compromise—a case of confinement to one's apartments for, it might be, a week or a fortnight; not a gleam of sunshine for this time, and no club or library, or museum or rink, within reach. Now, if ever, is felt the need of internal resources to draw upon, or an editorial friend who can be counted on to sympathise with a desolate scribbler. Here is a lament which I composed for you while afflicted by a deluge.

It is an unmistakably wet day, and I am still among the mountains. I cannot see one of the hills which are so high and so close around me, by reason of the mist. I could, I am sure, touch the clouds above with my Alpine staff, only I don't choose to go out in this deluge to make the experiment; and the "sound of abundance of rain," which is reverberated from roofs, pavements, pools, foliage, and roadways, is a dull, pitiless hissing, broken every minute or so by a periodical splash, as some gutter or veranda becomes too wet for endurance, and sends its surplus water over the side. I can quite understand the delight which this sound gave to King Ahab when he hurried away to Jezreel before the floods could stop him: for I have dwelt in a land where man and beast are often cruelly straitened for lack of moisture; where the face of the meadow has shown only fine dust; where water from an ever-decreasing store has been doled out daily; and

where, dreading sickness as well as enduring privation, we looked hourly around the horizon, expecting the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that should be the harbinger of the rain. I have witnessed, too, the effect of the rain when it came at last. I have seen the green herb pushing through the soil in an incredibly short time after the water fell, and, where all was barren a few hours ago, the blades of grass struggling for standing-room. It was possible almost to see the plants grow. Having, therefore, a lively recollection of how sweet may be the uses of heavy rain, as well as of any other adversity, I can be moderately patient amid all this downfall, and cast about among my few resources if haply some means may offer of relieving the tedium. I think I will make a fly or two; but somehow the hackles and thread and wax present no attraction. Well, it is a good opportunity of overhauling one's accounts, which must be done some time or other; and I grant that there might be diversion in this if it were likely to end in the sight of a goodly balance to credit; but that way anything but complacency lies, and I can find no delight in figures. My two or three well-thumbed books are dropped one after another; they cannot edify nor amuse to-day. The vanity and vexation of spirit of which the wise man spake are clearly apprehended — *omnia vanitas*. I look through the innumerable drops which spangle my window-pane, at the contracted area which remains clear, and observe the first sign of motion that I have seen abroad to-day. A wretched omnibus, drawn by three horses abreast, comes rumbling along, splashing up the slush, scattering centrifugal mud-drops from its wheels, and fenced, as to its upper surface, like a Roman *testudo*, with umbrellas. The whole

thing — umbrellas, tarpaulins, carriage-paint, horses, harness — are shining with wet; and the steeds, oppressed with the heavy air, blow out from their nostrils clouds that are thicker than the mist. It wanted but this sight of the misery of living things to complete the wretched 'picture.' After this incident I sit spiritless and stupid for I know not how long, when a sudden rap at my door is the forerunner of the delivery of an English newspaper. The unhappy omnibus has brought a letter-bag, and the bag has given out something to relieve my *ennui*.

I think that what the newspaper told me of was some of the most outrageous of the many outrageous meetings which responded to Mr Gladstone's patriotic efforts to destroy the credit of the English Government with foreign nations, and to encourage Russia to convulse the Continent with war, and to aggrandise her territory at the expense of British interests. The meetings to which I refer, as well as most others convened for the same purposes, were addressed by a great many clergymen — at least many persons using the clerical prefix; but in these days when every ranter calls himself "reverend," it is difficult in reports to distinguish those who are clergymen from those who are not. Some of them, I know, were ministers of the Established Church; and I cannot, even at this distance of time, but marvel at the expressions which these reverend gentlemen allowed themselves to use, the language of the addresses which they were so ill-advised as to subscribe, and the ridicule to which they exposed themselves, by spouting about matters which they could by no possibility understand. It might have been expected that extreme Dissenting preachers would do all that they could to further the objects of these meetings, because the

meetings were calculated to damage the Conservative Administration — whether to attack the Ministry may have been the principal object of those who organised the meetings or not; and as there is no chance of disestablishing or damaging the Church of England while Conservatives are at the helm, the Dissenting instinct would naturally be against the Government. But how clergymen, — men of education — men entitled to move in good society, — could have so far forgotten themselves as some of the clergy did at these meetings, it is sad to reflect on. A great deal of their oratory was devoted to instructions to Government as to how the British fleet should be employed. It is hard to divine the source from which they can have derived any knowledge of that subject — rather it is more than probable that they know nothing whatever about it. They would naturally be very severe on a Lord of the Admiralty, who should go up and down the country lecturing on divinity or church discipline; yet in what respect are they less open to censure or ridicule than such a one would be? With the confidence of utter ignorance, they advised their countrymen as to the use that should be made of our fleet and navy; and it would have been well, indeed, for them, if they had been contented with advising their countrymen, because then they would have been simply silly without being irreverent; but they chose to inflict their empty counsel on their sovereign, and that, too, in language which would be hardly decent if used to any person holding distinguished rank or office, but which, addressed to the foremost personage in the realm, was savage and revolting. "We demand" was the expression used in making known to her Majesty the several desires of these

ill-conditioned meetings, and the clergy appended their signatures to the disgraceful addresses. If the gracious lady at whom this offensive advice was directed had, by word or act, provoked the feelings of the meetings, one could have understood, though it would have been impossible even in that case to have approved, the outbreak. As it was never pretended that the sovereign had taken any part in the matters on which the addresses animadverted, we can only suppose that the meetings were so inflated by the belief in their own importance and ability, that this bombast seemed to them the only strain in which the treasures of their wisdom could be adequately expressed. It is true that the meetings were pleased to be exceedingly angry with her Majesty's Ministers; but this does not explain why insolent language should be addressed to the sovereign personally. Now as clergymen approved these addresses, it would be desirable to know how they would show this to be giving honour where honour is due, or whether they would teach their flocks to approach the throne in the same style! The small effect which these tumid resolutions produced, not one of the "demands" having been complied with, must have made all those among the authors of them who had any sense of shame (and I, of course, number the clergy among these) feel somewhat humiliated and repentant; but I had rather they had repented on broader grounds, independently of results.

My account of my wet day at Berchtesgaden has led me into a somewhat long digression. Well, my dear Editor, after wet days began to be the rule, I did what I ought to have done a fortnight earlier—that is, took myself off, returning for a day or two to Salz-

burg, and enjoying the drive thither, which was changed from what I saw on my journey up, inasmuch as the scene was now autumnal. It was feeling chill at Salzburg, which should, I think, be seen in summer or early autumn; yet the season was not so far gone but that the railway journey to Innsbruck was very pleasant. I went by the Gisela-bahn, which, though not the shortest route, is that which affords the best Alpine scenery. It is also wholly within Austrian territory, so there is no examination of baggage between Salzburg and Innsbruck as there would have been if I had gone by Rosenheim, for in that case I should have had to pass across Bavarian territory. Moreover, I avoided the great rush of travellers who were just then pouring on from Munich in the direction of the Brenner Pass.

I had determined to try and prolong the warm season by spending a few weeks at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol; and so, after a few pleasant days at Innsbruck, I got on to the southern slope of the Alps. The passage of the Brenner is not nearly so interesting without the snow as with it; but as I had before witnessed the glories of a winter crossing, I could afford now to get a warmer journey at the expense of the striking snow-scenes.

It was not fated that I should make my way to Meran without incident. On reaching Bozen, or, as the Italians make it, Bolzano (which is the railway station nearest Meran), I presented my luggage-ticket, and engaged a man to get my traps and take them to the carriage in which I was to continue my journey. Package after package came out all right up to the last but one of the number; after that I saw the porter strapping on to the carriage a box which was quite strange to me, and hastened to in-

form him that there was a mistake. The man persisted that it was all right, and pointed to the number on the box, which corresponded to that on my other luggage. "No," said I, "it is not mine. Mine is—" and then I had to examine all the others and find what this last one ought to have been. Confusion! it was a leather portmanteau containing the greater portion of my apparel.

The officials at the station were very angry that I would not accept the strange box. Everything was right, the station-master said. The number of packages on my note corresponded to the number delivered to me, and every one of them bore my number as it had been affixed at Innsbruck. Why, then, would not I take mine own, and be off? Of course I still objected, thinking that my property might be somewhere among the baggage discharged from the van; whereupon the official caused the whole of my share to be put on the scale, and convinced me by the weight that everything had now been delivered to me as it was despatched from Innsbruck. I remembered that we had been a tremendous crowd leaving the Innsbruck station; and the pleasant truth became clear that the porters there had put my number on another person's box; and as for my unhappy portmanteau—where was it? Probably, suggested my fears, gone on to Brindisi with somebody going to embark for India, so that it would be on the sea before my mistake could be discovered. It was most improbable that it had been given to any one bound like me to Bozen. However, I telegraphed to the inn at Innsbruck, and the station-master promised to flash messages up and down the line. This was all that could be done for the moment, and my horses were

waiting to take me on to Meran. Another little difficulty, however, arose. The station-master was most anxious that I should take away the wrong package that had been assigned to me. He said it was mine, not his, and he had no right to detain it. He examined it with the utmost suspicion, shook it, turned it upside-down and on end, asked me whether one of my keys would not open it. At last I perceived that he suspected this to be some part of my property which I wished to get rid of; and though I convinced him that this was not the case, I in my turn, infected by his suspicions, became alarmed lest the box should have been substituted by design, not accident, and began to think about nitro-glycerine, a foundling infant, or some other police mystery—for I should have told you that the strange box had no name on it. However, it was at last put into the luggage-room, and away I drove, rather imagining that I had seen the last of my garments, and of the good old servant, the portmanteau in which they were bestowed, but trying to keep the accident out of mind. In thus diverting my thoughts, I was greatly assisted by the beauty of the drive, which ran through vineyards and gardens all rich with fruit; while in the distance were the mountains, purple on one hand, and, on the other, lighted up with glory of the sky from which the sun had just disappeared. I had been delayed so long in consequence of the mistake about my portmanteau, that the night overtook me before I was half-way to Meran.

I have every reason to believe that the little Alpine town to which I had betaken myself is but slightly known to, or frequented by, my countrymen. And yet it enjoys so high a reputation for the efficacy of its air in arresting a disease with

which our islands are but too well acquainted, that I rather wonder at our indifference to it. Germans, Poles, Russians, Roumanians, attacked or threatened with consumption, rush hither in the autumn and scramble for the limited accommodation. Lodging-letters and the proprietors of *pensions* are confident and exacting. Most of them will not look at sojourners, who may not be prepared to take apartments for the whole winter. Mere visitors, like myself, are fain to put up at hotels. It is not consumptive patients only who seek this valley. Asthmatics, and all whose respiratory organs are out of working order, expect benefit from the air; and, besides these, persons who have been prostrated by fevers or other long illnesses come hither that recovery may be accelerated. Sufferers from cutaneous disease, and infants with chronic illnesses, are also led to expect benefit from a season spent at Meran. You imagine, no doubt, dear Editor, from what I have just written, that the winters at Meran are singularly mild. I entertained that idea when I arrived there, but I was disabused of it ere I departed. The winter is short, certainly; but it is sharp enough when it reigns. Through October the weather is lovely; but soon after November commences, comes the change severely and suddenly. The unhappy patients muffle up to the fleeciest extent, and respirators and red noses are the prevailing fashion. An odd remedy this for consumption and colds, you will say: rather homœopathic, at any rate. And indeed I cannot pretend to explain the *modus* in which Meran air acts. Probably it is through the absence of vapour, for they boast a very large average number of fair days in the year. I believe, too, that, except for a short time in the spring, the air is remarkably calm. You

are not to understand me as expressing the least doubt as to the salutary influences of the place. Indeed I have heard evidence of its efficacy which it is impossible to discredit. There are people resident there who have made it their abode because they first came thither and got cured, and are now unable or afraid to trust themselves to any other air. One of these is a German physician, whose chest is weak, and who cannot, as he himself told me, work in any air but that of Meran.

When I above represented the sick as elbowing each other for apartments, as if Meran were the pool of Bethesda, I alluded only to those who come to settle themselves for the winter. There are many hotels, and good ones; and if I include one hotel of which I shall immediately speak further, there is accommodation enough and to spare. But the hotels are frequented principally by migratory people like myself, who rank in public estimation much below the sick people whom Meran delights to honour; and these hotels, I fancy, do most of their business in the summer.

The hotel which I said I would notice again is a really splendid building, which could accommodate as many guests as all the other hotels together. But it stands a sort of mirage to mock at travellers hard pressed to find shelter. No hospitable commissioner stands at its door to welcome the wayfarer; no appetising odour issues from its kitchens, more eloquent than finger-posts and testimonials; no staff of white-collared waiters traverses its passages, trencher-bearing, guest-conducting, napkin-hugging; no crowd of carriages is dashing past its entrances and verandas, under crack of whips and shouting of Jehus, — indeed, not one carriage is to be seen there;

and if a stranger goes from curiosity to visit it, as I did, he cannot very conveniently avoid feeling

"Like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted ;"

although, when he is let into the whole secret, he finds that there has been no desertion, inasmuch as there has never been any occupation, of the premises. In short, my dear friend, Meran has been guilty of a folly, in the commission of which it is by no means singular. It has executed a work so extensive, and requiring the risk of so much capital to put it to its intended use, that no hotel-keeper or company has yet been found sufficiently enterprising to try fortune there. The Empress of Austria, it appears, went for one or two seasons to Meran ; and this so elated certain of the inhabitants, that, presuming that the little town was already established as an imperial residence, they could not overdo the preparation for visitors. Before the hotel was complete, however, the Empress discontinued her visits. It is much to be regretted that some one does not furnish and open a part of the new building, if the whole would be too large a speculation. The views from the front and sides of the building are charming ; and the public rooms and bedchambers greatly exceed in size and symmetry those of any other hotel in the place.

In the spring and summer patients are treated by the goats'-milk cure, the flocks pasturing on the mountains being thought to yield most invigorating draughts ; and in autumn the grape cure is in wonderful force. The former I never saw in operation, but the latter was in full swing during my stay. Patients begin by eating about a pound of grapes a-day, and go on increasing their consumption till they can

dispose of five or six pounds a-day—a sufficiently large quantity, one would suppose ; but report makes some of the grape-eaters capable of far more than that, and fables them to devour eighteen to twenty-five pounds *per diem*. You will feel disposed to say of this, as Lord Chesterfield did of the imbibing of three dozen of claret by one toper at a sitting, "That is a great deal more than *I* can swallow." The purple grape is the favourite remedial one. Every patient is provided with a basket, in which he carries about his store of the pleasant remedy ; and on the promenade, at the band, walking, driving, lounging, from before breakfast till after dark, the eating goes on. As a pound of grapes costs something under twopence-halfpenny English, and the supply is most abundant, few need deny themselves this remedy, which, whether efficacious or not, is exceeding pleasant. Meran is built on the banks of a mountain stream amid very fine scenery. It has the surroundings of walks, gardens, and woods with which such resorts are generally provided, and is altogether a delightful retreat until the cold weather begins.

Scarcely had I shaken into my quarters in mine inn when a message reached me from the station-master at Bozen communicating the intelligence that my portmanteau was at Vienna, that orders had been sent for returning it to Bozen, and that the person whose number it bore (it was a lady) had got it in exchange for her only package. Of course it could not be known whether there had been simply a mistake between the lady and myself, or whether a third unfortunate owner of the box at Bozen, and temporary possessor of the lady's box, might be in the transaction. I had hopes now of seeing my portmanteau once more ; but in what

condition it might reappear, whether the authorities might have thought proper to break it open and examine it, and whether anybody had made free with my wardrobe, were questions which could not be considered without some anxiety. I waited four days, and hope had nearly disappeared again, when one evening a knock at my door was followed by the entrance of a porter with the portmanteau on his shoulder. I immediately applied the key to the lock, found that the latter was unhurt, and, on examination, that the contents had not been disturbed. So ended that adventure: the moral of it is, that these Austrians can be very smart upon occasion in unravelling a complication along the railways; also, that one's stray property is safe in their custody. I may add, too, that, however great the crowd and the scramble may be, it is better to see your luggage put on the scale yourself. I had generally done so; but at Innsbruck, seeing the awful throng, I had yielded to the assurances of a very civil *commissionaire*, and rested quietly in the waiting-room while the blunder was being made.

However salubrious Meran may be, I could suggest a few arrangements calculated to make it much more so. If the place had been in England, no sick person would have been allowed to set foot in it until a variety of sanitary requirements should have been complied with, and a staff of scavengers should have been appointed and kept constantly at work. But, somehow, one excuses on the Continent that which would be voted intolerable at home. It is to be observed, too, that they have abroad an ingenious plan of making visitors pay the expense of all work that may be undertaken to make places attractive. Any stranger who may remain more than one or two days is forthwith taxed for the

maintenance of walks, seats, trees, &c. With us the opinion is that it is quite worth the while of the inhabitants of a town which they desire to make the resort of strangers, to embellish it themselves, and to throw as few difficulties as possible in the way of guests. But, as far as I can ascertain, the number of visitors is not kept down by these taxes, and so the foreign arrangement is altogether in favour of the municipalities.

The highest mountains around Meran had been for many days covered with snow when I took my departure, saying to myself that as my journey would be due south I should soon be in a warmer atmosphere. But I miscalculated. Up to within ten miles of Florence I travelled through a snowstorm. The cold was intense, and about Florence thick ice was to be seen—this at a time when the weather was moderately warm in England. The Florentine galleries are not warmed, and so it is rather a disadvantage to traverse them in cold weather. Fortunately there is plenty in them to make one forget the cold.

I looked particularly at the modern paintings here, which, as far as I could judge, greatly surpass those in most galleries of modern art. The great picture of the Expulsion of the Duke of Athens, called in the catalogues "a superb work," seemed to me fully to merit this epithet. The evidences of paint and canvas vanish from the beholder's perception, and he is persuaded that he beholds a real scene with living figures. Some of the interiors in this collection struck me as being splendidly executed. A chancel with the funeral of a monk in progress remains in my recollection as a most remarkable achievement. The moderns are in the Academy of the Fine Arts, an establishment which is not yet

complete, and to which is being added a large hall where will stand Michael Angelo's David. As the progress of the building is uncommonly slow, and the statue had been suffering from the weather, a wooden shed has been erected over the latter, in which it is seen to anything but advantage, and where it does not even receive the protection intended. In answer to my inquiry when the hall would be ready, one of the warders replied, "About the day of judgment." I hope it will not be kept in hand till then; because, although I cannot myself be very deeply in love with the figure, so celebrated a work ought to be provided with a shelter where it can be adequately protected and conveniently admired.

One day while I was standing near the Venus de Medici, three healthy-looking girls, who were evidently enjoying Florence amazingly, bounced into the octagon, and were soon grouped round the figure. "Wall, that's alagant!" said one; "It's pretty—I du like that!" exclaimed the second; "Guess it's fust-rate," assented the third. They soon turned away, after having distinguished the Venus with these expressions of their approbation. There must have been a decided advance in taste since a countryman of theirs, in reference to this very statue, took occasion to express his disapproval of "stone gals" in general. And, by the way, my dear Editor, the observation of one of them reminds me of an application of the term "alagant," of which I always intended to tell you. A lady whom I met travelling in Switzerland (not an Englishwoman, of course) used it to express her admiration of the Alps. Now I suppose the Alps in their time have been fitted with many thousand epithets; but of all in the vocabulary, "elegant" is about the oddest.

I paused long before the bronze

gates of the Church of the Battistero, which certainly deserve all the praise which has been lavished on them. Their like is, I fancy, nowhere to be seen: their author, without the stimulus of rivalry, attained excellence. An artist, ere he perfects himself, may cover many a canvas with colour, but can hardly have much practice in the casting of bronze gates; yet these gates of Ghiberti might be the crowning work of centuries of experiments.

When you have been roaming among boundless labyrinths of art, however delighted you may have been as you passed along, you feel afterwards greatly confused. The masterpieces are mixed up in the memory, and so you do not carry away as much to ruminate on as if you had enjoyed a more sparing banquet. Your mind is dark with excess of light; and yet, notwithstanding this chaotic condition of your remembrance, you are pretty sure that some works, it may be some one work, will have made a clear and firm impression. This was my case after my late visit to Florence. Of all I saw, I retain a clearer recollection of, and am more affected by, the St John the Baptist by Donatello, than by any other piece. The subject is such a favourite with painters and sculptors, that Baptists are to be seen in every collection, recognisable chiefly by being figures in holy families, by King Herod's executioner being also present, or by the *ecce Agnus Dei* which proceeds out of the mouth or is stamped on the raiment. But no cognisance is required for Donatello's statue. You are no sooner in its presence than you are conscious that it embodies an idea already in your mind—your childhood's fancy—the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

As far as my small knowledge of such matters enables me to judge, the other masters who have por-

trayed the Baptist have been too intent on his desert breeding and his boldness, and so have made him a rough, stern being; sometimes with quite a savage appearance. Even Raphael's conception, as seen in his Madonna of Foligno, does not satisfy. They seem not to have sufficiently considered the gentleness of St John's character, which, spite of his rude rearing and coarse fare, is indispensable in any true image of him. Donatello, without ignoring any of his external characteristics, has subordinated them to the meekness and fervour which we cannot but ascribe to the herald of Christ. It is not only the unshaven being in camel's hair that he displays to us, but "a prophet and more than a prophet," the man who gave "knowledge of salvation to his people by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God." In our early ideas of John, which we generally receive at our mother's knees, we simply pity him for his hard fare and hermit's life: we have no inclination to think of him as an Orson; while his grand qualities and mission are inseparable from his image in our minds. The great sculptor, knowing this, has given us the gentle preacher who in silver accents proclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God," and the fearless enthusiast who withstood King Herod to his face—attitude, features, expression, combining to bring out the effects in this remarkable figure, which, of a truth, deserves the niche which has been allotted to it in the temple of fame.

Well, I came away from Florence much confused by having seen too much in a short time, and the confusion was only worse confounded when I revisited Rome and found again that time was not *à discretion*. We must not, I suppose, complain of the quantity of spirits and angels *that a traveller has to go through*;

because, if supernatural subjects had not inspired many of our greatest artists, we might probably have had no evidence at all of their abilities. But there is a dreadful surfeit of archangels and apparitions which never can upon any square of canvas be made to correspond to the previously-conceived idea of them. Take the innumerable Annunciations, for example. There is not one of them which does not degrade the great idea which previously existed in the beholder's mind. And in the nature of things it must be so. An angel appearing to an astonished young woman, three inches above whose head is portrayed the Supreme Being begirt with clouds, certainly does not present an idea superior or equal to that which previously existed in the mind. I even venture to think (I trust I do not commit an unpardonable sin in saying so) that it would have been better if Raphael had never painted the Transfiguration. The truncated cone which represents the mountain, and the three figures hovering in the air, do but meanly shadow the sight too glorious for bodily eyes to recover, but not beyond the perception of the inner man. Except in scenes where angels can be depicted simply as human beings—as the three who visited Abraham's tent, and those who guided Lot out of Sodom—they had better not be attempted on canvas.

While modern Italian paintings, as proved by the collection at Florence, are eminently worthy of regard, I am afraid the days have come when we must mourn over the decease of Italian music. Would you believe it, my dear Editor? there is hardly a city in the country where a decent opera can be put on the stage—nay, some of the largest and most celebrated theatres have been closed for two or three years. What has frightened away the Muse?—whither has she departed?

—are questions hard to answer; but the truth remains, that Italia Liberata is barren of music, composed or expressed. It is no answer to the second of my questions that song has migrated to Germany. Germany's music was never translated from Italian soil, and will never, to my thinking, compensate for a tuneless Italy.

The Colosseum, with its arena half excavated down to the water under the earth, and its stones and bricks cleared of the weeds, is a less pleasing sight than was the Colosseum of five or six years since, with its grass-grown slopes and floor. It has in great degree lost its venerable appearance. After the Pyramids of Egypt, I suppose the amphitheatre to be the most durable structure that man has put up. It seems as if it would have resisted the weather for ever if man had let it alone. But, profound as is the feeling which it excites, that which is raised by the Pyramids is incomparably greater. We can repeople the Colosseum. We know what was done there, how it was done, how the spectators were arranged, how the actors commonly fared, how the sights were provided. We are, indeed, more familiar with the games and contests of the arena than we are with the sports of our own ancestors. But the Pyramids; in what an awe and mystery are they enshrouded! None can tell their age or purpose. Who was Cheops? Who was Mencheres? If the arts are progressive, whence came the inimitable skill in masonry which joined and levelled the great stones of Egypt? Why were the Pyramids built, and who used them? We cannot tell: we know only that they are, and no man has any historical idea of the time when they were not. It is strange how a slight acquaintance with the remains of Egypt diminishes in one's opinion

the antiquity of the relics of other lands! I often think, too, when lamenting the ravages of the barbarian on Rome, how thankful we ought to be that Rome did not fall into the hands of the Turk. Let any one look at Athens, and he will understand how much worse it might have been with Rome.

They show you now, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, the place which the reigning Pope has selected for his last rest. A well in the floor has been made an elaborately-ornamented chapel, the descent to which is by two stairs, from the right and left. Its walls are of rich and rare stones set with jewels, and above the altar were formerly treasured most precious relics; but since "the Revolution"—which means, I suppose, the fall of the temporal sovereignty—these have been taken into the Vatican. The inlaid marble slab which covers the future grave was pointed out to me, as also the place intended for the sculptured monument. I have since been told that the Pope has not decided to be buried in that chapel at all, though it is likely he will be entombed somewhere in S. Maria Maggiore, for which he had always a partiality. Poor old man! he must lie somewhere before long, and who or what will succeed him? Will it be the deluge?

I was, it seems, fortunate in visiting the church of St Peter *in vinculis*, at a time when the chains themselves could be seen. A friend of mine who saw the church later was told that the season was past for beholding these relics. I can only say that I regret that he, who seemed to care about them, did not obtain the sight instead of me. The chains look as if they had left the forge last week; and they had, I believe, as much connection with St Peter as with Tippoo Saib.

The monument to our two Pretenders and the Cardinal of York in St Peter's, has in it figures of two angels (or *genii*, as they are called in the guide-books); these angels are clad in tunics which drop away from their waists as naturally as if they were made of linen instead of marble. The sculptor (Canova) has chiselled the stone to a transparent thinness; and to convince themselves that the tunics really stand away from the figures, and that there is an empty space beneath them, every visitor strikes the tunics with his stick, or gives them a rap with his knuckles. There happens to be a seat opposite the monument, on which I one day rested myself for some time, during which every comer struck the figures. The marble has not as yet been chipped; but I should think it soon would be if this caning and knuckling are allowed to go on. And the tunics are very dirty from these continued attentions.

I should have liked, my dear Editor, to say something regarding our prospects of peace and war; but while my letter is in your printer's hands these matters will be receiving the attention of Parliament: therefore anything I might write now would be sadly out of date by your day of publication. You will have perceived, I think, that what I said in my last letter concerning *l'argent*, and the probabilities of the peace of Europe being maintained through the want of it in other countries, was not far from a correct forecast. Our Premier, in his Mansion-House speech, said pretty much what I had said on that subject, and almost used my words in depicting the exhaustion which would ensue from a campaign or two to any country save England, while England could return again and again to the charge without

much loss of strength. I have seen this speech condemned, as containing a challenge. It contained a reassuring hint for Englishmen, and a wholesome caution for all those who are disposed to injure our national interests. The Premier particularly pointed out that England earnestly desires peace, and certainly does not mean to be the first to strike a blow. If, however, a war should be commenced which threatens our prosperity, we are able to strike with effect. A consideration was presented more likely than any other to prevent war. Right feeling will not prevent it; but prudential motives may. I think, therefore, it was most judicious to remind all hands that we had better be left quiet. "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" was the sum of what he said—nothing more. The puling policy of Mr Gladstone would, of course, have turned our cheek to the smiter; but you and I, and those who think with us, know that manly candour is not only a more honest, but also a more prevailing weapon than cowardly self-abasement. I can only say that I read that part of the speech with great approbation, and that I trust it told emphatically in the quarter to which it was intended to go home.

Now I think I will bring my epistle to an end. Before I write you again, the die may have been cast which is to decide the question of peace or war; but whichever may impend, Great Britain has no evil to apprehend as long as she retains the trusty councillors who now direct her affairs. In that course you will, I know, do your utmost to keep her constant. In the comfort of which knowledge, I remain, my dear Editor, whatever betide, most truly yours,

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE problem which awaited the meeting of Parliament has lost none of its difficulties. The whole civilised world, or at least every European Cabinet and nation, has looked forward to the beginning of this session. Both Houses have a high reputation for wisdom and moderation; and their deliberative powers might fairly be expected, if not to aid in the final solution of the great Eastern Question, at least to throw light upon the wishes and intentions of the English nation.

The meeting was opportune, for we had come to another break or pause in the continuity of diplomatic and other proceedings. Indecision and perplexity prevailed over the Continent, each Power asking the other what it intended to do, and no one caring to be responsible for any answer it might make. The breaking up of the Conference with a result so totally different from what any of us had expected, showed that the question had entered upon a new phase. To all outward appearance the Turks were triumphant, Russia was retreating. The inference was, that in some way or other Europe had made known its will that Turkish territory must be respected, and that a war for the amelioration of Christians must be indefinitely postponed.

Prince Gortschakoff, in his Circular Note of the 19th January, said, that after more than a year of diplomatic efforts, "the Cabinets again find themselves in the same position as at the beginning of the crisis." The year of diplomatic efforts does not, however, seem to have cleared up the controversy so as to place before Europe any definite demand, the refusal of which

by Turkey constitutes a *casus belli*. The task of "awaking the echoes of the East" has been fruitless, notwithstanding a loud reverberation at Greenwich. The Note charges the Porte with refusing "to accede to the wishes of Europe;" and it adds, that "the object which the Great Powers have in view has been clearly defined by the acts of the Conference." Even if those acts include all the proposals made by the preliminary conference on the 30th December, they are not the sort of demands which a great Power, without any prospect of advantage, would go to war to enforce; and still less so, if those acts merely include the two points which Midhat Pasha finally referred to the decision of the Grand Council.

A very short retrospect is sufficient to show that no solution will ever be made of this interminable and insurmountable difficulty, at least by diplomacy. And every single Power shrinks from war. Russia has tried it in an unofficial way, and the longer she contemplates the prospects which strife opens to her, the less she likes them. Perhaps if the Powers would agree to "let it alone," the difficulty might die out as gradually as it rose. If the secret societies, and the Pan Slavist fomenters of insurrection, see that their schemes end in nothing, they may desist from a fruitless enterprise. The moral pressure which has been brought to bear has led to the dethronement of two Sultans, several changes of ministers, the grant of a constitution, and so forth. But the difficulties of the whole subject remain where they were before, and it will be long before there is any perceptible growth in the efficacy of

Turkish reform, or in the improvement of their subjects' condition.

We had lost sight of the Servian and Montenegrin forces in the impending strife between Turkey and Russia; just as the Servian war had thrown into the background the schemes of the Herzegovinian insurgents. Yet, whilst mere insurgents occupied the foreground, they were just as impracticable, as little able to advance, as little willing to yield, as their more powerful champions. The appearance of these latter on the field either of diplomatic or material action, has not increased the disposition of the Turks towards concession. No one, we presume, would say that Midhat Pasha's constitution is substantially any greater satisfaction to the Christians than the reforms which were granted by the Firman of 13th December 1875. That was said by Musurus Pasha at the time to be the crowning of the edifice, the foundation of which was laid by the Firman of Gulhané in 1839, and the body completed by the Hatti-Humayoon of 1856. It would be difficult to say anything more satisfactory of the recent constitution. Yet the insurgents received the Firman with as much indifference as Europe has received the constitution. The object of the Andrassy Note was to provide for the execution of these reforms, a mode of carrying them out, a special commission to see that they were carried out. The Note was accepted, but nothing was done. From that time to this, there has been no cessation of warfare of some kind or other. That presence of warlike operations has served for fifteen months as an excuse (probably a reasonable and sufficient one) for the abeyance of all schemes of reform. Within that period, at least from the date of the Berlin Memorandum down to the date of the

Moscow speech, or even the arrival of Lord Salisbury at Constantinople, there has been the prospect of open interference by Russia. The project of occupation shadowed forth in the Memorandum, was followed by armed support to Servia, and eventually by a threat of separate intervention, the mobilisation of considerable forces, the emission of a loan, and an ultimatum. The speeches of Prince Bismarck at Berlin, and Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall, may be taken as expressing the general view of Europe in regard to the Russian policy. War being imminent, a Conference was held. The wishes of Europe prevailed: Russia laid aside her project of intervention, and even of any separate action; the Turks, finding that a war for aggrandisement was forbidden, and that no adequate ground, or practicable means, existed for executing a policy of coercion, dismissed the plenipotentiaries not without some scorn and exultation. Under these circumstances, Midhat Pasha's policy of reform must be carried out, or else the triumph of Turkey is the defeat of Europe. Russia, being the most deeply pledged, is naturally the first to move. She comes before Europe with her Circular Note of the 19th January. She apparently wants an "executory sanction," whatever that may be defined to be, to the Porte's engagements and duties. And she adds, "The refusal of the Turkish Government affects the dignity and peace of Europe. It is important for us to know what the Cabinets with which we have acted in concert *until now* intend to do, in order to reply to this refusal, and to insure the execution of their wishes." And all Europe is perplexed as to the answer to be given.

It was under these circumstances that Parliament met. It could

hardly have been called together at a more critical moment, or more opportunely for the purpose of clearing up the position which England means to take. Its proceedings will be closely scanned throughout Europe. And that nothing might be wanting to increase their significance, the more decisive attitude of Russia had during the recess given rise to an apparent division of opinion between the two great English parties as to the course which ought in consequence to be taken by England. Cleared of all misrepresentation, and dismissing all exaggerations, whether of sentiment or policy, it turns out that both sides are agreed that we have no treaty obligations towards Turkey to defend her by force of arms. We have a treaty right to do so; but that is another matter. The declared policy of the Government was to adhere to the treaties which respected the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and endeavour, as far as possible without violating that principle, to secure an improved administration of its provinces. The declared policy of some very leading politicians, who undertook in the autumn to shape the course of her Majesty's Opposition, was that of joint action with Russia, in order effectively to apply foreign authority in the Turkish dominions. A broader issue, embracing the whole principle, aims, and general spirit of our foreign policy, it would be impossible to raise. And it was that issue which Parliament must dispose of, and show to Europe whether there were two Englands or one England in reference to the great Eastern Question, and our interests and obligations in South-eastern Europe.

It is a wise rule, established, unless we are greatly mistaken, by Mr Disraeli during his long leadership

of Opposition, which has abolished the old custom of making the debate on the Address to the Throne the occasion of a mere faction fight, and instituted in lieu of it an opportunity of spoken State papers from the official chiefs of the two great political parties in either House of Parliament. It is more decorous, at the very least, that at the first meeting of the Legislature the state of public affairs as it affects Great Britain and Europe, and not as it affects the relations of party, should first receive attention. Other nations besides our own look forward to that meeting with anxiety and interest, and it tends to sustain the unparalleled influence which that assembly has achieved to discard party animosity in its debate on the Address to the Throne. Political feeling has run high during the last recess; and it is on that account all the more creditable to the moderation and good sense of the Opposition that to a great extent it reserved its hostile comments till the papers were published, and the regular opportunity is afforded for discussion. It is true that in the House of Lords the Duke of Argyll displayed considerable heat, and arranged in his eager haste for an opportunity of stating his case with the promise of a reply from Lord Beaconsfield. In the House of Commons, Lord Hartington diverged in respect of numerous quotations from Ministerial speeches into sundry intimations of future attack, and drew from the Chancellor of the Exchequer retorts which displayed a considerable amount of latent heat, and served to show that, in the way of forcible utterance, the Opposition will by no means have a monopoly. But setting aside these indications of coming sport, the speeches of the party chiefs were steadily directed to define the policy and attitude of this

country with regard to the Eastern Question. Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll have incurred so much serious personal responsibility in regard to the violent manœuvres of the autumn, that it is not to be wondered at that their speeches formed an exception to the general rule, and that the beneficent results of those extraordinary proceedings were the chief topics of interest to them.

The general result of those important discussions was to our mind extremely satisfactory. It established the truth of what we have insisted upon throughout the whole recess—that the maintenance of peace and security for the better government of Turkey is the unanimous wish of this country; and that the differences which have arisen concern the *modus operandi* alone—the best means of securing the end which we all have in view. The means adopted must vary with the changing circumstances in which we are placed; the end in view must be steadily maintained. For a time, and in a moment of extraordinary passion, in language of unusual vehemence, a contrary policy was placed before the country, and was hastily adopted at public meetings. Forgetful of the fact which a Liberal historian (Mr Kinglake) has forcibly demonstrated, that the Crimean war was a war of passion, unnecessary for the due maintenance of the policy which our leading statesmen had at heart, “private citizens once more boldly planting themselves athwart the

path of their own Government, have been cheering Russia into the mood for subversive enterprises.”* They desired that Russia should commence a crusade; that we should emulate her good deeds; that, as a consequence, the Turks should be driven into the sea, or at the very least that Turkish authority should be extinguished in a considerable portion of the Ottoman empire. What the ultimate consequences of such a policy might have been, was beneath the attention of its angry adherents. We were to reproduce and double the follies of eight centuries ago. Two crusades to the East for directly opposite purposes were to be inaugurated in the short space of twenty years. A long and sanguinary war seemed to be inevitable; Servia rejected a peace which she was on the point of concluding; the excitement of the Russian population rose high; and the forces of the Czar were collected on the frontiers of Turkey. The excuse for those unprecedented proceedings, which both Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll admit must be censured in the absence of adequate explanation, is, that the Government were leading us into a position in which war in defence of Turkey was fast becoming inevitable. To obviate this danger, they furnished Russia with pretexts and encouragement for attack, and with tongue and pen they constituted themselves her eager and impetuous auxiliaries. Their schemes are defeated; they are overwhelmed by the authentic evidences of the Ministerial policy

* See preface to Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii., cabinet edition. “Including amongst them great numbers of gifted, well-informed men, with the prince of all orators at their head, they really were not common throngs, but thousands and thousands of foreign secretaries, free from any tough doubt about anything; and they entered upon the duties of the invaded department with minds unhampered by the traditions of Office—nay, even so unhampered by policy, that if reminded by some grey-headed clerk of the connection between Turkish ‘independence’ and the burning question of ‘the Straits,’ they all said there was nothing in that. They undertook a grave task.”

which was from the first appearance of the Berlin Memorandum opposed to war on behalf of Turkey, and which no one, to our knowledge at least, misunderstood except themselves. They now throw all the blame upon Ministerial speeches during last session, which at the time, construed in reference to the circumstances when they were made, passed without occasioning any unnecessary excitement; and upon the language of the Ministerial journals during the recess. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the latter, with which we are not familiar, it is in vain to quote them in vindication of proceedings which occurred directly Parliament rose. The language imputed could not have caused the misapprehension which preceded it, and was very likely itself occasioned by the excitement which had been so unnecessarily and wantonly raised.

It is satisfactory to find on the opening of Parliament that the policy of exterminating or expelling the Turks, which was so eloquently vindicated last autumn, has been reversed. There has been a complete change of front. We shall hear no more of that policy as a practical object for Englishmen to adopt. The autumnal agitation will doubtless occasion much parliamentary eloquence. Those who are responsible for it will have to task their utmost energies to find a reasonable or plausible defence of their conduct, and they will prefer guerilla skirmishing to open battle. A misapprehension of their policy and aims ought not to be accepted as an excuse. The incriminated statesmen ought to show affirmatively that their conduct was justified by the presence of the imminent danger which they assumed to anticipate, in respect of a reckless policy which should repeat their own Crimean experiences. If

there was nothing of which they can now complain, nothing in the conduct of the Ministry which they dare to submit to parliamentary censure, we say that they stand convicted of most rash and perilous political misconduct, which, if accepted as a precedent for future times, may hereafter imperil the very existence of the State.

As far as present prospects are concerned, it is satisfactory to find that the meeting of Parliament has restored the Opposition to a sense of responsibility. The speeches of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington leave nothing to be complained of. They would not have discharged their duties if they had not subjected the conduct of the Ministry to all the force of Opposition criticism. But in defining the policy of their party, they broadly distinguished it from the policy of the recess; so broadly as to induce the belief that their professed vindication of the autumn proceedings was in deference to party loyalty, the total impracticability of leaving their eminent colleague in the lurch. Lord Hartington spoke under the influence of Mr Gladstone's immediate presence, and was of course more amenable to considerations which prudence, as well as chivalry and party loyalty, obviously suggested. He stated his case as follows: Down to the close of last session, the policy of the Government was one of active non-intervention. It would not itself intervene in the affairs of Turkey, and it successfully discouraged intervention by others. As regards the part actually played by England, both before and at the date of the Andrassy Note, immediately after the Berlin Memorandum, and then again directly Serbia applied for our mediation, he either disregarded it, or doubted if a correct version had been given of it, especially at Ayles-

bury. The Ministry, he said, appeared to pay exclusive attention to English interests; those interests, it was erroneously assumed, required a war in defence of Turkey; there was nothing inconsistent with that view in the speeches of Ministers; and it was to prevent the possibility of such a war that the autumn agitation arose. Its exaggerations lay at the door of the Government. The inadequacy of that apology lies in the fact that the assumption of a war for Turkey being imminent is displaced. It was an erroneous and gratuitous assumption,—one that Lord Hartington himself never acted upon. Moreover, it is within the recollection of every one that the immediate and ostensible cause of the agitation was a panic about the Bulgarian atrocities, and that panic was unduly stimulated. No one worth attending to disparaged the national outburst of generous indignation; but it was used in a party spirit to weaken and embarrass the Ministry, who ought to have been sustained by demonstrations of public support.

The points made against the Ministry by Lord Hartington, subsequent to the agitation, were that they had not “followed out” the despatch of September 21; that at that date they offered, as proposals of pacification, terms which they had rejected when suggested by Russia in the previous June. The speech at the Guildhall, he said, was injudicious; but Lord Salisbury had “restored, to a great extent, the good understanding between England and Russia.” He had explained to the Turkish Government his view of the treaties of 1856, which some among us (who were not more particularly identified) regarded “as a chain by which we are perpetually bound, under all circumstances, to be the *defenders* and champions of a decay-

ing empire.” And as regards the present policy of England, he denied that our responsibilities are at an end. It is necessary not merely to ask, but to obtain, reform from the Turkish Government. “Can anything,” he asked, “be more contrary to the interests of England, than that Russia should be permitted, if not compelled, to take upon herself a duty which is logically cast upon the whole of the Powers?” Russia would be within her right if she acted independently; but our interests are greater than German and Austrian interests in preventing it, for Turkey has provinces in Asia as well as in Europe. He, as well as Mr Canning, is alive to the dangers of Russian intervention; and while Mr Canning was willing to “go the length” of co-operating with Russia, Lord Hartington is unwilling to believe “that the resources of diplomacy are exhausted by the failure of the Conference,” and is sure that concerted action amongst the Powers must be preserved. Lord Granville’s speech was very similar. But he referred to the explosion of opinion merely as occasioned by the Bulgarian horrors. There was not a word of vindication of its extravagance, and no pretence that these extravagances were justified by any *bond fide* belief that an unnecessary war on behalf of Turkey was imminent. The Duke of Argyll was left to take care of himself; but Lord Hartington was prudently more considerate towards the powerful statesman in the Commons. We infer from this, that however much they may combine in a division, or amalgamate for purposes of debate, the “excesses” of the autumn have created a division between the section led by Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, and the Whigs who follow the recognised chiefs of the party; and that the prospects of reunion depend upon

the former modifying their language and aims to suit the more business-like capacity of the House of Commons.

And, as it appears to us, the speeches of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington leave nothing to be desired as a statement of policy. So long as those speeches stand uncontradicted, the sole difference between them and those of the Ministry, as regards the course to be hereafter pursued, is, that being unweighted by official responsibility, they are somewhat more outspoken in regard to concerted coercion of Turkey. They are careful not to commit themselves to the policy of joint action with Russia; and therein they agree with the Ministers. The Government, on the other hand, say that, having picked the idea of coercion to pieces in their own minds, coercion is not their policy. But they are careful to eschew the unlimited dogma that under no circumstances will they resort to coercion; and therein they stand on the same platform with their rivals. The Ministerial policy of discouraging armed intervention; of bringing political pressure to bear upon Turkey to reform the administration of its provinces; of maintaining peace, and regarding the interests of Turkish Christians as only one, and not the most important, element in the whole question, — thoroughly triumphs in the end. It is almost unanimously adopted by Parliament; and the opinion which may be expressed of isolated passages in carrying out that policy is a matter of very small public importance, though doubtless, as we all hope, it will give rise to some admirable debating. Both sides are equally anxious to do all that is practicable to benefit the Eastern Christians; and both sides are equally anxious that peace should be maintained. Lord Granville's

speech, moreover, was important in regard to its comments on the Treaty of Paris. He was far from arguing in the broad way that Mr Gladstone did at St James's Hall, that Turkey had violated its conditions, and that therefore, in regard to the Porte, it was no binding treaty at all. He laid it down that the Treaty of Paris was "one of very considerable importance, and of great use to all who participate in its provisions. It is of great importance in respect of the freedom of the Danube; and it lays down rules which are valuable in respect to the relations of the six Powers in checking selfish or interested views on the part of any particular Power." No more satisfactory statement could have been made. Turn from it to the declaration of Lord Derby, and then what becomes of all the wanton rhetoric of the recess? There can be but one view of these treaties, one view of our duty in regard to them, and of the manner in which they ought to be observed. They chalk out the plain path of international duty. While the Powers respect them, there is peace; and no efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Christians of Turkey which begin by violating the provisions of these treaties will have the slightest chance of success. The only alternative to be adopted is the policy of establishing by force of arms a new government in Turkey in lieu of that of the Turks; and that object will never be carried out without a war, in which the Christian inhabitants of that country will bear the chief portion of the misery entailed by it. Lord Derby's explanation of those treaties, which have acted all the vacation upon the fanatical opponents of English policy like a red rag on a mad bull, must convince the most pharisaical atrocity-mongers that the policy of adhering to established

treaties is not so short-sighted and so full of danger as they have fancied. To judge from the startled wonder which they express at Lord Derby's "power of minimising," and their affected belief that the phantoms against which they have been battling with all their might and main had deluded the Ministerial press as well as themselves, one can only conclude that they never took the trouble to read the treaties which they denounced. Here is Lord Derby's explanation of the treaties, which, we undertake to say, is no novelty whatever to any one but a Liberal agitator. By one treaty "we undertake to respect the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire." When Mr Gladstone said at St James's Hall that "it was little less than a gratuitous insult to talk of maintaining the independence of the Ottoman empire," he violated the spirit and letter of a treaty which he himself ratified in 1871. "We guarantee in common," said Lord Derby, "the strict observance of that engagement—that is, we each undertake to observe it, and to do what we can to make others observe it; but there is no shadow of a provision in that treaty to make non-observance by other Powers a *casus belli*." Laborious arguments that Turkey is not in a position to appeal to that treaty have been somewhat thrown away. The Powers entered into that treaty as well as the other treaties upon this subject for their own security and advantage, and not for those of the Porte. It is the general interest of Europe to see those treaties respected; and they owe all their vitality to that circumstance, as Prince Gortschakoff years ago pointed out. Hitherto that general interest has been quite sufficient for the purpose; otherwise there are at least three

Powers which have engaged with each other to defend the territory of the Ottoman empire. If the barriers of restraint are thrown down, and any Power adopts a policy of violence, there begins a strife which, if it is localised, will decide nothing, and if it is general may set Europe in flames. What can be more obvious than that it is the duty of Great Britain to throw all its weight on the side of maintaining these treaties, and rescuing Europe from the evils which their infraction will probably entail? And if it is determined to cast them to the winds, what policy can be suggested in lieu of maintaining British interests? The notion that, by mingling in the *mêlée* unnecessarily and without view to our own immediate interests, we might perchance benefit the unarmed Christians of Turkey living side by side with the armed adherents of the Government which we are to struggle to dislodge, is perfectly wild, and will never be accepted by either Parliament or the country. The question would then be one of the redistribution of territory and power; and other interests besides those of Turkish Christians would have to be attended to.

Lord Derby contends that in case of those treaties being violated, England is free to act or not to act as she may think fit. He showed that throughout, from the time of the Berlin Memorandum down to the present moment, while resolute to uphold those treaties as the public law of Europe to which all the Powers are bound to conform, he had steadily declined to give them a construction, as far as our own engagements were concerned, more stringent than they would fairly bear. Turkey has been warned of that over and over again, from last May to the present time; and Mid-

hat Pasha explained to the Grand Council which rejected the final proposal of the Conference, that she could not rely on the assistance of England. By adhering to the treaties we discharge our duties to Europe: if they are deliberately set aside, our first duty is to ourselves. It is not inconsistent with adherence to those treaties, as we trust by this time our Liberal contemporaries are convinced, to endeavour by negotiation or conferences to procure their revision by the Powers which signed them, to do all we can by peaceable means to insure the better government of the provinces. The more the subject is rationally debated, the more impossible does it become that, in presence of those treaties, there either can be or is any real and essential difference of opinion as to the course which this country should pursue. Enthusiasm for the Christians, regulated by adherence to treaties, is the language of the Opposition. Adherence to treaties, modified by regard to the rights of the Christians, is the policy of the Ministry. One side puts national duty in the foreground; the other is thinking of a cry for the next election. Substantially, however, they agree. The only note of discord in the deliberations of Parliament is struck by those who are not weighing the policy which ought to be pursued, but who are tasking all their energies to find excuse and justification for the "excesses" of the autumn.

We shall certainly not find that excuse in the speech of Lord Granville, of which Lord Derby immediately remarked that, after listening to it with the utmost attention, he found it "difficult to ascertain what are the particular points in those long and complicated negotiations to which objection is made." In fact, there is no substantial objection which can be

made. The narrow path of international duty is plainly chalked out by those treaties which have been vilified and vituperated by those who it now turns out had never read them, or, having read them, failed to understand their provisions. By dint of carefully considering every step they have taken, the Ministry have successfully trodden the path before them; and now that Parliament has met, they have the satisfaction to find that no deviation therefrom is laid to their charge. It must be a matter of the greatest satisfaction to every Englishman to learn that, in regard to the perplexities which may be coming upon Europe, this country is perfectly free and unfettered to deal with every subject of controversy as it arises. In spite of the active part which they have taken, partly in pursuance of treaty engagements, partly in regard to our own national interests, which are ultimately at stake—notwithstanding the difficulties before them and the popular commotion behind them, which overturned the equanimity of others—they have not involved their country in one single entangling engagement express or implied. If, as the Duke of Argyll says, there had been no man at the helm, we might easily have drifted into an implied engagement to support Turkey, which would have enabled that Power to repeat the experience of 1853, and drag England behind her into a struggle in which her interests are only remotely involved. For the Ministry, at least, the history of the Crimean war has not been written in vain. From first to last they have refused to go one jot beyond the provisions of their treaties, or to give to their duties a more stringent construction than was necessary. That has now been rendered perfectly clear. Otherwise, the result would not

have been as it is. Mr Gladstone claims that his agitation effected that result, and that otherwise we should have been involved in war for the protection of Turkey; and he will exert all his power to make good that proposition.

But the agitation occurred while we were anticipating the work of the Conference—mediating between Servia and Turkey, and laying down as an impartial third party the principles of pacification. At that time the Servian war had been going on for two months, and no sign of armed English interference had been given. Both Turkey and England had steadily overlooked the infraction of neutral-duties by Russia. And the object of the agitation was not nearly so much to prevent assistance being rendered to Turkey, of which there never was any fear, as to stimulate Russian invasion, to foment insurrection in the provinces, to urge upon Servia to renew the war which she was willing to lay aside. It is impossible that the policy of that agitation can be persisted in now that Parliament has met. The Duke of Argyll, no doubt, has declared that any insurrection against the Turkish Government is a legitimate insurrection, on the broad principle that human beings under such a Government owe it no allegiance. He would go to war "to force his will on the Turks," and declares that any other policy is one of utter fatuity. Joint action with all Europe, or, failing that, joint action with Russia, in order to do something and gain some indefinite securities, is the only policy that he will hear of. But forcing your will on the Turks would be of no use unless they have the power all through the ramifications of Government to communicate that will for the benefit of the governed. It is idle to contrast it with the policy recommended and

pursued on the other side. Lord Beaconsfield replied that whatever circumstances may hereafter require, coercion is not the policy of the Government. There are other elements in the question to attend to besides the condition of the Christians: and even as regards them, "we must accurately know who are to be responsible for that condition hereafter," and what changes of territory are involved, before we can decide on our course. Patience is absolutely necessary. We cannot change the characters and dispositions of millions of men: if we could improve their institutions and their government, it would be long before the change would react on their condition; while by spreading amongst them the horrors of war, it will be easy to aggravate their miseries. The sentimentality to which the Duke of Argyll appeals would apply, if rightly directed, to the affairs of the larger portion of the habitable globe, and not merely to the districts whence a daily newspaper may chance to receive some sensational correspondence. The coercion of a Government is a most difficult task; and, said Lord Salisbury, "I doubt if we have ever tried it with effect and benefit to those whose condition we desired to ameliorate." To adopt coercion and succeed, is almost impossible; to adopt it and fail, would ruin our unhappy clients; to threaten it without adopting it, would be inexcusable. The Ministry stands utterly unpledged with regard to it. When one reads the account of Turkish dealings with the plenipotentiaries, the almost insolent Circular which Safvet Pasha sent after them to their various Courts, it is impossible to conclude that they can ever be coerced into altering their mode of life and government, whatever they may be capable of doing as matter of policy. Any coercive measures

which fall short of dislodging them from their seat in Europe will be wholly inefficacious to aid their European subjects. No one with any humanitarian feelings can contemplate without dismay the consequences of an armed attempt to eject them from their dominions. We take it that the almost unanimous feeling of Parliament condemns the extraordinary violence recommended in Mr Gladstone's pamphlet. Detailed criticisms on Ministerial despatches and speeches may afford to the Opposition ample opportunities for eloquence and invective. But if the guidance of Lord Hartington and Lord Granville is to be accepted, some vindication of the autumnal agitation must be found which will leave all its distinctive features without excuse or palliation. The real policy of the Government will no more be arraigned on its merits in this session than it was in the last. And every Englishman may rejoice that the long-foreseen triumph of moderation and common-sense has at last been accomplished.

The Houses of Parliament, therefore, manifest no sort of inclination to undertake the task of regulating the foreign policy of the Government, a task which seemed so heroic and at the same time so easy of accomplishment by speech and pamphlet in the vacation. The past policy of the Government has been adopted, the decision of our course for the future is left to them, the presence of the Legislature is a support and a shield from outside clamour. Fortunately for the interests of peace, in these moments of suspense, English public opinion has recovered its calmness. There is a strong disposition on the part of Governments to avoid the risks of war. The whole weight of English influence is undoubtedly, both in Parliament and in the head centres

of commerce, openly thrown into the scale in favour of peace. The Conference has paved the way for its establishment. It has cut down the Russian programme to a point which renders war superfluous. It has signified the general assent of Europe to a condemnation of Turkish misrule, and a demand for its reform. If the Turks have received no other punishment, they have been thoroughly well scolded. If scolding could have achieved any result, the Turks would have been scolded out of Europe. As it is, they have passed through an ordeal of peril and daring resolve which must open their eyes to the consequences of their misrule, and strengthen the position of those who are eager for improvement. The Russian volunteers have evacuated Turkey; and we trust that before the armistice expires, peace will have been concluded with Servia, if not with Montenegro—and that a pacification will be followed up by vigorous efforts to remove the discontent of the provinces. That would be by far the best answer to the Russian Circular. Otherwise, the question of armed coercion is still an open one. Nobody can foretell the course of any one of the great Powers. The confidential communications which passed between Lord Salisbury and the Foreign Ministers of France and Germany are not disclosed; and they, no doubt, are all-important to an accurate estimate of our prospects. Russia, it seems clear, is without a single ally as far as coercion is concerned. The policy of each one of the other five Powers is to avoid any distinct pledge as to what it will do, or will not do, in the event of any overt hostilities by the Czar. Not one of them wishes to fetter his freedom, or to depart from that uncertainty of attitude, which is itself a menace. The duty

of drawing up an answer to the Russian Circular is by common consent deputed to the English Government, which is evidently in no hurry about it. Meanwhile, the general feeling in Parliament and the country is to let things alone, at all events for the present. We have gone as far as we can, or ought to do, in the way of intervention in the internal affairs of a State with which we have no treaty right of interference. We hope that that intervention will not be without its results; but the maintenance of European peace is out of all proportion a more important end to be obtained than that of recovering independence for those who seem unable either to achieve it, or even at present to fit themselves for it.

Under existing circumstances, the Liberal party is placed in an awkward position. They cannot, dare not, take any step towards displacing, censuring, or even challenging the policy of the Government, which all through the recess many of them have violently denounced. Charge upon charge was accumulated, and it was announced that their conduct should never be forgotten or forgiven. The Ministry declared that they had nothing to explain, qualify, or regret. Parliament meets; the Blue-books are published; and immediately the "real sentiments and actual policy" of the Administration are, according to Sir William Harcourt, above reproach. "Ever since September last, under the stress of public opinion, the Government have adopted the policy, the reasoning, and the conclusions of their opponents." — (Letter, 'Times,' Feb. 12). In other words, there is no more ground for condemning the policy pursued by this country during the recess, than there was during last session, or than there is during this. It is an Opposition without a grievance; it is an Opposi-

tion which, for months, has adopted a most unpatriotic resistance to its own Government, a half-treasonable encouragement to the designs of foreign nations. It is reduced to the humiliating confession of which Sir W. Harcourt is the spokesman, that such conduct was all a mistake, that it was battling against phantoms of its own creation, or that it had been misled by a "few self-important journalists" for whom the Government had prepared a heartless "sell." A more damaging confession was never made by a public man. Suppose it is all true, it amounts to this, that the whole conduct of the Opposition during the recess has been owing to mistake and misapprehension. Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, on the other hand, admit that nothing but a case of extreme necessity would justify their determined attempts to interfere with the foreign policy of their Government. Here is their "self-constituted" champion surrendering their whole case, declaring that it was all a mistake, that the policy complained of "never existed except in the brains of a few self-important journalists." The letter, however, still leaves the rival policy of joint action with Russia in coercing Turkey without defence or excuse. That scheme is not likely to be forgotten; nor the proposal to extinguish Turkish authority in the three provinces. The "bag and baggage" policy was not a delusion of journalists, but the ornament of a pamphlet.

Humiliating as this confession is, it is tacitly adopted by Mr Gladstone, who cannot conceal his annoyance and irritation at the position in which he is placed. He can do nothing but laboriously endeavour to show, by minute verbal criticism of one or two isolated despatches out of hundreds, that his

agitation effected a change of policy on the part of the Ministry. His most successful argument in that direction is, that during last session the few Ministerial speeches on this subject contained no distinct reference to the Eastern Christians or our duties towards them, whilst in the recess those speeches were full of that topic. If the same difference of tone pervaded the despatches and the diplomatic action taken before and after that period, there would be more substance in the argument. If the despatch of 5th Sept. stood by itself, or there had been no despatch of the 25th May to make it quite clear what was the attitude adopted towards Turkey, it would have been claimed as the first-fruits of the pamphlet. It is painful to see a statesman of Mr Gladstone's commanding eminence reduced to wrangle over isolated despatches in this hopeless manner, in order to construct an excuse for proceedings which he admits to be unprecedented and to require grave justification. If he has nothing on which he can take the sense of the House, he had far better drop the subject. The country will forget and forgive much in Mr Gladstone. The whole agitation had its generous and noble characteristics, which we as well as others admitted at the time. It was, at the same time, full of peril to the public welfare and to individual reputations. The country has escaped at present the dangerous consequences which were feared. The whole proceeding was, as it turned out, but an episode in a long drama. If its "grave justification" is hard to find, a series of baffled efforts to construct it lowers the dignity both of the House and of a celebrated statesman. We might forget the want of statesmanship and prudence, in the characteristic impulsiveness and earnestness of the orator, who at least gave elo-

quent expression to the national indignation at savage barbarities which we all deplored.

The speech of Feb. 16, after the Blue-books had been in Mr Gladstone's hands a week, did not pretend to be a vindication of the autumn procedure. It contained some criticism of Lord Derby's despatch of Sept. 5, to the effect that our national sympathy was, in the extreme case of declaration of war by Russia against Turkey, in direct opposition to our treaty engagements; and more upon another of Sir H. Elliot's to a similar effect. It then defended the Black Sea clause in the Treaty of 1871, and excused the renewal by his Government of the guarantees and other provisions of the Treaty of 1856. It was far more an attempt to escape responsibility for his own deliberate policy, to explain his own share in fixing this country with certain treaty engagements, than an endeavour to make out that "grave justification" which he admitted at St James's Hall he was bound to offer for the deeds of September last. Mr Gladstone contends that Turkey is under treaty obligations to Europe, but that she has no rights under that treaty. He brought that doctrine forward at last in presence of the Ministry, and received from Mr Hardy, "boldly, peremptorily, and strongly," the answer that Turkey has not forfeited her rights, and that Europe is bound by those treaties to her; and that the last men who ought to assert the contrary are the authors of the Treaty of 1871. It is reiterated in the language of the Duke of Wellington, that the Ottoman empire stands, not for the benefit of the Turks, but of Christian Europe, to preserve Europe from war. The integrity and independence of Turkey are declared to be the cor-

ner-stone of Ministerial policy ; and the Conference acted on that much-reviled principle as the basis of all its proceedings. Not merely does international duty prescribe that policy, but the country would be humiliated if it declined its obligation to France and Austria to do battle if called upon. That is a broad assertion of national duty, in direct opposition to the policy of conjoint action with Russia, to force our will on the Turks in defiance of engagements which are said to be no longer binding. Surely, if the leaders of Opposition were justified in their inflammatory speeches and pamphlets, which they published not only in England but in Russia, in order to thwart and weaken the course of the Government, they ought not to shrink from bringing the two rival policies to the decision of the nation. The speech of Mr Hardy contained a still further defiance. In the eight days which had elapsed since the opening of the session, the Ministry were still further confirmed in their determination to stand aloof from all attempts at coercion. That again is a broad assertion of national duty, in direct opposition to the policy of Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll. "We have proclaimed, and I proclaim it again in the strongest language, that we should do wrong in every sense of the word if we were to endeavour to employ material coercion against Turkey." By a contrary course, by resorting to coercion, we should not merely do wrong in connection with the treaties, but we should do wrong to the first principles of right and religion. And the author of the pamphlet on the Bulgarian atrocities, the orator of the Greenwich hustings and St James's Hall, sat by and contented himself with asking questions, involving mere verbal criticism of despatches four months old. A

violent personal altercation with Mr Chaplin and Lord George Hamilton followed ; in which he repeated that the Government "had misrepresented the sentiment of the country, and had used its power in direct antagonism to the best and deepest wishes of the country's heart." But not one word did he say to make good that assertion ; and he refused to test the opinion of the House. Appeals to his age, his long career, the youth and mental inferiority of his opponent, and to the example of Lord Shaftesbury, were scarcely appropriate. Then followed a discussion upon railway time-tables, a declaration that every Englishman should strive that justice should be done, but that he would keep his own counsel and say nothing as to what he would do in reference to the past or the future. "Can it, indeed, be true," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "that they do not intend to ask Parliament to take any course at all?" He challenged them to come forward with their vote of censure. Granted that the Government have a party majority, the country has a right to know wherein the Opposition thinks their recent conduct of our foreign affairs requires censure for the past or watching for the future. A merely party majority at a division would be no triumph. Mr Gladstone knows that very well. But in reality it would be impossible to unite the Opposition in any attack upon the Ministry which would weaken their hands, or give any colour for the assertion which was reiterated again and again in the autumn, that the Ministry does not represent the country, and that, in fact, there are two Englands in reference to this Eastern Question. Evidently the chiefs of the Liberal party have ascertained that the constituencies will not back them in adopting a policy of coercion. Mr

Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll will not be supported on a division. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington will lend them assistance in debate, and Sir W. Harcourt will write for them to the 'Times.' But the leadership of the party has passed to other hands; and the result of the autumn manœuvres has been to confirm Lord Hartington in the position which he occupies. The "bag and baggage" policy, the scheme of tearing up the treaties, the plan of conjoint hostilities with Russia, are all thrown to the winds. And so far from agreeing with Mr Gladstone that the Ministers had misrepresented the country, and acted in direct opposition to its wishes, Lord Hartington declared that the policy developed in the Blue-books showed that they had listened to the voice of the people. According to him, it was the Ministers who had misled their opponents by their speeches; and the "self-important journalists" escaped without censure. He intimated with tolerable distinctness that he would "refrain from challenging the conduct of the Government."

This is indeed a cruel and heartless "sell" for the Opposition journalists, who have been clamouring for the meeting of Parliament in order that the Tory party might be routed and put to shame and confusion. They have had most of the talk to themselves during the recess, and have been loud in their assertion of coming triumph. They have enveloped the whole subject in a fog; and though they have led Mr Gladstone to his ruin, they now find that it was all a mistake, and that their own leaders utterly decline to fight the issue which they have raised. As a party defeat, the disaster is overwhelming. But as it strengthens the hands of this country in its endeavours to secure

the peace of Europe, the revelation of the real impotence of the noisy faction of last September is as opportune as it is striking. Russia will not be misled in March as Serbia was in the autumn. The Powers of Europe understand that the influence of Great Britain is thrown unhesitatingly and decisively into the scale in favour of the maintenance of the existing treaties. And it is clear that she may be depended upon. Those who have striven to reverse that policy are routed and helpless. If Russia has not gone too far to recede, and if statesmanship can devise for her the means of withdrawing from a position in which she ought never to have been involved, the circumstance that England is of one mind in supporting the treaties of which she contemplates the violation, will have a material influence upon her conduct. The Guildhall speech, much abused as it has been, is approved by the country; and every one must feel, that it would have been unpardonable timidity if Russia had been allowed for a second time to commit herself to a policy of aggression, without timely warning as to the wishes and ultimate intentions of the people of England. We have no doubt that that speech influenced the result of the Conference. Whether the recall of Sir H. Elliot at the same time that the plenipotentiaries quitted Constantinople was an equally wise step, is another matter. We doubt if it is to the interest of England that the Turkish Government should be left completely to itself. If the influence of the British Ambassador would have prevented the fall of Midhat Pasha (assuming him to be the resolute champion of reform that he is stated to be), or have facilitated the conclusion of peace with Serbia and Montenegro, or would aid in warding off any one of

the contingencies which may lead to a rupture with Russia, his absence is to be regretted, however forcible the reasons which may have justified his temporary recall. With the fall of Midhat Pasha, it is possible that both the disdainful self-confidence, and also the determination to reorganise the Government which have recently been displayed, may be relaxed. The new Grand Vizier seems as eager as his predecessor to conclude peace with Servia and Montenegro; and the strongest hopes appear to be entertained of his success, unless the meeting of the Skuptschina on the 26th finally baffles them. The movements of Austrian troops, and the continued silence of Germany, are the best guarantees against a Russian advance on the Danube. But rumours are rife of the mustering of troops on the Caucasus. Financial exhaustion and the total cessation of trade; the rapid development of internal decay; the weakness of the Palace; the excitement of the Softas; the fanaticism of the mob; the ignorance and corruption of the official class,—all portend an alarming crisis. If the Turkish Government is capable of maintaining consistently the high spirit and independence with which they confronted the plenipotentiaries of Europe, they might adjourn for an indefinite time the collapse of their Government by voluntarily giving satisfaction where they rightly or wrongly refused dictation. But every one must feel that that prospect is more than doubtful; that the insecurity of the situation, the accumulating perils, are such that a representative of English interests on the spot is imperatively necessary in the interests of the British empire. Turkey may, for aught that any of us can tell, be on the brink of immediate ruin. The chances are against it, no doubt;

but it is scarcely prudent that at a crisis of this magnitude the British embassy should be deserted. Parliament has emphatically, and almost unanimously, declared the policy of this country; and neither the Turkish Government nor the Powers of Europe can misunderstand the return of a British Minister to his post of watchfulness at Constantinople. We may be compelled to abandon the Turkish empire to its fate; but we cannot look with indifference upon what will follow. We may have to adopt measures of grave importance, and time may be all-important. Whatever may be our immediate policy, the situation requires constant watchfulness—perhaps at any moment decisive action. It is not the moment at which a British representative can be safely spared from the East, and we trust that he will shortly again be found at his post.

The debate in the House of Lords (Feb. 20) was worthy of the subject, notwithstanding that again no issue was raised, and no division taken. The Duke of Argyll, keen to measure swords with Lord Beaconsfield, began it in a very eloquent and powerful speech. It is unnecessary to minimise, as the phrase is, the object in view. It was simply to draw attention to the instructions given to Lord Salisbury, and to ask what further measures were in contemplation, in order to attain the end in view. He approved those instructions; expressed his agreement with everything Lord Beaconsfield said in reply to him on the first night of the session; discussed the object of the Crimean war—the “wise, necessary, and just” policy of making the fate of Turkey not a Russian but a European question; cordially adopted Lord Derby’s doctrine, that we guaranteed the sick man against murder but not

against suicide; and explained away his doctrine as to the right of insurrection, by adopting Lord Salisbury's limitation, that there must be a reasonable prospect of success. It was difficult after all this to find a subject of invective, and so he was obliged to go back to the autumn of 1875 and complain that the insurgents had at that time received great discouragement from the English Government; and that all through the session of 1876 intervention had been discouraged. Since that time there had been timidity and half-heartedness, instead of that policy of coercion which the occasion demanded. He had a "distinct and clear opinion" of what was meant by coercion. It meant a great deal more than the bombardment of Stamboul; for "if you had brought Europe, as I tell you you might have done, to act together for the purpose of imposing your will upon Turkey, there are more means than one—there are more modes than two or three or six—by which you might and would have brought Turkey to her knees." That is a remarkably lucid description of what the Opposition mean by coercion! So much for the past; as regards the future, he had no wish to force the hands of the Government.

Lord Derby had not very much to reply to. It was rather late to complain of what happened a year and half ago; but the English Government at that time thought the insurrection was not justified by any reasonable prospect of success, and considered that foreign intrigue should be repressed with a view to avert danger to the peace of Europe. He again repudiated a policy of coercion.

The debate will be memorable for two speeches of remarkable power—those of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield. The moment

had come when, in the rout and confusion which their improvident manoeuvres had brought upon the Liberal party, the *coup de grâce* must be administered to their extravagant pretensions. The short-sighted endeavours to sow dissension between Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, and to applaud him as a sort of *protégé* of St James's Hall, gave increased force to his spirited invective. Although enlivened by much of what has been happily described as the ornament of debate, the speech was a closely-reasoned vindication of English policy. He traced the difficulties of the present situation to the way in which the policy of the Crimean war was carried out. The tutelage of Turkey by six Powers is a practical impossibility; the real influence over that country must fall to that Power which is prepared to fight. A situation so perplexing was created by men who were sanguine that the Turks would reform themselves. It cast upon us the duty of not fostering rebellion, and of checking aggression; and immediately the very men who created the duty denounced those who discharged it. If our alliance with Turkey is now broken up, that was necessarily a work of time; and meanwhile it was our duty to exhaust appeal, remonstrance, and exhortation, before we deserted her; and we still cling to the hope that some change in the councils of Turkey will enable us to restore the alliance. The chief motive power of the Conference was the fear of a rupture with Russia; and the infatuation of the Turks appeared to him so tremendous, that he could only attribute it to their ignorance of Russian resources. But at the same time, Lord Salisbury emphatically stated that Russia did not at the Conference hold the language of coercion. "It is important," he said, "that it should be on record that, at least as

far as the proceedings of the Conference went, there was not anything which pledged Russia to later military action in case the recommendations were not accepted by the Porte." Peace and war hang at the present moment on considerations of personal and national honour; and that declaration made, from what the Duke of Argyll calls the house-top of Europe, is of extreme importance. As to the Duke's "distinct and clear opinion" about coercion, it was as vague as anything stated in the autumn. Forcing your will on the Turks by the aid of united Europe has a magnificent sound, but it will not bear analysis. How to unite Europe—how to apply force—what is our joint will—what will be the result of the Powers upon the Turks, when successfully applied—what can the Turks do to give effect to the will so imposed upon them, for the benefit of the Christians,—are some of the difficulties involved. The destruction of the Turkish Government means the acceptance of responsibility for thirty millions of people; the reform of the Turkish Government is impracticable. It is easy to inveigh against this state of things; impossible to suggest any alternative course for the Ministers to adopt.

"In this strange discussion the parts of Government and Opposition are entirely changed. The Government have been all candour. We have absolutely poured the record of our thoughts and proceedings on the table of the House; but for the life of us we cannot yet get from the Opposition—which usually is frank, because it is free from responsibility—any statement of their opinion or desires. All through the autumn they have been longing for the meeting of Parliament, and urging that we should summon Parliament before the close of the usual recess. The one thing necessary for their happiness was that Parliament should meet in order that they might challenge the proceedings of

an inhuman and detestable Government, and bring them into accord with the feelings of the people. Now Parliament has met, and butter will not melt in their mouths. We cannot induce them by any request, however humble and modestly worded, to place on the journals, in the form of a distinct opinion, the grounds on which they censure our policy, and the reason why they pursued us with every kind of vituperation during three long months."

The only excuse offered for this astounding collapse is that of Mr Gladstone's on the first night of the session, and in reply to Mr Chaplin, to the effect that he had no more confidence in the decision of Parliament than in the policy of Ministers. Why was he so anxious for Parliament to meet, and why does he not disclose and vindicate the policy or the censure which he would submit to a more favoured House? If he and his friends are afraid of a division, at least they could formulate their demands.

Lord Beaconsfield at last had an opportunity of vindicating his policy in answer to questions which were withdrawn or amended, and in presence of an Opposition which shrank from challenging him. With the exception of a few sentences at Aylesbury during the height of the agitation, when he sternly rebuked the extravagances of his opponents, the Prime Minister has not for seven months sought or obtained an opportunity of defending his policy. It needs no vindication. The national engagements have been observed—they have not been extended; and the course of diplomacy has rather extricated us from a difficult position than involved us still deeper, as might easily have happened with less successful management. There was not a word in reference to the foolish charge of a change of policy. The guiding principles of that

policy were explained to be from first to last adherence to our national engagements, support of the great European policy which guarantees the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. "Apart from that principle we leave the ship without a rudder in our discussions." The Opposition which shrank from no enterprise, however perilous and desperate, in the autumn, were gravely admonished for a neglect of constitutional duty in not submitting to Parliament that policy of coercion which their speeches recommended. The conduct of the Liberal Government of Lord Palmerston, and of Mr Gladstone's Government in 1871, in circumstances very similar to those of recent date, was referred to, and shown to be in all respects similar to that which the Liberal party in the recess so vehemently condemned. The Guildhall speech was not defended by one solitary observation; a single word of vindication would be a word too much. It was simply repeated amidst the cheers of the House. All notion of differences between himself and Lord Salisbury in regard to the Conference at Constantinople was dissipated; and in lieu of that pleasing prospect the Opposition was referred to the Conference of 1871, in order to reconcile Mr Gladstone's account of the hurried, haphazard manner in which it was conducted with the honour and reputation of Lord Granville. The division in the Liberal ranks is obvious to any one; the unity of the Cabinet is secured by its success, by the absorbing interest of mastering a

difficult situation, by the authority of its chief.

In conclusion, the opening of Parliament has been one continued triumph for the Ministry, the Conservative party, and for principles of sound policy. For the present, the Liberal party is smashed—not more by its reckless misdoings and divided counsels, than by the general recognition of the wisdom and prudence of the Ministry. The future is still anxious, but full of hope. If with the fall of Midhat Pasha the best hope of a vigorous policy of reform is gone, it does not diminish the chances of peace with the Principalities, or the prospect of sufficient conciliation to enable Russia to retreat with honour. That is evidently the hope of Europe. Lord Derby's suggestion, that the Turks should have a reasonable interval after the cessation of hostilities before guarantees were demanded; Lord Salisbury's intimation that Russia was not pledged to coercion, and that, on the other hand, Turkey may be forcing Europe to settle matters once for all—meaning, of course, by partition of her dominions,—show in what direction the thoughts of Ministers are travelling. A policy of coercion is absolutely impracticable; if these difficulties cannot be met without coercion, Turkey has rushed to her fate. That fate Europe recognised by the Crimean war, and by her subsequent policy, to be a European and not a Russian question; and it is that fate which is now impending over the Court and Cabinet of Constantinople.

LORD NEAVES.

(CHARLES NEAVES, Born 14th October 1800—Died 23d December 1876.)

THERE are few sensations more strange, and none, perhaps, more universal, than the curious thrill of feeling with which we wake to the consciousness that we who were young but the other day are, like our fathers, and all who have gone before us, growing old. The shadow creeps along the dial, making a scarcely perceptible progress, yet gliding on upon the soon completed circle. Youth rounds so slowly into middle age, that the pleasant deception is easily kept up—indeed, there is no deception at all, for few persons of ordinary health and energy begin to feel old till long after they have been pronounced old by the irreverent successors who follow and kick the heels of those before them. And there is nothing which brings the sudden jar and shock of this discovery to the mind so distinctly as the failure and disappearance from among us of those elder figures who have become, to our eyes, like lease-holders in this world of tenants at will; fixtures where all is so shifting and portable; fathers who keep in our minds an agreeable sense of being still the younger generation. To see them glide away into the surrounding dimness one by one, and to realise the fact that we ourselves have become the elders, who lately were so young; that we are being irresistibly yet gently pushed into the place of the world's grey fathers, and stand now on the higher elevation with nothing between us and the sky, is something which makes the heart flutter with the strangest sense of novelty and incredulity. Always a revelation to every one, it becomes still more startling in a period which more or less discourages age, and in the multiplicity of its interests staves off the apathy of years; and it is not possible but that the thrill of this new yet incontestable certainty should jar for a moment upon the mind, howsoever we meet it with a smiling face.

Such is the feeling with which we look on and are aware of the new gap among us—the silent disappearing of one more noticeable figure, known to us for so long that life becomes less lifelike, and the world less natural, without the familiar presence. By slow degrees all who had to do with the early beginnings of this Magazine have been swept away by the silent tide. A generation more full of life and vigour—nay, of impetuous energy and wild spirits and overflowing fun, the very exuberance of youth—could not have been; and it is a curious commentary upon the supposed deficiencies in the Scottish intellect on the humorous side, to look back upon the boundless laughter of those early days, when *Maga* was less sober, but unquestionably more national than now; when the fun of the “*Noctes*” rose fast and furious, and Lockhart's keen and polished gibes, and Christopher North's Homeric mirth, ran through all the gamut of satire, sport, and witty encounter. Sometimes the fun might be broader

than pleases the ear of to-day, the gibes more personal (it was an age of personalities), the laughter over-loud and shaking both its sides too distinctly for our present sense of propriety ; but what largeness and abundance was in it, spontaneous as a mountain stream, and as sparkling and full of life ! There is a gleam of mournfulness in our middle-aged eyes when we look about us on the picture-gallery of our old gods and heroes. Wilson, the Jove of modern criticism and poetic commentary, with hyacinthine locks upon the wind ; the sagacious simple Shepherd, with racy, homely, quaint admixture of wit and foolishness, humility and self-conceit ; Lockhart, keen and cold as a knife, with a touch of poison sometimes on the blade ; Aytoun, with the twinkle in his eye of fun unmalicious, mirth for mirth's sake, the delightful fooleries of ' Bon Gaultier,' and more perfect satire, confusing to dull critics, of ' Firmilian.' Good men and mighty are still in their harness ; but the manner of being is changed. We have never been so young in our youngest days as these men were as long as life lasted. They are all gone, and with them many another. The gentle Ferrier, wise and scholarly, with a simple warmth of humanity through all his speculations ; the refined and graceful culture of George Moir ; the mild wisdom and genial Scotch humour of his namesake, Delta, kindest of physicians ;—how many more ! May we not say with one of them,—

“ Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mae ! ”

And here one of the last survivors, one of the gayest, whose wit never failed him nor his skill of song, any more than his interest in life and all its concerns, in literature and all its developments, has followed into the country from which we have no more tidings of them how they fare. No premature withdrawal from the stage of active life has made his departure grievous ; and yet it is doubtful whether we do not miss more the old man, with all his traditions and experiences, than the younger one who has acquired none of those claims upon our regard. It is one of the compensations of age, that after a time it recovers something of the interest and grace which attend youth—in a changed form indeed, but one scarcely less flattering to the possessor. Youth is imperious in its claims upon the world, which is its natural audience, and is always so profoundly interested in itself as to carry the spectators along with it. But men and women of middle age generally recognise the fact that they are no longer interesting, with more or less sense of the wonder of it, or amusement, or resentment, as the case may be. Fifty is unattractive, and fortunately, in many cases at least, it is self-sufficing ; but Seventy has got back, when it has any claims at all upon human sympathy, something of that force of appeal to nature which softens the heart. There is even a grace, a subdued beauty, not only in situation and attitude, but absolutely in tone and tint, which makes old age attractive. And there is nothing as to which human nature is more critical, as there is nothing about which it is

so curious, as the attitude in which death is awaited and contemplated by those who stand on the further verge of existence. Men at other periods of life die every day, and their death is a catastrophe, an accident, a common yet always unlooked-for misadventure, calling forth none of the same feelings. But an old man upon the threshold of that door by which we must all pass hence, walking calmly on towards his exit, conscious of every stage of approach, knowing what awaits him, is a spectacle which we all contemplate with an interest beyond words. His courage, his confidence, his cheerfulness, and hope, are things which warm the very heart of humanity. It is like a good prophecy for the rest of us, who must all go that same road. The smile of such a man is a kind of sunshine clearing away the mists, encouraging all who come after him. The interest he takes in us, moves us to a gratitude probably quite out of proportion to the feeling exhibited. He is our superior were he ever so poor, ever so little enlightened ; and where his life has been distinguished and eminent before he came to that supremacy, the effect is so much the greater. Such a cheerful and benign presence has just taken the final step, and gone away from our eyes. He had done credit to our humanity by an unfailing cordiality of concern in everything that was going on around him to the last day of his life. A spectator full of interest, always ready to see the excellence of those who had acquitted themselves well, to lend a kindly hand to those who might have done better, and to soothe those who had been worsted in the active enjoyments of life—his loss is a loss to all who knew him. It is a weakening of our resources, an impoverishment of the world we live in ; and as such it has been universally regarded in the sphere from which, full of years and honours, he has gone.

Lord Neaves was as old as the century, having completed his seventy-sixth year. He was born, so to speak, in the profession of which he was afterwards so worthy a member—his father, who died only ten years ago, having held a legal appointment in Edinburgh. The idea of sending boys from the north to English schools and universities did not obtain in his day ; the fashion of the time, indeed, being rather the other way, and the traces scarcely gone of the stream of young Englishmen who had studied at Edinburgh. Lord Neaves's education, accordingly, was native to the soil ; but not less perfect on that score, for he was an elegant scholar, thoroughly conversant with classical literature, and almost as much devoted to it as if he had not loved, as he did, all other literature, including that of his own language. The chief scholastic distinction recorded of him is that he was dux of the High school, at a time when the High school was, as it ought to be, the chief training-place of the best of the young population round. He does not seem to have been a man to whom any preface of struggling and difficulty guarded the prosperous career to which he was destined—for he made his way at the bar early, and laid the foundation of his future honours. He was a distinguished and popular barrister, an able pleader, and when

the time came, a judge universally appreciated. But of these particulars of his career there are many voices better qualified to speak. It is scarcely necessary to say that his connection with literature, and especially with this Magazine, is the special feature in his life which attracts our interest, and on which the reader will expect us to dwell. His connection with *Maga* began in the year 1835, so that for more than forty years he has been one of the band of contributors who, once enlisted, we are proud to say, have scarcely ever been known to forsake the homely brown ensign which carries the name and fortunes of the Magazine, the first of its class, from whom all the more recent crowd of successors have descended. Lord Neaves was a considerably younger man than the great Christopher, who was the leading spirit of the brotherhood, but yet not too far separated in age to be one of the brilliant group which surrounded that representative man. His contributions have never wholly dropped during all this long extent of years, and many sparkling and many learned pages, veiled in semi-transparent anonymity, have come from his hands. Greek epigrams and choice bits of classical criticism, learned and painstaking investigations into his favourite science, philology, have alternated with many a sportive dissertation or mystification, and with the ringing metres and clear wit of the songs, as sunshiny and as perfect in cadence as running water, in which the mirth was always fresh and unforced, and the satire keen without a particle of bitterness. These are perhaps above all others the productions which have been most popular in his lifetime, and will most adorn his memory; for the power which can produce such admirable satires is always a rare one, and the clear-cut setting of verse, so trim, so neat, so perfect in adaptation to its subject, without ever a needless soaring into poetry, but which never droop into dulness, is rarer still. Lord Neaves's 'Songs and Verses' are the perfection of admirable good sense, combined with that quickness to perceive the ludicrous side of a question, which is as an additional sense, and gives its possessor an advantage over his fellows, whether he can express it or not, which is incalculable. Indeed, it is this sense of the ludicrous more than the satirical power in them which makes them admirable. For satire can scarcely help a certain tendency towards ill-nature, and must hurt here and there even when it does not mean to do so; but there is nothing hurtful or unkind in that natural humour which cannot blunt its own lively perception of the ridiculous elements involved in many a serious question, and which can no more keep itself from laughing than it can from breathing. It is this which makes these songs telling; they are so void of offence that the very victim must have often been, we must imagine, compelled to join in the laugh against himself.

The early contributions of Mr Neaves to the Magazine were frequently in conjunction with his friends Moir and Cheape, collaborateurs with whom any man might have been proud to work; and embraced various subjects—political, critical, and satirical—or perhaps it would be more true

to say humorous, for the reason just given, that an unfeigned and spontaneous sense of the ludicrous was more potent in them than any sharp point of moral censure. These humorous compositions were always his most characteristic work ; and though in later years he became, as most old men of active mind and friendly disposition do, a popular oracle, giving forth graceful addresses full of the most charming and amiable good advice, yet it is always his gayer tone which is the most successful ; and nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a bit of genial fun from which we shall quote, and the serious verses on the very next page, proceeding from the same hand, but as grave as the other is light. The following sketch appeared in May 1846, and professes to be the prospectus of a projected Club to be called *The Fogie Club*. The description of the class of persons eligible is as humorous as it is cleverly discriminated. *The Fogie*, we are told, belongs to "one of the most amiable and interesting classes of the species." At one time he is supposed to have possessed "respectable talents, generally developed at an early period of life." But he has now fallen into "a certain pleasing irrelevancy, an interesting tendency to parenthesis, a longing, lingering look, cast back on the events of former times," and along with these "a pardonable increase in the use of the first person singular." This is how the picture is developed :—

"Nothing can be more instructive, abstractly speaking, than the maxims which fall from the *Fogie's* lips ; but, somehow or other, they often appear as having less immediate bearing on the matter in hand than we should have expected ; and we labour under occasional impressions of having met with some of them before, either in Scripture, or in that valuable code of morality which the writing-master proposes to youth as the pattern of their imitation. 'I have sometimes observed,' he will say, 'that vicious intercourse has a tendency to undermine good morals ;' and he illustrates his position by the fate of an early friend, who went to the dogs from keeping bad company. Or again, 'It may be safely affirmed,' he observes, 'that a conciliatory reply will frequently allay irritation in an angry assailant ;' and he entertains us with a really good story of a choleric old gentleman who challenged him once for poaching on his grounds, but who was gradually talked over till he asked him to dinner. If our friend has been a wit in his youth, the propensity to jocularity still survives ; but the jests are generally such as you meet with in the very earliest editions of Mr Joseph Miller, though, for the sake of variety, they are often ascribed to the late facetious Mr Joseph Jekyll, or Mr Henry Erskine, or to some other of the *Fogie's* early contemporaries, if indeed the *Fogie* himself is not the hero of the tale.

"It is unnecessary to say that the *Fogie* is always an amiable and almost always a happy person. 'Happiness,' says the judicious Paley, 'is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten ; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase.' The *Fogie* is generally attached in moderation to the pleasures of the table, and is a Conservative and Protectionist in his politics ; though, since the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's last measure, several of the class have been

rubbing up their Adam Smith, and quoting some of the enlightened maxims of free-trade which they used to hear at the Speculative Society, or in some other arena of juvenile discussion.

"It is a proud thing to remember that the delineation of the Fogie has employed the genius of the greatest poets. The character of Nestor in the 'Iliad' must be regarded as one of the masterpieces of the Homeric gallery. The eloquent drivel that distils from his tongue, the length and general inapplicability of his narratives, the judicious and imposing triteness of his counsels, the vigorous imbecility of his exhortations—all reveal the heroic Fogie in proportions suitable to the other colossal figures with which he is surrounded. In Polonius, again, Shakespeare has given us a different form of the species, equally perfect in its kind. The tenderness of the old man's heart, the sagacity of his discoveries, the self-pleasing estimate of his own importance, and the sounding vacuity of his moral maxims, afford a model by which, in all time coming, the courtly or paternal Fogie may regulate his life and conversation, though, we trust, he may generally meet with a happier termination to his career than that of the luckless father of Ophelia. Another great master, pursuing a course of his own, has made a more ambitious attempt to elevate the Fogie's poetical position, and has been eminently successful. We allude to the immortal Virgil, whose hero, the pious Æneas, may be considered as a perfect Fogie, developed with a rare precocity of power, so as to afford an illustration of the important truth, that, though Fogysm generally waits for old age, its maturity is not servilely dependent upon the progress of years, but in some fortunate natures—*pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*—may be brought to perfection at almost any period of life."

More amiable banter could not be. The Fogie himself, we cannot but think, if worthy of being skinned so tenderly, would have liked the process as the eels are said to do—were it not indeed characteristic of the fraternity, as of most victims of this fine kind of ridicule, to be unconscious altogether of the application.

The same light touch runs through the Songs, which never breathe a tone harsher than music ought to bear, and treat grave Science and Politics alike with a friendly and light-hearted mirth which is only provoked to a laugh the more by their grandeur and self-importance, but cannot be tempted to acrid or bilious humour. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, none of the great scientific movements of the time, or probably of any time, are without their ludicrous side. Nothing can be more open to laughter, for example, than the favourite theory of the moment—the Gospel according to Mr Darwin; and an Old Contributor contemplates the philosopher, from the moment he catches sight of him, with a twinkle in his eye. No other intellectual leader contributes so much fun to this laughing commentator. "The Origin of Species," "The Memory of Monboddó," "The Darwinian Era of Farming," "The Leather Bottél," all fall in a shower of sharp but unpoisoned javelins upon the many-creviced armour of the Man of Science. Whatever other results he may have produced, and however convincing his speculations may be to his graver

readers, the success of Mr Darwin's system as a butt for wit has been unbounded. Lord Neaves rises into an exuberance of glee when he gets this tempting writer in hand.

“How many wondrous things there be
Of which we can't the reason see !
And this is one, I used to think,
That most men like a drop of drink.
But here comes Darwin with his plan,
And shows the true Descent of Man :
And that explains it all full well,
For man—was—once—a leather bottèl !

There are Mollusca rather small,
That Naturalists Ascidia call ;
Who, being just a bag-like skin,
Subsist on water pouring in :
And these you'll find, if you will seek,
Derive their name from Heathen Greek ;
For Scott and Scapula show full well
That As-kos-means—a leather bottèl.

The toper loves to sit and swill
Of wine, or grog, or beer, his fill ;
And, as he doth but little eat,
It serves him both for drink and meat :
But don't, I pray, be too strait-laced,
Or blame this pure Ascidian taste :
For Darwin's theory shows full well,
The to-per-is—a leather bottèl.’

“The Origin of Species” is, however, still more telling than these clever rhymes, and hits to the very centre. After an introduction describing how “all living things from a *Monad* have sprung,” and how it took “a few millions” of ages to bring about this development, the process is thus succinctly shown :—

“Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
As nature sent food for the few or for all ;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes ;
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
 When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
 As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
 Which nobody can deny."

The prospects of farming in the Darwinian era furnish another comical picture. The advantages of cross-breeding form a theme worthy of the poet. To be able, by the conjunction of a pig and a calf, to cut

"Both your veal and your ham in the very same slice,"

and to find a convenient animal at your butcher's

"With the fore-quarter *mutton*, the hind-quarter *beef*,"

is a delightful suggestion. Still more warmly, however, to the hearts of his countrymen should come his vindication of the fame of Lord Monboddo, who was really the first inventor of the parent Ape who is the original of our race. It is well known that Scotsmen like to claim all the credit possible, and to identify every great new idea as springing from their native soil; and in this individual instance the claim is unquestionable, for it cannot be doubted that the old law lord forestalled Darwin, in this discovery at least.

"The thought that men had once had tails
 Caused many a grin full broad, O!
 And why in us that feature fails,
 Was asked of old Monboddo.
 He showed that sitting on the rump,
 While at our work we plod, O!
 Would wear th' appendage to the stump
 As close as in Monboddo.

Alas! the good lord little knew,
 As this strange ground he trod, O!
 That others would his path pursue,
 And never name Monboddo.
 Such folks should have their tails restored,
 And thereon feel the rod, O!
 For having thus the fame ignored
 That's due to old Monboddo."

Another philosopher, John Stuart Mill, calls forth another effusion of gayest drollery—banter of the most effective kind, but without a touch of vinegar about it. Once more, there is an elder claim to vindicate,—the claim of David Hume.

"David was the daring boy
 Who fairly floored *both* Mind and Matter,"

says the merry minstrel: and he goes on to treat of the new philosopher who has inherited the theme:—

"We think we see the Things that be ;
 But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;
 For what we spy is all my eye,
 And isn't really Mind or Matter.

*Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter
 Swear that others merely smatter :
 Sense reveals that Something feels,
 But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.*

.
 But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,
 His own position I could shatter :
 The weight of Mill, I count as Nil—
 If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

.
 I'd push my logic further still
 (Though thus I seemed as mad's a hatter):
 I'd prove there's no such man as Mill,—
 If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

*If there's neither Mind nor Matter,
 Mill's existence, too, we shatter :
 If you still believe in Mill,
 Believe as well in Mind and Matter."*

Even in his pet science, Philology, this lively critic has his fling, and makes fun of the learned German as well as of the Englishman. "Grimm's Law" makes an excellent "New Song," as well as the speculations of Darwin and the negations of Mill. Our gay singer is recklessly ready to take them all at their word, and treat us to the broadest statement of their peculiarities ; and even Etymology grows amusing in his hands. Our space, however, is too limited to permit us to follow Lord Neaves through all the "witty rhymes" which flow forth with such ease and freedom. The exposition of the Scotch Marriage Law, humorously addressed to tourists in Scotland ; the pious exhortation, "Let us all be unhappy on Sunday ;" the mild and silver-tongued verses which sing the praise of water (with something mixed) ; the neat definition of the Permissive Bill—

"To permit ME—to prevent YOU—
 From having a glass of grog,"

are all equally lively, droll, and full of spirit and humour, trilling out with genuine good-nature and fun from tuneful lips that are incapable either of a halting stanza or a bitter sentiment. It is scarcely in the nature of things that these songs should last ; but as they lie before us in a fourth edition, it is evident that they have already found a multitude of readers ; and no better example could be found of lively criticism,

keen yet kind,—of wit without the faintest flavour of rancour; and excellent good sense lighted up with the happiest lights of fun and of fancy.

On this collection we have already said we believe Lord Neaves's chief literary fame to be founded. The elegant little volume of '*Greek Anthology*,' published in the "*Ancient Classics for English Readers*," strikes a higher tone, and is altogether a more dignified performance; but the racy originality of the "*Songs*" is more characteristic in their perfect naturalness and exuberance. Lord Neaves was, we believe, one of the band to which he refers in the first chapter of the '*Anthology*' as making "the first serious attempt to exhibit the true character of the Greek epigram in English translation." This was done in the pages of the *Magazine* by many learned and graceful hands; and the recollection is no small pleasure to look back upon. The young contributor then was an old contributor when he wound up Mr Collins's excellent series by the appropriate "garland" of the '*Anthology*,' but his touch had not lost any of its cunning, nor was his ear less keen for the melody of a classic measure. Loving learning when he began his career, he went on loving it, and cherishing the lore he loved through all the occupations of a busy life. The few other publications which he has left behind are chiefly in the shape of addresses to Edinburgh societies or rural associations—not orations of any marked eloquence, but full of genial good advice and the kind interest in others which becomes age so well. One of the best of them is a lecture on "*Cheap and accessible Pleasures*," delivered to a homely Mechanics' Institution in a little place on the Borders, to which the friendly and graceful old man recommends, as the height of uncostly luxury, the lovely sights of earth and heaven, the sky and the landscape which is every man's inheritance, and books, perhaps the most perfect of all tranquil pleasures. "Let me say what I myself think, that of all reading that of good poetry is the highest and best," he says; and gives his humble hearers thereupon a brief sketch of our native poets in general, and of Burns and Wordsworth in particular; more delicate fare than would naturally be placed before village hearers, but no doubt thoroughly appreciated, as it deserved to be. The change is great from our gay social critic and singer to the neat precision of these addresses, but it is perfectly in character with the man. Nor can it be said that the "*Songs*" were the production of an earlier period, since down almost to his latest days he might still be heard rattling out a merry chorus, and putting some one to pleasant torture. The gay fountain bubbled up in the sunshine without any failure—scarcely less gay when the light came slant on it from the sunset, and never less wholesome, good-humoured, and sweet.

Of Lord Neaves himself, in his later days, the most pleasant memory, dim but genial, lives even among those who knew him little; and to those who knew him much, the image is genial and not dim. His person and manner scarcely corresponded with the broad and easy force of his chief productions, but were elegant and a little precise—more like his

prose than his verse. He had come to be a kind of literary head to the society of Edinburgh, which is no longer so literary or so famous as it was when the veteran's days began. He was almost the last relic of that golden age, whose records begin to look fabulous to us of the smaller generation. He had lived among the heroes, if not altogether in his own person of heroic strain, and kept up in the northern capital a living recollection of its brightest days. He was very sociable and friendly always, loving the company of his kind, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the young or struggling. His advice, we are told, by those who know, was invaluable to young lawyers, and his heart was open to excellence of every kind. Into the closer domestic circle we have no right to enter; but where he sat among the books he loved—in the plenitude of those riches, rare to most of us, but which, with modest pride, he would speak lightly of, as the common necessities which “every gentleman” should possess—he belonged to the world. The books are closed now, and the chair empty, and the world so much the poorer. But his life was long and happy and prosperous, flowing steadily on through all interruptions to its peaceful close, surrounded by his family, in his seventy-seventh year.

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THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1877.

PARIS, *March* 1877.

IF any sort of disadvantage to France could result from a continuation in these pages of the discussion which was commenced here in 1875,* there would be good reason for hesitating to pursue it. It seems, however, to be so distinctly to the interest of France that knowledge of the realities of her military position should not be limited to special students—it appears to be so self-evident that she can but gain by the formation throughout the world at large of correct opinions as to her strengths and her weaknesses—that her friends may justly feel that they are forwarding her cause by openly scrutinising her situation. That situation, as it now is, presents certain facts and certain probabilities which it will aid her to indicate distinctly. That situation, of course, may change; new circumstances may arise; but in its actual form it points to two unmistakable conclusions: the first, that France cannot attack Germany; the second, that, if invaded, she can

now, most certainly, defend herself. In other words, the present evidence goes to show that the maintenance of peace between the two countries depends on the will of Germany alone; that it cannot be endangered by France; but that, all the same, Germany will have real hard work before her if she tries to conquer France again.

To set forth these probabilities, to point out these presumptions, cannot fail to render a service both to France and to the general cause of peace. With such an object in view, it is certainly permissible to carry further our investigation of the state of the French army.

Signal progress has been made since 1875; more vigour has been thrown into the management; in many directions energy has been substituted for routine; force has gone on steadily accumulating; and, though defects of system and of management are still terribly numerous, though a large variety of points are still open to just criticism, the or-

* See Blackwood's Magazine for August and November, 1875.

ganisation is so advanced, the general improvement is so real, that it may now be said, at last, that France has indisputably an army.

The causes of this amelioration are distinctly evident. Abundance of money is the foremost of them all; France has been able to pay for what she needed. The steady zealous action of the regimental officers is, as manifestly, the second source of strength. And next may be classed, successively, the influences of opinion, of time, of experience, and of accumulated labour.

The War Minister has been changed. General Berthaut has replaced General de Cissey. The new-comer is a man of undeniable ability and of much scientific knowledge. His book '*Des Marches et des Combats*' is, perhaps, though rather too condensed, the cleverest composition which has been written by a French officer since the war. He is excessively laborious. But his great qualities are mixed up with little ones: he is constitutionally afraid of trusting anybody, and tries, therefore, to do everything himself; as a necessary consequence he gets into arrears with his work, and he is of course cordially disliked by his *bureaux*. Still, in the utter dearth of genius which so strangely distinguishes the present generation of Frenchmen, General Berthaut may be regarded as a valuable functionary.

He is struggling honestly to root out faults and to suppress abuses; he is fighting conscientiously not only against disorder, but also against—what is almost as bad—too much order. With time he may succeed; but he has still a tremendous deal to do. Many of the gravest of the old deficiencies remain unremedied. The Intendance, for instance, is still in the same unsatisfactory position as before. A law has been brought forward about it, but though that

law has passed the Senate, it has not yet been discussed in the Chamber. The Intendance is still the marrowless institution which we saw hobbling through its work in 1870; it still fondly clings to its immemorial feebleness and to its hereditary defects. Even at the last autumn manœuvres, where every movement was exactly known beforehand, it seems to have felt that it would be a disgrace to it to do its work properly; so, to keep up its traditions, the troops were left occasionally without food. Whether the proposed new law will change all this, remains to be seen. Its principle is, that the Intendance shall be deprived of independent action, and that it shall work exclusively and entirely under the orders of the general commanding. It therefore introduces unity into the army, and destroys the duality of powers which has thus far existed. With generals who are really generals this change would indisputably be a progress; but it may most legitimately be doubted whether actual French commanders, taken as a whole, and excluding certain brilliant exceptions, will be able to direct the feeding of their soldiers any better than they direct their movements. The system is a wise one; but where are the men who are to apply it?

It is consoling to be able to turn one's eyes elsewhere, and to recognise that, in certain other directions, the march ahead has been prodigious. The system of tactics has been entirely changed; and in no army in the world is the substitution of open order for close formations likely to produce better results. The new *règlement des manœuvres* is considered to be the best in Europe. It is admirably fitted to the temperament of the French soldier, and will enable him to exercise his personal qualities. If that

règlement had been in force on the 14th and 16th of August 1870, it is not impossible that the battles of Borny and of Rézonville would have been victories for France. The *matériel* is, at last, almost entirely reconstituted; the fortresses and the intrenched camps which have been established to defend the open frontier are nearly finished—some of them, indeed, are already armed, stored, and victualled for a siege; the more essential of the new forts round Paris are terminated, armed, and even garrisoned. To do all this, one hundred and sixty millions sterling have been laid out upon the army in the five years between 1872 and 1876; ninety millions thereof have gone in ordinary annual expenditure, and seventy millions for special outlay on *matériel* and defences. The result is, that France has now reached a point at which she can at last begin, if necessary, to use the instrument she has created.

What would happen if she needed it? How would she manage a mobilisation of her forces? On previous occasions we have examined principles of direction and systems of organisation; in 1875 we looked into actual details and immediate elements; this time, instead of appreciating the present, it will be more useful to gaze curiously at the future, and to try to estimate what a mobilisation would produce. Mobilisation alone would give the precise measure of the work done since 1871; it alone would indicate the ultimate realisable value of that work; it alone would supply a thorough, searching test of the military institutions of the country; it alone would furnish reliable evidence of the practical adequacy of the preparations made. How would it be carried through? Would everything break down again as in 1870? Would the results of the

last war be reproduced under the present system? Would the helpless disorder of seven years ago be renewed all over again? Or has France at last developed not only an army, but also an organisation which would enable her, in spite of the weak points of her system, to get that army rapidly, smoothly, and steadily into the field?

In seeking a reply to these questions, it is of course essential to commence by examining the rules which determine the conditions under which a mobilisation would now be conducted. Those rules are detailed in the third section of the law of 24th July 1873 on the general organisation of the army, supplemented by the additional laws of 19th March and 18th November 1875. It is prescribed in those laws that the French army may be mobilised henceforth either by a direct written order addressed to each individual member of the reserves and delivered to him in person by the *gendarmérie*, or that it may be called out *en masse* by the far simpler and more expeditious process of "publication par voie d'affiches sur la voie publique, sans attendre la notification individuelle." By this latter plan (which is entirely new) every man liable to serve, whether in the active or the territorial army, may be directed to start off to the depot of his regiment without waiting for an individual summons; a simple posting-bill stuck up in his village will fix the day on which he is to join. This measure is so practical and so intelligent, that of course the Germans have just copied it from France. It cannot, indeed, be doubted that it will be successively adopted throughout Europe, and that it will be the only plan employed in all future mobilisations; for it implies a gain of two days in the joining of the reservists, and

consequently in the concentration of troops. And, with war conducted as it is now, two days may mean a victory.

Unfortunately, however, the laws which set forth the duties of reservists are not all easy to be understood; they ought to be as clear as words can make them, but the latest and most important of them is, on the contrary, the least comprehensible of all the new military enactments. All the other laws, without exception, are to be carried into execution by some one in authority who can expound them to the soldiers under him; but the law of November 1875 relating to the functions of reservists, which is to be carried out, for a large part, by the reservists themselves, is couched in a language which must render it hopelessly unintelligible to labourers and peasants. And yet those labourers and peasants are supposed to be ready to obey it scrupulously, without any aid from anybody. It is true that extracts from this law are printed in the register-book which each reservist has in his possession; but what is the use of that if he cannot comprehend the extracts? Why, the mere title of the law is enough to frighten the best-intentioned soldier. It bears the scarcely credible heading of "*Loi ayant pour objet de coordonner les lois du 27 Juillet 1872, 24 Juillet 1873, 12, 19 Mars et 6 Novembre 1875, avec le code de justice militaire.*" And yet all this means in reality, "Law defining the duties of the reservists of the French army"!

There is no space here to point out all the defects of this law, but a couple of examples of them may be given at hazard. One is, that the two totally distinct words, "*domicile*" and "*residence*," are employed in it perpetually, without any definition of the meaning of

either of them. The other is, that it establishes two sorts of military justice—one for the active army, and one for the territorial corps. If a fortress is surrendered by a regular officer, he is liable to be shot; but if its capitulation is signed by a territorial commander, he can only be imprisoned. Crime in one case becomes misdemeanour in the other. Furthermore, while the Code of Military Justice adopts the universal principle of never admitting extenuating circumstances for military offences, this law of 1875 concedes them in certain cases. All this is in absolute contradiction to the law of general organisation, which declares (Art. 35) that "the territorial army, when mobilised, is governed by the laws and regulations which apply to the active army."

This law must be made over again. It must be brought into harmony with the principles and the practice of the other pre-existing army laws; and, what is almost more urgent still, it must be made comprehensible to uneducated intelligences: it must indicate with explicitness and lucidity the duties which it imposes.

And when the law shall have been re-drafted—when it shall be rendered absolutely clear—it must be brought to the distinct knowledge of those who may have to execute it. On this point the military authorities have at their disposal a means of action of extreme simplicity, and of indisputable efficacy. Why do they not use the civil institutions for the purpose?

In France, as elsewhere, men occupy themselves more willingly about laws which assign rights to them than about those which impose duties on them. Every Frenchman knows, understands, and applies in his own person, the requirements of the electoral law. Why, then, should not that law and the

mobilisation law be made identical, so far as their prescriptions fit together, in all that concerns domicile and residence, for instance? Why not teach military duties by the very document which confers civil rights? The municipal law, also, might be utilised for the same end; for the mayors have now to play a part in the matter, and are destined to act as agents of the State in certain details of mobilisation. Yet when that interminable discussion about municipalities took place in the Chamber, not one single word was said on this point—not one line was introduced into the law with the object of drawing the attention of the mayors to the fact that new duties devolve upon them in consequence of the new military organisation of the country.

It cannot be doubted that, under such defective conditions as these, with everything new, undeveloped, and unpractised, there would be many hitches and some disorder in a mobilisation.

And now that we have got a rough idea of the conditions and the imperfections of the law, let us go on to the practical working out of the process itself.

The walls are covered all over France with placards calling up the men; the mayors and the other civil authorities are spreading in their villages the news of the order of mobilisation; the *gendarmerie* and the *employés* of the military offices of each district (the *bureaux de recrutement*) are looking after the men to the best of their power, and are serving notices and *feuilles de route* on all the laggards they can find. The men get ready as fast as they can; short time is allowed to them; both the placards

and the *feuilles de route* specify the day on which they are to reach their depot. How are they to travel to it? singly or in groups? Both plans have been tried during the partial callings-up of the reserves for the autumn manoeuvres in 1875 and 1876. For short distances the men have been grouped; for long distances they have generally been allowed to go singly. Grouping necessitates a muster at the office of one of the districts into which France is now divided,* and this means loss of time; but it produces order, and it facilitates the payment of travelling expenses to the men, an operation which becomes extremely difficult when they travel separately. The question varies in importance for the different branches of the service. Infantry reservists have rarely to migrate very far to join, for (with the exception mentioned hereafter of the men from Paris and Lyons) they almost always belong to regiments which are quartered in their own immediate neighbourhood. But for reservists of the special arms the case is often different; it has been found impossible to attach them all to regiments in their districts, and they (as well as the men on leave of absence from the infantry) may have to cross half France to reach their corps. For such of them as have money no real difficulty would, however, arise from this; but the greater part of them would probably be either unable or unwilling to advance their railway fare, and in all such cases time would be lost by going to the district office for money, or for one of the railway passes which the military authorities are now empowered by the Minister to issue. But the sole object of this new

* There are one hundred and forty-four of these districts, each one corresponding to one regiment of infantry, and controlling the reservists of that regiment.

plan of mobilisation by proclamation is to obtain speed and to economise not only days but hours. Why, then, should it not be enacted that travelling expenses may be advanced to mobilised soldiers (as in Germany) by the municipal treasurers or by the local tax-receivers? It is true that this could only be done on the production of a *feuille de route* specifying the sum receivable by each man, and that waiting for the *feuille* might involve a delay of a day or two; but, after all, that delay would not arise in every case, and, furthermore, it would only represent the time necessary for the delivery of the *feuille* by the *gendarmérie*, and not the additional time required for a journey to the district office to fetch money. By this plan each man would find at once, even in the smallest cantons, a resident local functionary prepared to pay him.

Let us, however, suppose that all these difficulties have been surmounted, and let us now follow the men to the depots of their regiments. Their arms, uniforms, and equipments are ready for them there; the men receive them, put them on, and then wait until the number of each article is inscribed in the books. The crowding is tremendous; the men are all on each other's backs, and in each other's way. According to the *loi des cadres*, the depot consists of two companies—that is to say, in peace time of about 150 men; but the mobilisation of the whole regiment brings in more than 2500 men on the same day! Where are they to be put?—where are they even to stand? There is another danger here, and it will be well to look to it in time.

Each of the sixteen companies of the regiment sends a *cadre de conduite* to the depot to fetch the men which belong to it. Each *cadre* is composed of one officer and a

few non-commissioned officers and steady privates. Directly each group is complete, the men are marched away to the company.

But where is the company? In certain cases the depot is quartered with the service companies; but as a rule it is detached from them, and may be even at some distance. Until the late war they were always separated from each other; but such extreme inconvenience resulted from this cause during the mobilisation of 1870, that the principle of keeping the service and depot companies together has been laid down since. In consequence, however, of the new distribution of the army into permanent regional corps, many regiments are quartered in places where no garrisons previously existed, and where, consequently, there are no barracks. The army, on its peace footing, is more numerous than it used to be. The abundant barracks which existed in Alsace-Lorraine have disappeared. For these various reasons, therefore, though the building of new barracks has gone on actively—though about nine millions sterling have been voted for them from State and municipal sources—it has not yet been found practicable to provide room enough in the *casernes* of each region to lodge the depots with the regiments. Two years must still pass before the change can be completely effected. It is only in the 1st and 7th corps (Lille and Besançon) that the measure is thus far regularly applied. In the 2d corps, two regiments out of eight are separated from their depots; four regiments are in the same condition in the 3d and 4th corps: and so on with the others.

Another cause of difficulty in bringing together the depots and the regiments arises from the special organisation which has been adopted for the garrisons of Paris and Lyons.

The French active army is recruited all over the territory; conscripts from all the provinces are mixed up in the same regiment; and not only is no attempt made to group together men of the same department, but care is even taken to prevent that result, it being considered, for both special and general reasons, that great inconvenience would accrue from the bestowal of a local character on the regiments of the active army. But with the men of the reserve, as has been explained, the exactly opposite system is employed; they are attached exclusively (for the infantry, at least) to regiments permanently quartered in their own region; and the territorial army is composed on the same principle. For the troops of Paris, however (and to some extent for those of Lyons), an exception has been made; the reservists of the departments of the Seine and Seine-et-Oise are attached to *corps d'armée* of four different regions, whose headquarters and regimental depots are not in Paris, but in those regions. The result is that, in the event of a mobilisation, all the reservists in Paris would have first to start off to their depots at Amiens, Orleans, Rouen, Laval, Le Mans, and all sorts of equally distant places, in order to get themselves equipped, and then to return to Paris, or go elsewhere, to their regiments. When it is remembered that the garrison of Paris and its neighbourhood amounts to 120,000 men (more than a quarter of the whole active army), it will be recognised that a serious cause of delay will arise here. And there exists no present reason for supposing that this difficulty will ever be got over. It should, however, be added that, in peace time, this system presents many serious advantages: it mixes up the Parisians with the rural soldiers; it does

not encumber the Paris barracks (where there is no space to spare), with the extra men belonging to the depots; and it keeps the system of *corps d'armée* intact and separate from the huge mixed garrison of Paris, which does not form a permanent *corps d'armée* by itself, but is almost entirely composed of regiments temporarily detached from the surrounding corps.

As an attempt will presently be made to calculate the time which would be required for a mobilisation, it is essential to complete, as far as can be foreseen, the list of the apparent causes of possible delay, so as to be able to allow approximately for their effect. It is, for this reason, necessary to add to the catalogue of difficulties already enumerated, the observation that the rapidity of the first stage of mobilisation may somewhat depend on the degree of organisation of the regional and district magazines of stores. The organisation of those magazines is determined by Articles 3 and 4 of the law of 24th July 1873: decentralisation is its essential principle; not only must each region suffice for its own needs and borrow nothing from its neighbours, but each subdivision of each region, is to be equally complete. Each subdivision corresponds to a regiment of infantry, and possesses two magazines. Those magazines are now ready everywhere. But several of the *corps d'armée* have no regional stores yet, and are still dependent for their supplies on the great central magazines. Thus, the 2d, 3d, and 5th corps draw their equipment from Paris; the 9th from Nantes; the 12th from Bordeaux; and the 13th from Lyons. All this is of course provisional, but how much longer is the provisional to last? France will not be really ready until it has disappeared for good.

It must, however, be acknowledged that, according to the experience supplied by the partial calling out of the reserves during the last two years, these provisional arrangements have worked fairly well. The men on those two occasions were dressed with sufficient rapidity: from five to six hours were required to equip the reservists of each company, and the only serious defect revealed was that the clothes in store were not sufficiently varied in size to fit all the new-comers, some of whom, consequently, could not be put into uniform at all. It is probable that the Ministry of War has taken measures to remedy this, for the military newspapers took up the question energetically at the time.

Another fault which still remains uncured is the tendency of the officials of the Ministry of War to delay things till the last moment, instead of doing as much as possible beforehand. The officers, for instance, have not yet got their *cantines* ready, either for luggage or for food. On this particular point the arrangements are positively less forward than they were in 1870; for then each officer had his *cantines de campagne* at his own disposal, whereas now they have all been collected into store, and are kept there empty. The filling them at the last moment will be a source of delay and difficulty, and of much personal annoyance. As a mobilisation can only be successfully performed on condition that every detail of it has been thoughtfully worked out beforehand, it is quite worth while to allude even to such seeming trifles as these. The Minister of War does really seem, however, to be giving his attention to small questions of this kind. For instance, it has just been ordered that, in the event of a mobilisation, each *vivandière* shall receive a horse

for her cart, and that all carts shall be of the same model.

It was stated in a previous article that, during a small private trial of mobilisation made some time ago, three days had been absorbed by the registration of the equipments supplied to two companies. It was obligatory, according to the rules then in force, to write down in three separate books, for each man, the number of every article supplied to him — of his pouch, his waist-belt, knapsack, cartridge-box, sword-strap, and gun-strap. Each number was composed, on an average, of six figures, so that each man required 108 figures, or 16,200 figures for the one hundred and fifty reservists of a company. The Ministry has at last given its attention to this absurd abuse of red-tape. Simplifications have been introduced into the system of registration, and the time required for the work has been reduced one-half.

Let us now suppose that all the men have passed, through successive stages, from their homes to their company. The mobilisation, properly so called, is terminated. Concentration is about to begin. The time has come to ask what is the strength of the army. How many men has the mobilisation produced?

As military service, in various degrees, for successive terms of years, has become a universal obligation in France, it follows theoretically that all the young men between the ages of 20 and 25 ought to be found in the active army; that all those from 26 to 29 should form part of the reserve; and that all the men between 30 and 40 ought to be found in the territorial army and its reserve. But fact, in this case, does not quite correspond with theory. In reality, not more than about half the available men

of each year appear in the ranks of the active army. In order to explain completely the causes of this great difference, let us take the last-

The total number of young men available in that year was	283,788
Of these—29,797 were physically unfit.	
42,268 were dispersed during peace, for family and other reasons.	
19,508 were postponed.	
25,778 were already in the army as volunteers.	
4,295 were conditionally released, as professors, teachers, &c.	

121,646

121,646

There remained, therefore, for service, 162,122

These men were dealt with as follows: they were divided (according to the numbers they had drawn) into two unequal parts, called the first and second portions of the contingent. The first portion was incorporated in the regiments for five years; the second—from motives of economy, and for want of barrack-room—was called up only for six months,* and was then sent home on leave. The respective numbers of these portions were as follows:—

1st portion, for combatant services (including 7040 marines),	95,788
Do., for auxiliary services (Intendance, stores, &c.),	21,259
2d portion, for combatant services,	45,075
Total,	162,122

Furthermore, 8345 men who had been postponed from preceding years were called up in 1875; 5142 of them were placed in the first portion of the contingent, and 3203 in the second portion, so carrying the exact numbers of the year to the following totals:—

1st portion: combatants,	100,930
Do., auxiliary services,	21,259
2d portion: combatants,	48,278
	170,467

It happened that the numbers of 1875 were rather below the average; but, taking them as a minimum, they indicate that the combatant part of the French army, deducting the 7000 marines, is recruited in peace time at the rate of 93,000 men per annum, all of whom are supposed to remain for five years under the colours. But in consequence of the delay of about six months which takes place each year in calling up the conscripts, and of the fact that men are habitually discharged from their regiments six months before the expiration of their time, the term of real service is practically reduced to four years; so that in peace time the army is composed of four times 93,000 men—that is to say, 372,000 men, *plus* 45,000 men for one year's second portion of the contingent, and *plus*, also, 25,000 men already in the ranks as volunteers. The general total of combatants, in time of peace, is therefore 442,000 men; or, allowing for deaths, about 425,000. No deduction is, however, made here for men away on leave, who usually represent a considerable number.

And to this again must be added the *portion permanente*, which includes such members of the army

* Henceforth, the minimum duration of service will be a year instead of six months.

as are independent of the annual contingent; that is to say, the officers, the *gendarmérie*, the foreign troops in Algeria, the re-engaged men, bandsmen, and certain special workmen. This portion amounts, altogether, to 85,000 men, so carrying the final total to 510,000.

The reserve of the active army includes:—

1. Four classes of the 2d portion of the contingent, of 50,000 men each on an average, . . .	200,000
2. Four classes of the reserve men from 26 to 29, at 150,000 each, . .	600,000
3. Four classes of the men dispersed during peace, at 40,000 each, . . .	160,000
Total, . . .	960,000

But, allowing for mortality and other causes, this total cannot be counted to produce more than 920,000 men. Adding thereto the 510,000 men under the colours, the general total available for the active army (not including the territorial corps) when all the reserves are called up, is 1,430,000 men. It may, however, be supposed that this total, though theoretically exact, would not be altogether realised in practice, and that the effective number would not exceed 1,300,000.

Here, however, we meet with a difficulty. The French army is now composed of nineteen *corps d'armée*, and of a certain number of unattached brigades, regiments, and battalions, consisting especially of cavalry and foot-chasseurs. The precise war footing of a *corps d'armée* is not yet determined by any special law; but as regards its main element—the infantry—no doubt is possible, for everybody knows that the companies are to be composed of 250 men each. It is only as regards the cavalry, artillery, and train that any real uncertainty exists,

and for those special arms the margin of possible error is limited. We may consequently adopt with tolerable confidence the following approximate computation of the fighting force of a French *corps d'armée*:—

It will contain—

8 regiments of infantry, of three battalions each (the 4th battalion being kept in reserve); 24 battalions of 1000 men, . . .	24,000
1 battalion of foot-chasseurs, . . .	1,000
2 regiments of cavalry, say . . .	1,600
2 regiments of artillery, 23 batteries, at say 250 men each, . . .	5,750
1 battalion of engineers, say . . .	1,200
Artillery train, 3 companies, say . . .	750
Train, 3 companies, say . . .	600
Total, . . .	34,900

Say 35,000.

So that, on this showing, the 19 *corps d'armée* at their full war strength, would absorb 665,000. To which must be added the following troops, not included in the *corps d'armée*:—

32 regiments of cavalry, at 800 sabres, . . .	25,600
11 battalions of foot-chasseurs, . . .	11,000
57 batteries of garrison artillery, . . .	14,250
144 4th battalions of the line, . . .	144,000
Depots of the 144 line regiments, at 2 companies each, . . .	72,000
Depots of foot-chasseurs, . .	7,500
Depots of artillery, 76 batteries, . . .	19,000
Depots of cavalry, 70 squadrons, . . .	14,000
Depots of engineers, train, &c., . . .	6,000
Railway and telegraph services, artificers, and sundries, . . .	5,000
Pontoon-train, 28 companies, . . .	7,000

General total of the active army and depots, 990,350

It results, therefore, from these figures, that although 1,300,000 men would be available in the event of a mobilisation, only 990,000 of them could be utilised in the ranks in the first instance. The other 310,000 would remain *en disponibilité* at the depots, to fill up gaps as they arose.

An additional force of 25,000 excellent soldiers would be supplied by the coast and forest guards, all of whom have now received a military organisation.

As regards mere numbers, therefore, the result is clear: France has positively more men than she can use. Measured by quantity alone, a mobilisation would produce too much.

But quantity and quality are not identical. The new army laws have not been in force long enough to have made all Frenchmen into capable soldiers; and out of the 1,300,000 men who form the mobilisable total, it is certain that, at this moment, not more than 750,000 are really educated. Of the remainder it may be estimated that about 300,000 have had six months' drilling, while 250,000 have never served at all. Still, as all the men of the two latter categories would of course be placed, in the first instance, in the reserves, it is quite possible that they would have time to learn their business, partially, at least, before they were sent out to fight. Consequently we may fairly say, not only that quantity is abundant, but also that quality is sufficient.

And now we reach the second part of the mobilisation—the concentration. On this point we are altogether in the dark; for it is impossible to foresee the political or strategic conditions under which a war-mobilisation might have to be effected. The Minister of War himself could not speak with any

certainty on the question, especially as, in the case of a defensive campaign (and that is the sole theory admissible in the present case), the defender can initiate nothing and must necessarily adapt his own movements to those of the invader. It will, however, surprise nobody to learn that the French Staff Office has at last applied the Prussian system of drawing up a plan of action at the commencement of each year—an “academical” project, as the Germans call it. An attack is supposed; its possible conditions are conjectured and weighed, and, according to the then situation of the French army and to the available information of the state of the other side, a scheme of resistance is prepared. An imaginary mobilisation is composed on paper; the probable points of concentration are indicated; the *corps d'armée* are grouped up into fighting armies; their commanders are selected; everything is prepared. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the details of all this are kept profoundly secret; but the fact that it is done is known, and that fact supplies a striking proof of the progress which has been effected.

As regards the exact nature of the concentration, therefore, nothing whatever can be said. But as regards the time it would occupy, we are able to make reasonable guesses. Could both mobilisation and concentration be completed in nineteen days, as it was by the Germans in 1870—or in fifteen days, as it is believed that they could do now? Perhaps not. It is prudent to admit at once—but without attempting to be precise—that France would be slower than Germany. Yet notwithstanding the possible and even very probable causes of delay which have been set forth here, there is no just reason for supposing that

the difference would be considerable. It could scarcely exceed three or four days. This opinion is based upon a calculation which can easily be verified. In 1870, according to the official reports, the order of mobilisation was sent out on 14th July; it was calculated that the arrival of the men at their regiments would be terminated on the 31st—not including the concentration into *corps d'armée* and armies, which was to be effected afterwards). Now, however, according to the actual plan of keeping the infantry reservists in the same regions as their regiments, a notice issued on the 14th could order the reservists to be at their depots on the evening of the 17th. The 18th would be passed in equipping them. They could start the same night for their regiments (which in most cases would not be very far off), and on the morning of the 19th each company could be on its war footing. Counting, however, another forty-eight hours, to compensate for the possible delays which have been enumerated, it follows that it is now possible to do in seven days the same work that took seventeen days in 1870. It is true that, as regards the special arms, whose reservists would have greater distances to travel, the time might be a little longer; but, allowing largely for that contingency, there seems to be no fair ground for doubting that the mobilisation (properly so called) could be finished in a time which could scarcely exceed twelve days in all.

The concentration of the regiments into brigades, divisions, and *corps d'armée*, and of the *corps d'armée* into armies, could probably be effected in ten days more, for everything is ready.

It may therefore be asserted—so far, at least, as apparent probabilities

can guide us—that the entire process might be completed in a time which would range between eighteen and twenty-two days.

And even if France were a little longer over it than Germany would be, no perceptible disadvantage to her could result from the delay; for, as it is morally certain (as will be shown presently) that France *cannot* attack Germany, and that, if another war takes place, the attack must be made by Germany, it follows that the invader would have to travel a greater distance to the fighting ground than the defender would have to cover, and would therefore lose in distance what he might gain in time. Consequently, as regards speed, the two sides would probably find themselves on a footing of virtual equality.

Well, we will now suppose the concentration to be completed, conformably to the exigencies of the situation as it may present itself at the time. The troops have formed up into three or four fighting armies, and have drafted off the frameworks of the garrisons of the great intrenched camps, and of the forces destined to guard Paris and Lyons. In estimating that six *corps d'armée* would be required for these latter purposes, and that the other elements of the garrisons would be supplied by the reserves and the territorial army, we shall not, probably, be very wide of the truth; if so, thirteen *corps d'armée*, out of the total of nineteen (the nineteenth having of course been brought over from Algeria, where it is habitually stationed), would be disposable for action in the field. It has been shown that each *corps d'armée* would number about 35,000 men, so that on this calculation the army on the frontier would amount to 455,000 men—a figure which

would most certainly be amply sufficient to begin with. It would be backed up by the rest of the 1,300,000 men of the active army—that is to say, by 210,000 in the intrenched camps, by an unconcentrated second line of 325,000, and by an unutilised depot reserve of 310,000 more.

And it must be borne in mind, that if instead of leaving the 144 fourth battalions unconcentrated, they were at once developed into regiments, a large part of the unincorporated reservists could be immediately thrown into them, and a second series of complete armies, amounting, with cavalry and artillery, to at least 350,000 men, could be got together. Plenty of non-commissioned officers could be found amongst the one-year volunteers who would have rejoined. 45,000 of those young gentlemen have now passed through the army; and though the institution which has produced them is most objectionable, and is on the point of being abandoned, they would, at all events, serve a useful purpose in this case. The front army would of course require part of them to keep up its supply of *sous-officiers*, but 8000 or 10,000 of them could easily be spared to start the extra companies suggested here. This second series of armies could be established either by grouping two fourth battalions to form a new regiment, or by converting each fourth battalion, with the addition of the two depot companies, into a separate regiment. In either case the unutilised reservists of the original regiment would be at once incorporated into the new regiment thus formed.

This general scheme of action would fit in equally with either of the hypotheses of victory or defeat, provided always that the garrisons of the intrenched camps were con-

stituted at the very commencement of the concentration, and not at the moment of a disaster. The troops which occupy them would have fighting to do, for the great space covered by these camps, especially by the fortifications round Paris, would render investment very difficult, if not, indeed, impossible, and would in all probability oblige the Germans to try to storm them. For the same reason, sorties on a large scale against extended circles of attack might confidently be looked for. It is therefore of extreme importance that the defence of these positions should be organised at the very origin of the campaign, and that it should be intrusted to thoroughly solid troops.

The successful holding of fortifications depends, however, in these days, almost as much on the power of the artillery on the ramparts as on the vigour and tenacity of the garrison; and in the organisation of their *artillerie de forteresse* the French have still a great deal to do. Each of their nineteen brigades of gunners includes three dismounted batteries, making fifty-seven batteries in all. It is, then, with the men of these fifty-seven batteries that, thus far, the French army is supposed to be able to serve the immense defensive works which have been constructed at so much cost! There is here one of those strange negligences which puzzle foreigners. Why has this essential point been so neglected? Why, after six years of organisation, is France still unable to completely man her ramparts? The mixing up of garrison and field batteries in the same brigades is an inexcusable error; they ought to be separated at once; and the fifty-seven batteries of heavy guns ought to be carried as rapidly as possible to two or three times as many.

Until this is done, the question of the practical defensibility of the new forts will remain somewhat in doubt; for though, of course, it may be said that sailors can be called up to work the batteries, yet still, from a military point of view, that solution settles nothing.

It is now time to go on to the territorial army and its reserves, of neither of which has anything been said yet.

The territorial army includes, theoretically, all Frenchmen between the ages of 30 and 34, and its reserve takes all those between 35 and 40. But as no attempt whatever has been made, even on paper, to organise the reserve of the Territoriale, it may be left out of the account, for the present at all events, as a non-existing force. The territorial army, properly so called, is, however, on the contrary, a progressing reality. It is composed, nominally, like the active army, of five annual contingents. As there are scarcely any exemptions, each of those contingents may be roughly guessed at 200,000 men; its general total would seem therefore to reach 1,000,000. But that figure is illusory; it allows nothing for mortality or for other causes of diminution; and furthermore, the 145 regiments of infantry into which the Territoriale is divided, are composed, by law, of three battalions of 1000 men each, and can only absorb, therefore, 435,000 men; so that, allowing the additional proportion of 120,000 more for cavalry, artillery, engineers, and auxiliary services, the utilisable total of this force would not exceed—or, perhaps, not even attain—555,000 men. Practically, indeed, it would be wiser not to count on the mobilisation of more than 500,000—the surplus men, if any, remaining dis-

posable for ulterior needs. Of that number it may be calculated that, at the present moment, about 280,000 are old soldiers of the active army, that 120,000 served in the last war as Mables, and that the remaining 100,000 have had no military training. The ratio of old soldiers is, however, increasing now each year with the regular application of the universal service law, and from and after 1886 every man in the territorial regiments will have passed through the active army. Meanwhile those regiments contain a large proportion of men who have been non-commissioned officers, and who would, for that reason, contribute to the rapid instruction of the others.

As regard the officers of the Territoriale, the situation is not very satisfactory. About two-thirds of them (8000 out of 12,000) are appointed. They have been selected after a personal examination, and such of them as happen to be retired officers of the active army will of course do their work well. But it is notorious that political and social considerations have been largely consulted in choosing these officers, and that most of them have been named, not because they were soldiers, but because they were gentlemen in position or Conservatives in opinion. Certain applicants who were professionally capable have been excluded because they were too Republican. Furthermore, it is becoming more and more difficult to find candidates for commissions both in the territorial regiments and in the reserve of the active army. It is absolutely forbidden to officers of those two services to wear uniform off duty; consequently the applicants who thought it would be agreeable to

them to swagger about in red trousers find their dream unrealisable, and no longer pursue it. Then, again, though there is no pay (except when under arms), officers have to provide their own clothes and equipment. Finally, almost all the great financial and industrial institutions of the country, with the Bank of France at their head, have very practically, but not very patriotically, announced to their *employés* that if any of them accept a grade in either the reserve or the territorial army, they will instantly be dismissed from their places. The result is, that by refusing the permission to wear uniform when not convoked for service, all the vain-glorious aspirants have been discouraged; by obliging officers to pay for their dress and arms, all the fortuneless are driven away (and the fortuneless are numerous); and by proclaiming incompatibility between clerkship and soldiering, a great part of the lower *bourgeoisie* is shut out.

The result of all this has been, that the enthusiasm of 1873—when crowds of men of all ranks petitioned to be made officers of the Territoriale—began to die out in 1874. In 1875 it became necessary to reduce the difficulties of admission; non-commissioned officers of the Mobile were admitted to the examinations for the reserve artillery; soon afterwards the same measure was extended to all other arms. It was constantly declared that each examination would be the last, and that the list was on the point of being closed; but more examinations followed all the same. Their level was lowered; and only last month the 'Journal Officiel' of the army published another new programme, still less developed than its predecessors, for another series of examinations in April.

These insufficiencies are, however, of no very serious importance; they supply some further evidence of the want of military administrative power which is so strangely evident in the present generation of Frenchmen, but they will not do much real damage. If a war broke out, it would at once be seen that the *armée territoriale* is not a mere imaginary corps; officers would then be forthcoming in any numbers, for everybody would have to serve. The resources of France would not be limited to the active army and its reserves; the territorial troops would rapidly acquire value, and would present a very different character from the Mobiles of 1870. It is true that they are not yet in a state of cohesion which would permit them to render immediate service as a separate army; but they may certainly be relied on as auxiliary forces, the more so as they would not, in all probability, be needed so much for campaign work as for guarding *étapes*, for keeping open communications, and for aiding to supply garrisons for the intrenched camps, and for Paris and Lyons. And it should be particularly remarked that the engineering element of the Territoriale will be most useful, for it will include the most effective part of the Corps of Ponts et Chaussées.

The organisation of the Territoriale is now quite complete on paper, but the men have only been called together once, for one day, to receive their register-books. At least a month would be required (supposing even that their arms and uniform are really ready, which does not appear to be quite certain) before the battalions could be formed into regiments and brigades.

Still, notwithstanding, it must be repeated that the Territoriale presents sufficient elements of num-

ber, of solidity, and of reality, to justify its admission henceforth into the list of the disposable forces of France.

Recapitulating the figures at which we have now successively arrived for the various elements of those forces, it appears that the entire combatant strength of which France could now dispose (one-half of it within three weeks, and the rest successively), would be made up as follows :—

Field armies,	455,000
Camps and garrisons,	210,000
Unconcentrated troops,	325,000
Unincorporated men at depots,	310,000
Total of active army,	1,300,000
Forest and coast guards,	25,000
Territorial army,	500,000
General total,	1,825,000

In 1870 only 250,000 men could be concentrated in a month, while the reserves and garrisons did not, at first, reach 300,000. The position is therefore completely changed; money, work, and time have, in spite of obstacles and incapacities, converted the French army into a machine of power.

For what purpose can this machine be used?

Can it possibly be employed for attacking Germany?

Or is it, by the force of things, utilisable solely and exclusively for defence?

To obtain answers to these questions it is essential to look at them from three different standpoints—to measure the strategical, the material, and the political considerations which seem likely to influence the action of France.

When the German took the Alsace-Lorraine fortresses, and surrounded them with additional fortifications, which have rendered them impreg-

nable without a long siege, they thereby rendered it virtually impossible for France to undertake an offensive campaign. The annexation of those fortresses has turned out to mean something more than territorial conquest, something else than homage to a German sentiment; it is now proved to be an act of the profoundest military wisdom. They close the road to Germany.

The experience of recent campaigns, and especially of 1870, has clearly shown, that though an army can advance into hostile territory without immediately investing the fortresses on its way (unless, indeed, they contain a numerous garrison, in which case that garrison must of course be watched by a more than equal force), it is scarcely possible to advance at all—with the masses of men which modern war puts in motion—unless the invader has a railway at his complete disposal for the carriage of his supplies. It happens, however, that the new German strongholds between France and the Rhine would, in consequence of the space covered by their fortifications, be, of necessity, heavily garrisoned in the event of a French attack, and that it would therefore be indispensable to invest them at once. Such an investment would mean the immobilisation, for an undetermined period, of a force which can scarcely be estimated at less than 400,000 men. But the loss of the Alsace-Lorraine fortresses means much more than this; it means, also, the total stoppage of all traffic on the railways which pass through and are commanded by those fortresses. Consequently, supposing even that France were able to devote 400,000 men to the merely secondary task of reducing the lateral obstacles in her path—supposing that she had

enough men to besiege several first-class fortresses, and to simultaneously conquer all the German armies in the field—she would not, even then, have the command of a single railway until one or more of the fortresses were taken, and would have to contend, meanwhile, against difficulties of transport, which it is impossible to suppose that she could overcome. The holding out for a few weeks of a little place like Toul caused the very gravest difficulties to the Germans in 1870, because it deprived them of the use of the line to Paris, which passed under the guns of that fortress. What would happen then to the French, with their inferior organisation, if such an obstacle arose in every direction at the very origin of the campaign, if they had to try to fight their way ahead without a railway? Turn and twist this difficulty as you like, you cannot get over it. There it is, absolute and unchangeable. If, then, we follow up the idea of an attack by France on Germany, we are bound to suppose, first, that all, or nearly all, the 1,300,000 men of the French active army can be brought on to German soil at the very commencement of the campaign; secondly, that the supplies for, say, 800,000 men (no weaker army could be supposed to force a road against united Germany), could be carried regularly to constantly increasing distances *in carts*.

It is surely needless to pursue such an hypothesis as this.

Yet, all the same, let us go one step further, in order to exhaust the wildest possibilities of the case. Let us conceive (if we are capable of so mad an imagining) that the armies are forthcoming, that all the fortresses are invested, that the Germans are defeated and are driven across the Rhine, and that

the French follow them and advance into pure German ground. An offensive war under such conditions, with the prodigious quantities of men which would be employed on both sides,—with all the Fatherland in arms in front, and with all the men of France surging onwards from behind,—would necessitate a vigour of command, a unity of action, a perfection of administration, which would imply not mere ordinary capacity, but the very highest genius, in the chiefs. But are we justified in presuming, from what the world has seen of the French army since Waterloo, that the needed genius would be there? Can the most earnest, the most enthusiastic, the least reasoning friend of France pretend that the experience of the last fifty years justifies the hope that there is one single soldier in the French army who is capable of discharging so tremendous a task?

No.

It may, however, be urged—it has, indeed, been urged occasionally in private talks—that though, in scientific war, Germany is, for the moment, incontestably superior to France; though, in this generation, the thinking power of battle appears to lean most heavily to her side; yet that France has sometimes shown a might of an altogether special kind, a might peculiar to herself alone, a might which rides down obstacles and which extorts success from impossibility. Twice, in recent centuries, has that out-breaking potency revealed itself; it was awakened for the first time by Joan of Arc, for the second time by the French Revolution. It was the potency of an idea, of glowing ardours, of hot passions; it was resistless then: but would it conquer now? Are fervours capable of overthrowing science? The contrary result is

probable. The conditions of war are so radically changed that emotions would only be in the way, and the more fervid they were the more cumbersome would they be. If some totally fresh sentiment, some unknown and uninvented quantity, some new "French fury," were to unveil itself to-morrow, it would simply break its heated head against the cold wall of science.

Neither strategically nor materially, nor even emotionally, can France expect, then, to fight her way into Germany in our time.

And the political obstacles in the way of an offensive war are not less important or less real. By the constitutional law of 16th July 1875, it is enacted that war can only be declared with the consent of the two Chambers. Under what conceivable circumstances is it to be imagined that the two Chambers would vote a voluntary attack on Germany? Where is the Minister of War who will dare to proclaim once more that "France is ready"? Where is the President of the Council who, "with a light heart," will mount into the tribune and call on France to fight again?

No conditions are reasonably supposable under which all this could happen; and certainly, so long as the Republic lasts, the world will see nothing of the kind. The Republic has no dynastic interests to serve—no personal or special reasons for desiring a *revanche*. On the contrary, it has everything to lose by war: for if war produced victory, a successful general might make himself dictator; while, if it produced defeat, a Bonapartist *quatre Septembre* would immediately become possible.

And then, again, France longs earnestly for peace; she shrinks instinctively from all idea of conquest. Of course she would take

back Alsace and Lorraine if she could get them; but would she provoke a war (even if she believed herself to be quite ready) for the sole purpose of regaining them? Solferino, Mexico, Mentana, would not be voted now by the Parliament at Versailles—nor "Berlin" either.

One more point should be looked at. France has vainly sought for an ally since 1871. She has not found one in Europe: and perhaps it is lucky for her that she has failed; for we may rest assured that, if she had succeeded, the very instant the news got out that she had signed an offensive and defensive alliance—no matter with whom—the German armies would instantaneously have been mobilised and France have been invaded. She has, though, one unprovoking ally at her disposal—an ally who is waiting for her at home, and whose precious aid she would lose the very instant she crossed the frontier. That ally is not a nation or a monarch, it is simply—Distance.

France at home has every man at hand; France in Germany would be forced to leave a constantly increasing proportion of her soldiers behind her to guard the road she has followed. And, as the argument applies equally to both sides, it follows that just as France would lose by distance if she attacked Germany, so would she profit by it if she were herself attacked. It cannot be argued that the transfer of the German frontier to this side of the Vosges in any way diminishes the difficulty of distance for Germany; if she were to enter France again, she would have at once to contend with it—and it is in that fact that France would find her only probable ally.

These reasons are evident, simple, and real. Nobody will deny their truth. France cannot attack Germany.

But if she is attacked, she can, most certainly, defend herself. After six years of loitering, hesitating, and bungling, she has at last—almost in spite of herself—manufactured an enormous army. She may be incapable of using it to the best effect, or of extracting from it all that it is susceptible of producing; but, however weak may be her management of it, the material force is there. She still needs two years to finish up the details; she has still to finally terminate her *matériel* and her fortresses, to re-model her garrison artillery, to reorganise her Intendance and her staff corps. But all the really heavy work is done. She is ready now to fight upon her own ground if needful. At home, one-half of her difficulties would disappear. Her fortresses and her intrenched camps would supply her armies with magazines and solid *points d'appui*. Her railways would furnish ample means of transport from the rear. Of course she will grow stronger with each year; of course with time her army will steadily improve; of course its

faults will gradually diminish,—at least it may be hoped so. But it is an army *now*; and it is useful not only to declare that fact, but to add to it the distinct statement that if Germany were to once more raise the menace of two years ago, France would no longer depend for her existence on the intervention of Europe. She would, most assuredly, accept that intervention gratefully and heartily, in order to avoid war; but she no longer imperiously needs it, as she did in 1875, to save her from destruction. If another “scare” burst out to-morrow, it would find her, at last, in a situation to efficaciously protect herself. She would no longer talk of withdrawing her useless soldiers behind the Loire, and of leaving the invader to overrun an undefended country. If Germany again proclaimed the wish to crush up France for good, before she is fit to fight, France would, this time, look her calmly in the face, and would say to her, in the consciousness of sufficient strength,—

It is too late.

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART XL—CHAPTER XXIV.

INA KLOSKING's cure was retarded by the state of her mind. The excitement and sharp agony her physician had feared, died away as the fever of the brain subsided; but then there settled down a grim, listless, lethargy, which obstructed her return to health and vigour. Once she said to Rhoda Gale, "But I have nothing to get well for." As a rule, she did not speak her mind, but thought a great deal. She often asked after Zoe; and her nurses could see that her one languid anxiety was somehow connected with that lady. Yet she did not seem hostile to her now, nor jealous. It was hard to understand her; she was reserved, and very deep.

The first relief to the deadly languor of her mind came to her from Music. That was no great wonder; but, strange to say, the music that did her good was neither old enough to be revered, nor new enough to be fashionable. It was English music too, and *passé* music. She came across a collection of Anglican anthems and services—written, most of it, towards the end of the last century and the beginning of this. The composers' names promised little: they were Blow, Nares, Greene, Kent, King, Jackson, &c. The words and the music of these compositions seemed to suit one another; and, as they were all quite new to her, she went through them almost eagerly, and hummed several of the strains, and with her white but now thin hand beat time to others. She even sent for Vizard, and said to him, "You have a treasure here. Do you know these compositions?"

He inspected his treasure. "I remember," said he, "my mother

used to sing this one, 'When the eye saw her, then it blessed her;' and parts of this one, 'Hear my prayer;' and let me see, she used to sing this psalm, 'Praise the Lord,' by Jackson. I am ashamed to say I used to ask for, 'Praise the Lord Jackson,' meaning to be funny, not devout."

"She did not choose ill," said Ina. "I thought I knew English music, yet here is a whole stream of it new to me. Is it esteemed?"

"I think it was once, but it has had its day."

"That is strange; for here are some immortal qualities. These composers had brains, and began at the right end; they selected grand and tuneful words, great and pious thoughts; they impregnated themselves with those words, and produced appropriate music. The harmonies are sometimes thin, and the writers seem scarcely to know the skilful use of discords; but they had heart and invention; they saw their way clear, before they wrote the first note: there is an inspired simplicity and fervour. If all these choice things are dead, they must have fallen upon bad interpreters."

"No doubt," said Vizard, "so please get well, and let me hear these pious strains, which my poor dear mother loved so well, interpreted worthily."

The Klosking's eyes filled. "That is a temptation," said she, simply. Then she turned to Rhoda Gale. "Sweet physician, he has done me good. He has given me something to get well for."

Vizard's heart yearned. "Do not talk like that," said he, buoy-

antly; then in a broken voice, "Heaven forbid you should have nothing better to live for than that."

"Sir," said she, gravely, "I have nothing better to live for now, than to interpret good music worthily."

There was a painful silence.

Ina broke it. She said, quite calmly, "First of all, I wish to know how others interpret these strains your mother loved, and I have the honour to agree with her."

"Oh," said Vizard, "we will soon manage that for you. These things are not defunct; only unfashionable. Every choir in England has sung them, and can sing them, after a fashion: so, at 12 o'clock to-morrow, look out—for squalls!"

He mounted his horse, rode into the cathedral town—distant eight miles—and arranged with the organist for himself, four leading boys, and three lay clerks. He was to send a carriage in for them, after the morning service, and return them in good time for vespers.

Fanny told Ina Klosking, and she insisted on getting up.

By this time Doctress Gale had satisfied herself that a little excitement was downright good for her patient, and led to refreshing sleep. So they dressed her loosely but very warmly, and rolled her to the window on her invalid couch, set at a high angle. It was a fine clear day in October, keen but genial; and after muffling her well, they opened the window.

While she sat there, propped high, and inhaling the pure air, Vizard conveyed his little choir, by another staircase, into the ante-chamber; and, under his advice, they avoided preludes, and opened in full chorus with Jackson's song of praise.

At the first burst of sacred har-

mony, Ina Klosking was observed to quiver all over.

They sang it rather coarsely, but correctly and boldly, and with a certain fervour. There were no operative artifices to remind her of earth; the purity and the harmony struck her full. The great singer and sufferer lifted her clasped hands to God, and the tears flowed fast down her cheeks.

These tears were balm to that poor lacerated soul, tormented by many blows.

"O lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo, quater
Felix, in imo qui scotentem
Pectore, te, pia nympha, sensit."

Rhoda Gale, who hated music like poison, crept up to her, and enfolding her delicately, laid a pair of wet eyes softly on her shoulder.

Vizard now tapped at the door, and was admitted from the music-room. He begged Ina to choose another composition from her book. She marked a service and two anthems, and handed him the volume, but begged they might not be done too soon, one after the other. That would be quite enough for one day, especially if they would be good enough to repeat the hymn of praise to conclude; "for," said she, "these are things to be digested."

Soon the boys' pure voices rose again, and those poor dead English composers, with prosaic names, found their way again to the great foreign singer's soul.

They sang an anthem, which is now especially despised by those great critics, the organists of the country—"My Song shall be of Mercy and Judgment."

The Klosking forgave the thinness of the harmony, and many little faults in the vocal execution. The words, no doubt, went far with her, being clearly spoken. She sat meditating, with her moist eyes

raised, and her face transfigured, and at the end she murmured to Vizard, with her eyes still raised, "After all, they are great and pious words, and the music has at least this crowning virtue—it means the words." Then she suddenly turned upon him, and said, "There is another person in this house who needs this consolation as much as I do. Why does she not come? But perhaps she is with the musicians."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Your sister."

"Why, she is not in the house."

Ina Klosking started at that information, and bent her eyes keenly and inquiringly on him.

"She left two days ago."

"Indeed!"

"To nurse a sick aunt."

"Indeed! Had she no other reason?"

"Not that I know of," said Vizard; but he could not help colouring a little.

The little choir now sang a service, King, in F. They sang the "Magnificat" rudely, and rather profanely, but recovered themselves in the "Dimittis."

When it was over, Ina whispered, "'To be a light to lighten the Gentiles.' That is an inspired duet. Oh, how it might be sung!"

"Of course it might," whispered Vizard; "so you have something to get well for."

"Yes, my friend—thanks to you and your sainted mother."

This, uttered in a voice which, under the healing influence of music, seemed to have regained some of its rich melody, was too much for our cynic, and he bustled off to hide his emotion, and invited the musicians to lunch.

All the servants had been listening on the stairs, and the hospitable old butler plied the boys with sparkling Moselle, which, being himself reared on mighty port, he thought a

light and playful wine—just the thing for women and children. So after luncheon they sang rather wild, and the Klosking told Vizard, drily, that would do for the present.

Then he ordered the carriage for them, and asked Mademoiselle Klosking when she would like them again.

"When *can* I?" she inquired, rather timidly.

"Every day, if you like—Sundays and all."

"I must be content with every other day."

Vizard said he would arrange it so, and was leaving her; but she begged him to stay a moment.

"She would be safer here," said she, very gravely.

Vizard was taken aback by the suddenness of this return to a topic he was simple enough to think she had abandoned. However, he said, "She is safe enough. I have taken care of that, you may be sure."

"You have done well, sir," said Ina, very gravely.

She said no more to him; but just before dinner Fanny came in, and Miss Gale went for a walk in the garden. Ina pinned Fanny directly. "Where is Miss Vizard?" said she, quietly.

Fanny coloured up; but seeing in a moment that fibs would be dangerous, said, mighty carelessly, "She is at Aunt Maitland's."

"Where does *she* live, dear?"

"In a poky little place called 'Somerville Villa.'"

"Far from this?"

"Not very. It is forty miles by the railway, but not thirty by the road; and Zoe went in the barouche all the way."

Mademoiselle Klosking thought a little, and then taking Fanny Dover's hand, said to her, very sweetly, "I beg you to honour me with your confidence, and tell me something. Believe me, it is for no

selfish motive I ask you ; but I think Miss Vizard is in danger. She is too far from her brother, and too far from me. Mr Vizard says she is safe. Now, can you tell me what he means? How can she be safe? Is her heart turned to stone, like mine?"

"No, indeed," said Fanny. "Yes, I will be frank with you; for I believe you are wiser than any one of us. Zoe is not safe, left to herself. Her heart is anything but stone; and heaven knows what wild, mad thing she might be led into. But I know perfectly well what Vizard means: no, I don't like to tell it you all. It will give you pain."

"There is little hope of that. I am past pain."

"Well, then — Miss Gale will scold me."

"No, she shall not."

"Oh, I know you have got the upper hand even of her; so if you promise I shall not be scolded, I'll tell you. You see, I had my misgivings about this very thing; and as soon as Vizard came home—it was he who took her to Aunt Maitland—I asked him what precautions he had taken to hinder that man from getting hold of her again. Well, then—oh, I ought to have begun by telling you Mr Severne forged bills to get money out of Harrington."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, Harrington will never punish him, if he keeps his distance; but he has advertised in all the papers, warning him that, if he sets foot in Barfordshire, he will be arrested and sent to prison."

Ina Klossing shook her head. "When a man is in love with such a woman as that, dangers could hardly deter him."

"That depends upon the man, I think. But Harrington has done better than that. He has provided

her with a watch-dog—the best of all watch-dogs, another lover. Lord Uxmoor lives near Aunt Maitland, and he adores Zoe; so Harrington has commissioned him to watch her, and cure her and all. I wish he'd cure *me* — an earl's coronet and twenty thousand a-year!"

"You relieve my mind," said Ina. Then, after a pause—"But let me ask you one question more. Why did you not tell me Miss Vizard was gone?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, colouring up. "*She* told me not."

"Who?"

"Why, the Vixen in command. She orders everybody."

"And why did she forbid you?"

"Don't know."

"Yes, you do. Kiss me, dear. There, I will distress you with no more questions. Why should I? Our instincts seldom deceive us. Well, so be it; I have something more to get well for, and I will."

Fanny looked up at her inquiringly.

"Yes," said she; "the daughter of this hospitable house will never return to it whilst I am in it. Poor girl! she thinks *she* is the injured woman. So be it. I will get well—and leave it."

Fanny communicated this to Miss Gale, and all she said was, "She shall go no farther than Hillstoke, then; for I love her better than any man can love her."

Fanny did not tell Vizard; and he was downright happy, seeing the woman he loved recover, by slow degrees, her health, her strength, her colour, her voice. Parting was not threatened. He did not realise that they should ever part at all. He had vague hopes that, whilst she was under his roof, opportunity might stand his friend, and she might requite his affection. All this would not bear looking into very

closely: for that very reason he took particular care not to look into it very closely; but hoped all things, and was happy. In this condition he received a little shock.

A one-horse fly was driven up to the door, and a card brought in—

“MR JOSEPH ASHMEAD.”

Vizard was always at home at Vizard Court, except to convicted Bores. Mr Ashmead was shown into his study.

Vizard knew him at a glance. The velvet coat had yielded to tweed; but another loud tie had succeeded to the one “that fired the air at Homburg.” There, too, was the wash-leather face, and other traits Vizard professed to know an actress’s lover by. Yes, it was the very man, at sight of whom he had fought down his admiration of La Klosking, and declined an introduction to her. Vizard knew the lady better now. But still he was a little jealous even of her acquaintances, and thought this one unworthy of her; so he received him with stiff but guarded politeness, leaving him to open his business.

Ashmead, overawed by the avenue, the dozen gables, four score chimneys, &c., addressed him rather obsequiously, but with a certain honest trouble, that soon softened the bad impression caused by his appearance.

“Sir,” said he, “pray excuse this intrusion of a stranger; but I am in great anxiety. It is not for myself, but for a lady, a very distinguished lady, whose interests I am charged with. It is Mademoiselle Klosking, the famous singer.”

Vizard maintained a grim silence.

“You may have heard of her.”

“I have.”

“I almost fancy you once heard her sing—at Homburg.”

“I did.”

“Then I am sure you must have admired her, being a gentleman of taste. Well, sir, it is near a fortnight since I heard from her.”

“Well, sir?”

“You will say, what is that to you? But the truth is, she left me, in London, to do certain business for her, and she went down to this very place. I offered to come with her, but she declined. To be sure, it was a delicate matter, and not at all in my way. She was to write to me, and report progress, and give me her address, that I might write to her; but nearly a fortnight has passed. I have not received a single letter. I am in real distress and anxiety. A great career awaits her in England, sir; but this silence is so mysterious, so alarming, that I begin actually to hope she has played the fool, and thrown it all up, and gone abroad with that blackguard.”

“What blackguard, sir?”

Joseph drew in his horns. “I spoke too quick, sir,” said he; “it is no business of mine. But these brilliant women are as mad as the rest in throwing away their affections. They prefer a blackguard to a good man. It is the rule. Excuse my plain-speaking.”

“Mr Ashmead,” said Vizard, “I may be able to answer your questions about this lady; but, before I do so, it is right I should know how far you possess her confidence. To speak plainly, have you any objection to tell me what is the precise relation between you and her?”

“Certainly not, sir. I am her theatrical agent.”

“Is that all?”

“Not quite. I have been a good deal about her lately, and have seen her in deep distress. I think I may almost say I am her friend, though a very humble one.”

Vizard did not yet quite realise the truth, that this Bohemian had

in his heart one holy spot,—his pure devotion, and unsexual friendship for that great artist. Still his prejudices were disarmed, and he said, "Well, Mr Ashmead, excuse my cross-questioning you. I will now give myself the pleasure of setting your anxieties at rest. Mademoiselle Klosking is in this house."

Ashmead stared at him, and then broke out, "In this house? Oh, Lord! how can that be?"

"It happened in a way very distressing to us all, though the result is now so delightful. Mademoiselle Klosking called here on a business, with which, perhaps, you are acquainted."

"I am, sir."

"Unfortunately she met with an accident in my very hall—an accident that endangered her life, sir; and of course we took charge of her. She has had a zealous physician and good nurses, and she is recovering slowly. She is quite out of danger, but still weak. I have no doubt she will be delighted to see you. Only, as we are all under the orders of her physician, and that physician is a woman, and a bit of a vixen, you must allow me to go and consult her first."

Vizard retired, leaving Joseph happy, but mystified.

He was not long alone. In less than a minute he had for companions some well-buttered sandwiches made with smoked ham, and a bottle of old Madeira: the solids melted in his mouth, the liquid ran through his veins like oil charged with electricity and elixir *vite*.

By-and-by a female servant came for him, and ushered him in to Ina Klosking's room.

She received him with undisguised affection, and he had much ado to keep from crying. She made him sit down near her in the vast embrasure of the window, and gave

him a letter to read she had just written to him.

They compared notes very rapidly; but their discourse will not be given here, because so much of it would be repetition.

They were left alone to talk, and they did talk for more than an hour. The first interruption, indeed, was a recitativo with chords, followed by a verse from the leading treble.

Mr Ashmead looked puzzled; the Klosking eyed him demurely.

Before the anthem concluded, Vizard tapped, and was admitted from the music-room. Ina smiled, and waved him to a chair. Both the men saw, by her manner, they were not to utter a sound while the music was going on. When it ceased, she said, "Do you approve that, my friend?"

"If it pleases you, madam," replied the wary Ashmead.

"It does more than please me; it does me good."

"That reconciles me to it at once."

"Oh, then you do not admire it for itself?"

"Not—very—much."

"Pray, speak plainly. I am not a tyrant, to impose my tastes."

"Well then, madam, I feel very grateful to anything that does you good: otherwise, I should say the music was—rather dreary; and the singing—very insipid."

The open struggle between Joseph's honesty and his awe of the Klosking tickled Vizard so that he leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

The Klosking smiled superior. "He means," said she, "that the music is not operatic, and the boys do not clasp their hands, and shake their shoulders, and sing passionately, as women do in a theatre. Heaven forbid they should! If this world is all passion, there is another

which is all peace ; and these boys' sweet, artless tones, are the nearest thing we shall get in this world to the unimpassioned voices of the angels. They are fit instruments for pious words set by composers who, however obscure they may be, were men inspired, and have written immortal strains, which, as I hear them, seem hardly of this world—they are so free from all mortal dross."

Vizard assented warmly. Ashmead asked permission to hear another. They sang the "Magnificat" by King, in F.

"Upon my word," said Ashmead, "there is a good deal of 'go' in that."

Then they sang the "Nunc Dimittis." He said, a little drily, there was plenty of repose in that.

"My friend," said she, "there is—to the honour of the composer. The 'Magnificat' is the bright and lofty exultation of a young woman, who has borne the Messiah, and does not foresee His sufferings, only the boon to the world and the glory to herself. But the 'Dimittis' is the very opposite. It is a gentle joy, and the world contentedly resigned by a good old man, fatigued, who has run his race, and longs to sleep after life's fever. When next you have the good fortune to hear that song, think you see the sun descending red and calm after a day of storms, and an aged Christian saying, 'Good night,'—and you will honour poor dead King as I do. The music that truly reflects great words was never yet small music, write it who may."

"You are right, madam," said Ashmead. "When I doubted its being good music, I suppose I meant saleable."

"Ah, *voilà!*" said the Klosking. Then, turning to Vizard for sympathy, "What this faithful friend understands by good music, is music

that can be sold for a good deal of money."

"That is so," said Ashmead, stoutly. "I am a theatrical agent. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You have tried it more than once, you know, but it would not work."

Ashmead amused Vizard, and he took him into his study, and had some more conversation with him. He even asked him to stay in the house; but Ashmead was shy, and there was a theatre at Taddington. So he said he had a good deal of business to do; he had better make the "Swan" his headquarters. "I shall be at your service all the same, sir, or Mademoiselle Klosking's."

"Have a glass of Madeira, Mr Ashmead."

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, I have had one or two."

"Then it knows the road."

"You are very good, sir. What Madeira! Is this the wine the doctors ran down a few years ago! They couldn't have tasted it."

"Well, it is like ourselves, improved by travelling. That has been twice to India."

"It will never go again, past me," said Ashmead, gaily. "My mouth is a cape it will never weather."

He went to his inn.

Before he had been there ten minutes, up rattled a smart servant in a smart dog-cart.

"Hamper—for Joseph Ashmead, Esquire."

"Anything to pay?"

"What for?—it's from Vizard Court."

And the dog-cart rattled away.

Joseph was in the hall, and witnessed this phenomenon. He said to himself, "I wish I had a vast acquaintance—ALL COUNTRY GENTLEMEN."

That afternoon, Ina Klosking insisted on walking up and down the

room, supported by Mademoiselles Gale and Dover. The result was fatigue and sleep; that is all.

"To-morrow," said she, "I will have but one live crutch. I must and will recover my strength."

In the evening, she insisted on both ladies dining with Mr Vizard. Here, too, she had her way.

Vizard was in very good spirits, and when the servants were gone, complimented Miss Gale on her skill.

"Our skill, you mean," said she. "It was you who prescribed this new medicine of the mind, the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; and it was you who administered the Ashmead, and he made her laugh, or nearly—and that *we* have never been able to do. She must take a few grains of Ashmead every day. The worst of it is, I am afraid we shall cure her too quickly; and then we shall lose her. But that was to be expected. I am very unfortunate in my attachments. I always was. If I fall in love with a woman, she is sure to hate me, or else die, or else fly away. I love this one to distraction, so she is sure to desert me, because she couldn't misbehave, and I won't *let* her die."

"Well," said Vizard, "you know what to do. Retard the cure. That is one of the arts of your profession."

"And so it is; but how can I, when I love her? No, we must have recourse to our benevolent tyrant again. He must get Miss Vizard back here, before my goddess is well enough to spread her wings and fly."

Vizard looked puzzled. "This," said he, "sounds like a riddle, or female logic."

"It is both," said Rhoda. "Miss Dover, give him the *mot d'énigme*. I'm off—to the patient I adore."

She vanished swiftly; and Vizard looked to Fanny for a solution. But Fanny seemed rather vexed with

Miss Gale, and said nothing. Then he pressed her to explain.

She answered him, with a certain reluctance, "Mademoiselle Klossing has taken into her head that Zoe will never return to this house whilst she is in it."

"Who put that into her head, now?" said Vizard, bitterly.

"Nobody, upon my honour. A woman's instinct."

"Well?"

"She is horrified at the idea of keeping your sister out of her own house, so she is getting well to go; and the strength of her will is such, that she *will* get well."

"All the better; but Zoe will soon get tired of Somerville Villa. A little persuasion will bring her home, especially if you were to offer to take her place."

"Oh, I would do that, to oblige you, Harrington, if I saw any good at the end of it. But please think twice. How can Zoe and that lady ever stay under the same roof? How can they meet at your table, and speak to each other? They are rivals."

"They are both getting cured; and neither will ever see the villain again."

"I hope not; but who can tell? Well, never mind *them*. If their eyes are not opened by this time, they will get no pity from me. It is you I think of now." Then, in a hesitating way, and her cheeks mantling higher and higher with honest blushes—"You have suffered enough already from women. I know it is not my business, but it does grieve me to see you going into trouble again. What good can come of it? Her connection with that man, so recent, and so—strange. The world *will* interpret its own way. Your position in the county—every eye upon you. I see the way in—no doubt it is strewed with flowers; but I see no way out.

Be brave in time, Harrington. It will not be the first time. She must be a good woman somehow, or faces, eyes, and voices, and ways, are all a lie. But if she is good, she is very unfortunate; and she will give you a sore heart for life, if you don't mind. I'd clench my teeth, and shut my eyes, and let her go in time."

Vizard groaned aloud, and at that a tear or two rolled down Fanny's burning cheeks.

"You are a good little girl," said Vizard, affectionately; "but I *cannot*."

He hung his head despondently, and muttered, "I see no way out either; but I yield to fate. I feared her, and fled from her. She has followed me. I can resist no more. I drift. Some men never know happiness. I shall have had a happy fortnight, at all events. I thank you, and respect you for your advice; but I can't take it. So now I suppose you will be too much offended to oblige me."

"Oh dear, no."

"Would you mind writing to Aunt Maitland, and saying you would like to take Zoe's place?"

"I will do it with pleasure, to oblige you. Besides, it will be a fib, and it is so long since I have told a good fib. When shall I write?"

"Oh, about the end of the week."

"Yes, that will be time enough. Miss Gale won't let her go till next week. Ah, after all, how nice and natural it is to be naughty! Fibs and flirtation, welcome home! This is the beauty of being good—and I shall recommend it to all my friends on this very account—you can always leave it off at a moment's notice, without any trouble. Now, naughtiness sticks to you like a burr."

So, with no more ado, this new Mentor became Vizard's accomplice,

and they agreed to get Zoe back before the Klosking could get strong enough to move with her physician's consent.

As the hamper of Madeira was landed in the hall of the "Swan" inn, a genial voice cried, "You are in luck." Ashmead turned, and there was Poikilus peering at him from the doorway of the commercial room.

"What is the game now?" thought Ashmead. But what he said was, "Why, I know that face. I declare, it is the gent that treated me at Homburg. Bring in the hamper, Dick." Then to Poikilus, "Have ye dined yet?"

"No. Going to dine in half an hour. Roast gosling. Just enough for two."

"We'll divide it, if you like, and I'll stand a bottle of old Madeira. My old friend, Squire Vizard, has just sent it me. I'll just have a splash; dinner will be ready by then." He bustled out of the room, but said as he went, "I say, old man, open the hamper, and put two bottles just within the smile of the fire."

He then went up-stairs, and plunged his head in cold water, to clear his faculties for the encounter.

The friends sat down to dinner, and afterwards to the Madeira, both gay and genial outside, but within, full of design—their object being to pump each other.

In the encounter at Homburg, Ashmead had an advantage; Poikilus thought himself unknown to Ashmead. But this time there was a change. Poikilus knew by this time that La Klosking had gone to Vizard Court. How she had known Severne was there puzzled him a good deal; but he had ended by suspecting Ashmead, in a vague way.

The parties, therefore, met on even terms. Ashmead resolved to learn what he could about Severne, and Poikilus to learn what he could about Zoe Vizard and Mademoiselle Klosking.

Ashmead opened the ball. "Been long here?"

"Just come."

"Business?"

"Yes. Want to see if there's any chance of my getting paid for that job."

"What job?"

"Why, the Homburg job. Look here—I don't know why I should have any secrets from a good fellow like you; only you must not tell anybody else."

"Oh, honour bright!"

"Well, then, I am a detective."

"Ye don't mean that?"

"I'm Poikilus."

"Good heavens! Well, I don't care. I haven't murdered anybody. Here's your health, Poikilus. I say, you could tell a tale or two."

"That I could. But I'm out of luck this time. The gentleman that employed me has mizzled; and he promised me fifty pounds. I came down here in hopes of finding him. Saw him once in this neighbourhood."

"Well, you won't find him here, I don't think. You must excuse me, but your employer is a villain. He has knocked a lady down, and nearly killed her."

"You don't say that?"

"Yes, that beautiful lady, the singer, you saw in Homburg."

"What! the lady that said he should have his money?"

"The same."

"Why, he must be mad."

"No, — a scoundrel; *that is all.*"

"Then she won't give him his money after that."

"Not if I can help it. But if she

likes to pay you your commission, I shall not object to that."

"You are a good fellow."

"What is more, I shall see her to-morrow, and I will put the question to her for you."

Poikilus was profuse in his thanks, and said he began to think it was his only chance. Then he had a misgiving. "I have no claim on the lady," said he; "and I am afraid I have been a bad friend to her. I did not mean it though, and the whole affair is dark to me."

"You are not very sharp, then, for a detective," said Ashmead. "Well, shut your mouth, and open your eyes. Your Mr Severne was the lady's lover, and preyed upon her. He left her; she was fool enough to love him still, and pined for him. He is a gambler, and was gambling by my side when Mademoiselle Klosking came in; so he cut his lucky, and left me fifty pounds to play for him, and she put the pot on, and broke the bank. I didn't know who he was, but we found it out by his photograph. Then you came smelling after the money, and we sold you nicely, my fine detective. We made it our business to know where you wrote to. Vizard Court. She went down there, and found him just going to be married to a beautiful young lady. She collared him. He flung her down, and cut her temple open — nearly killed her. She lies ill in the house; and the other young lady is gone away broken-hearted."

"Where to?"

"How should I know? What is that to you?"

"Why, don't you see? Wherever she is, he won't be far off. He likes her best, don't he?"

"It don't follow that she likes him, now she has found him out. He had better not go after her, or he'll get a skinful of broken bones."

My friend, Squire Vizard, is the man to make short work with him, if he caught the blackguard spooning after his sister."

"And serve him right. Still, I wish I knew where that young lady is."

"I daresay I could learn, if I made it my business."

Having brought the matter to that point, Poikilus left it, and simply made himself agreeable. He told Ashmead his experiences; and as they were, many of them, strange and dramatic, he kept him a delighted listener till midnight.

The next day Ashmead visited Mademoiselle Klosking, and found her walking up and down the room with her hand on Miss Gale's shoulder.

She withdrew into the embrasure, and had some confidential talk with him. As a matter of course, he told her about Poikilus, and that he was hunting down Severne for his money.

"Indeed!" said the Klosking. "Please tell me every word that passed between you."

He did so, as nearly as he could remember.

Mademoiselle Klosking leaned her brow upon her hand a considerable time, in thought. Then she turned on Ashmead, and said quietly, "That Poikilus is still acting for *him*, and the one thing they desire to learn is where to find Miss Vizard, and delude her to her ruin."

"No, no," cried Ashmead, violently; but the next moment his countenance fell. "You are wiser than I am," said he; "it may be. Confound the sneak! I'll give it him, next time I see him. Why, he must love villany for its own sake. I as good as said you would pay him his fifty pounds."

"What fifty pounds? His fifty pounds is a falsehood, like himself. Now, my friend, please take my instructions, my positive instructions."

"Yes, madam."

"You will not change your friendly manner: show no suspicion nor anger. If they are cunning, we must be wise; and the wise always keep their temper. You will say Miss Vizard has gone to Ireland, but to what part is only known to her brother. Tell him this, and be very free and communicative on all other subjects; for this alone has any importance now. As for me, I can easily learn where Somerville Villa is; and, in a day or two, shall send you to look after her. One thing is clear—I had better lose no time in recovering my strength. Well, my will is strong; I will lose no time. Your arm, monsieur;" and she resumed her promenade.

Ashmead, instructed as above, dined again with the detective; but out of revenge gave him but one bottle of Madeira. As they sipped it, he delivered a great many words; and in the middle of them said, "Oh, by the by, I asked after that poor young lady. Gone to Ireland, but they didn't know what part."

After dinner, Ashmead went to the theatre. When he came back, Poikilus was gone.

So did Wisdom baffle Cunning that time.

But Cunning did not really leave the field; that very evening an aged man, in green spectacles, was inquiring about the postal arrangements to Vizard Court; and next day he might have been seen, in a back street of Taddington, talking to the village postman, and afterwards drinking with him. It was Poikilus groping his way.

CHAPTER XXV.

A few words avail to describe the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea, but what pen can portray the Indian Ocean lashed and tormented by a cyclone?

Even so, a few words have sufficed to show that Ina Klosking's heart was all benumbed and deadened; and, with the help of insult, treachery, loss of blood, brain-fever, and self-esteem rebelling against villany, had outlived its power of suffering poignant torture.

But I cannot sketch in a few words, nor paint in many, the tempest of passion in Zoe Vizard. Yet it is my duty to try and give the reader some little insight into the agony, the changes, the fury, the grief, the tempest of passion, in a virgin heart. In such a nature, the great passions of the mind often rage as fiercely, or even more so, than in older and experienced women.

Literally, Zoe Vizard loved Edward Severne one minute and hated him the next; gave him up for a traitor, and then vowed to believe nothing until she had heard his explanation; burned with ire at his silence, sickened with dismay at his silence. Then, for a while, love and faith would get the upper hand, and she would be quite calm. Why should she torment herself? An old sweetheart, abandoned long ago, had come between them; he had, unfortunately, done the woman an injury in his wild endeavour to get away from her. Well; what business had she to use force? No doubt he was ashamed, afflicted at what he had done, being a man; or was in despair, seeing that lady installed in her brother's house, and *her* story, probably a parcel of falsehoods, listened to.

Then she would have a gleam of joy; for she knew he had not written to Ina Klosking. But soon Despondency came down, like a dark cloud; for she said to herself, "He has left us both. He sees the woman he does not love will not let him have the one he does love; and so he has lost heart, and will have no more to say to either."

When her thoughts took this turn, she would cry piteously; but not for long. She would dry her eyes, and burn with wrath all round; she would still hate her rival, but call her lover a coward—a contemptible coward.

After her day of raging, and grieving, and doubting, and fearing, and hoping, and despairing, night overtook her with an exhausted body, a bleeding heart, and weeping eyes. She had been so happy—on the very brink of paradise; and now she was deserted. Her pillow was wet every night. She cried in her very sleep; and, when she woke in the morning, her body was always quivering; and in the very act of waking, came a horror and an instinctive reluctance to face the light that was to bring another day of misery.

Such is a fair, though loose, description of her condition.

The slight fillip given to her spirits by the journey did her a morsel of good; but it died away. Having to nurse Aunt Maitland did her a little good at first. But she soon relapsed into herself, and became so *distracted* that Aunt Maitland, who was all self, being an invalid, began to speak sharply to her.

On the second day of her visit to Somerville Villa, as she sat brooding at the foot of her aunt's bed,

suddenly she heard horses' feet, and then a ring at the hall-door. Her heart leaped. Perhaps he had come to explain all. He might not choose to go to Vizard Court. What if he had been watching as anxiously as herself, and had seized the first opportunity? In a moment her pale cheek rivalled carmine.

The girl brought up a card—

"LORD UXMOOR."

The colour died away directly. "Say I am very sorry, but at this moment I cannot leave my aunt."

The girl stared with amazement, and took down the message.

Uxmoor rode away.

Zoe felt a moment's pleasure. No; if she could not see the right man, she would not see the wrong. That, at least, was in her power.

Nevertheless, in the course of the day, remembering Uxmoor's worth, and the pain she had already given him, she was almost sorry she had indulged herself at his expense.

Superfluous contrition! He came next day as a matter of course. She liked him none the better for coming, but she went down-stairs to him.

He came towards her, but started back, and uttered an exclamation. "You are not well," he said, in tones of tenderness and dismay.

"Not very," she faltered; for his open, manly concern touched her.

"And you have come here to nurse this old lady? Indeed, Miss Vizard, you need nursing yourself. You know it is some time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and the change is alarming. May I send you Dr Atkins, my mother's physician?"

"I am much obliged to you. No."

"Oh, I forgot. You have a

physician of your own sex. Why is she not looking after you?"

"Miss Gale is better employed. She is at Vizard Court in attendance on a far more brilliant person, Mademoiselle Klosking, a professional singer. Perhaps you know her?"

"I saw her at Homburg."

"Well, she met with an accident in our hall—a serious one; and Harrington took her in, and has placed all his resources—his lady physician and all—at her service: he is so fond of *music*."

A certain satirical bitterness peered through these words; but honest Uxmoor did not notice it. He said, "Then I wish you would let me be your doctor—for want of a better."

"And you think *you* can cure me?" said Zoe, satirically.

"It does seem presumptuous. But, at least, I could do you a little good, if you could be got to try my humble prescription."

"What is it?" asked Zoe, listlessly.

"It is my mare Phillis. She is the delight of every lady who mounts her. She is thorough-bred, lively, swift, gentle, docile, amiable, perfect. Ride her on these downs, an hour or two every day. I'll send her over to-morrow. May I?"

"If you like. Rosa *would* pack up my riding-habit."

"Rosa was a prophetess."

Next day came Phillis, saddled, and led by a groom on horseback; and Uxmoor soon followed on an old hunter. He lifted Zoe to her saddle, and away they rode, the groom following at a respectful distance.

When they got on the downs they had a delightful canter; but Zoe, in her fevered state of mind, was not content with that. She kept increasing the pace, till the old

hunter could no longer live with the young filly; and she galloped away from Lord Uxmoor, and made him ridiculous in the eyes of his groom.

The truth is, she wanted to get away from him.

He drew the rein, and stood stock-still. She made a circuit of a mile, and came up to him with heightened colour and flashing eyes, looking beautiful.

"Well?" said she. "Don't you like galloping?"

"Yes, but I don't like cruelty."

"Cruelty!"

"Look at the mare's tail how it is quivering, and her flanks panting! And no wonder. You have been over twice the Derby course, at a racing pace. Miss Vizard, a horse is not a steam-engine."

"I'll never ride her again," said Zoe. "I did not come here to be scolded. I will go home."

They walked slowly home in silence. Uxmoor hardly knew what to say to her; but at last he murmured, apologetically, "Never mind the poor mare, if you are any better for galloping her."

She waited a moment before she spoke, and then she said, "Well, yes; I am better. I'm better for my ride, and better for my scolding. Good-bye." (Meaning for ever.)

"Good-bye," said he, in the same tone. Only he sent the mare next day, and followed her on a young thorough-bred.

"What!" said Zoe; "am I to have another trial?"

"And another after that."

So this time she would only canter very slowly, and kept stopping every now and then to inquire, satirically, if that would distress the mare.

But Uxmoor was too good-humoured to quarrel for nothing. He only laughed and said, "You are not the only lady who takes a horse for a machine."

These rides did her bodily health some permanent good; but their effect on her mind was fleeting. She was in fair spirits when she was actually bounding through the air; but she collapsed afterwards.

At first, when she used to think that Severne never came near her, and Uxmoor was so constant, she almost hated Uxmoor. So little does the wrong man profit by doing the right thing for a woman. I admit that, though not a deadly woman-hater myself.

But by-and-by she was impartially bitter against them both; the wrong man for doing the right thing, and the right man for not doing it.

As the days rolled by, and Severne did not appear, her indignation and wounded pride began to mount above her love. A beautiful woman counts upon pursuit, and thinks a man less than man if he does not love her well enough to find her, though hid in the caves of ocean or the labyrinths of Bermondsey.

She said to herself, "Then he has no explanation to offer. Another woman has frightened him away from me. I have wasted my affections on a coward." Her bosom boiled with love, and contempt, and wounded pride; and her mind was tossed to and fro like a leaf in a storm. She began, by force of will, to give Uxmoor some encouragement; only, after it, she writhed and wept.

At last, finding herself driven to and fro like a leaf, she told Miss Maitland all, and sought counsel of her. She must have something to lean on.

The old lady was better by this time, and spoke kindly to her. She said Mr Severne was charming, and she was not bound to give him up because another lady had past claims on him. But it appeared to her that Mr Severne himself had de-

serted her. He had not written to her. Probably he knew something that had not yet transpired, and had steeled himself to the separation for good reasons. It was a decision she must accept. Let her then consider how forlorn is the condition of most deserted women compared with hers. Here was a devoted lover, whom she esteemed, and who could offer her a high position and an honest love. If she had a mother, that mother would almost force her to engage herself at once to Lord Uxmoor. Having no mother, the best thing she could do would be to force herself—to say some irrevocable words, and never look back. It was the lot of her sex not to marry the first love; and to be all the happier in the end for that disappointment, though at the time it always seemed eternal.

All this, spoken in a voice of singular kindness, by one who used to be so sharp, made Zoe's tears flow gently, and somewhat cooled her raging heart.

She began now to submit, and only cry at intervals, and let herself drift; and Uxmoor visited her every day, and she found it impossible not to esteem and regard him.

Nevertheless, one afternoon, just about his time, she was seized with such an aversion to his courtship, and such a revolt against the slope she seemed gliding down, that she flung on her bonnet and shawl, and darted out of the house to escape him. She said to the servant, "I am gone for a walk, if anybody calls."

Uxmoor did call, and, receiving this message, he bit his lip; sent the horse home, and walked up to the windmill, on the chance of seeing her anywhere. He had already observed she was never long in one mood; and as he was always in the same mind, he thought per-

haps he might be tolerably welcome, if he could meet her unexpected.

Meantime Zoe walked very fast to get away from the house as soon as possible, and she made a round of nearly five miles, walking through two villages, and on her return lost her way. However, a shepherd showed her a bridle-road which, he told her, would soon take her to Somerville Villa, through "the small pastures;" and, accordingly, she came into a succession of meadows not very large. They were all fenced, and gated; but the gates were only shut, not locked. This was fortunate; for they were new five-barred gates, and a lady does not like getting over these even in solitude. Her clothes are not adapted.

There were sheep in some of these, cows in others, and the pastures wonderfully green and rich, being always well manured and fed down by cattle.

Zoe's love of colour was soothed by these emerald fields, dotted with white sheep and red cows.

In the last field, before the lane that led to the village, a single beast was grazing. Zoe took no notice of him, and walked on; but he took wonderful notice of her, and stared, then gave a disagreeable snort. He took offence at her Indian shawl; and, after pawing the ground and erecting his tail, he came straight at her, at a tearing trot, and his tail out behind him.

Zoe saw, and screamed violently, and ran for the gate ahead, which, of course, was a few yards farther from her than the gate behind. She ran for her life; but the bull, when he saw that, broke into a gallop directly, and came up fast with her. She could not escape.

At that moment a man vaulted clean over the gate, tore a pitchfork

out of a heap of dung that luckily stood in the corner, and boldly confronted the raging bull, just in time; for at that moment Zoe lost heart, and crouched, screaming, in the side ditch, with her hands before her eyes.

The new-comer, rash as his conduct seemed, was country-bred, and knew what he was about: he drove a prong clean through the great cartilage of the bull's mouth, and was knocked down like a nine-pin, with the broken staff of the pitchfork in his hand; and the bull reared in the air with agony, the prong having gone clean through his upper lip, in two places, and fastened itself, as one fastens a pin, in that leathery but sensitive organ.

Now Uxmoor was a university athlete; he was no sooner down than up. So, when the bull came down from his rearing, and turned to massacre his assailant, he was behind him, and, seizing his tail, twisted it, and delivered a thundering blow on his backbone, and followed it up by a shower of them on his ribs. "Run to the gate, Zoe!" he roared. Whack!—whack!—whack! "Run to the gate, I tell you!" Whack!—whack!—whack!—whack!—whack!

Thus ordered, Zoe Vizard, who would not have moved of herself, being in a collapse of fear, scudded to the gate, got on the right side of it, and looked over, with two eyes like saucers. She saw a sight incredible to her. Instead of letting the bull alone, now she was safe, Uxmoor was sticking to him like a ferret. The bull ran, tossing his nose with pain, and bellowing: Uxmoor, dragged by the tail, and compelled to follow in preposterous, giant strides, barely touching the ground with the point of his toe,

pounded the creature's ribs with such blows as Zoe had never dreamed possible. They sounded like flail on wooden floor, and each blow was accompanied with a loud jubilant shout. Presently, being a five's player, and ambidexter, he shifted his hand, and the tremendous whacks resounded on the bull's left side. The bull, thus belaboured, and resounding like the big drum, made a circuit of the field, but found it all too hot: he knew his way to a certain quiet farmyard; he bolted, and came bang at Zoe once more, with furious eyes and gore-distilling nostrils.

But this time she was on the right side of the gate.

Yet she drew back, in dismay, as the bull drew near: and she was right; for, in his agony and amazement, the unwieldy but sinewy brute leaped the five-barred gate, and cleared it all but the top rail. That he burst through, as if it had been paper, and dragged Uxmoor after him, and pulled him down, and tore him some yards along the hard road on his back, and bumped his head against a stone, and so got rid of him: then pounded away down the lane, snorting, and bellowing, and bleeding; the prong still stuck through his nostrils like a pin.

Zoe ran to Uxmoor, with looks of alarm and tender concern, and lifted his head to her tender bosom; for his clothes were torn, and his cheeks and hands bleeding. But he soon shook off his confusion, and rose without assistance.

"Have you got over your fright?" said he; "that is the question."

"Oh yes! yes! It is only you I am alarmed for. It is much better I should be killed than you."

"Killed! I never had better fun in my life. It was glorious. I stuck to him, and hit—there, I

have not had anything I could hit as hard as I wanted to, since I used to fight with my cousin Jack at Eton. Oh, Miss Vizard, it was a whirl of Elysium. But I am sorry you were frightened. Let me take you home."

"Oh yes, but not that way; that is the way the monster went!" quivered Zoe.

"Oh, he has had enough of us."

"But I have had too much of him. Take me some other road—a hundred miles round. How I tremble!"

"So you do. Take my arm.—No, putting the tips of your fingers on it is no use; take it really—you want support. Be courageous, now—we are very near home."

Zoe trembled, and cried a little, to conclude the incident, but walked bravely home on Uxmoor's arm.

In the hall at Somerville Villa, she saw him change colour, and insisted on his taking some port wine.

"I shall be very glad," said he.

A decanter was brought. He filled a large tumbler and drank it off like water.

This was the first intimation he gave Zoe that he was in pain and his nerves hard tried; nor did she indeed arrive at that conclusion until he had left her.

Of course she carried all this to Aunt Maitland. That lady was quite moved by the adventure. She sat up in bed, and listened with excitement and admiration. She descanted on Lord Uxmoor's courage and chivalry, and congratulated Zoe that such a pearl of manhood had fallen at her feet. "Why, child," said she, "surely, after this, you will not hesitate between this gentleman and a beggarly adventurer who has nothing, not even the courage of a man. Turn your back on all such rubbish, and be

the queen of the county. I'd be content to die to-morrow if I could see you Countess of Uxmoor."

"You shall live, and see it, dear aunt," said Zoe, kissing her.

"Well," said Miss Maitland, "if anything can cure me, that will. And really," said she, "I feel better ever since that brave fellow began to bring you to your senses."

Admiration and gratitude being now added to esteem, Zoe received Lord Uxmoor next day with a certain timidity and half-tenderness she had never shown before; and, as he was by nature a rapid wooer, he saw his chance, and stayed much longer than usual; and, at last, hazarded a hope that he might be allowed to try and win her heart.

Thereupon she began to fence, and say that love was all folly. He had her esteem and her gratitude, and it would be better for both of them to confine their sentiments within those rational bounds.

"That I cannot do," said Uxmoor; "so I must ask your leave to be ambitious. Let me try and conquer your affection."

"As you conquered the bull?"

"Yes; only not so rudely, nor so quickly, I'll be bound."

"Well, I don't know why I should object. I esteem you more than anybody in the world. You are my beau-ideal of a man. If you can *make* me love you, all the better for me. Only, I am afraid you cannot."

"May I try?"

"Yes," said Zoe, blushing carnation.

"May I come every day?"

"Twice a-day, if you like."

"I think I shall succeed—in time."

"I hope you may."

Then he kissed her hand de-

votedly—the first time in his life—and went away on wings.

Zoe flew up to her Aunt Maitland, flushed and agitated. “Aunt, I am as good as engaged to him. I have said such unguarded things. I’m sure *he* will understand it that I consent to receive his addresses as my lover. Not that I really said so.”

“I hope,” said Aunt Maitland, “that you have committed yourself somehow or other, and cannot go back.”

“I think I have. Yes; it is all over. I cannot go back now.”

Then she burst out crying. Then she was near choking, and had to smell her aunt’s salts, while still the tears ran fast.

Miss Maitland received this with perfect composure. She looked on them as the last tears of regret given to a foolish attachment at the moment of condemning it for ever. She was old, and had seen these

final tears shed by more than one loving woman, just before entering on her day of sunshine.

And now Zoe must be alone, and vent her swelling heart. She tied a handkerchief round her head, and darted into the garden. She went round and round it, with fleet foot and beating pulses.

The sun began to decline, and a cold wind to warn her in. She came, for the last time, to a certain turn of the gravel walk, where there was a little iron gate leading into the wooded walk from the meadows.

At that gate she found a man. She started back, and leaned against the nearest tree, with her hands behind her.

It was Edward Severne—all in black, and pale as death; but not paler than her own face turned in a moment.

Indeed, they looked at each other, like two ghosts.

CRETE.

"ARE you sure to catch Sunday evening's steamer for Crete at Syra? Well, if the wind keeps fair, and the sea calm, and nothing happens to the machinery, and if we are not detained at any of the ports on the road, you may; but if the wind goes ahead, or these old engines give in, you will not."

So spoke the captain of the Khedive's steamer Tchibine, as he came down from the bridge when we were well clear of the harbour of Alexandria, one January morning of last year.

It was not a very cheering prospect, especially as our captain, one of those Greek sailors who know every rock and current of the Levant, went on to tell us what a shame it was to send such a steamer to sea; how she could not make head against a strong wind; how she had been condemned, and ordered to be taken off the line, but that transport was so urgently needed for the Abyssinian war, that his own good ship had been sent to the Red Sea, and this old tub given him for the voyage.

The only thing that consoled him was that the Khedive had been obliged to send his own yacht for the same purpose; as he seemed to be imbued with the idea we found pretty generally prevalent in Egypt, that things would mend as soon as the Khedive's personal comforts began to be interfered with. To us, however, one little incident seemed to show that everything would be allowed to founder before that interference should take place. Mr Cave was at that moment overhauling his Highness's accounts; salaries and payments were everywhere in arrear; the second Abyssinian expedition was eating up all the

revenues; three months' treasury bills were being discounted at thirty per cent in Alexandria;—yet the Tchibine bore away from Egypt the agent of a great American firm of jewellers, who had just completed a deal with his Highness for the harem to the tune of some scores of thousands of pounds.

A curious experience was that voyage in the Tchibine. Her deck amidships was covered with Turks and Arabs, sitting cross-legged on their carpets by day, or lying rolled up in them by night; while their wretched woman-kind was huddled together on the poop, in a place apart, screened from too curious eyes by a few sails loosely fixed, and sheltered by a scanty awning, under whose cover, without once moving out, they must eat, drink, sleep, and live for as many days and nights as the voyage might last to Constantinople, or Smyrna, or whatever port might be their destination. Personally we were well enough housed; for the dragoman who put us on board had secured for us a snug cabin, by a happy combination of swagger as to our being distinguished Beys, and a promise of *bak-sheesh* to the steward. But there was a moment of much anxiety at the first late breakfast, when anchovies and olives having been despatched, a mess of macaroni examined, and some tripe turned aside, we were passed on to the dessert. Starvation so stared us in the face that we had recourse to our Beyship, and summoned the *restaurateur*, a Levantine Italian, who fed the passengers by contract, to produce food fit for English stomachs. Fortunately it was his trial trip; a good certificate at the beginning was essential to establish him in

the long career of future profits on which he hoped to enter; and from that moment we enjoyed good "square meals."

The hours lengthen into days. We have touched at Rhodes, and laughed at the tourist who has brought up his glasses for an early view of the Colossus. Island after island of the Levant has appeared, been passed, faded astern. Syra, that we hope to gain on return by Sunday night at eight, has been passed on Saturday evening, twelve hours behind time; for we are tantalised by passing close by it, on our way to the Piræus, and are only to call there on the Tchibine's way back to Smyrna. On Sunday morning early we are at anchor in the Piræus. The mails should be on board at eight, and with luck we shall catch our steamer yet. But we are in Greece. "Are the mails punctual?" we ask. "Sometimes," is the reply. We telegraph to Syra, begging the boat for Crete to wait our arrival. At last the mails are on board, and though late, we have still a chance. The wind is fair. Eight knots an hour, and we shall be in time. But alas! the wind veers round, the sea gets up, and the Tchibine becomes almost stationary. In vain we descend to the engine-room, and try to move the English engineer. All our blandishments fail to produce another pound of pressure on the boilers. But he gives us hope that the steamer will wait for us. "It doesn't matter to them whether they start at eight to-night or eight to-morrow morning, and they don't carry two first-class passengers once in a quarter," he says; so we go on deck to get our baggage ready. But no one cares to help. The second officer, an Arab, is lying down, and won't stir. He sends us a message that he will get it up for us to-morrow morning. The stewardess says, "Try *baksheesh*;" and by its

potent influence the third officer is induced to leave his repose, and bring our portmanteaus on deck.

We have made many long voyages, and weathered more than one stiff gale, but never knew the sense of danger till on board the Tchibine in this calm Levant. The crew were the scum of Alexandria; the captain could not trust his officers to remain on the bridge, if he went below; the ship was foul, the engines out of order; the deck covered, as we have told, with a scene of hopeless confusion, while not a boat was ready to be lowered. A breakdown in the machinery, and we must inevitably have gone to hopeless wreck on the shore of Syra, now directly on our lee.

When, some hundred and forty years ago, Richard Pococke sailed from Alexandria to Crete, he tells how, when the wind arose, the Moorish crew called on a favourite saint, hung up a basket of bread for him on the top of the mainmast, threw a bottle of oil into the sea, said some long prayers, and chanted a litany. When this had no effect, they wrote something on a piece of paper, which one sailor tied to the top of the mast, while another threw a basket of *cuscaou* into the sea. In spite of steam, we should have been no way astonished to see the same things done; but our crew only said their usual prayers, and performed their ordinary ablutions on the forecabin, and left the rest to Allah.

It is growing dark. How interminable is this coast of Syra! Shall we never pass that headland that has now been for hours abeam? Scarcely, for our pace is under four knots. Hope slowly sinks. At last we have turned the island, and the lighthouse shines out into the night. And soon a fair sight is seen, as the terraced hillside comes in view, sparkling with lights from

sea to summit. At nine o'clock we let go the anchor.

Over the side, bodies and baggage, into the first boat. "Pull for the steamer for Crete." "She has gone, sir—gone an hour ago." We won't believe it. It is incredible, impossible. "Take us on board this Austrian Lloyd's steamer to inquire." It is only too true; and we see before us the choice between abandoning our enterprise, or passing a week in this dreary Levantine port, without society, books, or sport; without objects of picturesque or historical interest. For only once a-week is there any communication with Crete.

Happy thought! The boat we have boarded has her steam up. We learn she is bound for the Piræus, and starts to-night. By midnight we are well under way to pass our week at Athens; where next morning our appearance astonishes our late fellow-passengers of the Tchibine, to whom we had said good-bye twenty-four hours ago. We have made the voyage between the Piræus and Syra three times in the last thirty-six hours.

Ah! what a week of delights! Even the bitter, cold wind that is sweeping down from the snow-clad hills, driving before it clouds of powdery white dust, and cracking our skins to parchment, cannot mar the charm of those scenes, for ever to remain in our memory. The shafts of reddening sunlight through the pillars of the Acropolis; those temples of incomparable beauty; this theatre, sacred to the rosy god, where the priests' names remain clear cut on the white marble of the seats whence they watched the plays of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus; the thousand other marvels; not least, though least known, the rock foundations of the site of old Athens; and Mars Hill, where Paul once preached the living God. Will

Greece ever be again as she was in those days when the winged Pallas stretched forth her arms to the sea? Bankrupt to her foreign creditors, corrupt in her domestic administration, too feeble to suppress internal brigandage, a land that sends forth adventurers to prey upon the Moslems of Turkey and of Egypt,—she must indeed go through a new birth, ere even she can hope to rejoin the sisterhood of nations who put faith in each other's honour. Gone, we fear, for ever the days when she gave to the world all that it now knows of perfect beauty in architecture and sculpture, and a literature unrivalled throughout all time.

On Sunday morning we are at Syra again. Fortunately it is a gala-day, for the foundation-stone of a new town-hall is to be laid by the Archbishop. Our Consul, Mr Binney, the active and intelligent manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company's operations in the Levant, kindly shows us the lions of the town—its theatre, its cathedral, and the market stocked with the finest and freshest of vegetables; and in the afternoon takes us to the club windows, whence we have a good view of the ceremony. It is a little anomalous, perhaps, this religious consecration of a building sacred to Levantine commerce. The dear old Archbishop has with some difficulty tottered down a steep incline into the trench, has touched the stone, and laid the mortar. Prayers are said, and the host is elevated. The gorgeous banners are led away again, and the band striking up popular airs, the beauty and fashion of Syra strolls upon the paved terrace, which on week-days is the open-air bourse, and on Sundays the promenade. The air is soft, the sky blue, the sun bright; and the toilets of the ladies savour more of France than of the Archipelago. But, ye gods!

what a life it must be in this little town perched on a hillside, where business and local gossip form the sole diversions, save the theatre—where the same people always meet by night who have met on the promenade by day! The want of other interests is shown by the absence of anything like decent accommodation for travellers; while the presence of the commercial element made us pay an outrageous price for a bad dinner and a bottle of villanous wine. Yet Syra is a busy, thriving port. Every steamer that plies in the Levant touches here. English steamers from Liverpool, Austrian Lloyds, French Messageries, the Khedive's and Italian Rubattino lines, Greek boats, and a host of craft that ply a purely local trade; while by the Eastern Telegraph there is direct communication with Europe, Asia, and Egypt.

Resolved to be in time, we go early on board; and as our steamer lies in the little port, which in some winds cannot safely be entered, the sun sinks to rest behind the island; and one by one the lines of streets and houses on the hillside are marked out by lights, till the fairy scene we had watched a week ago is again repeated. For no earthly reason that we can see, the steamer which last week could not wait till nine, does not start till past ten; but at last we are fairly off.

We have the vessel almost to ourselves. One fellow-passenger, a young Cretan Greek, walks with us on the deck awhile under the clear stars, and pours out to us his hopes and aspirations. He is a medical student, passing through his course at the medical school and hospital of Athens, and is going for his vacation to his dear native isle. Greek he is, and proud to be called Greek; and we have early won his heart by repeating, as

we speak of the still night, some lines of that lovely chorus in the *Alkestis* to "Night, sleep-giver to much-suffering mortals." But like all men mountain-born, he has the true *heimweh*, the longing for home scenery and air. Athens, with all its magic associations, has not for him the charm of home. It is of Crete, not of Athens, that he longs to speak. He tells us of the longing of his island-race for liberty, and says it is to England that they look for help. When will the day come when England will cease to uphold the Turk? and why does she herself, generous beyond stint to Greece, support the Moslem in holding provinces and islands more Greek than those she had herself given up to the Hellenes? Why, he asks, does England force Greece to look towards Russia, a nation whose aims are purely selfish, a traitorous child of the Greek Church? And so he pours out his tale of woes, and then bursts forth, "Better that England should herself take Crete, and that it should never again join Greece, than that it should lie prostrate under the heel of the Sultan." He has read in the newspapers at Athens articles translated from English journals, saying England was likely to take Egypt and Crete, and let Turkey be broken up—Is it true? He knows she has bought the Suez Canal; perhaps she will buy Crete. Perhaps we have come to inquire,—we are not merchants,—tourists never go to Crete. What! we are officers! and why are we making this journey?

Possibly the reader may have asked the same question; so we will answer him as we did the Greek. "In our opinion," we said, "Egypt and Crete are of such vast importance to England, that she could never allow them to pass from their present possessors into other hands than her own. We honestly

and conscientiously believe that English statesmen have no idea at present of taking either one or other, being quite satisfied to leave them as they are. So long as England is mistress of the sea, Egypt lies open to her at any time; but she has no need to go there, for her fleets can prevent any foreign Power sending troops there by sea; while an invasion of Egypt by land is, until Russia has conquered Syria, not even remotely possible; and would, even then, be a task of such difficulty, that, long before the necessary preparations could be completed, England could throw into Egypt a force double that which Russia could possibly march across the desert.

"As for Crete," we say, "the policy of England is to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. But, if that should fail—if Turkey, by her own inability to suppress insurrections and internal disorder, by her financial bankruptcy and corrupt administration, should fall to pieces, Crete would be eagerly coveted by other Powers than England; and England must, here as with Egypt, use her maritime strength to keep the island out of other hands than her own. Granting its affinity to Greece, we fear that country would never have the power to hold it against foreign attack, having no navy, and no money to build ships of war. In such a case," we add, "it would be necessary for England to use the harbours of Crete, possibly even to garrison the island."

We tell him that, like all Englishmen, we are fond of travel; and have chosen to spend our winter leave in visiting these two countries in which England is so keenly interested; and that we hope to combine in Crete the charms of scenery and sport, with the study of a country and a people of almost unrivalled historic interest.

Our Greek friend is puzzled. He recites some lines of an ode to Liberty, and turns in. We soon follow his example.

Morning dawns fair over the blue sea, and when we come on deck, the mountains of Crete are in sight. But their summits are veiled in clouds, and we do not yet see their full beauty. As we draw nearer, we coast along a rock-bound peninsula thrust out into the sea, towards a plain clad with olive-groves, and studded with white houses, a sandy beach, and a quaint old fortified town. This is Khania, the seat of government of the island, and the official residence of the foreign consuls.

Not without difficulty is our steamer warped in through the narrow opening between the mole and the fort-crowned rock. We have ample time to note the decaying walls and weak parapet, on which, clear against the sky, stands listlessly gazing at us the picturesque form of a Turkish sentry. In front are low quays thronged with people; to the left a number of stone-arched recesses, opening to the water-side, built to house the Venetian galleys. This low house, with the flag-staff, is the British Consulate, whither we are speedily conducted by the dragoman, accompanied by a *cavass* in gorgeous jacket, belt full of pistols, and silver-mounted sword and cartridge-box, worn over the short, full, white petticoats of an Albanian. Our baggage, under consular protection, is landed without customs' examination, and carried off by sturdy porters to the consul's house; for he bids us there, assuring us there is not an inn in which a Christian gentleman could think of sleeping.

We are lucky in the day of our arrival; for, only a few hours before us, Reouf Pasha has landed to relieve the Governor or Vali of the island; and the latter is to embark

in our steamer. The ex-governor's oriental boxes and bundles are being loaded in boats, slowly, but without that vociferation which there would be in a French or Italian port. The quay is lined with soldiers, armed with Sniders; and through the narrow water-gate, up the narrow street, where Turkish wooden lattices have been added to the windows of the stone Venetian houses, the line of troops extends. In the courtyard of the low yellow building called the palace stands a guard of Zapties or police; but the court seems open to all comers, and we stay to watch the scene.

Reouf's arrival is no common event; for he has been governor here before, and is known to be a just and able man; and the Christians take heart at his coming. He is fresh from Herzegovina, where he has been governor and commander-in-chief, and the last news is eagerly canvassed as the various consuls arrive to speed the parting and welcome the coming guest. But who is this terrible swashbuckler, who stands forth upon the steps and waves the crowd away, as though he were lord of all—six feet three, if he is an inch, handsome, stalwart, begirt with a very armory of weapons? This is Reouf's personal body-guard, a renegade, and once a robber; but though he boasts of the heads he has severed, a man of intense personal courage, devoted to the master whom he serves, and to whom, it is said, he owes his life and pardon. And now the two Pashas descend from the palace to the quay, types of the old and new Turk. The out-going governor, Asiatic in countenance, dark, broad-chested, with small cunning eyes and low brow; Reouf, the incomer, in every inch a gentleman in appearance, still young—perhaps six-and-thirty—calm, dignified, with clear bright eyes and pleasant face.

Official business over, we accompany Mr Sandwith to his house. The foreign consuls do not reside in Khania, but in or about the village of Khalepa, a mile or so distant. The house for which we are bound stands on high ground, above the village, alone. Its front looks out over fields and scattered white houses, to the blue sea; at the side the eye ranges over the fertile olive-gardened plain to low heights, village-crowned, and beyond the irregular outline of the fortress of Khania to the white surf plashing on a long line of shore; while behind, across the valley, rise steep hills, with trickling rivulets and wooded gorges; and again further—oh, glorious sight!—as the clouds melt and the sun shines out clear, the grand outline of the snow-clad mountains, glittering and pure—the “white mountains,” as they are well called. How wondrous is that charm of snow-clad hills! How eagerly the eye strains for the first glimpse of those calm, cold summits!—the one landscape of which the lover of nature never tires—which blesses every continent with its solemn presence. Flying from the hot sands of Northern Germany, the first faint glitter of the Alps has been to us as a draught of iced water on a hot and toilsome day. Who can describe his joy, when, exhausted with travelling in the sultry Indian plains, he first saw the far-off outline of the Himalayan peaks? Never can we forget those weird white pinnacles of the Drakenberg, under whose shadows we have camped, on the scorched and blackened pasture-lands of Southern Africa. Nor has scene ever called forth more perfect poetry of praise than the American Rocky Mountains, which have drawn these words from the author of the ‘Wild North Land’:—

“Wonderful are these white peaks

set so high up above our world. They belong to us, yet they are not of us. The eagle links them to the earth; the cloud carries to them the message of the sky; the ocean sends them her tempest; the air rolls her thunder beneath their brows, and launches her lightning from their sides; the sun sends them his first greeting, and leaves them his latest kiss. Yet motionless and erect they wear their crowns of snow, their glacier-crests of jewels, and dwell among the stars, heedless of time and tempest."

A pleasant home must this house be when brightened by home joys, and the merryprattle of children's tongues. Like all farms and detached houses in Crete, it has thick walls, and is made defensible against assault—clear proof of the stormy scenes to which the Cretans are too well accustomed. The door opens on a large, low, oak-beamed hall, whence rambling chambers, loopholed, or with barred window-frames, branch in all directions. Standing on the last spurs of the Akrotiri peninsula, it gives directly on the open hillside, where the scanty soil that covers the limestone rock is now red and purple with ranunculus flowers. Once, we learn, "the roots of these bright blossoms used to sell very dear, being sent to Constantinople and elsewhere." Now there is no such enterprise. Under foot crackles a small prickly shrub that has two uses. It is the peasants' fuel for cooking purposes, saving the cost of wood, scarce and dear throughout the island; and you will see the village maiden, ere she lifts her pitcher to her head, fill its neck with branches of the plant, to break the swaying of the water, and prevent its being spilt. Everywhere we meet the asphodel, that plant that blossomed in the shades below; but of the tuberose, said formerly to grow wild upon the sandy shore, we see no sign; nor can we find that wondrous herb called *Alinios*,

which, an old writer tells us, "chewed in the mouth, will keep a man from hunger that day."

Crete was always famous for medicinal herbs. Old travellers tell us there were four prescribed by the physicians all over Europe, of which the chief is that called *Dictamnus*, "an excellent antidote against poison, and only peculiar to this island." The island, too, was said to produce "great store of laudanum, a juyce or gum forced with incredible labour out of a tree called *cistus*, wherewith the mountains abound—a soporiferous medicine, good to create sleep, if prescribed according to art." Yet antidotes to poison and soporiferous drugs should have been little wanted here, for it is almost universally admitted that the island breeds no serpent, venomous, ravenous, or hurtful creature, so that the flocks graze securely without a shepherd. To this assertion, however, *Lithgow*, whose quaint travels in the island two and a half centuries ago we shall more than once quote, takes direct exception, having himself killed near *Retimo* in one day "two serpents and a viper." And *Sir Walter Raleigh* raises objection on another ground. He says that among the things worthy of observation in Crete, is this: that if a woman bites a man shrewdly, it is not cured without difficulty; which, if true, says the gallant knight, then the last part of the forementioned privilege, that it breeds no hurtful creature, must be false.

Here and there, close to the house, we come upon old wells or cisterns cut deep down in the solid rock, on whose shady moist sides the maiden-hair fern clusters fresh and green. For this limestone rock is a place of drought: no water rests here save such as these cisterns may gather; and all that we have to drink or bathe in is brought from a spring on the opposite hillside,

nearly two miles away. In all the peninsula of the Akrotiri, which runs for miles into the sea between Khania and Suda Bay, there is but one spring, and that close to the shore, near the extreme point; the villages, farms, and convents using only cistern-water, the produce of the rains, for domestic and agricultural purposes.

To return to the house.—Luncheon early teaches us that an epicure may here fare well. Red mullet and John Dory from Suda Bay, partridges and a woodcock from the hillside, and luscious oranges from the gardens of the plain, form a repast worthy of the old Cretan kings. Our host has for cook a young Greek, whose handsome face and stalwart frame seem more fitted for the mountain than the fireside. But he is cheerful and willing to learn. Only on one point is he hard to be overcome. With infinite pains our host has impressed upon him that a woodcock's trail ought not to be removed; but when we, growing friendly in the course of days, propose the same theory in regard to some red mullet, which we roll in foolscap paper, and ask him to fry in fresh olive-oil, his disgust breaks out into words, and he tells us plainly that, in his opinion, *κόκκος* is not a thing to be eaten.

But what shall we say of the wine, that Malavese wine which our host had treated so lightly that he had been giving it to his servants to drink? Of a pale amber colour, dry, and clean on the palate, with the purity of the purest Montilla, and a bouquet exclusively its own, it was nectar for the gods. And no wonder; for it came from the very cradle of the finest Malmsey vines, and was ripened to perfection by the climate. Scarcely had we tasted it, when we knew we had found a prize; but not till later did we learn what it was, and then for

the first time understood why Clarence had elected for that special form of death, which hitherto had seemed so strange a choice.

Turn to what part of Cretan history we will, save under its temporary domination by the Saracens a thousand years ago, and its last two hundred years of Turkish rule, we find its wines famous throughout the world. The classic writers are full of their praise, and couple them with the most famous vintages, as does Milton in 'Paradise Regained'—

" Their wines of Sitia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete."

During the Byzantine Emperor's government at the time of the occupation by the Venetians, and all through their rule, the Cretan wines were specially renowned, and the commerce in them extended throughout Europe and the East. Chief among them was the *vinum Malviticum*, Malavese wine, known in France as Malvoisie, with us as Malmsey. So famous were the Muscadine and Malmsey wines of Crete, that after Madeira had been colonised by Portuguese, Prince Henry the Navigator sent to Crete for vine-plants to stock the island; and thus Crete is the parent of the wines of Madeira. Curiously enough, the very first known modern appointment of a consul is that by our own Henry VIII., who appointed a "master, governor, protector, and consul" for all the English merchants in Crete, at a time when Malmsey was its chief export, and England used to send woollen cloths in return. In the fifteenth century, we learn from Venetian sources that as much as 60,000 butts a-year were exported from Crete; and, till the Turkish conquest, Crete was to England what Portugal and Spain became during and after the great war with

France. But, like many other delicate wines, the best Malmsey would not bear a voyage, unless strengthened and prepared. "Their Muscadines and Malmsies," says Sandys, "seldom come unto us uncuted," a word which finds its explanation in the following sentence from Belon: "Osons assurer que celui qui est transporté le plus loing, comme en Almagne, France, Angleterre, a esté premièrement cuict." The Retimo wine kept best; and it was from these very Retimo vineyards that the wine had come which our host had treated with such contempt.

Now but little wine is exported, though a considerable quantity is made for home consumption. With the exception of that which we tasted at Mr Sandwith's, and which was a very special *cru*, we neither saw nor heard of any but the commonest kind of *petit bleu*, whose only advantage is its cheapness, the price varying at from a penny to twopence a bottle. This is the common drink of the peasants and the lower classes in the towns, who also indulge in a bad *raki* made from the refuse of the grapes. The higher-class wines, for which Crete was once so famous, have now ceased to exist; and instead of exporting Malvoisie to France, the island imports Bordeaux for its few European residents. It is difficult to say how far this is due simply to the utter destruction of successful industry by the various revolutions and conquests of which the island has been the scene, or to what extent the nominal prohibition of wine by the Mussulmans has affected the question. Two years after the capture of Candia had finally completed the subjection of the island to the Turks, an edict against the use of wine was published at Constantinople; and we know it was so strictly enforced, that even the English am-

bassador had the greatest difficulty in obtaining leave to import wine for his own table. It might seem that such an edict would have done much to destroy the wine trade in the Turkish dominions: but Rycaut, writing at this time, says that drunkenness is more common amongst the Turks than amongst the Germans or English, and that they all drink wine, "unless it be some Pharisaical hypocrite of the Ullemah, or some superstitious aged and ignorant professor;" so probably, like all other attempts to make people virtuous by legislation, the edict had little real effect. The direct result of the devastation of the island by civil war is too easily traceable in the fact that M. Bertrand, writing in 1801, to the English ambassador at Constantinople, about the wine made in Crete, shows the quantity to have been more than double that now made; while he says that all the red wine of the Khania districts had a "*filet de douceur*" of which it would trouble the most ardent admirer of things Cretan to find any trace now. But the soil is still there, and under good government Crete might again become one of the famous vineyards of the world.

On the day following our arrival we shoulder our guns, and strike off for the Akrotiri peninsula. To say truth, sport does not so much enter into our minds, as a desire to coast along this famous Bay of Suda, and examine a harbour in importance and in safety second to none in the Mediterranean Sea. And it was well so, for neither fur nor feather did we see throughout the long day. We did not expect big game; for had not Pococke already written, "As to wild beasts, I could not be informed that they have any other except the goat and the hare"? But this barren thirsty highland did not even show these

ferocious animals, nor did a single bird rise within our sight. Yet were we well repaid. At first our way lay along the cliffs overhanging the bay. Then we turned inland, passing at rare intervals half-deserted villages, and still walled convents, to emerge again near the extremity of the peninsula. Here and there a peasant tilling the soil looked up, and bade us "*κάλ' ἡμέρα*," good day. But desolation and silence reigned supreme; for the dry soil scarce repays culture, and the cistern-water is too scarce to be used for gardens. In many places we found old lime-kilns, where the limestone rock is broken up and burnt, and "*creta*" or lime is made. Evidently this peninsula was once an island; and geological proofs show how it was raised by successive upheavals. But our object is not to geologise, but to visit the ruins of the ancient city of Minoa, and thence to observe the bay. We reach the village of Sternes, through narrow bridle-paths between thick stone walls; and on the hillside towards the bay we find some relics of the ancient walls, stretching from a circular tower downwards towards a most remarkable deep circular basin, which once was the port of the city. Of profound depth, this basin seems to have been the crater of a volcano; and is now completely closed in by a semicircular reef of rocks. High up on the hillside, we throw ourselves down to rest.

A fresh air was blowing on the hill-top, but calm and unruffled at our feet lies the Bay of Suda. From its entrance to the end where it washes a salt-marsh, it is four and a half miles in length, while from shore to shore its width is about a mile and a quarter. Immediately below us, five hundred yards from the Akrotiri shore, is

the island of Suda, and the clear water shows a reef running out to it, and making this northern channel impassable to any but craft of light draught. Two and a half centuries ago, Rycaut wrote that this passage was fordable, but now the chart shows in places four fathoms of water. From our high position we look down into the island, and see the old masonry fortifications which the shells of modern artillery would convert into splinters more destructive than the shells themselves; and the guns behind the thin parapet look like toy guns glittering in the sun. Strangely picturesque it is, this island which the Venetians retained for long years after the mainland had passed into Turkish hands. Until the other day a fishing village stood within the ramparts, but some four years since the Turks razed it to the ground, as interfering with some projected fortifications, and transported to the mainland the inhabitants, whose forefathers had lived for centuries, ay, and for thousands of years, upon this little rock. But, in true Turkish style, the works have never been begun.

From Suda island to the opposite land at Aptera Point there is a deep channel, a mile in width; and on the point stands a new earthwork. But we shall visit that anon; now we are occupied with the beauty of the scene and the memories it calls forth of far-gone days when from this harbour went forth Pelasgians to Egypt, Cretans to the siege of Troy; of Greek and Roman warships, of Saracen corsairs, and Byzantine fleets; of Venetian galleys; and, last of all, of Turkish boats, repulsed in their attack upon this island lying at our feet. For perhaps no island in the world possesses a more stirring history than this of Crete. Far back in the deep twilight of mythical story it is beyond

all islands famous as the birthplace of great Zeus, and the home of Minos, lawgiver to Greece. Here from the unholy loves of Pasiphaë sprang the Minotaur; here Dædalus built the labyrinth; hence on his wax-attached wings with Icarus he flew. Egyptian records tell us how Cretan Pelasgi crossed the seas to Egypt in days whose history Egypt only holds; the *Iliad*, how Idomeneus fought before the walls of Troy "on the other side among the Cretans;" the *Odyssey* chants the fair island's praises.

Comparative mythologists may teach that these are fables, allegories with a deeper meaning. But here, in Crete, the old school teaching brings them home to us as truths. Are we not sitting at Minoa, the city of Minos? Have we not seen the coin of Gnosus, on which the labyrinth is traced? Is not that white peak before us the far-famed Ida, where Minos every ninth year held converse with great Jove? To us, as we lie here, Crete is again repeopled. Once again it becomes "*Hecatompolis*," the hundred - citied isle of Homer; "*Makaros*," the happy isle of Pliny; Aristotle's "*Lady and Mistress of the Sea*."

Yes, that is indeed Ida! Once again for us its ilex-groves are peopled with the Idæan Dactyls, cunning workers in iron and bronze. Once more from its summit descend trooping the Curetes, hiding the birth of Zeus. In vain Saturn seeks to devour his child. Rhea conceals her pains, while with clash of tambourines, and tumult of pipes, the wreath-crowned dancers drown the child's first cries. We are fain to sing with Euripides in the *Bacchæ*, "Hail, sacred haunt of the Curetes, and divine dwellers in Crete, progenitors of Jove, where for me the triple-crested Corybantes in their caves invented this skin-stretched

circle, who mingled with Bacchic strains this sweet breath of harmony from Phrygian pipes, and placed in Rhea's hands this instrument, that echoes to the joyous shouts!"

But not all mythic are the classic memories of Crete. What sailors were these Cretan men of old! Herodotus and Thucydides speak of their supremacy at sea. Daring and hardy corsairs were they under old Greek rule; and so well did they keep up their seamanship, that in the Roman times, if an incredible story were told, the listener would say, "*Cretensis nascit pelagus*," as though to express that the tale was as impossible as for a Cretan not to be born a sailor. What archers, taught the use of the bow in childhood! How wise their rules for teaching youth! While we are groping after systems of compulsory education, these children were all taught to read, and to sing to correct music songs to illustrate the wisdom of their country's laws. While modern philosophers preach of equality, and divines inveigh against luxury and selfishness, the Cretan boy was taught in his earliest years to be temperate and frugal, and to pay respect to age, and had practical daily teaching in the meaning of equality. As a child he commenced to attend the *Agelæ*, where he was taught his daily lessons; and, dressed in simple clothes, the same in summer as in winter, that his body might be hardened, he waited upon the elders at the *Sysitia*, or common gatherings of men to meals, at which rich and poor fared alike, the poor at the expense of the rich. It is a matter of dispute whether Crete derived these rules of life from or gave them to the Lacedæmonians. Strabo gives his verdict in favour of Crete.

How it was that the race thus nurtured in simplicity and hardihood degenerated into the vice-

stained people whose very name became a byword, we know not. Malice, envy, and lying became the predominant characteristics of these islanders erst reared in Spartan rigour. "A Cretan lie" was the term used to express the very worst falsehood. Epimenides lived six hundred years before Saint Paul, and he wrote that verse, quoted by the great apostle, and tersely translated in the Vulgate, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." The Greek proverb, "*Τρία κάππα κάκιστα*,"—"There are three K's the worst of all,"—may have applied to the cities of Corinth, Capua, Carthage; but the fact that it was often believed to apply to the Cappadocians, Cilicians, and Cretans, shows in what estimation these latter were held. And the Latin proverb, "*Cretizare cum Cretensibus*," meant to be false in word and deed, to deceive the deceiver himself.

Evening closing in made it too dark to return by the path along the cliffs, and we keep on the so-called road, descending the steep hillside towards the village of Khalepa, and thus regain our host's hospitable shelter. We have had a long day's walk, yet not a vestige of fatigue exists, so pure the island air, so fresh the mountain breeze. In truth, this winter climate of Crete—nay, the climate of the whole year—approaches very near to perfection. In the five winter months of 1874-75, for example—from November to March—the average daily variation of the thermometer was scarcely 12°. For those five months the average mean minimum temperature at Mr Sandwith's house, 200 feet above the sea, was 48° Fahrenheit—the average mean maximum, 60°. The mercury never fell below 37°; never rose above 72°. Nothing more perfect can be imagined. Days warm

and soft, and not too hot for exercise; evenings cool, so that a fire is thoroughly enjoyable; nights fresh and cold. From March the heat increases up to July and August, which have much the same temperature—a mean minimum of about 70°, a mean maximum of about 83°. Save on one single occasion, Mr Sandwith had never known the thermometer range above 96°; and, on the other hand, once only in five years had he known snow fall and lie on the plain. From the beginning of May to the end of September, the really hot months, there is no rain; and one has but to ascend and camp on some plateau of the mountains to enjoy delightful freshness. Gentle northerly breezes temper the summer's heat.

Having thus visited one shore of Suda Bay, we took as the object of our next excursion the ruins of Aptera, situated directly opposite Minoa. We had quite a state picnic, for Mr Sandwith accompanied us; and his dragoman, Mr Moatsou—a most agreeable companion—was of the party. And as a consul in the East never stirs without a *cavass*, one of the two gentlemen in white petticoats, whose armory of weapons belied his peaceful errand, came with us in charge of provisions. This time we were mounted on mules or ponies, which are to be hired in Khania for about half-a-crown a-day, including the pay of a man to look after every three animals, their keep being at the expense of the owner. We soon struck into the main road leading from Khania to the head of Suda Bay, over the flat alluvial plain, in part covered with olive-groves, in part arable land. Lithgow speaks of this plain at the beginning of the seventeenth century as being like a green sea, from the number of olive-trees; and describes the villages built on its rocky skirts in order

not to take up room on the fertile land, as being so dangerous to climb, that to accomplish that feat was "like sitting under the point of a two-handed sword, and it hanging by the hair of a horse's tail." But some fifty years after his visit, the Turks—so it is related in a quaint old duodecimo called 'The Siege of Candia'—by the orders of the Grand Vizier, "*planed* the country for five miles together about the port of Suda, cutting down the trees and vines, and driving away all the cattle, that the garrison might not be supplied from those parts." And the plain has never been thoroughly replanted.

And here a word about Cretan roads. The only metalled road in the whole island is the piece, some four and a half miles long, from Khania to Suda Bay; and on this, at rare intervals, may be seen one of the four or five rickety carriages which Khania boasts, with its wheels wobbling in such a way that it seems as if they must fly off. All other roads in the island are mere mule-tracks, unsuited for wheeled traffic; though in many places, as for instance on the Akrotiri peninsula, and the road from the head of the bay to Aptera, a little labour would make them practicable. But the most extraordinary point is, that every here and there one comes upon a piece of most elaborately made road, with drains and culverts, that ends as it begins, in a mule-track. Such a piece may be seen just beyond Khalepa, commencing outside the village at a point where the track is a mere stony watercourse, and ending in a path covered with huge limestone boulders that leads up the steep face of the Akrotiri. This is due to the system of *corvées*, or forced labour. The islanders having agreed with the Turks to give six days' labour a-year in

place of taxes for roads, the inhabitants of any village are put to work near their own home under superintendence of the Government engineer. An excellent piece of road is the result; but it does not seem to strike the Turk that, beginning and ending nowhere, it is as utterly useless as though it had never been made.

At the head of Suda Bay, the road is carried on a causeway across a marsh, the smell of which alone is enough to tell that it must be the chosen haunt of fever. A few years ago some low drinking-booths were the only habitations here, frequented by the labourers in the adjacent naval yard, and by the few wretches who get a living out of the salt-pans here formed, that give to the spot its name of Tuzla. But now there is a long row of cottages built in the marsh by the roadside, into which were transported the denizens of the fishing-village demolished upon Suda Island. Yet it was well known, when this was done, that of Ibrahim Pasha's troops encamped here in the war for independence, one-fifth had died of fever. It is barely four years since these fishermen were removed from their rocky home; and already the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of the adults, and the haggard faces of the children, tell too plainly the murder which is being slowly but surely done. Surely indeed, for the cottages are often under water, and the breath of the marsh is deadly poison. Indeed, all the low-lying land throughout the island is feverish. The mountains pour down their waters, which are partly carried off by a few rapid streams into the sea, and partly saturate the plains, in which there is no attempt at drainage. One can tell at a glance the mountaineer from the dweller in the plains; the one all life, vigour, health—the

other pallid, sickly. Even their *physique* is quite different. Nowhere in the world, except, perhaps, among the Sikhs, or among the Montenegrins, can there be found a more magnificent race of men than the Cretan mountaineers. They represent the very type of manly beauty—tall, broad-chested, powerful, with Apollo's form and face. But the denizens of the plains are smaller, their frames are less vigorous, their features bear the stamp of sickness. It is more than probable that this marked contrast is greatly due to the fact that, under the Venetian rule, that terrible right of seigniority exercised over the women, drove into the refuge of the mountains all those whose beauty might prove a source of temptation; so that by natural selection the mountaineers grew still more handsome, the dwellers in the plains more commonplace. But fever has had a great share in the work; and, as a fact, there is no beauty in the women of the plains, while, in the mountains, the pure Greek type is to be seen.

A little beyond the salt-marsh, our road wound round the head of the bay, passing by the landing-stage opposite the anchorage, and by a naval yard enclosed in high walls, within which there is machinery for repairs to the Turkish vessels of war, of which some few are now lying opposite. On the slope of the hillside an English engineer has built a substantial house, on ground of which he has bought the freehold; and some day that plot of land will have a rare value; for it is here that under a progressive Government will one day be built the chief mercantile town of Crete, close to that marvellous anchorage where all the fleets of all the Powers of Europe might safely ride out a gale from any quarter of the compass. Now four miles of road sep-

arate this harbour from Khania, the nearest town, whose little port can only be entered in calm weather; and so complete is the want of enterprise, that, if it blows even moderately, the weekly steamer will lie for days in Suda Bay, waiting for fine weather to enter the port of Khania, because the few bales of goods she has to deliver or receive there cannot be conveyed by road, from sheer want of means of transport.

The naval yard passed, we commence to rise gradually to a higher level, and then coast along the bay on a terrace between the cliff below and the steep hill above. The path is rough and stony, crossed by frequent rivulets of bright clear water. Goats with their tinkling bells are browsing on the herbage, mixed with ferns and underwood, that clothes the mountain-side. Save for this and the tread of our ponies' hoofs, perfect silence reigns around. No sound rises from the harbour, not a boat is to be seen on the calm surface of the bay. We halt under the shade of some fine trees, by a spring of ice-cold water, and then fare on. Here and there the road is so bad that we have to dismount. We pass the point where our road divides, the lower branch leading to the new fort and to the small stone pier, built for military purposes—the upper, which we follow, rising to the hill-top. On the summit we pass some tombs cut in the rock, and Cyclopean walls, built of huge blocks of uncut stone. Once within them we have entered the site of the old city of Aptera, "the wingless." A few hundred yards, and we dismount at the farmhouse, which stands in the very centre of the ruins. A priest, in the black robe and tall black hat of the Greek Church, greets us with a warm welcome. His clerical functions are not very onerous here, but

he superintends the farming of the land, on behalf of the monastery of St John at Patmos, to which it belongs. He bids us to lunch, and sets before us some Cretan delicacies—a white soup of milk and rice, curds, and a delicious cheese, which we wash down with draughts of our host's Malmsey.

The reader who cares to know something of the treasures of Cretan antiquities, must turn to Pashley's '*Travels in Crete*,' a book full of learning and research, published forty years ago; and to Admiral Spratt's later '*Travels and Researches*,' in which scientific information will be found mixed with classic knowledge; but Aptera demands a few words at our hands. It was one of the far-famed cities of old Crete, named from the contest of the Muses with the Sirens. Here on this hill-top it was, the fable tells, that they disputed the supremacy in song, and hence the vanquished Sirens, having lost their wings, flung themselves despairing into the sea. A great city rose upon the spot, surrounded with Cyclopean walls, of which much still remains—enough to show the outer boundaries, and where they led down to the port. Nor are these the only remains visible. Ruins of great buildings tell the tale of past grandeur; the most perfect being the huge arched cisterns, that have defied the effects of time. Venetians and Turks here, as everywhere, have ruthlessly destroyed. Recently, it is true, an order was issued that the stones of these buildings were not to be removed; but in past times those who did not spare the Acropolis of Athens worked ruin and destruction here. Yet underneath that soil where the peasant now labours, must lie many buried treasures. From time to time coins are turned up by the plough. The priest's labourers

brought us their little store. A few coins passed into our possession, copper and silver; on some the "*Aptara*" (the Doric form of Aptera), surrounding an armed warrior, was perfect on the reverse side. A marble hand holding a disc, a terra-cotta head, showing unmistakable signs of the Egyptian influence, were not without their interest. Some time since a greater find was made, two statues of women being recovered. These Mr Sandwith was anxious to obtain, but the Government refused to allow him to purchase them; and, indeed, under the existing Turkish rule, all hope of successful excavations must be abandoned. Our energetic consul, whose collection of antiquities in Cyprus, during his term of office there, has whetted his appetite, has been unable to obtain the necessary firman from the Porte. For no one may excavate on Turkish soil, unless he has such a firman; and even then the terms are almost prohibitory. All expenses must be paid by the excavator; but he does not reap all the benefit. Three valuers are appointed—one by him, one by the owner of the land, and one by the Porte. All that is found is valued by them; and the Porte, the landowner, and the excavator, each receive one-third. If any real art-treasure is found, the valuers of the Porte and of the owner place upon it such a price, that when the finder has paid two-thirds to the others who share, he has really paid a full high price for the object. Add to this the risk of expending much money and time without finding anything of value, and it is evident that any serious research under the Porte is a task not to be lightly undertaken.

We were fortunate enough to find something which, though it had no

intrinsic value, was of real interest, without having to pay any fees, either to the priest or to the Porte. We knew that, more than forty years before, Pashley had found a stone with an inscription of some little interest, built into the wall of a barn, and we asked to see the place. On our way there, the priest showed us a stone which had been ploughed up only the day before, and on which was the fragment of an inscription very similar to that which Pashley had found. We also noticed other fragmentary inscriptions on the side-wall of the enclosure leading to the barn. When we reached Pashley's stone, there it was, just as he had found it; and there still was the little trench he had caused to be dug, that he might descend to copy the inscription from the stone, level with the ground. Peeping out from a corner of the exposed place we saw another inscribed stone, and the priest kindly undertook to widen and deepen the trench, so as to expose the whole length of the wall for a depth of some three feet below the surface, if we would pay him another visit on a future day. We did so, and found the whole foundation of the wall composed of stones covered with inscriptions and fragments of inscriptions in Cretan Greek. Of these, most related merely to the appointment of certain persons to be *proxeni*, as agreed by the council and the people, upon the motion of some citizen; an appointment which evidently conferred privileges of importance. But one was of a more interesting nature, being a decree of the senate and people to honour King Attalus with a bronze statue, pedestrian or equestrian, as he might prefer, and to confer upon him other honours all named in detail, in consequence of the friendly interest he had taken in the good of the city, and the kindness he had shown to its citi-

zens. The special feature in this inscription, which almost at the first glance attracted us, was the occurrence of the word *Aptara*; for although it is now generally admitted that this is the site of the city of that name, up to Pashley's time there was a doubt on the matter, and even his arguments are not absolutely convincing. It was therefore more than merely interesting to find a stone so thoroughly decisive of the point.

Has it ever happened to the reader to find for himself an antiquarian treasure? or has he not more probably, like ourselves, wandered over much of classic ground, and only seen the relics found by others? For our part, this was our first find; and no time ever passed more quickly than the two hours spent in that ditch in elaborately copying, letter by letter, and flaw by flaw, the inscription and the defects in the stone. But it was not till, after our return, Professor Babington had turned his learning and experience to bear upon our transcript, that its full meaning was in our hands. We will not longer weary our readers' patience with old stones. Suffice it to say, that we saw enough that day to make us anxious to revisit our friend the priest, with or without a firman.

Antiquities were not the only charm of Aptera. The view alone would have repayed the journey. Northwards, one sees over Suda Bay the rock-bound cliffs of the Akrotiri. Southwards, the view ranges over the rich plain of the Apokorona, most fertile ground of Crete, away to the white peak of Mount Ida. Eastward, the shore of Suda Bay, the smiling plain, the glancing river Aptera, lie at our feet. Westward, beyond the near hills, the glittering white mountains rise. And, as soldiers, there was for us another interest.

Below, on a projecting point of land, was the great new fort lately built by the labour of Turkish soldiers, and intended to be armed with heavy Krupp guns to sweep with the Suda Island works the entrance to the channel ; and beside us the great block-house built to command the hill, which, itself, completely commands the fort. The Turkish soldiers crowd out and look at us, and the officers invite us in to take coffee ; but we have been warned that it is better not to occupy ourselves with military works, lest we fall under suspicion of evil motives ; so we decline the offer, pleading want of time, and only take a fleeting glance at the fort below. These block-houses are an interesting feature of the island—between two and three hundred in number. They have been built by the Turks to command all the roads and mountain passes, that thus, by occupying the mountain fastnesses themselves, they may prevent or subdue insurrection. Some few large ones are garrisoned by regular troops, the rest by Zapties. Of these Zapties there are nearly 3000 in the island, mostly Albanian Mussulmans ; but among them are some 900 Cretans, of whom about half are Christians. They are supposed to receive pay at the rate of about sevenpence a-day, rations, and clothing ; but, at the time of our visit, their pay was fourteen months in arrear, their clothing much worn, and their only receipts a daily ration of barley-bread. Yet, though this poverty must be a sore temptation to plunder, it is rare for a complaint against them to be made.

We will bid *Aptera au revoir*, and give but a sketch of our other country excursions. Once we rode up into the lower range of mountains, and made our mid-day halt at the outskirts of a village beyond

all telling picturesque. On the soft grass, under the shade of a great plane-tree, we reclined like Tityrus, while the village wives and maidens sat apart discussing us with many a laugh and joke, and the village farmyard made our closer acquaintance. Hens scrambled under our feet for the crumbs ; a most unblushing young pig laid his nose upon our knee and grunted for food ; while a dog, mere skin and bone, with scarcely strength to wag his tail, implored our bounty with his eyes. If that poor beast was a fair specimen of the Cretan dogs of to-day, they must have degenerated from the time when Ælian says they vied in fleetness with the famous hounds of Sparta. But alas ! food is scarce for men and women ; but little can there be to spare for dogs. A bad season, and the villagers themselves run near starvation. For the Cretans have never recovered that terrible time of ten years ago, when all labour was suspended, and all wealth expended, in the vain effort to obtain freedom from Turkish rule.

Down from the hill-tops we came by a narrow path in a deep gorge, where oleanders and myrtles grew wherever they could find foothold. Few of these ravines have not been the scene of fighting in one or other of the insurrections ; and military operations in the rainy season become most difficult, as the rain converts the roads into torrents. The most remarkable road is one that leads down from the plain of Omalos into the glen of Samaria, replacing the staircase of trunks of trees, which was once the only way of descent. So steep is it that no laden beast can climb it ; and the gorge below, in which the road and river run, is in places only a few feet in width, and walled in by inaccessible cliffs thousands of feet in height.

Another of our wanderings led us along the sea-shore till we reached the river Platanos, a bright clear stream running over its pebbly bed, past banks shaded by magnificent plane-trees, among which the vines grow interlaced by nature, as they have done for centuries—their vintage being backward by reason of the plane-trees' shade. We returned home this day by Mournies, a village with many Venetian remains, and visited a Cretan garden, where we found curiously-trimmed evergreen trees around grass plots and flower-beds, and an orchard of orange-trees, laden with glorious golden fruit.

Wherever we went in the country—whether on the hill-tops among the villages, or in the plain among the olive-groves, however beautiful the land through which we rode—a sense of silence and of desolation oppressed us. Everywhere are the ruins of farms; the villages are thinly peopled; one hears no murmur of voices, no laughter or shouts of children. The few peasants who are seen wander about listlessly like ghosts among deserted halls. Insensibly the silent Elysian fields present themselves before our mind. For the waves of strife and battle that have passed over this beauteous isle have swept away the flower of all its manhood, and the remnant that is left is watched and held in check by armed men. For nearly seven centuries Crete has been ruled by force, always striving to exchange its existing government for another.

Perhaps nothing will show the desperate struggles through which Crete has passed more vividly than the changes which those struggles have made in the actual numbers of the population. Pashley considers—and we believe he is well within the mark—that in ancient times Crete contained a million of souls, which would not people it so

densely as Malta or Gozo, whose population is six hundred to the square mile. Internal feuds between the cities reduced the population, and weakened the power of defence against a common foe; yet the Roman efforts to take the island long failed. At last, sixty-seven years before the birth of Christ, the island was subdued by Q. Metellus, hence later surnamed Creticus. Then came the conquest by Andalusian Arabs in the ninth century, and the conversion of Crete into a piratical stronghold, a very centre and focus of the slave trade. More fighting resulted in the recapture of the island by the Byzantines in the latter half of the tenth century. As early as the ninth century numbers had embraced Mahometanism for the sake of a quiet life under the Saracens; but now they all accepted baptism at the hands of a zealous Armenian monk. When the Byzantine Empire was partitioned at the beginning of the thirteenth century, Crete fell to the share of Boniface of Montserrat, and was sold by him to the Venetian Republic; and we learn from the chroniclers of the time that its population had then fallen to five or six hundred thousand souls. Then came three centuries of constant warfare and endless oppression, of extirpation of the Greeks by order of the Venetian senate, till in the sixteenth century the population had fallen to a quarter of a million; and *Proveditores* in their despatches complain of the depopulation of the island, of whole tracts of ground untilled, and groves of olive-trees neglected.

Of that awful rule of the Venetians we may perhaps tell the story at some future day in these columns. It is a tale of villages burned and sacked, of pregnant women murdered, of families reduced to slavery, of whole districts proscribed, and their inhabitants hunted like wolves,

only insuring safety for their lives by bringing in the head of father, brother, cousin, or nephew. No wonder that Lithgow, writing in 1614, says that the Venetians had 12,000 soldiers in the island, "not only for the incursion of the Turks, but also for fear of the Cretans or inhabitants, who would rather, if they could, render to the Turks, than to live under the subjection of Venice." Yet the story has its finer sides. History records no nobler feat of arms than the twenty years' defence of Candia against the Turks in spite of all assaults. So incredible did it seem to the Sultan that the place could still hold out, that, after eighteen years of siege, he sent a special envoy to the Turkish camp to see if there was not some gross neglect or cowardice among his troops. And this was the emissary's report, as translated in the words of a contemporary chronicler:—"That this was a place where blood was spilt day and night; where gallant men forgot to sleep, living in perpetual labour, inured to intolerable sufferings and hourly dangers, there being none secure either in the house, or in the church, or in the streets: for granadoes rained, cannons thundered, arrows flew, with stones like a tempest; so that there was none in that place but quartered on the brink of the grave."

To Venetian succeeded Turk; the Janissary supplanted the Italian mercenary—the Aga took the place of the Signor,—and for a century there seems to have been rest. The population was exhausted. Randolph, travelling soon after the Mussulman conquest, estimates it at less than 80,000 Greeks. The Cretans were absolved from the military tax levied on all the other Christian populations of the Porte, because of the aid they had given against the Venetians; and being, as we have already seen, a people

keenly alive to their own interests, they again accepted in considerable numbers the Mussulman religion, those who did so becoming, as in all similar cases, the worst oppressors of the Christians. A hundred years ago a small revolt occurred in Sphakia, but was suppressed. Fifty years ago, by which time the population had again grown to a quarter of a million, of whom fully half were Christians, the oppression by the Janissaries reached a climax: the agitation preceding the Greek war of independence stirred the Cretan souls; and in a revolt headed by a patriot named Melidoni, the insurgents drove the Turks out of the field to the shelter of their walled towns. But jealousy arose among the chiefs. Melidoni was assassinated, and disaster followed. Egyptian troops came to the aid of the Turks, and the country was subdued. After Navarino there was fresh revolt. Greek troops aided, and the Turkish soldiers were again shut up in their forts, when the Allied Powers crushed the Christian hopes by handing over the island to Mahomet Ali, from whom it again passed to the hands of the Porte; but with a population again diminished to 129,000, of whom about 81,000 were Christians. The remainder of this century was taken up with small revolts and their suppression; till in 1866 the great insurrection came, aided by arms and money from Greece, and by promises and big words from Russia. Not till 1868 was it finally suppressed, when sixty thousand troops had been employed. Its suppression covered the land with ruins, and deluged it with blood, and has left an undying hatred between Cretan and Turk, that never again will be effaced. In spite of all this, the population has doubled since 1834, and is now about 260,000, of whom nearly 200,000 are Christians.

The Mussulmans live chiefly in the towns, the Christians in the country : between them there is mutual distrust ; and at the time of our visit there were on both sides rumours of intended massacres. The Christians were leaving the towns, the Mussulmans flocking in from the country to seek their shelter. Fortunately Reouf's arrival restored the confidence of the Christians, which had been rudely shaken by the arrival of large reinforcements to the garrison of the island. Yet the mountaineers were on the alert. Sphakia, which is the hotbed of insurrection, where no Mussulman dare reside, had been feeling the pulse of the consuls. A suppressed excitement was visible. Hope was entertained of help from England, but was speedily stifled by authority. But Crete cannot now revolt without some external aid, for arms and ammunition are wanting, and there is no money with which to buy them. In the last insurrection Greece supplied them freely ; it is doubtful if she would or could afford to do so now.

But it is time that we take a glance at a town, and so we will visit Khania. As we walk towards it from Khalepa we see a remarkable cluster of huts on the sandy beach to our right, and turn off to examine them. At once we find ourselves in Africa ; for this is an Arab village. Its people, some two thousand souls, migrated here in the first instance from Bengazi at the time of a famine, and have since been reinforced by new arrivals. They have built their huts on the dry and thirsty sand, that resembles their own desert, and carry on for the most part the business of porters, while the women make baskets. Among them are some pure Bedouins, who keep themselves distinct, and live in tents, which present a picture of marvellous patch-work.

The town of Khania is entirely enclosed within fortifications, which remain just as they were left by the Venetians—powerful works in those days ; but now the great exposed masonry-scarps would fall to pieces at the assault of modern artillery. The deep and wide ditch forms the vegetable garden of the town. As we enter by the main land gate, that through which passes the road to Suda Bay, we find ourselves at once in a busy scene, almost completely oriental. A street of shops—filled with buyers and sellers—leads us through the open market-place, down to the water-gate. The Mussulman shopkeepers sit cross-legged in their open shop-fronts, while the noisy crowd of peasants, Zapties, soldiers, and women, bargains for its needs. At the street-corners sit the money-changers, with their tables and boxes of money before them. Conspicuous among the objects for sale are the long boots of yellow leather worn by the peasants, for which Crete has been famous ever since the days of Galen, and short cloaks of the pattern described by Aristophanes. If we wander off the main street, we are at once lost in a maze of streets, or rather passages, for they are scarcely six feet wide, between the tall stone houses. There is an air of comfort and substantiality about the town that few oriental cities possess, owing to its having these solid stone buildings, instead of houses built only of sun-baked brick. We make our way to the ramparts, and work round the port to the projecting bastion which forms one side of the entrance to the harbour. Here stand upon old carriages tottering to pieces, and scarcely able to bear the weight, Turkish and Venetian bronze guns of great size, and of those graceful forms and that bright green colour which have disappeared in

our ugly monsters of iron. The cannon-founders of those days were proud of the guns they made, and ornamented them with many a scroll and quaint device; while mottoes of valour on the Venetian, verses from the Koran on the Turkish guns, mark the age when war had not yet become the practical and unpoetic task in which the soldier and the sailor are fast becoming subordinated to the chemist and the mechanic. No one interferes with us as we stroll round the ramparts, and note that, however worthless against a formal bombardment, they are still a complete defence against any possible attack of insurgents not possessing artillery.

From the south-west corner of the ramparts we notice a small village, just outside the walls—a cluster of huts, isolated, alone, desolate. Interested in what we hear, we pay it a visit. It is a leper village; and as we enter, the unfortunate wretches beg for help, stretching out their awfully distorted limbs to move our pity. The reader who cares for a graphic description of the horrid sights of a Cretan leper village will find it in Admiral Spratt's book; we would rather pass over the scene. Each district in the island has a place set apart for its lepers, leprosy being a common disease. Whence its origin, what its source, we know not. The natives look on it with dread, and believe it to be contagious. And so the wretched lepers are outcasts—herd together, marry, and breed leper children. The first sign of the fatal spot is enough; the victim is at once thrust out to the leper's den, in spite of youth, position, or beauty. No attempt is made to cure the disease; no leper's hospital has ever been established. The people sit still under their curse, and never attempt to call in the aid of science, as though they were yet living in

the darkest blackness of the dark ages.

Let us now pay a call, as we are in duty bound to do, upon the newly-arrived governor of the island. An appointment has been made for a morning visit, and Mr Sandwith takes us to the palace. We are ushered into a room, which, like all oriental reception-rooms, is carpeted, and furnished with a divan running round the walls. It is not a gorgeous saloon like that in which we had been received by the Khedive at Cairo, but a simple, homely apartment. In a few minutes His Highness is announced, and bids us sit down and talk. It is uncomfortable, this sitting on a divan to talk, if there are more than two; because, unless you choose a corner of the room, you all sit in a row, and some have to crane out to talk over the others' heads. It is still more uncomfortable when our coffee is served—true Turkish coffee in metal cups—to have no table on which to rest the cup; and it must be uncomfortable in the third degree to have no table to write at, but only a pad resting on your knee. But as Reouf Pasha does not write, but only presses his seal on the inky pad, and then on the papers that are brought to him, he does not so much feel this inconvenience. The Pasha is polite to us. He gives us cigarettes of excellent Stamboul tobacco from his silver cigarette-case. He bids us stay on, when, after a long silence, our consul proposes to rise. He remarks that we have seen the fort at Aptera, news that must have been brought to him from the place; and he most kindly offers to let us see the fortifications of Khania, the military hospital, and the troops at exercise. We gratefully accept his offer; but still there is something constrained about the interview.

When, however, Reouf returned

the visit, we were alone in Mr Sandwith's drawing-room. There were no open doors, or listeners about, and he spoke to us frankly and honestly. He told us of his efforts to bring about peace in the Herzegovina—of his having even held a secret interview with the chief ringleaders of the insurrection, with a view to bringing them to terms, when by a seraglio intrigue he was removed and sent here to Crete. He tells with a frank *naïveté* how, when he had been deprived of the command of the troops, he refused to retain the civil governorship, as he is above all things a soldier; and his bright eye flashes as he speaks. "It is from our Sultans that we suffer," he says, "and from Constantinople intrigues. What chance is there of good government, when no man is left long enough in any one government or command to carry out improvements or reforms?" And then he tells us his own story of the last five years. In May 1871 he was made Governor of Crete, whence after one year he was sent to Bagdad. In August 1873 he was again sent to Crete, where he remained till March 1875. He was then appointed Governor of Yemen in Arabia, but had no sooner arrived there than he was telegraphed for to Constantinople. There he held the office of Minister of Marine for a few months, till at the end of September he was sent as Governor to Salonica, where he remained one month. At the end of October he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-chief in Bosnia; but on New Year's Day 1876 he was deprived of the military command, and on the 20th January ordered to return for the third time as Governor to Crete."

We have a thoroughly pleasant talk. No one can look at that bright eye and good face, and not see that this is a real man. Since

we saw him, he has been moved again to Constantinople, to resume the office of Minister of Marine; and now that Midhat has fallen, he will probably be removed again.

We visited the military hospital, and found great order and cleanliness. Rheumatism and bronchitis were the chief ailments, a few cases of typhoid fever, and numbers of that prevalent Eastern disease, ophthalmia. Yet, even at this cold season, the number of sick was barely 3 per cent of the strength of the garrison, which speaks well for the care taken of the troops. On another day the troops were reviewed for our inspection. Four fine battalions were paraded. We first saw them at their squad parades. Then the recruits, of whom about half the battalions were formed, fell out; and the remainder were drilled as a brigade by Hassan Bey, who commanded the regiment. Like most Turkish colonels, he was a young man, raised to his post by interest, being the brother-in-law of the Grand Vizier; while old officers, covered with the decorations of war service, were captains or subalterns in the ranks. The drill was formal, but not precise, and there was no sign of any adaptation of the movements to the necessities of modern fighting. An attack was made by one battalion in column at the double, with the band playing in the centre. There was a theatrical performance of the bayonet exercise; but it was honestly admitted that of skirmishing or fighting in open order little was known, as that was left to the light battalions. We received the salute, though dressed in an old ulster covering our shooting-coat, and acknowledged it by raising the most ancient of brown billycock hats. But we never wish to be saluted by a finer body of men, sturdy, well

built, sensibly dressed, well booted, and all armed with Sniders. A little instruction in modern tactics, and those hardy soldiers, who can endure privation and fatigue with marvellous power, would stand against any troops that are ever likely to be brought against them.

And so, between town and country, in pleasant chats with Mr Sandwith, and in talks with the other consuls—Austrian, French, or Russian; in visits to lovely scenery, classical sites, and objects of military interest; in reading, sketching, and inspecting fortresses and troops,—our week has passed away on wings—nay, fortunately for us, has lengthened into ten days; for a strong wind has sprung up, and the weekly steamer puts into Suda Bay till it has abated, and she can come round into the port of Khania. That delay was a source of good fortune to us; for the very day before our actual departure some peasants brought us in some lovely old gold ornaments, and some of that beautiful old glass, whose iridescence is derived from thousands of years passed in the darkness of the tomb. And so we were able to carry away not only our inscription from Aptera, but more tangible memorials of the glories and riches of Crete, the beautiful and happy island of the ancient Greeks.

Before we leave the island, let us say a few words of its present condition under Turkish rule. The Cretans have, as we have seen, always been a restive people. From those early days when town fought against town, to the present time, there has always been a spirit of revolt against the existing order of government. We have already shown how the Cretans sought the Turks in order to be relieved from the Venetians, and how, in return for the help they gave, they are exempted from the tax in lieu of military service. Now, in spite of

the constitution which was granted to them after the suppression of the last insurrection, they are eager to rebel again. They are held in check by the want of arms, ammunition, and money; and they know that it is useless to raise the standard of rebellion unless they can count upon foreign aid. In the last insurrection they had the aid of Greece, and they voted the island "united for ever and inseparably to Greece, its mother country." If, in the spring now budding, Greece takes part against Turkey, Crete will assuredly rise. We have already learnt that the people have refused to nominate deputies to the general Parliament at Constantinople under the new constitution, and that the Porte has placed the island under surveillance.

When we examine into the causes of this discontent, we do not find direct instances of oppression, but we do find general misgovernment. We could not, in our visit of last year, hear of any recent case of cruelty or barbarism, though all the consuls are on the alert, and every act of Turkish authority that gives even colourable pretext for a complaint is at once reported to them. But we did hear of constant and general miscarriage of justice, and we saw direct evidences that the Government is not one of progress or of benefit to the subject race.

Exempt from the impost in lieu of military service, the Cretans are not heavily taxed; indeed the taxation is very light as compared with other Turkish provinces. But the taxes are levied so as to produce the greatest possible loss to the individual, with the least benefit to the State. They are farmed out, and it is the object of the tax-gatherer to squeeze all he can out of the wretched and impoverished proprietor, for which purpose he often quarters himself for weeks together,

without payment, upon a village, or even an individual farmer. The revenue, amounting to about £140,000, is chiefly derived from tithes levied in kind, from a tax of a halfpenny each on sheep and goats, and from duties on salt, tobacco, wine, spirits, sales of land, sales of animals, of fish and meat, &c. This revenue, which, under a peaceful *régime*, should be amply sufficient not only for the expenses of government, but to provide a handsome margin for public works, fails to cover the cost of the large civil establishments, the force of some 6000 to 8000 regular troops, and nearly 3000 Zapties, which swallow up not only all the revenue of Crete, but the surplus revenues of Cyprus and Salonica as well. Not one farthing is spent upon public works.

The law regulating the government of the island provides that of the Mutessarifs or district governors of the four districts into which (besides the district of Khania, directly administered by the governor-general) the island is divided, two shall be Christian. This is carried out; but the Christians appointed are of very inferior position—so much so, that in one case the governor ranks below one of his own Mussulman councillors. The sub-governors, or governors of sub-districts, Kaimakams, should by law be chosen from Mussulmans or Christians, "*selon le besoin*;" as a fact, of the thirteen Kaimakams, four only are Christians and nine Mussulmans—though, as we have seen, the proportion of the population is about three Christians to one Mussulman.

The same uneven distribution of power runs through the councils. The governor-general has by law two councillors to assist him, a Mussulman and a Christian. The Mussulman is of high rank, but the

Christian of low position, and so servile that he makes no effort to uphold the interests of the Christians. Each district has an administrative council, of which the governor is president. It consists of six elected members and certain official members. Of the elected members three are Mussulman, three Christian; but the Christians appointed are generally traitors to the Cretan patriotic cause, receiving their appointments as rewards from the Turkish Government—so that they in no way represent the interests of the Christians, and are entirely in the hands of the Government: while among the official members, there is almost always a Mussulman majority.

Again, there is a judicial council to each district and sub-district, composed of a president, appointed by Government; and four elected assessors, two of whom must by law be Christians. But in eleven out of the thirteen sub-districts, the presidents are Mussulmans. There is a Mussulman president in every one of the districts, as well as in the supreme court of Khania and the court of appeal; so that in all the courts and councils save two, there is a Mussulman majority. Now, although the law provides for the evidence of Christians being received as of equal value with the evidence of Mussulmans, no Mussulman in reality considers it so. Moreover, in Crete religious feeling runs high, and the influence of rich Mussulmans is powerful, so that it is most difficult for a Christian ever to obtain a verdict in a cause against a Mussulman. As a rule, the Mussulman assessors vote one way, the Christians another, and the president votes with his co-religionists. Bribery, too, is not uncommon, and the character of some of the councillors is such as to bring them into contempt. The law forbids any

person who has been bankrupt to be a member of a judicial council ; but at Retimo at the time of our visit, the president and all four councillors were men who had been recently bankrupt.

There is no doubt that a good governor-general, such as Reouf, could do much to improve the general administration of the island ; but then, as we have seen, no Pasha is left long enough in one place to carry out reforms ; and in what he does attempt he is thwarted by Constantinople intrigue. We heard that there was a clique among the officials at Crete powerful enough not only to oppose successfully all Reouf's measures of improvement, but actually on one occasion to obtain the order of the Grand Vizier for the reinstatement of one of their number whom the Pasha had dismissed from his post.

There is a Cretan General Assembly which meets at Khania yearly ; but its functions are consultative only. It has a right to represent opinions to the governor-general, and the Christians have a small majority, owing to the fact that each sub-district returns four members, and that in Sphakia, as we have already said, there are no Mussulmans to elect, so that four Christians are always elected for that district. The Mussulmans always vote with the Government, even on questions of taxation, and the governor-general is present at the debates, to which no stranger is admitted. Although the law says no member shall be subject to punishment for his speeches in the Assembly, the fact that three years ago several Christian members were imprisoned for speaking in defence of their rights, exercises no small effect upon the freedom of speech.

It is not surprising that under such government as this, following such as we have shown to exist in

the Venetian days, the Cretan of to-day keeps up his old reputation for lying, and that there is here the same contrast as in Bulgaria between Mahometan and Christian in the habit of truth. Mr Wallace, with his usual keen insight, has seen how the same cause is followed by the same effect in Russia. "For ages," he says, "the peasantry were exposed to the arbitrary power and ruthless exactions of those who were placed over them ; and as the law gave them no means of legally protecting themselves, their only means of self-defence lay in cunning and deceit." And again : "In a country where the law does not afford protection, the strong man defends himself by his strength, the weak by cunning and duplicity. This fully explains the fact, if fact it be, that in Turkey the Christians are less truthful than the Mahometans."

But among the Cretans themselves there are such marked differences of customs and of character, that they can scarcely be all classed together. In the extreme north-west of the island, lying nearest to Greece, with which communication is frequent, there is a greater tincture of civilisation than in other parts. Here the traveller will find fair entertainment among families of the better class, who live in houses boasting of an upper storey. He will be provided with clean linen sheets woven by the hands of the wife and daughters of the household, whose unaffected hospitality will supply his table with a plentiful if simple fare. The master of the house only will sit at table with him, the rest of the family not considering it beneath them to serve. When he leaves this district, which is called Kissamos, and passes over to the neighbouring district of Selinos, forming the south-west corner of Crete, he will meet with less comfort in the domestic arrange-

ments. Here the population is half Mussulman, half Christian, while in Kissamos the Christians form seven-eighths of the population. The traveller now finds that he has passed from European civilisation to Eastern habits. There are no signs of squalor or misery, but there is no idea that sheets are essential to comfort, or that a bedroom should be supplied with the means of washing. When the guest wishes to dress, he is expected to walk into the courtyard, where his host will put a piece of soap into his hands, and pour water over them from a copper ewer—which done, he is held to be clean every whit. Besides these differences in the social condition of the people, a striking difference has been created by nature in the configuration of the land; for while Kissamos is merely undulating, Selinos is extremely mountainous. Kissamos possesses far the more bountiful soil; but its Christian owners do not show that spirit of industry which is a marked feature of the Seliniotes. These Seliniotes are the latest converts to the Prophet's creed, not having committed the act of apostasy till about a hundred years ago—a century later than the conquest of Crete by the Turks. Their only motive seems to have been one of self-interest; for, by thus adopting the creed of the dominant class, they were able to lord it over their former fellow-believers. They are now most zealous Mussulmans, and during the late war in Crete underwent great hardship in defence of the Turkish cause.

The Sphakians, who inhabit the mountainous district lying east of Selinos, are the indomitable enemies of the Mussulman, in whose territory no follower of the Prophet dare set his foot. They have conquered for themselves special privileges, to which they tenaciously cling. But so barren is their terri-

tory, and so energetic and intelligent a race are they, presenting, we believe, the sole remnant in the island of the pure old Cretan Greek blood unmixed with that of conquering races, that they seek and find their means of subsistence in trade with the rest of the island. They may be found as travelling merchants everywhere, and are easily recognised by their substantial dress and independent bearing. Many of them are settled in different parts of the island, and are often the leading men of their adopted homes. So persistently, since the Greek Revolution, have the Sphakians harried the Mussulman landlords owning the rich plain of Apokorona, lying to the north of the Sphakian mountains, that by degrees they have been induced to part with their property to the mountaineers, who have rendered it by their industry one of the most productive parts of Crete. It is very rich in olive-groves, and supports a population almost exclusively Christian.

Travelling farther east, we find, on the northern slopes of Mount Ida, a pastoral race of shepherds, inhabiting the large village of Anoghia. When their chief was asked how many inhabitants they numbered, his reply was that they mustered four hundred guns—a method of calculation induced by the long struggle for independence, and including in the number named every male from at latest sixteen to sixty years of age. Their flocks roam over all the northern face of the mountain, whose lower and middle slopes afford much pasturage. For the right of pasturing its sheep over this immense tract, the village pays a rent of only five hundred piastres—about £4, 10s.—a year. This sum is a perquisite of the Validé Sultana, and the concession dates from a period probably

little subsequent to the Turkish conquest of the island. Some thirty years ago the Mussulmans dwelling on the large plain to the south-east of Ida, where the summer heats scorch up the herbage, began encroaching on the Anoghian pastures, but were driven off by the sturdy mountaineers. The Cadi of Candia, whom they probably bribed, was induced to pronounce a judgment granting them equal rights with the shepherds of Anoghia. The Pasha himself came with a party of Zapties and the Mussulmans of the plains to enforce the judgment, and pitched his tents on the disputed ground. Instantly the whole village rose in arms, the women at the head, brandishing any weapon that came to hand—a sight which so astonished the Pasha that he decamped without delay, and left the assailants in peaceful possession of their land, which they have ever since jealously guarded, remaining free from molestation.

From the information gathered out of our consul's store of knowledge, which he most freely imparted to us, we might multiply descriptions of various Cretan types; but we trust enough has been already said to interest our readers not only in this most lovely land, but in its present inhabitants. To the ethnologist, the student of history, the antiquary, Crete teems with objects of interest and of delight. The artist who seeks the picturesque will find here an untilled field. The godlike forms and figures of the mountaineers, clothed in their striking dress, furnish unrivalled subjects for the pencil; while a Sphakian woman, of the pure Greek type, in high head-dress and muslin veil, in richly-embroidered petticoat and short stays, adorned with gold lace, presents a rare combination of beauty in face, and form, and colour. But above all, in towering mountain

and in rocky gorge, by headlong torrent and by babbling stream, in fertile plains rich with the grey olive and the golden corn, in groves where the vine displays its purple clusters in the plane-tree's grateful shade, in sunlit bays where the blue sea laps upon the glittering shore, the lover of nature finds his very fullest aspirations realised.

And now we have said good-bye. We have given a last hearty hand-grip to the kind host, in whose pleasant talk the hours have all too quickly flown, and the well-known landmarks are fading slowly astern into an indistinct and softened haze. Ere Crete has passed from our readers' memory, as it did from our sight, we ask them to decide with us that, whenever this island ceases to be an appanage of Turkey, it must pass into the hands of England. The moment is a fit one for thinking out the question; for, as we write, the dogs of war are straining at the leash; and when once they are let loose, dynasties may be overthrown, kingdoms uprooted, and the map of the Eastern world remade, before holy peace again descends to earth.

To any nation possessing trade-interests in the Mediterranean, Crete is of great importance. But to us it has a most special value. Two centuries ago, Rycaut, in describing the causes which made the Turks spend such vast sums of money and so much blood in order to capture the island from the Venetians, wrote thus: "As its strength and situation made it the key to all the other isles of the Archipelago, so it would be the bulwark of the maritime countries, from whence the passage would be short and easy into Africa, from whence the galleys might advantageously relieve Cyprus and guard the fleet from Egypt, from whence might be opened a door to invade Sicily and the other parts

of Italy." It is in its position as a guard-house on the way to Egypt, that Crete has for us its chief importance. There is one Power only whose interests in the East are likely to come into direct opposition to our own. That Power is Russia. Against her our communications with India through Egypt are quite secure, so long as she has no outlets for her fleet into the Mediterranean: but she has already torn up that clause of the Treaty of Paris which forbade her building ships of war upon the Black Sea; her policy is ever tending towards making that sea a Russian lake; and if ever, when the helm of the British state has fallen into less firm hands than those which now guide it, the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire should give the gates of the Euxine to Russia, or to a Power under Russian influence, then the island of Crete must, from its position, become the key of our communications on that part of the line which lies between Malta and Egypt.

From Malta to Port Said there is a distance of a thousand miles. Equally distant from both places, within half-a-day's steam of the direct course between them, and but forty-eight hours from the open and unfortified harbour of Port Said on the mouth of the Suez Canal, lies this island of Crete, possessing a natural harbour, easy of access in all weathers, in which the whole British fleet might lie safely at anchor in a gale from any quarter of the compass, capable of being fortified so as to be impregnable by land or sea, and with ample space for the formation of a first-class naval establishment. The island itself lies like a breakwater across the mouth of the Archipelago, and

this splendid port is on the side facing towards the north; so that, though nothing could ever compensate us for Constantinople passing into Russia's hands, by which our *prestige* in the East would be destroyed, the possession of Crete would go far towards neutralising the evils that would accrue from Russia's gaining the outlets of the Black Sea. No other island of the Ægean or the Levant possesses similar advantages. Cyprus, an island equal in size, has no harbour, and lies too far from the line that has to be protected. Rhodes, though well situated, is without a harbour; and Lemnos, though possessing one, is so dangerously near the Dardanelles as to be always open to a *coup de main* by a Russian fleet. Syra, the great commercial centre of the Levant, has but a small port, inaccessible in some winds, and is ill provided with fresh water. None of the other islands of the Archipelago offer any natural advantages. The Ionian Islands had a certain strategical value as regards the Adriatic, but would afford no protection against a Russian descent from the Black Sea. Crete, and Crete alone, combines every strategical advantage we need, while its possession by a possible enemy would be fatal to all sense of security. With Crete in the hands of a strong hostile naval power, our communications between Malta and Egypt would be untenable; with Crete in English hands they would be absolutely secure. In a word, if ever the Bosphorus is opened up to Russia, Crete becomes a necessary link in the chain of fortified harbours which secure our communications with the East.

PAULINE.—PART III.

IN THE HEBRIDES.

CHAPTER IX.—“THE JUANITA IS GETTING UP HER SAILS!”

“Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark—
Or the swan through the summer sea.”

A PALE grey rippling sea, a warm and gentle breeze, cloudlets floating over the sky and forming a dimly-mottled horizon—these were the signs that the long-expected day had come at last.

About such a day there could not be the shadow of a doubt, and for a few moments the joyful anticipation it inspired, put everything else out of Elsie's head.

At length they were to realise the pleasure so long and hopelessly deferred; and afterwards, decided the ungrateful girl, the author of it might go his way, and be seen of them no more.

Pauline surely could not be deeply concerned if such were to be the case: her warning in the turret-chamber indicated that then, at all events, she was herself unaware of any feeling regarding him; and if she were now conscious of such, she would guard her own heart, as she had offered to guard Elsie's.

As for him, it did not signify whether he were concerned or not. She only felt aggrieved that her means of ascertaining his feelings were so limited, as to put it out of her power to be absolutely certain of wounding them.

Nevertheless she hastily retracted the rôle prepared in the night. It would scarcely do to pretend not to hear if he were to be offering her his hospitality; and to accept, and be rude in the act, would be impossible.

In less than two minutes she had resolved to lose sight of all disagreeable reminiscences, and enjoy herself to the utmost.

“Pauline, Pauline, the Juanita is getting up her sails!”

“I was a fool about that child last night,” was the conviction brought home to Blundell's mind the instant he saw Elsie. “Here have I been fretting over my cursed vanity, and her little sad face—and come up to find her as pert as a humming-bird!”

“Miss La Sarte,” began he, “is this to be the day?”

“My aunt will be here in a few minutes. She has only gone into the next room.” Miss La Sarte politely waived the question. He sat down beside her.

“None of you are the worse for your exertions?”

“No, thank you.”

“Nor any colds?”

“No.”

“And the weather is perfect. Dr Macleay, I am hoping to induce you all to come for a sail.”

“I shall have to sail, but I am afraid not with you, Mr Blundell. I must sail away to my own people.”

“Let me—let us all convoy you.”

“No, no, my good sir, I know what that means. It is very tempting, but I must not take another lazy day.”

“What do I hear?” Lady Calverley had caught the last words as she entered. “Talking of running away, already! And I understood you were to be with us on Sunday?”

“If Mr Sinclair cannot get any one else, I shall have to come over again, or send my missionary——”

"Oh, come yourself. Come yourself, please."

"Come yourself," echoed Elsie.

"Well, well, it must be that, must it? And to speak the truth, there is a presbytery meeting at the Point on Monday, which I should have to attend at any rate. So I must be off early to-day, if I am to be back again so soon."

"And when are we to start?" said Blundell, addressing his hostess.

"Do you really mean us to go?"

"I hope you really mean to go."

It was plain she was to go, whether she meant it or not.

"Don't wait for me," cried the Doctor, perceiving he might be in the way. "The sooner I am off the better. And," giving her a hint, "I daresay Mr Blundell's boat is waiting."

"That does not signify a bit. I only wish we might have you with us," replied Blundell, courteously.

"You are very good; I wish it too, with all my heart. But work must be done, and I have a funeral at twelve. Yes, my dear, the dog-cart if you please. Mr Blundell, suppose you walk off with me while the ladies are putting on their things, and they can join you at the boat? The dog-cart will overtake us."

Every one looked grateful for a proposal so well timed, and he took his leave amid general goodwill.

"What a trump he is!" cried Tom, enthusiastically. "And what a jolly day we are going to have!"

"Now for the lilac hat, Pauline," whispered Elsie.

"The white one will do after all, Elsie, and be more shade from the sun."

"It is not nearly so becoming."

"Is it not? Oh, that is no matter." And Pauline turned softly away.

"She thinks he will see her often

enough in it afterwards," considered Elsie; "and certainly it does not signify what she puts on—he will admire her all the same."

"Come along! Come along! Come along!" Tom beat a tattoo at all the doors in turn. "Come along, Aunt Ella; you won't like to be hurried on the way, you know. Come along, Pauline; Blundell will be tired of waiting. Come along, Elsie; are you putting twenty hats on your head at once?" adapting the spur to each case with artful nicety.

Pauline in her white hat and frock, with a shawl hung over her arm, came out at his summons, but Elsie refused any recognition of it.

Her door was barred, and she was changing for the third time from one dress to the other.

Originally she had intended wearing a delicate pea-green French cambric, which of course suited her charmingly.

It was a simple thing enough, but so pretty in its glossy freshness, that she hesitated to doom it to the wash-tub—an inevitable result of the expedition.

On the other hand, the *piqué*, which was her only alternative, ought to have been in the wash-tub already.

Oh for a white serge like Pauline's!

As she peeped out of her window, and nodded to her cousin on the lawn, protesting that she would be down in something under half a second—whilst she had, in fact, not even begun operations in earnest—this desire took possession of her mind.

A white serge! It seemed to have been manufactured for the occasion.

After that vision, the *piqué* became intolerable. Off with it! On with the other! A bunch of dark sweet-peas in her bosom, and she is ready.

Nor had the elder lady been without her perplexities.

An old good gown, or a new middling gown? A warm gown, or a cool gown? A long gown that would be dreadfully in the way, or a short one that would perhaps be—well, hardly in the way enough?

She too had a glimpse of her niece standing in the sunshine outside.

At the moment, Tom was inserting a red rose in his sister's white straw hat, to match the crimson shawl on her arm; and her simple robe, without a frill or flounce, without a ruffle to break its surface, fell in soft folds over the grass. Pauline was stooping forward, as Tom, with excellent taste, arranged the rose.

"A perfect picture!" exclaimed the aunt; "and how exactly alike they are!"

Lady Calverley was not quick in discernment. She saw the same brown hair (which curled for Tom) and the long brown lashes (which did the like for his sister), the same curve of the chin, and the same short upper lip, and said, "How like they are!"

A slight action of the hand when speaking, and a trick of lifting the head, and throwing it backwards when under the influence of any emotion, was also shared by both, and in allusion to this Lady Calverley added, "And in all their ways, too!"

Then she too decided on the gown which she had *not* meant to wear; for, good woman as she was, she did not like to be thrust altogether into the shade.

"What are those two about?" muttered Tom. "What in the world had they to do, but put on their boots? Can't you manage to rout them out, Pauline? You have been ready for nearly half an hour."

"Am I properly dressed, Tom?"

"Yes, you are all right; but the *rose* was the finishing touch. I

have got this white one for Elsie. What a roaster of a day it is going to be! Aunt Ella! I say, Aunt Ella! You won't need to put on your fur boa!!! Oh, here comes Miss Elsie at last, and as demure as possible! Here, mademoiselle, I have got this white rose for you."

"Thank you, Tom, but give it to Pauline. She is in white, you see, as it is."

"And you *don't* see how beautifully I have carried out the idea?" pointing to the rose and shawl. "White against white would be poor, it is the red that touches it up. She would never have thought of that for herself. I saw it in a moment."

"Then what do you think of this mixture?" said Pauline, divining her cousin's feelings. "These rich dark hues against the pale green? They are lovely, Elsie dear. You look very sweet," said she, with a strange little thrill in her voice.

"Not bad," said Tom, twirling his rose silently in his fingers, and waiting to see if it would be asked for.

Another minute, and he felt sure it would; but, "My dear Tom, is that for me?" from his aunt, naturally put an end to the matter.

Blundell was waiting for them at the boat.

The tide was tolerably high, and they embarked without any occurrence worthy of note.

The usual exclamations of novices on their first admittance on board a yacht,—the usual wonder at the snowy whiteness of the boards, and at the comforts and luxuries of the cabins—together with the usual unexpressed commentaries on their smallness and narrowness,—were duly gone through.

They were taken to see everything above and below, the compass, the kitchen, the chickens roasting for luncheon; and finally, seats were arranged in a comfortable place, and

they sat in a group, all together, maintaining that easy dropping chit-chat which people readily fall into, whose tastes and feelings are in common, when they have been inmates of one dwelling for any length of time.

If Blundell had not been an inmate of the Castle, they had seen scarcely less of him during the past ten days than if he had been.

When topics failed, exclamations on the beauty of the scene, the excellence of the day, and the delights of sailing, filled up the intervening spaces.

Presently, however, there was a move.

Pauline wished to pencil the outlines of the broken mountain-range which they were passing on the northern side, and Blundell was confident that he could find her a more convenient seat for the purpose.

Over a long low bench (it might have been a spare mast, and probably was) he spread a rug, and the tiny skylight of the cabin gave a support to her back.

Could she be comfortable there?

Perfectly, and she confessed he was in the right—she could now sketch at her leisure.

But to do so she was obliged to furl her parasol, and the glare of the sun was such, that he could do no other than offer to hold it over her.

This she could not allow; she had no need of it—her hat was sufficient protection—it was only a trouble.

"You will break this, as you broke the other," said he, "unless I am allowed to keep it out of the way."

She would not break it—she would permit him to put it anywhere he liked, but he must not sacrifice himself.

So persistent was she that he grew irritated. "Pray let me have my own way for once." ("I am not

going to make love to you, so you need not be so dead set against it," flashed through his mind.)

After this Miss La Sarte gave in.

"I am afraid," said Blundell presently, after a pause, in which he had had time to grow ashamed of himself, "that you must think me a very quarrelsome fellow. I never was sweet-tempered, but I have been worse than ever lately. Miss La Sarte, do you know what it is to be so out of conceit of yourself, as to take amiss everything said to you?"

"Is that your feeling?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Irritation of the nervous system, probably."

"How prosaic! But I daresay you are right."

Then there was another pause, and a burst of merriment came across the deck from the other party.

"They are more talkative than we are," said Blundell.

"I never talk when I am drawing."

"You are making a very pretty little sketch, but is that peak high enough?"

"It is quite high enough—I measured it with my pencil; but until it is shaded you cannot judge of it correctly. It looks too near at hand, in this outline."

This was all. These short spasmodic sentences, with absolutely nothing in them.

Supposing him to have been a lover, this was his opportunity.

The others were close at hand, it was true, but they were out of sight and out of hearing.

Here was abundance of leisure, close proximity, and everything favourable.

Yet his reserve was matched by hers, and if he was absent, so was she.

Towards mid-day the breeze increased.

"Isn't it jolly?" said Tom, coming round. "Could anything be more splendid? This baking sun and that swish of the waves against

her sides! But, I say," wagging his head, with a sly look, "somebody over there is beginning to feel the motion."

CHAPTER X.—"GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR!"

"Each puny wave in diamonds rolled,
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove, and green;
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And oft renewed, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between."

"If they would only have had luncheon, when it began to be rough! I know I could have stood it as well as any one! It was only being so hungry and so empty, and the sight of those chickens as they passed! Oh, Pauline! how can you look so fresh? Don't you feel it, in the least?"

Poor Elsie lay on a sofa in the inner cabin, and hours had passed since she left the deck.

"I think if you had not gone below so soon," suggested her cousin; "if you would have waited, and had some brandy-and-water, and a little hard biscuit, as Mr Blundell suggested, you would have been better."

"How could I? It was too late then. He never came near me till just at the end, when I could wait up no longer."

"He did not think of it till Tom came round and told us. We heard you laughing only a few minutes before."

"I thought I could manage to hold out, but Tom would make me look at things. It was that, and having to speak to him, and to say I was enjoying myself, just at the very worst moment—just when we got round the corner into the open sea—that made me know how wretched I was. If he had let me alone——"

"Never mind now, dear; I am going to sit with you a little."

"Oh no, you are not."

Pauline sat down.

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," cried Elsie, raising herself on her elbow. "I told mamma I would not have her either. Because I can't enjoy it, do you think I am going to let you lose it all? Go away, and be as happy as ever you can; but don't let anybody come near me. Now mind you don't," beseechingly.

"Mr Blundell," said Pauline, in a low voice, "was very anxious to come down and carry you up to the deck."

"The idea of such a thing! How could he think of it?"

Pauline smiled a grave smile, and put her cool hand on the girl's brow.

"Ah! how nice!" exclaimed Elsie. "My head does burn so! But, Paulie dear, I really don't want you here. I can't talk to you if you stay, and it would make me worse to have you. So just go away, but—give me a kiss, first."

"It is delightful, Mr Blundell! I enjoy it thoroughly; but my poor little daughter——"

"I wish we could get in a little sooner, for her sake. But the wind has chopped round to another quarter, and you see it is dying down besides. I am afraid it must be another hour, at the shortest, before we shall be there, Lady Calverley."

Even so it proved. The breeze sank away to a whisper. The waves subsided, and the Juanita

made almost imperceptible progress.

"Surely your cousin will venture up now?" said Blundell to Tom.

"I'll go and see."

"No, Tom, let me go." Pauline had risen. "I will bring her up, if it is possible."

It proved to be impossible. She was unwillingly supported into the saloon; but there she begged to be left, and only sent for, when they were going to land. The pretty green dress was crumpled beyond recovery, and her sweet-peas strewed the floor.

Her cousin would again have stayed, but Elsie was peremptory. She would neither condemn Pauline to the little close cabin, nor afford a pretext for any of the others to offer their company.

Pauline was to say that it was her special wish to be alone; and this message Pauline delivered so completely in the spirit in which it was given, that it was impossible even for Tom to do more than shout down the cabin-stairs from time to time, "Any better, Elsie? We are close at home now."

How close they were she could not judge; but the cheerful tidings were announced more than once before a stir overhead, a rattling of ropes, and a general movement, proclaimed that something new was going on.

A few seconds after, steps were heard on the cabin-stair; then a stoppage, and an order was given, by which she knew who the intruder was.

"He is coming to fetch me now," thought Elsie. "I wish it had been any one else. And this is the day I have been looking forward to so much; this the end of my beautiful sunny morning! I never, never will set my heart upon anything again!"

"You have had a sad time of it, I am afraid." Blundell's voice

came in at the door. "We are opposite Gourloch now, and the ladies are waiting to disembark. May I come in?"

Elsie raised herself languidly, and tried to smile.

She felt weak, and wearied, but no longer giddy, and was able to stand without assistance. "I suppose it is quite calm now?" she said.

"Like a mill-pond. Scarcely a breath to keep us going," picking up her hat from the floor as he spoke. "Your cousin is a rare good sailor; she has been quite enjoying it."

"And so has mamma."

"Yes, I don't think Lady Calverley has been the least uneasy. What a pity the sea does not suit you! Headache?" said he, kindly, seeing she put her hand to her forehead.

"It is nothing, thank you; it will go off in the fresh air. What a fright I look!" cried Elsie, involuntarily, as, hat in hand, she turned to the mirror.

He laughed, "That was so like you."

Burning as they were already, her cheeks blushed a deeper crimson. "Ought I not to have said it?"

"No."

"I am ready," said she, quietly.

"You won't ask me why you ought not? It was because it was not true."

"Oh!" A little smile. "But I am sure it *is* true," said she, after a minute. "My hair is all coming down, and my face is so hot—never mind; let us come up-stairs."

"Let me cloak you up first. Coming out of the cabin, though it is such a warm night, you might catch cold."

She allowed him to put on her shawl, and waited patiently while he bungled with the pin. He was awkward, or preoccupied. Which

was it? At all events, the operation took up several minutes' time.

"Now I am ready," said Elsie, once more; on which he silently took her hand, and she suffered herself to be led up-stairs.

No one was near the spot when the two emerged.

Blundell looked round, and stood still irresolutely, took a few paces forward, again stopped, and bent down towards her. "I am so sorry you are going," he said. "Good night, good night, *dear!*"

Little word to undo it all! Elsie neither spoke nor moved, but stood still, and let him see it all in her face.

"Wait here one moment," said he, hurriedly. "The boat is lowered, and the men——"

"Oh," said Tom, coming to meet him half-way across the deck; "you were so long in coming that your fellows grew impatient. They said every moment was precious when the tide was at this point for the landing, and my aunt was growing fidgety, so I took it upon me to let them go. She can't get over the rocks, you know. It won't matter for Elsie."

"All right," replied his friend, with indifference. (So that was what kept you quiet, was it?)

"Tom has sent off the boat," he announced, aloud. "He was quite right. It will be difficult as it is, for Lady Calverley to land comfortably; but Tom declares he can easily help *you* over the rocks."

"I can help myself," muttered the girl. "I don't need him."

"Yes, you will, and *me* too, I suspect. Suppose I come too?" he added, bending forward to look into her face.

"I could not think of troubling you," said Elsie, gently.

"Is it a trouble? What do you think? Come, sit down here where

your cousin has had her seat all day. Why, you are shivering, child, and the night is quite hot! Are you chilly?" said he, touching her hand.

A faint "No."

"I know what it is; you have eaten nothing to-day. Suleiman, a cup of coffee here, as soon as you can, and make it strong. Bring some bread or cake too."

"Oh no, I—I really could not touch it," said Elsie, as the man departed. "I wish you had not sent him. I am not in the least hungry. And besides, there is no time."

"Quite enough time. Do you see what Tom is doing? He is a cunning fellow; he has got round old Blake, and taken the wheel."

"But what is he doing?"

"Giving us a turn out. We shan't be quite so near the land when the boat comes back."

"But what is he doing that for?"

"I suppose he thinks," said her companion, sitting down by her side as he spoke, and watching the effect of his words, "that he would not object to having a few more of those rocks uncovered!"

"It is very presuming of him!" cried she, flushing up, as his meaning became apparent to her. "What right has he to interfere?"

"Don't be angry with Tom," said Blundell. "I am not."

"He may do all sorts of mischief."

"He may—if you are bad to him."

("He treats me like a child," sobbed the poor little girl in her heart. "He thinks Tom and I are fond of each other, and it amuses him. Oh, how cruel it all is!")

"Why are you crying?" said a low voice in her ear.

"I am *not!*" with a sharp ring in her "*not,*" and two brimming wide-open eyes, Elsie turned, and defied him.

"Did you want so very much to get ashore?"

"Yes, very much. I am tired, and—oh, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be rude," the bold beginning suddenly faded into a whisper. "Please do not mind. Please go away."

"Must I go away? You will have no one to talk to, if I do, and I am very happy here," said Blundell, dallying with his happiness, as a man will do who feels that he holds his fate in his own hands. "Why should I go away?"

She saw her mistake.

"Why should I go away?" reiterated he.

Still no reply.

"Let me give you your coffee first. You don't take sugar, I know. You will thank me, or rather Suleiman, when you have tasted it; he is one of the few gifted individuals who really can make coffee. Now, is that not good? I thought so, and you will be the better for it too. Good coffee is one of the best restoratives in the world. Any more? Quite sure? And now, tell me, for I want to know, *why should I go away?*"

She had thought to get off.

The easy transition to the tones of a polite host, the allusion to her tastes, the little word of praise to his servant, had completely deceived her.

How strange that he should persist in teasing! Why should he seek to amuse himself with her, just because he could not get Pauline? It was neither right, nor kind of him; it was wrong, very wrong. And yet he had called her "*dear*."

She was stupefied, dumb, unfit to contest in so close a combat.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" Tom's voice was startling in its suddenness. "But I'm afraid I have taken you out rather further than I meant to do. Blake and I fell to talking,

and he was spinning some long yarn or other: I don't know how it came about, but we have put her out instead of in."

"You must take us back again, old fellow, that's all."

Tom looked about him for a seat.

"You can't leave the skipper, now that you have got him into the scrape," continued Blundell. "You must stay and chat with the old boy, or you will have him quite savage. He is looking after you now with the tail of his eye."

Tom hesitated, and looked down upon the pair.

His cousin, sitting forward, her cheek resting on her hand, took no heed of him. Her eyes were fixed on the golden sea-line, on the purple bank of clouds above, and on the little fleet of herring-boats, whose brown sails showed darkly against the sky. She was absent, absorbed; musing doubtless on the beauty of the scene, drinking in the sweet warm air of the summer night. Blundell, lying by her side, was no nearer to her in such contemplations than he at the other end of the deck; and what a walk home he and Elsie would have!

No one pressed his departure, but the look of indolent expectation in Blundell's eyes was more difficult to withstand than words. He went, and left the two still silent.

"Well?" said the man, at last.

"Well, what?" murmured the girl.

"I have not had an answer to my question yet."

"You are only joking. What does it matter? Look, do you see those little vessels on the horizon? They are on their way north, for the herring have gone from here. I heard some fishermen say so yesterday. It is curious, is it not, that they should come and go, in that way, no one knowing why, or able even to guess?"

"Very. Yes. Elsie, I am going to tell you something."

So then, it had come at last!

He was going to tell her now, to confide in her, doubtless because he could not keep it to himself any longer. She had felt how it would be, how it must be from the very first; yet to tell it to *her*—that *she* should be the recipient of his love-tale, when the love was for another, struck her poor sick heart, a new jealous blow. Could she let him go on? could she encourage the recital?

Ah, she must—she must.

But a few words would be sufficient—one word, a monosyllable; and in the end a little quavering "Yes" struggled across her lips.

"You send me away from you," began the narrator, in a deep undertone, "and yet you will give me no reason why I should go. Now

I am going to show you the best of reasons why I should not. Elsie, do you know that I have seen to-day some one whom I can never forget? some one who steals my thoughts by day, and breaks in upon my dreams at night? Do you know that I am a dull fellow, always looking on the black side of things, and that I am haunted by that little merry laugh, those saucy eyes? What do you say? Do you think you know—you do, you must have guessed, at least, who it is that I mean? Tell me then, have you not?"

A sinking head, a heaving bosom confessed its "Yes," a guilty whisper tried to reach him "No."

"Haven't you? And I am just going to ask her——"

"Aha, Ralph! old boy! Run you to earth at last!"

CHAPTER XI.—"AHA, RALPH! RUN YOU TO EARTH AT LAST!"

The person from whom this salutation proceeded, was a tall young man, with fair hair, a clean-shaven cheek, and a lint-white moustache falling straight down from the upper lip, in the narrowest possible arch.

Simultaneously with his "Aha, Ralph!" another voice said, playfully, and with a slightly foreign accent, "How do you do, Blondell?"

This speaker was a short man, with an ugly, clever, meditative face; a face from which you might gather that he to whom it belonged could, in the common phrase, do anything he chose, and also that what he chose to do would not always bear investigation.

The countenances of both gentlemen wore a cheerful expression, denoting that they had come, not because they expected their arrival would be welcome, but because they were morally sure it would not,—a

conviction which, when it is to the taste of the individuals concerned, imparts a delightfully piquant flavour to the otherwise commonplace event.

The look of amazement deepening into disgust upon Blundell's face, the broken ejaculation which escaped his lips, were compensation for all they had undergone to find him,—and apparently it was not a little.

"We hear of you at Oban," said the little man. "We hear you are in this diztrick. To-day we are at Staffa, at Iona, and we see you with our own eyes. We see your yacht, your beautiful sails, your charming company on board—we see all this so nise, and so—what you call it?—tantalising? is that it, the word? We see——"

"How on earth did you see all this?" broke out Blundell, staring from one to the other.

"Do I not tell you? We are in

that steamboat which did pass you, two—three hours ago. Oh, we have glasses, and we see it all! But we come not at you. The captain, he is a brute, he will not put us off. So then, we must go back with him, and get out when we tock—what is the name?" turning to his companion.

"Oh, shut up!" replied the other. "Ralph, old chap," looking towards Elsie, who had risen and drawn back on their approach, "we did not expect to find the company still here; you will hardly have room to lodge us if you have a party."

"Miss Calverley is going ashore in the boat that brought you here;—at least I presume you came in my boat?"

"Oh yes, certain," resumed the little man. "We see the boat from the shore; we think they fish, and they come when we call. We cry 'Halloo! Halloo!——'"

"I say, aren't you glad to see us?" interrupted the other, with an expressive smile. "Try to say so, if you can, just for civility's sake, you know."

"Shot if I am!" retorted Blundell, the first gleam of good-humour appearing in his face. "We are not victualled for cannibals. But"—lower—"wait till I see them off. Here, Tom! you remember Chaworth? Now, look sharp, or you won't get over the rocks to-night! Now, Miss Calverley."

"Thank him for the sail, quick!" exhorted Tom, as Elsie in silence took her seat in the boat.

Then, looking up, as they let go, he called out, cheerily, "You'll all come up to-morrow,—won't you?"

"Who are they, Tom?" asked his cousin, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"That tall one with the moustache, was Chaworth. You have heard me talk of him before. I don't know who the other was.

How queer of Blundell not to tell us he was expecting them to-night!"

"Perhaps they came before they were due," said Elsie, who had good reason for the supposition. "How much pleasanter it is to-night than it has been all day! Listen to the corncrakes!"

Going home, she took his arm; she even asked for it. "Tom, I am still giddy—I can't walk properly; let me take hold of you."

Poor Tom! As she said it, there came wafted towards them the bitter scent of the bog-myrtle bruised beneath their feet; and all his life afterwards he remembered that perfume.

For some minutes after the boat left, there was silence on the Juanita's deck. It was broken by the German, saying softly to himself, with a series of running nods towards the retreating figures—

"Yes, yes; that is vo-rie nise."

"Rather a mistake—wasn't it?" said Chaworth, in his hearty way. "Awfully sorry, you know. We shouldn't have done it upon any account, if we had had the slightest idea; should we, Heinsicht? Don't bear malice, old fellow."

A face of wood could not have remained more immovable than did that of the man under scrutiny.

Adroit evasion, as much as sharp repartee, would have been useless. The face said, "You know so much, which I can't help; but just find out some more, will you?"

"And what am I to do with you, since you are here?" said Blundell, at last, beginning to recover. "Where are your traps?"

"At Oban; at the big place there. We have only come down upon you for the night. We shan't trouble you further."

Chaworth stroked his moustache ceremoniously as he spoke, and slightly drew himself up. It was

enough. The arrow found its mark. "Trouble me?" said his friend, quite kindly. "Don't be a fool, Jack."

Thus conquered, Blundell became at once the docile and attentive host.

In person he bustled over the arrangement of their quarters, and the preparations for their entertainment; as much, it seemed, in atonement for his previous want of hospitality, as in excuse for it.

It was but a bit of a place, he hoped they would be comfortable, but it was their own doing, &c., &c. But it ended with this: whatever he had, they were welcome to share.

The other two, for their part, spared no pains to maintain the goodwill at length excited.

They ate vigorously, drank with moderation, and on Blundell's excusing himself from joining them on deck afterwards, on the plea that he had given up smoking, and had letters to write, appeared to be not only sensible of the evil effects of cigars, but to be on the point of giving them up themselves.

The letters to be written resolved themselves into one short note; and in two minutes he had dashed off the first page.

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY,—The friends for whom I have been waiting so long, having at length made their appearance——"

Here he stopped to blot, before turning the leaf; and on reading over what he had written, in order to catch up the thread on the other side, suddenly tore the sheet in pieces. "No; hang it! I won't go, throwing a lie behind me!"

Second note—

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY,—My friends who arrived unexpectedly last night are anxious to be off early to-morrow morning, so——"

"Why, this is as bad as the other! What am I to say? A fellow must make some excuse."

The few bald lines which finally found their way to the breakfast-table at Gourloch ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR LADY CALVERLEY,—Tom will have told you of the arrival of my friends last night. We are taking advantage of the fair breeze to be off early to-morrow, so I am afraid I shall not be able to call and thank you for all your kind hospitality. Should we pass here on our way south, I hope to find you still at Gourloch.—With kind remembrances to all your circle, believe me yours truly,

"R. BLUNDELL."

"When did this come?" inquired the lady to whom it was addressed, as she lifted it from her plate.

"It was handed into the lodge a while ago, my leddy," replied Davie, hovering about to hear if anything particular were contained in the epistle. Lady Calverley looked at the envelope with curious indecision, and after several minutes' delay, inquired, absently—

"This morning?"

"This mornin' or last night—naebody said."

"What does he say?" cried Tom, impatiently.

Elsie, in startled silence, thought she knew. Pauline *did* know.

From her lattice window she had seen the white sails hoisted as the dawn was breaking—had seen the vessel glide swiftly past over a grey sea, whose waves were washing the rocks—had seen it become a mere speck upon the water, then turn a point, and vanish; and an hour after, there still knelt in the same place a motionless figure, whose face was turned upwards.

"What does he say, Aunt Ella?" demanded Tom, for the second time.

"Oh, read it for yourself, my dear," replied she, finding it easier to give this answer than any other, and beginning to play nervously with her cups and saucers as she spoke. "There is very little in it."

Tom seized the note.

"It cannot be *that*, then," thought Elsie; and Pauline troubled herself very little as to what it was. She could guess.

"Cool, that!" said Tom, and read it a second time with the provoking slowness common to his sex.

Then he endorsed the idea. "I call that uncommonly cool!"

No message to him! No notice of his invitation! No pretext for departure so sudden! Such conduct merited but one epithet—it was "cool."

Just as if they were not good enough for his friends! No doubt the other fellow was some swell; but Chaworth—Chaworth had always been as jolly to him as possible; and, in fact, he had been forecasting to Elsie on their walk home the fun they would all have together.

It was a sad home-thrust to the self-complacency of early manhood, and Tom, in his vexation, thought not of the feelings of others. This was well.

The colour which flooded and then fled from Elsie's cheek, the dilation of her eye, and the broken murmur which fell from her lips, were unmarked by any but Pauline.

Lady Calverley gave her whole attention to the tea-tray, making a hasty assault on the cups. Her niece was dear to her as a daughter, and with all the nobility of love, she would not look upon her in what might prove a moment to be forgotten.

The cream and sugar were put in all wrong; but with an easy air she dispensed her cups, nor took heed whether the slim fingers on her

right hand trembled when stretched out, or no. Nor will we.

But Pauline, apart from her own feelings, was sorely troubled about her little cousin.

After the first shock, which had nearly discovered the state of her heart to all present, Elsie's pride rallied, and bore her up.

She went through her duties punctiliously, omitted nothing, neglected nothing, and was so gentle and considerate towards Tom, that he instinctively felt there was something wrong.

"What is the matter with Elsie, Pauline? Is she not well?"

"She has a headache to-day, I know," replied his sister.

"So have I. There is 'fire in the air,' as Alister says. I wish it would come here, and clear away those yellow clouds. Elsie," as she entered, "I'll tell you what you'll do for your headache. Come out and sit under the sycamore, and"—great effort of the mind—"I'll read to you."

"May I come too?" said Pauline, afraid that the scheme would end in disappointment—Elsie being inattentive, Tom chagrined.

The disappointment, however, was of another kind. Elsie, too anxious to please, missed the mark. She liked it very much *indeed*—would like to have more, and then—made some excuse to slip away.

"There *is* something wrong about her," said Tom. "I say, look here——" turning his head aside, and looking at the sea. "Is she—thinking—about *him*?"

Now for it, Pauline!

How can she shelter Elsie, comfort Tom, speak the truth, and reveal nothing? She hesitated, casting about in her mind for some way out of the slough of perplexity.

"She is, then?" said Tom.

His husky voice spoke volumes.

"Tom," said she, with her arm

round his neck, and her cheek laid on his curls, "never mind her now. She is so young, and she has never seen anybody. Don't think any more about it. But be to her just as you used to be, and don't—try to—to please her *too* much."

"Have I done that?" said he, lifting his head, amazed.

"I think so, sometimes. Let her alone now. She will care for you some day."

"Are you a prophet, Pauline?"

"Yes, I am going to be a prophet for you."

"What a shame it was!" broke out Tom, after a long silence. "He was always making up to you——" He stopped short.

The arm round his neck pressed it a little tighter, but nothing was said.

"I say, he isn't worth caring twopence about."

"Never mind him, dear."

"You have been awfully good," continued Tom, brokenly. "I didn't know—I never thought—somehow I forgot you. But you are not bothering after him, are you?"

She had borne much, but this from Tom—from her rough-and-ready jocund brother—was the soft sun-touch upon ice, and her lip began to quiver like an infant's ere it cries.

Tom looked hastily round, and rose with a sense of awe.

He had never kissed his sister spontaneously in his life; but now, as he passed, he rubbed something into her face, and though it was only his ear and a portion of his cheek, she understood.

Then he went off by himself, whilst she remained behind, for each was best alone.

CHAPTER XII.—THE PROCESS.

A silent sea, a becalmed vessel, and two men lying on its deck smoking.

"I have not yet made up my mind," said Heinsicht.

Blundell.—"You mean to make it up before you die, I suppose?"

"I suppose, yes."

"Otherwise you will have to make it up pretty sharp afterwards."

"Bah! there is no creed in heaven."

"Don't trouble yourself as to what there is in heaven, my friend, —you won't be there."

"*Teufel!* What you mean?" exclaimed the German, angrily.

"That's about it. Ask him. He'll tell you. Do you imagine he means to let you off after you have had all your share of the bargain? Nothing of the sort. All you have to do is to go on the way

you're going, and you will walk to the devil as straight as any fellow ever did in this world."

"You English!" broke out the German, passionately. "That is so like you, with your cold-hearted, steeff, supercilious speech! You have no minds, no—no perception; you are as hard and dry as these boards. *This* is right, and *that* is wrong; and this you must do, or you must not do. You always want to dominate. It is a crime, a—a wickedness to think for one's self. In Germany we say, I go my way, you go yours; both are good; we will meet at the end. Here it is, if you go not my way you go to the devil. I hate this narrow, this *thin* talk. It is only for a woman, who will do what her priest tells her. I would not make my life like yours for great worlds. I would sooner be dead."

"I did not mean to offend you, Heinsicht; we are both saying what we think, you know."

"You do *not* think, that is it. You are saying what is told you; what you think you *most* say. And why? Because you have been ill; you have had the—what is it?—the nightmare. You will get better; you will shake it off. Who would be frightened into believing what his reason refuses? That is childish."

"I believe you are right. My reason has certainly not had much voice in the matter."

"Why," continued Heinsicht, pursuing his advantage. "Listen to this. Look upon me. In Germany I am a very good Lutheran; in Italy I am a Catholic; here I am anything. I meet with very good people, very *nise* people, everywhere. I enjoy my life. I take all that is good, and trouble myself not more. But you, you are sombre, *misanthrope*, miserable. You take no wine, no beer; you go to no little parities; you have no books, no pictures, and you make yourself as unhappy as you can. You tell me I am to go to the devil. I say, you have gone to the devil already."

"Humph!" said Blundell, thoughtfully. After a pause, he added, "Heinsicht, did you ever see a man die?"

"If I had not," replied his companion, "that would be a strange thing. Seen it? Yes. Once, twice, hundreds of times."

"In the war, I suppose; but I mean in cold blood."

"Yes, I tell you, yes. What then?"

"When your own turn might be the next?"

"And this," said Heinsicht, with immeasurable contempt—"this is what a man comes to when he is aff—raid! This is what has taken

the life—the—the ghost out of a man thirty years of age! He has had one little sight of danger, and he runs away from all his friends—"

"Confound you!"

"Ah! take care. You must not say the naughty words. They are bad, ve-rie bad. You must take care, such care, for you have your salvation to accomplish. Are you sure now, quite sure, Blondell, that the little smoke, the cigar, does not make all wrong? You had given it up a month ago, you know."

"What has that fool been jabbering about now?" inquired Chaworth, with a glance at his friend's face, as he met him turning away. "He grows to be a nuisance."

"I am the fool to let him jabber."

"Are you going below?"

"Yes."

"You have been at it again," said Chaworth, seating himself in the vacant place, with a look of displeasure; "you know the sort of temper he has, and you haven't the sense to let him alone. What is the use of going about making yourself disagreeable?"

The German smiled.

"It's so confoundedly unpleasant to be always having you two fighting," continued Chaworth. "If there's one thing I hate, it is to be with fellows who are always putting each other's backs up."

"I say nothing. It is not my fault."

"You have the most infernal way of saying nothing that ever man had. What is it about now?"

"Oh, we talk," said Heinsicht, complacently; "we talk, and compare. I give him a little of what you call chaff, and he does not like it. He is difficult to please. But listen"—here he puffed out a long, slow stream of vapour before proceeding—"listen, Chaworth; it is all to the good. To-day he is angry,

to-morrow he is sorry ; again he is angry, and again sorry. Through it all the words remain. He is coming to himself."

As usual, the quarrel was patched up, and the three continued together, cruising among the northern islands of the west coast, until the latter end of October, when a long spell of bad weather made them begin to weary of the monotony of their life.

"Jack," said Blundell, one day, when he and his old friend were by themselves ; "what do you suppose those people at Gourloch think of me?"

"It is difficult to divine people's thoughts," replied Jack ; "I never can be sure of my own."

"It was very bad, you know."

"I can quite believe it."

"It was the oddest thing your turning up just when you did. Five minutes later and I stood committed. Poor little thing ! She was an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you."

"You are not quite come to matrimony yet, old fellow. But, however, if you had cared in the least about it, you could hardly have done better. A Scotch moor for the autumn months would not be a bad thing—not by any means," cocking his head sagaciously upon one side. "If you think of it, we could call on our way back. You left that open, you remember."

"What should you say," replied Blundell, with rather a foolish smile, "if it proved to be the other one I went back to see?"

"I should say," replied Jack, coolly, "that it was very like you."

"Like me ! How?"

"Knocking down your own schemes is an amusement you have been addicted to all your life."

"There was no scheme in the matter. It was simply this—they came in my way, and I had nothing else to do. Going about by one's self without a soul to speak to——"

"Your own fault, all the same," observed his friend.

"Well," assented Blundell, "you know how it was."

"I say," he broke out, after a pause, "you have not been talking about it to Heinsicht, have you?"

"Who—I? I talk to a beastly German ! I say, let us get rid of him. He had too much again last night."

"What did you bring him down upon us for? I never could endure the brute."

"Neither could I." Chaworth knocked the ashes off his cigar. "Let's kick him overboard."

"I'll tell you what, Jack. We'll leave the yacht to find her own way back to Southampton, and you and I will be off to Paris."

"Done with you. And what about *der Deutsche*?"

"You ship him ; I can't. Make up some excuse, and you and I will have our things packed, and be off to-morrow."

Accordingly, Blundell was arranging his papers in the saloon, with an open portmanteau by his side, when, "Yaha ! yahoo ! I thought it was a toad !"—came from the inner cabin ; and Jack, dancing out upon bare toes, dangled into his face a soft shapeless mass, which he held suspended, apparently by the legs.

"What on earth have you got there?"

"Here, take it !" cried the apparition.

"Get out !" responded the other, drawing back, hastily. "What is it?"

It was a dead rose—a rose which, from pressure and want of air, had not shrivelled up, but was a sodden, discoloured pulp.

"What is it, then?" said Heinsicht, inquisitively, the noise having drawn him from his retreat. As he spoke he stretched forward a

nose, which was ugly with the obtrusive, aggressive ugliness which Germany alone is capable of producing. A nose which had swept outward with a rush, and hesitated, before deciding upon the upward movement which it had finally adopted. "What is then the toad?" said he.

Blundell had turned away, as if annoyed by the interruption.

"What a confounded row to make about nothing!"

"Where did you find it?" continued Heinsicht, looking from one to the other.

"It found me, I can tell you," said Jack. "I was going to bed, having nothing else to do, and in the dark I trod upon the beggar. Here, Ralph, it's for you."

"Ah!" said Heinsicht, drawing in his breath, as a closer inspection revealed to him the nature of the supposed toad. "I see now. It is a little relic, a treasure. It has fallen into the wrong hands, Blundell. You must take it, and keep it, and wear it here—here," touching his breast as he spoke. "That is where a lady's tokens should be laid."

"Who mentioned a lady?" said Blundell, keeping his temper with an evident effort. "Have you never seen me with a rose in my button-hole? I say, I have got a lot of work to do to-night; just go off, and leave me alone, like good fellows."

It was past midnight ere the work was finished, and he went on deck for a breath of fresh air before turning in for the night.

A scene of wild and solemn beauty awaited him there.

They had anchored in a narrow basin whose waters were seldom ruffled, and whose depths of shade were at this time rendered still more intense, by the single broad streak of silver which shot across the opening.

All around, giant mountains, sunk in their endless lethargy, rose into an empty moonlit heaven. Parts of them, ghostly in their brightness, stood out to view, but the greater portion was a vast, indistinguishable mass, without form and void.

No living thing stirred on land or sea. Not a sound vibrated on the ear.

The solitary beholder of this sublime spectacle, Blundell, was not of a nature to view it with indifference.

It was at this midnight hour, when free from the observation of his companions, that he had of late sought, at times, to recall the feelings which had influenced him so powerfully a few months before.

The suspicion that he was no longer impressed as he had formerly been by the remembrance of the appalling scene, with which he had been wont to feed his imagination, had changed into a certainty. He had used it as the most potent means of exciting his fading energies into a fresh maintenance of the new life he desired to lead. It had palled at length, and every time he would have tried the effect anew, it had proved to be weaker.

So great had been the first shock, that by one mighty upheaval it had torn up the old life by the roots.

Then the empty heart, swept and garnished, remained vacant, with the door open. And now, alas! the banished spirit was on the watch, eager to regain his lost possession.

"It has been no fault of mine," and then followed the bitter cry, the amazing accusation of the man yielding up the mastery, "*It was God's fault who sent those men here!*"

The struggle was at an end; he was vanquished. Before he went to sleep, he softly undid the little window, picked up the rose, and let it float away upon the water.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

It is a dangerous thing to have your life written when you are dead and helpless, and can do nothing to protest against the judgment. Either your biographer will be partial, and so load you with panegyric that your wisest acts will look foolish, and the public will be tempted to hate you out of mere human contradictoriness, to break the monotony of praise; or else your biographer will be nobly impartial, picking out the holes in your coat, and kindly accounting for and explaining them by the follies of your parents, the wickedness of your family, or your own defective education and moral weakness. These are well-understood and often-practised arts; and it is a proof of the enormous interest we take in the records of humanity that neither pity nor justice interferes to prevent the habitual desecration of the homes and secrets of the dead. But if biography is thus dangerous, there is a still more fatal art, more radical in its operation, and infinitely more murderous, against which nothing can defend the predestined victim. This terrible instrument of self-murder is called autobiography; and no kind interpreter, no gentle critic, no effacing tear from any angel of the eternal records, can diminish its damning power. When a stranger hand lifts the curtain which shrouds every individual soul from its neighbours, and often from itself, we can always hope and believe that the revelations it makes may be more or less mistaken, that the stains it exhibits might disappear on closer inspection, and that the victim who is thus judged in his absence might

have had much to say for himself had he been present. But these reflections do not help us when it is a self-revelation upon which we look; for nobody can be so thoroughly acquainted with the pettinesses of character, the solemnities of self-importance, the unkind thoughts and harsh judgments which blemish the memory, as he or she whose personal peculiarities are in question. Nor is this all. The right of libelling himself is a right which cannot be taken from any human creature, living or dead; but a posthumous assault on his fellow-creatures is one of the worst and most cowardly, as it is the last sin of which a man is capable. Some dismal examples have been lately given to the world of the enduring rancour which could hoard up the records of past scandal, or the ill-natured gossip of the moment, to secure a far-off vengeance, and inflict wounds and do mischief without any fear of being called upon to answer for the consequences; and it is to be supposed that the cruel cowards who thus take shelter under the very shadow of death, and wing their arrows from behind the shield of the king of terrors, forget that in so doing they execute the most complete and sweeping judgment upon themselves. But it ought to be fully understood and acknowledged that there is no milder and more unpardonable social crime, especially when the persons thus assailed are picked out from the gentle obscurity of private life, and have neither public record nor well-known history to be brought forth in their favour; and worst of all when the assailant has all the

intimacy of family knowledge and that embittered recollection which tenacious memories preserve of petty wrong, to give point to the posthumous vengeance.

These observations have been forced upon us by the two volumes of Autobiography which have just been published under the name of Harriet Martineau. This is not the first portrait of herself which this distinguished writer has given to the world. In the end of last summer, at the time of her death, there appeared in the 'Daily News' a short account of her life, character, and works, which we were informed by an editorial note was from her own hand, and upon which the present writer had begun to found an estimate of Miss Martineau's life and labours, when we were stopped by the announcement that another longer and more detailed autobiography was—not only written, but printed, illustrated, and ready for immediate publication. The fact that a woman had thought it fit and becoming to leave her own account of herself in an editor's drawer for some twenty years, ready for the moment when death might overtake her, was of itself a curious evidence of the high weight she attached to it, and her anxiety to make the world aware of her own deliberate judgment upon her own character. But there was the quaint excuse for this that Miss Martineau had already described and estimated in the same columns of the 'Daily News' a great many important persons in her own generation, and that to her cool judgment and impartial mind it might seem natural that her own portrait should hang in the same gallery—an idea which many an able portrait-painter before her has carried out without any breach of modesty. And there was nothing in the concise biography of the 'Daily News'—which was entirely historical and descrip-

tive, and not even written in the first person—to offend the hearer, who might indeed smile at the serene sense of national importance with which the progress of her life was recorded, but who could scarcely complain of a self-estimate which was on the whole just enough, and claimed for Harriet Martineau no applause beyond that naturally belonging to talent and industry. The limited space prevented at once all undue detail of self-characterisation, and all that disadvantageous contrast of others with herself, which any extended sketch of society is likely to draw an autobiographer into. Had some kind fairy set fire benevolently to the piles of printed paper so easily disposed of in one stage, so indestructible in another, which have now at last made their way into the world, and are unhappily no longer within the reach of burning, the reputation of Miss Martineau would have settled down into that mellow glow of universal acceptance which lasts longer than more special crowns. We might not have known exactly why it was, but we should no less have acknowledged it as having become her property by possession and prescriptive right—which are better title-deeds than any other, at least in the temples of fame.

It takes a long time to reach to this calm of unquestioned, if not very distinctly understood honour; and Miss Martineau had passed like other people through many clouds and discouragements on the way. There can be no doubt that she was during her life, in the earlier portion of her career, as well abused as most political persons were in that lively and plain-spoken period. The difference between her and most other women who wrote, was, that her topics, even when treated under the disguise of what we must call fiction, we suppose, since her gener-

ation enthusiastically accepted it as such—were almost entirely of a political, or at least politico-philosophical, character; and accordingly, the same means then in vogue to bring down political opponents of all kinds, were used freely upon her. These means have fortunately for the moment gone out of fashion, and notwithstanding the recent creation of gossip-newspapers, will, we trust, continue out of fashion. It is no longer a matter of much value in criticism whether an author is deaf and a Unitarian, or orthodox and possessed of ears as keen as his who heard the grass growing. We cannot go the length of saying yet that it is immaterial whether the writer be man or woman, for on this point it must be allowed all critics are fallible, and there is no female writer existing who is not benevolently or contemptuously reminded of her sex, except, indeed, George Eliot, whose supremacy is characteristically acknowledged by the absence of this favourite accusation. In this respect Harriet Martineau fared a little worse than most people did in her day, as uniting in her own person the characteristic reproaches addressed habitually to literary women and those addressed habitually to political opponents. The conjunction produced some sharp and violent talk and many biting gibes; but, on the other hand, it was conjoined with, according to her own showing, a most superlative and extraordinary fame and influence, which ought to have neutralised the evil. Both had long ago dropped—or so at least it seemed to the younger generation—into dimness, if not into peaceable oblivion. Abuse dies early, and fame requires a more solid foundation than that upon which hers was based, to resist the wear and tear even of five-and-twenty years. And when she died, not yet a year ago, most

people were ready to recognise in Miss Martineau an eminent person, who had played a considerable part in her time, though it was beginning to be doubtful in what way she had been so eminent. That she had written much on philosophical and political subjects people were vaguely aware; and she had produced one clever book, 'Deerbrook,' and one little story more than clever, the 'Feats on the Fiord,' and had written many good newspaper biographies and other articles. These things were scarcely enough to account for the tradition of fame which hung about her; but most people have been born or at least have grown up, since the time when the Reviews snarled at the young lady who was a Malthusian, and angry politicians fought over her in abuse or in praise; and we were willing to be respectful and friendly to her memory without entering too closely into the foundation of our faith. For our own part, we avow, we were about to discuss her literary work calmly, on that level of honest mediocrity to which it seemed to belong, with no more notion that she was one of the greatest of national reformers and authorities—in a way the saviour of her country, the inspirer of laws and instructor of lawgivers—than we have of the undeveloped capacities for government of the child at our knee. Whether this was mere ignorance on our part, the reader has now full power of judging; and we will try to put the materials as well as we can before him. There is not one only, but two autobiographies to decide by: one, the concise record of the newspapers; the other, the diffusive narrative which fills two octavo volumes—the slow and gradual accumulation of her later years.

We scarcely remember any one who has taken so much trouble to set himself right with the world.

No literary person, poet or prose writer, of Miss Martineau's period, has had so much care for his or her reputation ; and even of the statesmen, only her favourite aversion, Lord Brougham, has taken any steps in his own person to make us aware what he thought of himself, and what of his contemporaries. The mass of human creatures, small and great, are content to leave themselves with no better appeal to recollection than the pathos of a tombstone, and no surer foundation than their own works, good or bad, at the mercy or to the kindness of their fellows. And this confidence in the justice, on the whole, of human nature, is not undeserved. Posterity, if severe, is often kind ; and so, notwithstanding all private spites and enmities, are a man's contemporaries. Even in the private retirement of the poor queen whom he had helped to wrong, there is found a Griffith to do justice to the fallen Wolsey. Death of itself does much by the mere fact of the isolation and separation it brings ; and with death comes gentle charity, indulgence, sometimes understanding and sympathy, such as the living were never able to gain.

But all these gentle influences are neutralised, when, almost before the echo of the living voice is over, we are startled by a postscriptal harangue from the tomb. The grave has all the worst qualities of the pulpit, heightened to almost an infinite degree, in so far as the difficulties of reply are increased : for whereas it may be possible to make the occupant of the latter hear reason when he descends from that point of vantage, or at least to let him know our mind on the subject, the inmate of the first is entirely beyond either conviction or compunction—the one irresponsible, unpunishable moral assailant whom neither complaint, nor protest, nor contra-

diction can touch, and even in whose favour a certain natural human prejudice is always enlisted. There is a natural presumption that what a dying man says must be true, which gives an indescribable sting to posthumous slander. What good could it do *them* to lie ? Their vengeance, if not righteous, is too diabolical to be consistent with our tremulous instinctive apprehension of them, as beings passed into a region where only truth can reign, and all subterfuges, and even defects of vision, must be done away with. Even the most heedless deathbed utterance takes a certain sacredness—and a letter from a dead hand becomes a supplementary testament, holy and binding to all persons of deep feeling. Posthumous books, however, it must be said, have not done much to keep up this good character of the dead. The sense of immunity from all reprisals—the knowledge that all ordinary bonds of affection, of gratitude, of courtesy, are, as it were, abrogated for the benefit of the writer, who can smile in anticipation at the tumult he will cause, while sure of never being brought to book for what he has said, never called upon to substantiate any accusation or account for any spiteful saying—seems often to inspire a malign pleasure ; and it is even possible that a distorted sense of the advantages of making known “the truth” may obscure the eyes, to all the baseness of confidence betrayed and injured reputation. That this should be the case even in respect to the home, doubly screened by the obscurity of private life and the lapse of time from public knowledge, which a writer may enhance his own character by traducing and exposing, is a wonderful and horrible thought ; yet we suppose it is not without precedent. Often enough the experiences of life steal from us our primitive belief in the

authorities which were infallible to our early years ; and the best of sons and daughters must often perceive the defects of their own education, even the mistakes made in their training—the little injustices and petty wrongs of the nursery, the hasty judgment, or perhaps too great severity, of father or mother—and by perceiving imply a gentle censure. Nothing can be more common than to record our tacit disapproval of the principles on which we were ourselves brought up, by a total change of system in respect to our children—to be by them reversed again in their day, in all probability, in proof of the fact that no human systems are infallible. But this natural sentiment may exist along with the most tender piety and loyalty to the home, which, at its least, is more to us, and at its worst, better than any strange place. When it leads to the desecration of that home, and the holding up of the chief figure in it to deliberate blame and insult, what can any one say ? The writer who does this in the safety of declining years, going back over half a century to impress upon our minds an unfavourable estimate of her mother, revolts us by the very key-note thus struck with determined iteration, as the first thing to be insisted upon in the account of her life. That this could be no fault of accident or inadvertence is clearly apparent by the importance which Miss Martineau attached to her autobiography. “From my youth upward,” she says, “I have felt that it was one of the duties of my life to write my autobiography:” and she adds, “for thirteen or fourteen years it has been more or less a weight on my mind that the thing was not done.” It was thus with the determination of setting herself right in every respect from her childhood up, that this book was written ; and the

writer brooded over it for the last twenty years of her life ; there can be little doubt, in such a case, that everything said was fully meant.

The tone of the autobiography is all the more remarkable in this respect, from the moderation and good sense of the biographies published by Miss Martineau in her lifetime, and concluding with the article upon herself, which, written in 1855, was published only six months ago. In these sketches there is a prevailing sobriety and justice, an absence of rancour even in respect to those whom she might reasonably have considered her enemies, which is worthy of all praise, and which is admirably carried out in the curiously honest self-estimate which concludes them. All is straightforward, moderate, modest, and sensible in those brief histories, spoken as it were face to face with her audience in the light of day. But the very atmosphere is changed when we get to the detailed and elaborate narrative written in her seclusion, in her weakness, when the clouds were already shadowing over her, and which was not intended to be made public until she had, as she believed, entirely ceased and been made an end of, at once and for ever.

The first scene brings before us the morbid sense of wrong and unreal misery of a child *incomprise*—an unhappy little being, to whom every rebuff was tragical, and who feels herself to have been bitterly oppressed by the “taking down” system, the hardness of her parents, the gibes of elder brothers and sisters. “My temper might have been made a thoroughly good one,” she says, “by the slightest regard shown to my natural affections, and any rational dealing with my faults ; but I was almost the youngest of a large family, and subject not only to the rule of

severity to which all were liable, but also to the rough and contemptuous treatment of the elder children, who meant no harm, but injured me irreparably." "Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house," she goes on to say. "The duties preached were those of inferiors to superiors; while the *per contra* was not insisted upon with any equality of treatment at all. Parents were to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and to pay servants due wages; but not a word was ever preached about the justice due from the stronger to the weaker. I used to thirst to hear some notice of the oppression which servants and children had (as I supposed universally) to endure in respect to their feelings, while duly clothed, fed, and taught." "One of my chief miseries," she continues, "was being sent with insulting messages to the maids—e.g., to bid them not to be so like cart-horses overhead, and the like. On the one hand, it was a fearful sin to alter a message; and on the other, it was impossible to give such a one as that." These were the kind of distresses which made her "usually very unhappy," often planning suicide, never passing a day without crying. Miss Martineau's imagination, however, was not lively enough to make her aware that imaginative children are full of such wretchedness, even without any particular sin on the part of their fathers and mothers. Here is rather a horrible picture—yet not so horrible as it looks—of the little, lonely, miserable creature, who was not so much petted and taken notice of as she believed her merits to require:—

"Now and then I desperately poured forth my complaints; but, in general, I brooded over my injuries, and those of others who dared not speak, and then the temptation to suicide was very

strong. No doubt there was much vindictiveness in it. I gloated over the thought that I would make somebody care about me in some sort of way at last; and as to my reception in the other world, I felt sure that God would not be very angry with me for making haste to Him when nobody else cared for me, and so many people plagued me."

This sounds very serious and terrible as reported by a mature woman with great gravity fifty years or so after; but which of us does not remember that half-wretched, half-delightful sense of injury, and the tragic innocent idea of "making somebody care about me in some sort of way at last"—rousing the whole house into excitement and anxiety about that one small, at present much misunderstood and unconsidered member of it, whom then *they* would finally discover to have been, not a naughty child, but a great hero or heroine, and for whom everybody would weep ever after with remorse and passion? What a constriction of delicious anguish would come into our innocent bosom, what a sob of satisfaction move our throat, at thought of the flowers to be put on our grave, and the everlasting first place to be accorded to us ever after! That Miss Martineau should have made the curious mistake of supposing this mood, so common to the fanciful child, to have belonged to herself alone—to have been caused by the injustice or cruelty of her family—and to have been worthy of solemn note so long after, and still more solemn, not to say bitter censure of her nearest relations,—is a curious token of the limitation and ungraciousness of her imagination. Most of us, after we are full-grown, laugh at the tragical little humbug with its innocent complacency and profound unconscious self-importance, which was *ourselves*. It must be added, that whenever

the picture expands a little, and we are permitted to see the homely house in Norwich in which this child brooded and felt herself misunderstood, these good Martineaus seem very kindly sort of people, caressing their sulky little Harriet out of her troubles, and taking her complaints of their partiality with much greater patience than many parents would have done. They "exercised every kind of self-denial to bring us up qualified to take care of ourselves," their daughter admits; "they pinched themselves in luxuries to provide their girls as well as their boys with masters and schooling;" and they gave to both a thoroughly good education, training the girls not only in the old-fashioned way of domestic usefulness, but with a classic foundation of Latin for their English,—a plan which is supposed to be an innovation of the present day, but is in reality as old as English society in its best development. This being the case, the persistent attack made upon these good parents, especially the mother, which is carried on into the more serious records of maturer life, is especially painful. "To one person I was habitually untruthful from fear," says this unkind and thankless child. "To my mother I would in my childhood assert or deny anything that would bring me through most easily. . . . When I left home all temptation to untruth ceased." A more cruel accusation against a person unable to defend herself could not be. "I knew thee that thou wert an austere man, . . . therefore I was afraid." The reader is not apt to sympathise in this case with the ungenerous churl who makes the statement, but with the master whose higher purpose is thus balked. A page or two further on Miss Martineau allows herself to

have been "deeply and effectually moved by my mother's consideration for my feelings;" but this does not operate upon her mind in the way of altering the cruel and persistent indictment. Many years later, after an appearance of the kindest union and sympathy between the mother and grown-up daughter, when Mrs Martineau joined Harriet in London, the old opposition comes out under a new form, and we are given to understand that the mother was jealous of her child's eminence. "To pass it over as lightly as possible," says Miss Martineau, "my mother, who loved power and had always been in the habit of exercising it, was hurt at confidence reposed in me, and distinctions shown, and visits paid to me; and I, with every desire to be passive, and being in fact wholly passive in the matter, was kept in a state of constant agitation at the influx of distinctions which I never sought, and which it was impossible to impart." If this were true to the strictest letter, it would not in the least diminish the offence against good taste, as well as against all family loyalty and the needful and graceful restraints of private life, which every right-thinking person must find in it. Nor is this all; the autobiographer has done a still greater wrong by leaving such a suggestion to the vulgar hand of her American editress, who pounces upon so delightful a piece of personality, and adds her own rude daub of the domineering mother, to add effect to the ludicrous picture of the great authoress, with which she has favoured the reader. Perhaps Mrs Chapman may be allowed to be revenge enough for Mrs Martineau. For our serious judgment upon a woman who, for good or evil, certainly occupied a large place in the public estimation, evaporates

in disgust or laughter, when we come to the *résumé* of the third volume, in which Miss Martineau's chosen literary executrix exerts all her powers, with the finest effect, to make Miss Martineau absurd. But what can be thought of the daughter who leaves it within the power of so foolish a commentator as Mrs Chapman to insult and outrage the memory of her own mother? It is time that the abominable practice of magnifying notable persons by abuse of all their nearest relations should be treated as it deserves. We can forgive Miss Martineau many chapters in her life which evoked public criticism, sooner than we can forgive her this unfavourable representation and exposure of her home. But Mrs Chapman is poetic justice embodied; and if unkindness to one's mother were always to be punished by judicial blindness in the choice of one's representative, as in the present case, we cannot but allow that all the ends of justice would be attained.

There are features, however, in the gloomy, ill-tempered, and self-absorbed girl, which soften the heart of the reader towards her. Her adoration of the children who come after her in the household, atones for her jealousy and doubt of those who came before. When she pinches "James's pink toes" to wake him, and drags the baby out of his crib to show to him that early glory of the summer morning when all the world is asleep, which is so entrancing to a child; and finds "a new life" in her little sister, the darkness seems to clear away from the hitherto morbid picture. "When I first saw her, it was as she was lifted out of her crib at a fortnight old, asleep, to be shown to my late hostess who had brought Rachel and me home. The passionate fondness I felt for her from that moment has been unlike

anything else I have felt in life—though I have made idols of not a few nephews and nieces," she tells us, looking back, after "our close friendship of forty years," with affection undiminished. "When I am among little children, it frightens me to think what my idolatry of my own children would have been," she says, suddenly, with startling vehemence and the simplicity of real feeling, notwithstanding that she was a supporter of Mr Malthus, and got into trouble enough afterwards on that account. These words soften our idea of the woman who, being a born lecturer and politician, was less distinctively affected by sex than perhaps any other, male or female, of her generation. Yet she adored babies, and loved needlework,—than which no two tastes can be more feminine. And it would perhaps be difficult to overestimate the external disadvantages of a plain girl, without any apparent attractiveness, growing deaf, and conscious of no special power to please. "She was grave, and laughed more rarely than any young person I ever knew," says a school friend, describing her as she appeared at sixteen. "Her face was plain, and (you will scarcely believe it) she had no light in the countenance, no expression, to redeem the features. Her low brow and rather large under lip increased the effect of her natural seriousness of look, and did her much injustice. I used to be asked occasionally, 'What has offended Harriet?' I, who understood her, used to answer, 'Nothing: she is not offended; it is only her look.'" Miss Martineau herself adds, "When I left Bristol I was as pale as a ghost, and as thin as possible, and still very frowning and repulsive-looking." This fact is not without interest as affecting both her character and habits of thought.

The prejudices of life and of literature are, no doubt, in favour of pretty persons ; but the effect upon the mind of this consciousness of the absence of beauty is worth consideration too.

Miss Martineau had the great fundamental misfortune of being brought up a Unitarian. By nature and circumstance religion was her great refuge at this period of her life, the only thing which could give her any effectual support amid all the discouragements of her gloomy temper, and sense of cruelty and injustice surrounding her ; but she was too clear-headed not to be early awakened to the absence of any mystic sanction or inherent sacredness in what she was trained to believe. The logical mistake common to her sect of "appropriating all the Christian promises without troubling themselves with the clearly specified condition of faith in Christ as a Redeemer," became, she tells us, very soon clear to her. Of the mode of argument commonly used by her early teachers she gives the following striking example : "One evening," she says, "I was in the parlour, when our Unitarian minister, Mr Madge, was convicting of error (and what he called idiocy) an orthodox schoolmaster. 'Look here,' said Mr Madge, seizing three wine-glasses and placing them in a row ; 'here is the Father, here the Son, and here the Holy Ghost. Do you mean to tell me that these three glasses can in any case be one ? 'Tis mere nonsense.' And so were we children taught that it was mere nonsense." Another point upon which she remarks is "the practice, necessarily universal among

Unitarians, of taking any liberties they please with the revelation they profess to receive." This opened the doors to all after-changes ; but at first, in her imperfect and unhappy youth, religion was everything to her. It was her refuge from herself and all the evils round her. She took notes of sermons, and attended Bible classes, and studied Scriptural illustrations, and Eastern life, like the most pious of evangelical maidens. She made herself a little paper book, in which she wrote down "Scripture instructions under the heads of the virtues and vices, to have encouragement or rebuke always ready at hand, while she was still a child ;" and when her mind turned to authorship, it was entirely in the religious vein. There is a pretty account of her first publication, which, by way of bringing the reader once more into charity with the sulky, deafish, ugly girl, all throbbing with pains and dormant capabilities, we may quote here. The idol of her youth was her younger brother James, between whom and herself there was destined to be a great gulf afterwards, but to whom in her young days she was devoted with all a sister's adoring faith and admiration. His return to college after the vacation made Harriet miserable ; and to console herself she began to write, as he had advised. The subject she chose was an odd one, yet quite likely to take the fancy of a girl brought up in a little Dissenting community. It was, "Female writers on practical divinity."* Half alarmed, half contemptuous of herself as attempting something much too great for her, she sent this production to the

* Mrs Chapman's note on this early religious composition is too delightful to be omitted : "With her fervent religious feelings," says the American lady, "there was a moment at this period, such as sends a gifted young Catholic devotee to the cloister to become a lady-abbess, and bids a young man of similar genius become a bishop !"

'Monthly Repository,' a little Unitarian magazine, the organ of the sect. The next number was sent in "before service-time on a Sunday morning."

"My heart may have been beating when I laid hands on it; but it thumped prodigiously when I saw my article there, and in the notices to correspondents a request to hear more from V. of Norwich. There is certainly something entirely peculiar in the sensation of seeing one's self in print for the first time—the lines burn themselves in upon the brain in a way of which black ink is incapable in any other mode. So I felt that day when I went about with my secret. I have said what my eldest brother was to us, in what reverence we held him. He was just married, and he and his bride asked me to return from chapel with them to tea. After tea he said, 'Come now, we have had plenty of talk; I will read you something'; and he held out his hand for the new 'Repository.' After glancing at it, he exclaimed, 'They have got a new hand here. Listen.' After a paragraph, he repeated, 'Ah! this is a new hand: they have had nothing so good as this for a long while.' (It would be impossible to convey to any who do not know the 'Monthly Repository' of that day how very small a compliment this was.) I was silent, of course. At the end of the first column he exclaimed about the style, looking at me in some wonder at my being as still as a mouse. Next (and well I remember his tone and thrill to it still) his words were—'What a fine sentence that is! Why, do you not think so?' I mumbled out sillily enough that it did not seem anything particular. 'Then,' said he, 'you were not listening; I will read it again. There now!' As he still got nothing out of me, he turned round upon me, as we sat side by side on the sofa, with 'Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before.' I replied, in utter confusion, 'I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine.' He made no reply; read on in silence, and spoke no more till I was on my feet to go away. He

then laid his hand on my shoulder and said gravely (calling me 'dear' for the first time), 'Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this.' I went home in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes."

This is a pretty story enough, with the pleasant atmosphere of family life in it. After this she wrote a volume of 'Devotional Exercises,' not a kind of composition in which a mind like hers might be supposed likely to excel; and then came to a pause apparently, being overtaken by that rush of life which now and then swells the calm tide of family affairs. Misfortune came, and death. Her elder brother above referred to went to Madeira to die; and there is a touching page about his departure—the manner in which the newly-born baby kept up a kind of forlorn courage in the household which was parting with the child's father for ever. "I was the last who held the dear baby, even to the moment of his being put into the carriage," she says; and the child, too, never came back. Then the elder Mr Martineau, Harriet's father, died, leaving them in reduced circumstances; and then, crown of all the sufferings thus crushed into one brief space, her betrothed lover "became suddenly insane, and after months of illness of body and mind, died." So briefly is the incident, to which we are apt to give the chief place in early life, recorded; and it can scarcely be supposed that there was any very profound feeling involved, at least on the lady's side. "I dared not refuse, because I saw it would be his death-blow," she says. "I have never since been tempted, nor have suffered anything at all in relation to that matter which is

held to be all-important to women—love and marriage—nothing, I mean, beyond occasional annoyances, presently disposed of. Every literary woman, no doubt, has plenty of importunity of that sort to deal with." This last sentence will perplex the general mind, which has not, we fear, come to look upon literature, at least on the woman's side, as a great inducement to matrimony. But, of course, Miss Martineau ought to know.

The romance of life being thus summarily disposed of, the heroic period soon ensues. Mr Martineau had suffered greatly in the commercial crisis of 1826; and his daughters were, contrary to his hopes, left dependent upon their own exertions. The natural resource of teaching, or even of needlework, was thought of instantly; and one of them at least seems to have taken up the former universal trade. Harriet's occupation seemed plain enough before her; but some objections very naturally raised by her mother against her going to London alone, under the idea that literature could only be profitably pursued there, are represented by Miss Martineau herself as tyrannical interference, and construed by Mrs Chapman into a decision "that her daughter's hopes of a literary career should be crushed." The next enterprise in which we find her engaged, is probably the most strange that ever occupied a person of talent or commenced a considerable career. The Unitarian body, not generally much given to proselytising, suddenly offered prizes for three essays "by which Unitarianism was to be presented to the notice of Catholics, Jews, and Mahomedans." It seems almost impossible to think of any scheme so solemnly grotesque issuing from a sect so calm, genteel,

and cultivated; but such was the case. "The prizes were ten guineas for the Catholic, fifteen for the Jewish, and twenty for the Mahomedan essay;" the value rising in proportion to the difficulty of the work. Harriet competed for all three, and won them in succession one after the other. In one of her letters to her mother she gives an account of a meeting, the May meeting of the Unitarian body, in which the quaint excitement of the little community all aglow with its fit of missionary energy is made curiously apparent. A certain Rammohun Roy, a Hindoo convert, shared the honours of this assembly with Miss Harriet Martineau of Norwich; and she writes of him with all the gentle enthusiasm appropriate to the time and occasion. "His upward look, the meek expression of his countenance, his majestic bending figure, and the peculiarities of his costume and complexion, made it such a picture as I shall never again behold." All this is amusing enough when we think of the after life and work of this young lady, modestly hearing her own distinctions celebrated, in the midst of her sect. Another convert, a Catholic priest, who had "nobly renounced his office and avowed himself a Unitarian," though he had only five pounds in the world, fills her with equal enthusiasm. This outburst of zeal, however, was the last. "I had already ceased to be a Unitarian in the technical sense," she tells us, though she was their chosen expositor. If the essays were published, we are not informed; but Miss Martineau herself does not hesitate to say, that "if either Mahomedans or Jews have ever been converted by them, such converts can hardly be rational enough to be worth having." Altogether this is as amusing a chapter as could be imagined, and rather more unlike nature than any one could

venture to imagine in the history of so sober a sect.

Miss Martineau was now on the verge of her great effort. A year or two before the period of the missionary essays, Mrs Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy' had fallen into her hands. This set her brain working, and she immediately determined to embody the principles of the science which formally she was little acquainted with, yet which already gave their favourite direction to her thoughts, in a series of stories. "I mentioned my notion," she tells us, "when we were sitting at work one bright afternoon at home. Brother James nodded assent; my mother said, 'Do it;' and we went to tea unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner." This is the first intimation we have of "the great thing" which Mrs Chapman announces in a much more splendid manner. England was in a very bad way at this time, the American lady tells us. "The condition of the country was terrible to think of. There were twenty-five millions of people shut up to starve in the small area of the British Isles, exhausted by war, and taxed to the war point. . . . They were dying for want of bread, while hindered alike from producing and importing grain, as well as from going to live where it grew." (We were not aware that there had been any laws against emigration, or against the production of grain in England; but that was our ignorance, no doubt.) "Men in power saw no cure but in killing," Mrs Chapman adds. "The hangman had a fearful work to do." The gallows and the bayonet were the chief weapons of Government; Government itself was considered a curse; and all the departments were at their wits' end. "In such a crisis it was," says our instructor,

"that Harriet Martineau set herself to consider the Crisis." The country was perishing visibly before the eyes of a much-interested world; when lo! on that bright afternoon, over the needlework, brother James nodded assent, the mother said "Do it," and before the tea was poured out England's salvation was secured, and the great thing as good as done.

This was in the year 1831. It would require more labour than the subject is worthy of to go back upon the daily records of the time, and ascertain beyond question, as no doubt might be done, the real effect of the little books which were the produce of the "great" plan thus made up; but it is very wonderful and incredible that they should have had the results recorded here. They have fallen out of knowledge altogether by this time, and are to the present generation as if they had never existed. To ourselves, we confess, they read now like Sunday-school stories twisted aside out of the religious channel, and made to teach political instead of spiritual doctrine. They are framed on the broadest elementary principles, as simple as Hogarth's *Idle Apprentice*—the good people doing well, and the naughty people doing badly—and life reduced to a geometrical diagram, the easiest and most commonplace affair in the world. We can remember nothing that is even objectionable in the simple-minded but rigidly-constructed tale, which is supposed to have set all England by the ears on the Malthusian question. If England was set by the ears so easily, and excited out of her propriety by such simple means, how much stronger in digestion, and more tranquil in temper, must England have become since then! We read with amazement of the commotion of society—the agitation in the highest circles

—the statesmen who crowded to Harriet's humble lodging to ask her advice and adopt her suggestions, as well as to request her support. Could all this be true, we ask ourselves with amazement? And it is not to be believed that it was other than true, more or less. Miss Martineau might unconsciously exaggerate—she might unawares add a little, as is natural enough, to the glory of her own success. She might take in solemn earnest a question asked half in joke, half in compliment; but she could not altogether deceive herself on the broader question: and the fact is evident that she did gain for herself an important, and indeed exceptional, position in society—a position more distinct and certain than the best that is attained by writers much surpassing her in genius—all on account of these little Sunday-school stories. The only explanation of this astonishing fact that we can attain to is, that they suited, or were supposed to suit, a want of the time. Didactic fiction seldom recommends itself to educated readers, but it is almost always popular with the simple-minded; and these tales were a kind of “reading made easy” of that social science which had begun to take hold upon the popular mind, and to claim an occult power of controlling the tides of human action, though nobody quite knew how. To tell the why and wherefore, to show that non-producers were useless in the early stages of society, and not much good at any time; that industry and thrift were the most potent of all forces in the regulation of family affairs, but that even prosperity would not tempt any one to overestimate the hopes of the future; that machinery was no evil, but the destruction of it a great one;—all these cut-and-dry lessons were, it is to be supposed, desired by the public in a portable and easily-

managed form. We confess that this is to ourselves a weak and lame explanation of so great a success; but we have no other to offer: and though much higher pretensions are set forth in the *Autobiography* now in our hands, the account given in the smaller autobiography of the ‘Daily News,’ which is so much more sensible and dignified than the expanded record, is entirely in agreement with our view. “The original idea of exhibiting the great natural laws of society by a series of pictures of selected social action,” says Miss Martineau, “was a fortunate one; and her tales initiated a multitude of minds into the conception of what political economy is, and of how it concerns everybody living in society. Beyond this, there is no merit of a high order in the work.”

This is simply true, and it says much for the judgment and excellent sense of the author, as well as for her candour and humility, that she shows herself so well able to estimate her own work at its right value. So discriminating and modest a statement, indeed, might well neutralise the more vaporous assertions of the present volumes, which are neither so modest nor so sensible. The *Political Economy Tales* went on for about two years; and though the interest has gone out of them, the struggles of the young author, unknown and unfriended as she was, with nothing to help her but her own stout heart, and unfailing resolution, and confidence in her project, form a chapter in literature much more interesting than a dozen mediocre stories like *Ella of Garveloch*. From the time when the “great thing was done” between dinner and tea, the mind of Harriet Martineau had been possessed by it. If the story is told with a certain solemnity, and the project announced as if no such serious enterprise

had ever occurred to any one before, it must be recollected that in most undertakings of the kind the author is insensibly led into his work, and is not called upon to invent at once the work, and the need for it, and the means of publication altogether, which was the case in this. A series of magazine articles, or the successive numbers of a serial story, involve perhaps as much risk, at least of a literary kind, and quite as much labour, as the undertaking of Miss Martineau; but no one thinks of leaping suddenly upon an unprepared public in the monthly numbers which only the most popular of authors, even in our own days, dare venture upon. And here was a young woman quite unknown who insisted upon trying it. No wonder that London publishers shrank and trembled at the bold suggestion, and she herself felt through and through the gravity and risk of the undertaking. "I was resolved that the thing should be done. The people wanted the book, and they should have it. I staked my all upon this project. I strengthened myself in certain resolutions, from which I promised myself no power on earth should draw me away." This is how she speaks of her beginning. And publisher after publisher declined the risk. If England was not quite, as according to Mrs Chapman, on the eve of destruction, and waiting for her saviour, yet men's minds were very much occupied by the Reform Bill and cholera, two great subjects of popular commotion, and nobody seemed to have any leisure for Miss Martineau. She wrote to one after another, "stifled my sighs, swallowed my tears," and persevered with indomitable resolution. At last Mr Fox, the editor of that little Unitarian Monthly Repository, to which Harriet had given a great deal of unremunerated work, suggested a possibility of publica-

tion; and the eager young woman, getting with some difficulty her mother's consent to her sudden journey to London, started by the early coach to look after it. She had fortunately a home to go to in the house of a cousin, "a great Brewery house;" and here arriving suddenly, she found the family on the eve of a temporary absence, but was almost relieved to find herself alone for the last struggle.

"My first step on Monday was seeing the publisher mentioned by Mr Fox. He shook his head. . . . I need not detail, even if I could remember, the many applications I made in the next few days. Suffice it that they were all unsuccessful, and for the same alleged reasons. Day after day I came home weary with disappointment, and with trudging many miles through the clay of the streets, and through the fog of the gloomiest December I ever saw. I came home only to work, for I must be ready with two first numbers, in case of a publisher turning up any day. All the while, too, I was as determined as ever that my scheme should be fulfilled. Night after night the brewery clock struck twelve while the pen was still pushing on in my trembling hand. I had promised to take one day's rest, and dine and sleep at the Foxes'. Then, for the first time I gave way, in spite of all my efforts. Some trifle having touched my feelings before saying good-night, the sluices burst open, and I cried all night. In the morning Mr Fox looked at me with great concern, stepped into the next room, and brought a folded paper to the breakfast-table, saying, 'Don't read this now. I can't bear it. These are what may be called terms from my brother' (a young bookseller who did not pretend to have any business at that time). 'I do not ask you even to consider them; but they will enable you to tell publishers that you hold in your hand terms offered by a publisher, and this may at least procure attention to your scheme.' These were, to the subsequent regret of half a score of publishers, the terms on which my book was issued at last."

These terms, however, proved most unsatisfactory, requiring a subscription, which was very disagreeable to the author, and exacting many other conditions painful to her; but finally she had to yield, nothing else being practicable. Here is the conclusion of the struggle:—

“I set out to walk the four miles and a half to the brewery. I could not afford to ride, more or less; but, weary already, I now felt almost too ill to walk at all. On the road, not far from Shoreditch, I became too giddy to stand without support; and I leaned over some dirty palings, pretending to look at a cabbage-bed, but saying to myself, as I stood with closed eyes, ‘My book will do yet.’ I moved on as soon as I could, apprehending that the passers-by took me to be drunk; but the pavement swam before my eyes, so that I was glad to get to the Brewery. I tried to eat some dinner; but the vast rooms, the plate, and the liveried servant, were too touching a contrast to my present condition, and I was glad to go to work to drown my disappointment in a flow of ideas. Perhaps the piece of work that I did may show that I succeeded. I wrote the preface to my ‘Illustrations of Political Economy,’ that evening; and I hardly think that any one would discover from it that I had that day sunk to the lowest point of discouragement about my scheme. At eleven o’clock I sent the servants to bed. I finished the preface just after the brewery clock had struck two. I was chilly and hungry: the lamp burned low and the fire was small. I knew it would not do to go to bed to dream over again the bitter disappointment of the morning. I began now, at last, to doubt whether my work would ever see the light. I thought of the multitudes who needed it—and especially of the poor—to assist them in managing their own welfare. I thought, too, of my own conscious power of doing this very thing. Here was the thing wanting to be done, and I wanting to do it; and the one person who had seemed best to understand the whole affair, now urged me to give up either the whole

scheme, or, what was worse, its main principle! It was an inferior consideration, but still no small matter to me, that I had no hope or prospect of usefulness or independence if this project failed; and I did not feel that night that I could put my heart into any that might arise. As the fire crumbled, I put it together till nothing but dust and ashes remained; and when the lamp went out I lighted the chamber candle: but at last it was necessary to go to bed; and at four o’clock I went, after crying for two hours with my feet on the fender. I cried in bed till six, when I fell asleep; but I was at the breakfast-table by half-past eight, and ready for the work of the day.”

There is nothing in all the stories which, in the twinkling of an eye, made this stout-hearted young woman a prosperous and popular writer, which is half so interesting as this plain but touching narrative.

The first edition consisted of fifteen hundred copies; and came into the world gloomily, only some three hundred being subscribed. The publisher wrote “always gloomily, sometimes rudely,” with the parcel of proofs, which arrived weekly (there was no penny post in those days), and the prospects were discouraging enough.

“To the best of my recollection I waited ten days from the day of publication before I had another line from the publisher. My mother, judging from his ill-humour, inferred that he had good news to tell; whereas I supposed the contrary. My mother was right; and I could now be amused at his last attempts to be discouraging in the midst of splendid success. At the end of those ten days he sent with his letter a copy of my first number, desiring me to make with all speed any corrections I might wish to make, as he had scarcely any copies left. He added that the demand led him to propose that we should now print two thousand. A postscript informed me that since he wrote the above he had found we should want three thousand. A second postscript proposed four

thousand, and a third five thousand. The letter was worth having, now it had come. There was immense relief in this; but I remember nothing like intoxication—like any painful reaction whatever. I remember walking up and down the grass-plot in the garden (I think it was on the 10th of February) feeling that my cares were over. And so they were. From that hour I have never had any other anxiety about employment than what to choose, nor any real care about money. . . . The entire periodical press—daily, weekly, and as soon as possible, monthly—came out in my favour, and I was overwhelmed with newspapers and letters containing every sort of flattery. The Diffusion Society wanted to have the series now; and Mr Hume offered, on behalf of a new Society of which he was the head, any price I would name for the purchase of the whole. I cannot precisely answer for the date of these and other applications, the meanest of which I should have clutched at a few weeks before. Members of Parliament sent down Blue-books through the post-office, to the astonishment of the postmaster, who one day sent word that I must send for my own share of the mail, for it could not be carried without a barrow—an announcement which, spreading in the town, caused me to be stared at in the streets. Thus began that sort of experience. Half the hobbies of the House of Commons, and numberless notions of individuals, anonymous and other, were commended to me for treatment in my series, with which some of them had no more to do than geometry or the atomic theory."

The success thus attained necessitated the removal to London, which Miss Martineau had so long desired, and which for the time she seems to have supposed imperative for her work, though she afterwards found that even the career of a journalist might be well enough followed out in the depths of Westmoreland. However, to London she went, living for nearly a year alone in lodgings, a young woman of thirty, with her ear-trumpet, shy, grave, and indomitable, in all the simpli-

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city of a lodging in Conduit Street, up two pair of stairs. "I became the fashion," she says, "and I might have been the lion of several seasons if I had chosen to permit it." As it was, she entered a great deal into society; and her account of the manner in which she was oppressed by invitations and admiring friends, specially as described in the article on 'Literary Lionism,' which is reprinted in the appendix, will be amusing and amazing to many quiet literary persons of the present day, who know that the world is very willing to let authors follow their occupation in as much obscurity as if they were carpenters or ploughmen. Great fortune, however, came to the young lady from Norwich, who naturally, finding that everybody round proclaimed and celebrated the importance of her work, did so too, as it would have been very singular if she had not. The amount of the labour involved she speaks of as enormous—so great as to keep her always aware "of the strong probability that my life would end as the lives of hard literary workers usually end—in paralysis, with months or years of imbecility;" but she adds, with a calm complacency of self-esteem, mingled with the conscious rectitude of duty, "I could not have written a volume the less if I had foreknown that, at a certain future day and hour, I should be struck down like Scott and Southey." Happily the little stories illustrative of Political Economy did not quite represent the same strain of misfortune and heroic toil as filled the last years of Sir Walter, and made them tragical; and many a "hard literary worker" will smile at these tremendous prognostications. Somebody informed her that "no author or authoress was free from the habit of taking some pernicious stimulant

—either strong green tea or strong coffee at night, or wine, or spirits, or laudanum. The amount of opium taken to relieve the wear and tear of authorship was, he said, greater than most people had any conception of—and *all* literary workers took something." With such an assurance (how completely unfounded it is not necessary to say), Miss Martineau contrasts her own stimulants of "fresh air and cold water" with much satisfaction; but informs us that a physician advised her to keep, like Mrs Gamp, a bottle on the chimney-piece, to which she might put her lips when necessary. The refreshment was to be hock, indeed, instead of the stronger cordial which kept Mrs Gamp comfortable.

All these snares, however, Harriet successfully resisted. Never was such a busy or such a courted woman. Society besieged her on every side. Some fine person or other sent a carriage for her to take her out to dinner, and to a party or two afterwards, every evening. Great and small contended for the honour of breathing a word into the flexible tube of her ear-trumpet, though this was a process which made even statesmen nervous. She sat for five portraits in the year and half before she went to America. Great and small asked her advice in matters both private and public. Her correspondence "threatened to become infinite." And while all this was going on to exalt her to the skies, the powers of darkness were moved on the other hand to crush this prophetess, whose beneficent work was throwing too much light upon the strongholds of ignorance. Messrs Croker and Lockhart put their heads together to crush her in the 'Quarterly Review,' the latter gentleman, we are told, having vowed to "destroy Miss Martineau." All these great

things are as completely over and gone as if they had happened in the ninth instead of the nineteenth century. We receive the narrative, both of the glory and the opposition, with a certain respectful awe, yet with a sigh of envy. Nobody nowadays mobs the professors of literature when they take their walks abroad, follows them reverentially, listens to them humbly, takes their portraits. We are not subject to be conspired against by one great Review, and defended by the other. Society does not echo with our names. We are permitted to live just as we like, and nobody minds. What a falling off is here! and why were we not born in those better days? The climax of all this fame and splendour is in the following extraordinary story, which we cannot but accept as somehow or other true, since Miss Martineau says it, though almost too wonderful to be believed. She was about publishing those of her *Tales* which were intended as "*Illustrations of Taxation*."

"Just at this time Mr Drummond called upon me with a private message from Lords Grey and Althorp, to ask whether it would suit my purpose to treat of tithes at once instead of later, the reason for such inquiry being quite at my service. As the principles of taxation involve no inexorable order like those of political economy at large, I had no objection to take any topic first which might be most useful. When I had said so, Mr Drummond explained that a tithe measure was prepared by the Cabinet, which Ministers would like to have introduced to the people by my number on the subject before they themselves introduced it into Parliament. Of course this proceeded on the supposition that the measure would be approved by me. Mr Drummond said he would bring the document on my promising that no eye but my own should see it, and that I would not speak of the affair till it was settled; and especially not to any member of any of the Royal Commissions, then

so fashionable. It was a thing unheard of, Mr Drummond said, to commit any Cabinet measure to the knowledge of anybody out of the Cabinet before it was offered to Parliament. Finally, the secretary intimated that Lord Althorp *would be obliged by any suggestion in regard to the principles and methods of taxation.*

"Mr Drummond had not been gone five minutes before the chairman of the Excise Commission called to ask in the name of the Commissioners whether it would suit my purpose to write immediately on the excise, offering on the part of Lord Congleton (then Sir Henry Parnell) and others to supply me with the most extraordinary materials, by my exhibition of which the people might be enlightened and prepared on the subject before it should be brought forward in Parliament. The chairman, Mr Henry Wickham, required a promise that no eye but my own should see the evidence; and that the secret should be kept with especial care from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his secretary, as it was a thing unheard of that any party unconcerned should be made acquainted with this evidence before it reached the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I could hardly help laughing in his face, and wondered what would have happened if he and Mr Drummond had met on the steps, as they very nearly did. Of course I was glad of the information offered, but I took leave to make my own choice among the materials lent."

Thus two departments of the imperial government appealed to Miss Martineau's aid and counsel on the same day, for the highest purposes of legislation. Such a story was probably never told before, or such an honour paid to a purely literary person, not to say a woman. But whether it is most wonderful as a tribute to her unrivalled powers, or the strangest demonstration of legislative weakness and confusion of mind, we could not venture to pronounce. In either case, a more startling incident could not be.

We may conclude the splendid

period of Miss Martineau's life with this incomparable honour. If Lord Althorp's political adversaries twitted him afterwards with acting on the advice "of a young lady in Fludyer Street," the accusation apparently was not undeserved. How it was after this profoundest flattery that Miss Martineau should have so thoroughly hated the Whigs, it is hard to say. Certainly it was an odd way of showing their talent for government, but such deference for her opinion ought to have pleased her at least. Her series, the occasion of all this greatness, lasted for two years, and never lost its popularity. The supplementary numbers on the Corn Laws, &c., do not seem to have had the same success; but nothing impaired the popularity of the first series. There were some twenty-eight in all, and she made, she tells us, about two thousand pounds by them—a remuneration which does not seem great considering the excitement they caused; but she was very determined at all times that her work was not to be done for money, but more or less for love, by a spontaneous impulse. When the two years were over, her health began to break down, and her household life does not seem to have been successful, whether the fault was hers or that of the mother and aunt, whom she describes somewhat uncereemoniously as her "two old ladies." One would have supposed that the protection of their presence alone would have been an apparent advantage to the sensible young woman; but the freedom of her first spell of bachelor life, so to speak, seems to have suited her best. It would appear to have been as much with the intention of breaking up the uncomfortable household life as from any other cause that Harriet decided on going to America, where she

passed two years in such a maze of compliment, homage, and adoration as might have turned any head, though by times in danger of her life; for she had been betrayed (she intimates this point very distinctly) into a public adhesion to the cause of the Abolitionists, then a cruelly persecuted and small minority in the United States. This act gave her immense glory among the party of agitators, and does not seem, except for the fright, to have done herself much harm; for she was a courageous woman, cool and firm, and did not dislike the importance of being regarded as a possible martyr in the cause of freedom. How far it was in good taste to commit a visitor, who had been received with unbounded hospitality on both sides, to a decided and violent partisanship, we need not inquire now. At the moment it was done she evidently felt that an advantage had been taken of her; and in this we fully agree. It seems about the only time in her life that Harriet Martineau allowed herself to be half forced to take a step which she had not intended. Let us say no more, however, about this ill-fated visit to America, which has brought its own punishment in the shape of Mrs Chapman. If there remain any pro-slavery champions who were disgusted by the part she took in the controversy, they have but to look at the third volume of this publication and they will forgive her all.

We have not space to enter upon the books, two of them, the 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' and 'Society in America,' which followed. So far as our recollection of them goes, they are not very remarkable books; but the world has changed so completely since then, that the interest has, of course, very nearly gone out of them. Miss Martineau herself informs us that the latter

work was too abstract and metaphysical, though containing much truth. But a great many people "took the truth to heart very earnestly," pouring forth floods of letters upon the author for years after the publication. "The applications made to me for guidance and counsel—applications which even put into my hand the disposal of a whole life in various instances, arose not from agreement in political opinions, nor in discontent with things at home, but from my hearty conviction that social affairs are the duty of every individual, and from my freedom in saying what I thought." One wonders whether there is a class of people which spends its time in asking "guidance and counsel" from the writers of its day. It is not long since we had occasion to note the same phenomena in the experience of Charles Kingsley, who also was a devout believer in his own influence. It is a curious question what kind of persons they could be who put "the disposal of a whole life" into the hands of Harriet Martineau.

Her next piece of work was 'Deerbrook,' which is now one of the best known of her productions, and has been what we may call *shouldered* into a kind of galvanic fame by the otherwise remarkable reputation of its author. 'Deerbrook' is a much more worthy production as a work of art than the Political Economy series; yet but for the Political Economy series it would have lasted its year or two, as many a work as deserving has done, and then dropped into the limbo where a great many works of art, good, but not great, are *sospesi*, like the great heathen world in the Inferno. It has not a single feature of greatness in it. The character of the hero, Miss Martineau herself informs us, was "drawn from" an American

friend—which is of itself an infallible guarantee of mediocrity ; and the story is that of another friend. It is the history of one of those mistakes occurring rarely in life, and very disagreeable to meet with in fiction, which, however, are tempting enough to some imaginations. The hero of a village circle, a young doctor, falls in love with the younger of two sisters who come suddenly into the little place ; but by force of representation on the part of friends, and certain signs of preference shown by the young lady herself, proposes to, and marries the elder, while still passionately attached to her sister, who, however, knows nothing of this, and continues to live with the married pair. This situation, however, affords but little of the play of the story, being too evidently dangerous ground for the treatment of a writer so little experienced in passion. And the chief dramatic action is occasioned by a perfectly causeless persecution got up against the doctor, who, there being no possible foundation for it, lives through it triumphantly, learns to love his wife, and becomes eventually as happy as so high-principled and well-balanced a man has a right to expect to be. The curious unnecessaryness of the whole, the feebleness of the arguments which induce Hope to run the risk of breaking his own heart to make Hester happy, and the mere nothings which move the other lover to wring the heart of the exemplary Margaret, are quite remarkable evidences of the weakness of fiction when it is, as in this case, an elaborate manufacture—the only *raison d'être* of the party of people thus exhibited being that Miss Martineau wished to write a novel, not that her imagination naturally framed itself into those everlasting variations of the story of human life which genius has in its own heart.

The novel called the 'Man and the Hour,' and embodying the story of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the black hero of St Domingo, we have not read — and the author herself seems to have considered it the better of the two ; but it made less impression upon the public. Infinitely better and finer is the little story which was written after Miss Martineau fell ill, and which is, in our judgment, the only one of her productions which specially deserves to live, the beautiful little idyll of the north, called 'Feats on the Fiord.' It adds, of course, to the wonder of this little book that its author never was in the country which she describes with so much freshness and power ; but this is but a vulgar wonder after all, and the book itself requires no such adventitious recommendation. It has its "object," for it was impossible for Miss Martineau to write without one ; but as this is the vaporous object of discouraging superstition, it does no particular harm to the tale, which, with its salt fiords and grassy mountains, the breath of the cows, and the glimmer of the sea, is really beautiful. The other works of the same little series, which was called the "Playfellow," are very inferior, though children still like 'The Crofton Boys' and the 'Settlers at Home.' For the first and only time in her life, a spark of genius seems by some charm of wandering reflection to have communicated itself to the steady good workmanship and well-selected material, lighting up this one little volume as nothing else from the same hand had ever been lighted up ; but the author seems completely unaware of the difference. She is pleased that people were so much impressed by it as to wonder and hold up their hands in amazement when they heard she had never been in Norway ; but of the other wonder, which

seems to us so much greater, she knows nothing at all.

She remained for two years longer in London, apparently making an effort to "get on with" her companions. During all this time her fame and prosperity, if not at the top-gallant height of the first outburst, continued with little diminution. Unfortunately, however, the use she makes of this in the *Autobiography* is to leave behind her an unkindly criticism of most people she encountered. From the young queen, surely in a position to claim all tenderness and sympathy, to the most harmless journalist (mentioned by name), there is nobody who does not get a stab. The Kemble sisters, for example, are discussed as in the gossip of a drawing-room; and so are various other ladies, still living, or recently dead. Lord Lytton is described as "a woman of genius enclosed by misadventure in a man's form." "Poor Campbell, obtruding his sentimentalities," obtains another niche. Macaulay is announced as having made "signal failure" in politics, in legislation, and pretty nearly in literature, "that alone remaining open to him." Of Thackeray, it is noted that "his frittered life, and obedience to the call of the great, are the observed of all observers." Wordsworth is represented as a pottering and shabby old man; and so on. There is a whole page given to the presumption of "the Howitts," in having claimed to know Miss Martineau, and an elaborate refutation of that claim; while still greater space is occupied in vituperating poor Miss Margaret Gillies, for the venial and flattering offence of having painted a number of likenesses of her, not one good. Had all this been in a grandmother's querulous recollections of her own time for the amusement of her children, it would have been compre-

hensible; and all that a virtuous critic could have been called upon to do would have been to execute sharp justice upon the grasping nephew or worldly executor who had thus taken advantage of the old lady's notes. But that these trifling depreciations of her acquaintances should have been carefully prepared, printed under her own eye, and kept for years ready for publication by a really sensible and not rancorous woman, is as strange an exhibition as we ever remember to have met with. The greater censures might pass: Lockhart, for instance, was her enemy; Brougham she had lost by, and frankly hated. The throwing even of a poisoned javelin in fair fight may be overlooked; but the deliberate pin-pricks are unpardonable.

We must hasten, however, to a conclusion. Miss Martineau fell ill, and retired to a lodging in Tynemouth, in order to be near her doctor, who was her brother-in-law, and lived at Newcastle. Here she remained, chiefly on a sofa in a room commanding a view of the sea, for nearly six years, alone, except at intervals. The fact that she was at length cured by mesmerism, and published the cure, brought upon her, she tells us, universal odium and a breach with several members of her family. The case made a great noise at the time, and it seems extremely unreasonable that a sick person should not be permitted to cure herself or achieve a cure in any way that is practicable. Any treatment in the world which made a sufferer well, and restored an invalid to active life, must have had an excellent claim upon the belief of that invalid, if of no one else, and the assaults upon her in this case seem most foolish and unreasonable. She was so completely cured, that she undertook a journey to the East, an account of which she afterwards

published. While ill at Tynemouth, one of the most noticeable events in her life occurred; the offer of a pension from the Whig Government in 1841. This had been spoken of once or twice before, and had come to nothing. Miss Martineau, without hesitation, refused the offer, believing that it would curb her independence, and pledge her to support the Government which thus offered her what she seems to have regarded as a kind of retaining fee. Very great praise has been given to her disinterestedness and pride of independence in this respect; but, after all, it turns out to be more a question of taste than of independence. Shortly after, a subscription was raised among Miss Martineau's friends, which provided for her some equivalent—we are not told how much less than the pension offered. The refusal was publicly known, but not, we think, this compensation, which somewhat changes the matter. To many writers, who consider a pension, conferred not by a party but by the nation, as an honour, a private subscription would be an intolerable kindness. We do not say which weakness is best, but neither is such a supreme virtue, perhaps, as has been hitherto attributed to Miss Martineau.

In the year 1845, being over forty, and having apparently shaken off all family ties, Miss Martineau settled at Ambleside, building a house for herself, which pleased her in every respect within and without; and here she began a happy and quiet life, which only terminated last year. During this long period she was full of occupation, full of cheerful activity—visited by crowds of visitors from England and America, admired and evidently beloved by a large circle. Her religious ideas had been gradually changing during these years,

and her beliefs growing fewer and fewer. The emotional religiousness which had been her early characteristic had disappeared long before this, and there was no logic (as she herself tells us) in the Unitarianism of her youth to hold her to that compromise of doctrine, when the unreal and uncharacteristic atmosphere of devotion had been dispelled. It was not, however, till this year, just before her settlement in Westmoreland, that she met with the apostle of her later life. We have made some feeble attempts to find out who Mr H. G. Atkinson is. A man occupying so great and important a position in the world as is allotted to this gentleman by a sensible and intellectual woman like Miss Martineau, herself so eminent and so famous, the admired of two hemispheres, ought to have been heard of, one cannot but suppose, or to have left some trace of himself other than that which we find in her narrative. But our researches have not been attended with any success, and except the mere fact that he is “a gentleman of independent fortune,” certified by Miss Martineau and Mrs Chapman, we are sorry to say we can discover nothing about him. But perhaps the reader would like to see him as he appeared to Miss Martineau on the blissful occasion of their first meeting.

“I saw him turn the corner into the lawn, talking with the gardener, who was carrying his carpet-bag. He also carried a bag on his shoulder. He looked younger than I expected, and than I knew he was. His perfect gentlemanliness is his most immediately striking and uncontested attribute. We were struck with this; and also with a certain dryness in his mode of conversation which showed us at once that he was no sentimentalist; a conviction which was confirmed in proportion as we became acquainted

with his habit of thought. We could not exactly call him reserved; for he was willing to converse and ready to communicate his thoughts; yet we felt it difficult to know him."

This was, no doubt, only the proper atmosphere of mystery which ought always to surround an oracle. Mr Atkinson had been the adviser, though at a distance, of the mesmeric treatment which cured Miss Martineau, and had therefore a claim upon her gratitude to start with. He became from this time the guide and glory of her future life. How it was that so hard-headed a woman should have given herself up to the almost servile subjection which subsequent events proved, is as curious as anything in the history of the mind—that standing paradox and everlasting mystery. Harriet Martineau, the philosopher and politician—she whom Secretaries of State had asked counsel from, and all America had raged and stormed about, the mature woman of the world, and veteran writer—suddenly disappears from the scene; and in her place we find the guileless Harriet Martineau who took notes of Dr Carpenter's sermons, and lived upon the instructions of his Bible class, and adored the good Unitarian minister as the epitome of eloquence and wisdom, nearly thirty years before. The transformation is wonderful, laughable to those who like to see the respectable made ridiculous and intellect behave itself like folly, but not to those whose sympathy is greater than their cynicism. Miss Martineau's opinions were her own affair. The disciples of M. Comte seem to the ordinary spectator capable of swallowing an amount of nonsense with their belief (as witness the sermons of Mr Congreve) which would be past credit, if they did not ingenuously reveal it to us; but yet there are a great many able persons in that small and persecut-

ing remnant. Indeed we rather think they are all able persons, with scarce even Falstaff's poor ha'porth of bread to the strong wine of talent which floats them. And nobody had the slightest right to interfere with Miss Martineau for attaching herself to this sect. It is entirely a different sentiment from that of religious disapproval, which moves us when we come to the 'Letters on Man's Nature and Development,' which appeared five years later, and in which was revealed Miss Martineau's final conversion to the creed (if it can be justly called a creed) which is now, we believe, known as "Agnosticism"—the religion of unknowableness. These letters are the productions of the catechumen Harriet and her master, in which the instructed, with all the fulness of innocent emotion, glows and thrills over every fresh revelation of wisdom and truth from the instructor's lips. Never was a more unlovely spectacle. Mr Atkinson's share of the performance reminds us irresistibly of a story told of an Oxford undergraduate, who took an essay, after the manner of a certain college, to read to its head. The story may be an old one, but this is how it is fathered in the present generation. The subject was the immortality of the soul—just the kind of easy subject calculated to call forth an undergraduate's eloquence. The young man began, "This now exploded theory —." The system of philosophy which Mr Atkinson disclosed to Miss Martineau was entirely in this tone, "I have fully proved," or, "It is fully proved," he says—that all such pernicious systems as Christianity, and all such insane theories as an immortal state, are absolutely false, and beneath the discussion of reasonable persons. And his pupil replies, How beautiful! how interesting! how instructive! Miss

Martineau flatters herself that it was the importance of the revelation of her views, and of Him who inspired them, which produced so much commotion in the world; but in reality it was something still more unpleasant,—the exposition of an infallible popedom much more than Catholic, and of a devotion as blind as that inspired by any fetish. Most people laughed, being glad to see a “superior” woman, a female philosopher, an incarnation of strong-mindedness, prove herself as silly as any poor evangelical sister worshipping a doubtful “shepherd;” but there were many to whom the laughter was not pleasant, and whose feelings were those of distress and shame. The result, however, so far as concerned Miss Martineau herself, was not of much importance. It moved her to translate and condense the writings of Comte, so well, we are told, that he had the volumes retranslated, as being more handy and readable than the original works; and it made her still more fully and cheerfully convinced in her own mind that this world was the entire sphere of human existence, and that death was a final and complete cessation of being. This belief, of course, was a thing with which nobody had any right to interfere. The publication of the translation of Comte, by the way, was aided by a gift of £500, given by a Mr Lombe for the purpose, and sent by him, an entire stranger, to Miss Martineau, through her publisher.

After this era in her life, which brought her some annoyance, but no active trouble—since she informs us that she made more money, and acquired more reputation, after than before the publication of the letters—Miss Martineau became a large contributor to the ‘Daily News,’ writing not only the biographical

sketches, which have been republished, but a great number of leading articles, as many sometimes as six in the week: and wrote her sober and sensible “History of the Peace,” besides many stray articles of various descriptions for ‘Household Words’ and other periodicals. In the year 1854, after some interval of partial illness, she went to London for the purpose of consulting a physician, and was informed that she had disease of heart, and might die at any moment. A more solemn intimation could not be made to any one; and Miss Martineau, who had suspected the state of affairs, took it with her usual courage. She dined with a merry family party on the evening of the day and was as gay as any. Then she took all necessary steps for the arrangement of her affairs, and returned home with a certain, not unpleasant, solemnity and cheerfulness. It is in this condition that we leave her—for here the Autobiography ends. “In sure and certain hope” of a tranquil annihilation, resigning all life or thought of life for ever, she yet lived on for years; and into the record as it approaches the end, there steals a sense of her own specially important and interesting position as a dying person, which is natural enough. Perhaps the consciousness of this pedestal upon which she is standing has, more or less, inflated the self-applauses of the work throughout, and given a heightening touch to all the incidents of the past as they filed before her in a silent round. And there is a certain excuse in this which the reader will be glad to admit. The hopes of another life, the visions with which most of us beguile the twilight darkness, of light and home and heaven beyond, Harriet Martineau had put aside as vain delusions. And it was very comprehensible that her heart

within her, having no outlet of this kind, should concentrate all its last efforts on the monument which she meant to leave of herself within "the warm precincts of the cheerful day." This is the kind of everlasting life which Comte teaches his disciples to desire. Perhaps a month may some time be called after her, and her fellow-believers date their letters from the 10th day of Harriet Martineau. We can fancy that she would not have disliked this curious kind of fame. As it was, however, she lived more than twenty years after her death-warrant was given out. At once, and to save time, she wrote, it is evident, the little autobiography of the 'Daily News,' with all the moderation and good sense which distinguished her biographies of other people; but having thus secured an immediate notice to her mind, set to work in her long leisure to work it out in detail. This curious sense of human importance and dignity which comes upon her when she knows that her days are numbered is very significant, and one of the most touching things in the book.

We will not spoil the effect of this last apology by any reference to the volume of Mrs Chapman, a muddle of folly, false enthusiasm, and still more false sentimentality from beginning to end. Miss Martineau does not seem to have had much discrimination in the choice of her friends. It is evident that she could swallow a good deal of praise, especially from America; but we think the detailed comparison between herself and Joan of Arc, which seems to her biographer

so happy, must have roused the instinct of British laughter in the sensible Harriet. The verdict of the world upon her will not, we think, be so high. She was a very sensible woman; yet not very much of a woman at all, notwithstanding her innocent and honest love of Berlin wool. She was a very clever writer, with a most useful, serviceable, working faculty, and as little nonsense about her as could be desired. She was kind, friendly, and reasonable, yet hard in her judgments, and intolerant of opposition; more affectionate to those who depended upon and were subject to her, than to those who were independent and liked their own way. Thus her relations to the elder generation seemed all wrong, false, and jarring; while her relations to her inferiors in the succession of life are all sweet and harmonious. This is perhaps not an unusual characteristic of a strong, somewhat harsh, self-sufficing nature, which can acknowledge the loveliness of voluntary services, but kicks at that which has the claim of a right. We cannot but think she has been very much overrated as a writer; and indeed, except in the single fact that her Political Economy stories really met a public need, we find it very difficult to understand on what her great reputation was founded. And unfortunately it will not be increased by her Autobiography, where that good sense, which is her strongest point, shows less strong than ever before, without any increase of power or human interest to set the balance right.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A CLOSE cab laden with luggage drove up to Euston Station in time for the 7.30 A.M. train for the north. While the porters surrounded the boxes, the occupants of the cab passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. They were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating travelling costume of blue serge and fur, and an elderly woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse.

"Sit here, and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket: now, mind you don't stir;" and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard, with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, miss."

"No, no; I must wait," and Edith, who was quite unused to travelling, grasped her bag and did not move. The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train 'ill be off in another minute." Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud aggressive bell began to ring. Edith started up; she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bag, umbrella-case, loose shawl, and provision-basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load, when Jenkins came back very hot and flurried, seized half the packages, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage, and put her in.

"No hurry, ma'am," he said; "four minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith, leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let you go all alone like this, passes me; but I have spoken to the guard and written to the station-master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid, my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope Uncle John, as I have never seen Uncle George."

"Everything you want, miss?" said an extra porter. "I have put in all the rugs and a hot-water-tin, and the luggage is all right in the van just behind."

"All right, all right!" said Mrs Jenkins.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the porter, pocketing a shining half-crown.

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage!"

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly. Edith started forward.

"Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't, sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! it's—it's my niece!"

The train began to move.

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in

time, and Edith, as excited as Mr George, seized him with both hands by the coat-sleeve, and pulled him in with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

Mr George sat down opposite to Edith with a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad to see you, Uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear." The "my dear" sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on Uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him. She had not expected her uncle to be so young in appearance; but she had often heard her mother say that he was the youngest-looking man of his age she had ever known; and now she quite agreed, —for though she knew him to be really about fifty-eight years of age, he might from his appearance be taken for five-and-twenty, or even less. He was remarkably good-looking—more so than she had expected—and his eyes looked very young, and frank, and blue. There was a twinkle in them also; she was sure that he was fond of fun. Edith felt quite fond of her uncle; she was not one bit afraid of him—his face was so open, and good, and kindly.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said Uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and baskets into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears!"

he said. "She looks like a young dairy-maid."

"Oh!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the store-room."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forget her age; but the fact was, I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she always was so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean? Oh! by the by, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie? was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said Uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am so sorry, Uncle George," she said, sweetly. "If I had known that you had lost them both, I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor Aunt Maria, too! Oh, I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perpetually;" said Edith, her voice still a little choked.

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, warmest-hearted, most sweet-dispositioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer, and a loyal, true-hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—I am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, yes, he is all that," said he, with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith, confused.

"My father—I—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George! he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so—I do not want to pain you."

"I like to hear all you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And had he faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was conceited."

"No, no," said Uncle George, hastily; "he never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never conceited."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to knowing him."

"Had you really?"

"Yes; I never had a companion of my own age. Do tell me, shall I like my cousins at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them: do you mean Uncle John's daughters, or his step-children?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, abhor Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adorable one, is she?" said Edith, laughing; "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"Oh no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetness of an angel and the courage of a martyr: she is not in the least pretty."

"Oh, what a trial! always on the sofa!"

"What a sweet little thing this is!" thought Uncle George, but he said nothing.

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he, suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes; I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter, in which she told you that I was to be eighteen to-morrow?"

"No; it must have been late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the trains and things."

"Oh, ah! *that* letter! oh, of course, that is all right. I don't—I—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I will tell you one version of my story. Mamma being papa's widow, and papa having been the eldest son, had to leave Hatton when I was born and turned out to be a stupid little girl; and she went

abroad because she was so delicate, and became a Roman Catholic."

"Holloa!"

"What is it, Uncle George?"

"You are not one, I hope?"

Edith looked rather indignant. "It is *very* odd of you to say that," she said, "when you know as well as I do all that you did about it; indeed I shall never forget your kindness. I was very unhappy when mamma wanted me to change; and Uncle John's letters and all Aunt Maria wrote made it worse than ever, only your letters made all smooth; and mamma was so much touched by the one you wrote to her about papa's trust in her, and my not being hers only, and all that, that, indeed, I have always loved you—you have seemed to me like my own dear father."

"I am very glad, my dear child, and I hope that in future you will be guided by my advice."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George, for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit, or been for one week away from home. Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! Do my cousins ride?"

"Yes, a great deal; are you fond of it?"

"I love it; there is nothing in the world to me like a good gallop. Ah, it was the greatest trial of all my life when Queen Mab was sold!"

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up of myself, because it made her so nervous."

"What else do you care for?—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There are to be two at Hatton

next week, and you must promise me the first valse at each."

"Do you valse?"

"Oh yes. You see I am not such an old fogey as you expected."

"No; nobody would believe you to be fifty-eight, except for one thing."

"What is that?"

But Edith blushed and would not answer.

"You need not mind, child—I never was at all sensitive; and alas! now my memory is not what it was."

"That's it," said Edith, eagerly; "only I did not like to say it. Here we are at a station."

It was now ten o'clock; Uncle George bought the 'Times' and 'Daily News,' and they both began to read. About twelve o'clock the pangs of hunger began to assail Edith, and she exclaimed—

"Uncle George, it is only twelve o'clock, and I must eat to live."

"I have been existing merely for the last hour with the greatest difficulty, but I have got nothing wherewith to refresh exhausted nature; I calculated on a bun at Carlisle."

"Hours hence! No, I am amply provided. Will you have beef or chicken sandwiches, or cold partridge, or what?"

They made a very good lunch, and uncle and niece grew hourly better acquainted.

"I believe we ought to look out of the window," said he, presently. "My father said that the country about here was quite beautiful."

"That must have been before the days of railways," said Edith, gravely. "Those coaching days must have been quite delightful."

"They were."

"Mamma has told me about that extraordinary adventure you and papa had on the Aberdeen coach."

"It was extraordinary."

"Papa caught the branch of a tree, did he not?"

"Yes; and do you remember what I did?"

"You jumped out just as the coach upset, and sat on all the horses' heads."

"And a most uneasy seat it must have been; and did Uncle Arthur—I mean your papa—remain suspended in mid-air?"

"No, he swung into the tree. I have often heard of your climbing exploits, and that when you were young you could climb any tree."

"I have not lost the power," said Uncle George, stretching himself. "Holloa!"

"What is the matter?" said Edith, startled.

"Nothing—nothing—sit still!"

But she followed the direction of his eyes. The train (a very long one), was going round a sharp curve, they were in one of the last carriages, and to her horror and terror, she saw, about a hundred yards in front of the train, a whole herd of cows on and off the line—two or three frantically galloping.

All heads were stretched out of the windows, clamouring tongues and even cries resounded from the other carriages, but neither Edith nor George uttered a sound, only she put back her hand and caught his; he seized it very tightly in the suspense, knowing well that a terrible accident might be impending. It was hardly a second, but it seemed a lifetime. The frantic cattle rushed off the line in a body, all but one unfortunate beast. The guards put on the very heaviest brakes, but the impetus was so great that the slackening was hardly perceptible. It may have been fortunate that it was so, for instead of upsetting the train, the cow was tossed off the line utterly destroyed, and the engine rushed on in safety.

George and Edith sat down opposite to each other; both were very pale.

"Thank God!" said Edith, and she covered her face with one hand. George did not speak, but he took off his cap and looked out of the window for one minute.

"Now I shall give you some sherry," he said, suddenly. "You are the pluckiest little brick I ever came across. Any other girl would have screamed."

"I never scream," said Edith, indignantly; "and I don't want any sherry."

"I am your uncle, and I say you are to have some—drink it up."

"I hate wine," she said, giving back the flask.

"There, good child, to do as you are told."

At the next station a perfect crowd of passengers was waiting for the up-train. A great *fête* was going on in the next town for the visit of some royal personage, and the train was filled to overflowing. Presently the civil guard came up to the special carriage and said most deprecatingly that there was one gentleman, who couldn't find a place anywhere; and as he was only going to the next station, would they admit him just for that twenty minutes? Uncle George consented very discontentedly, and very grudgingly moved his long legs to admit of the entry of a very stout old gentleman, who sat heavily down, and received into his ample lap a perfect pile of packages and baskets, and a brace of hares, and a rabbit tied by the legs which he had dexterously suspended by a string round his neck.

"Not worth while, indeed, my dear madam," he said, as Edith began to make room for his things. "Only twenty minutes—no inconvenience, I assure you."

The heavily-weighted train moved

off. The old gentleman now began a series of playful bows which made the hares and rabbits dance up and down.

"It really was too good of you to admit an old foggy like me," he said, blandly; "for of course with half an eye I can see the tender situation."

A deep growl from Uncle George. He gave a little start and went on to himself—

"Sweet young couple! just wedded, eh?"

Edith felt half choked with laughter, but she managed to say convulsively—

"Will you give me my book, Uncle George?"

The old gentleman started, cocked his head as a blackbird does when he perceives a very fat worm, and muttered—

"Impossible!"

Edith and George were wrapped in their respective novels. The old gentleman fidgeted, sighed, and arranged his features into a most sanctimonious expression. There was dead silence till he reached his station, where he descended. The departure bell was ringing, when his head suddenly reappeared at the window, the hares and rabbit streaming wildly from the back of his neck.

"My children," he said, "take my advice—go back to your friends. This——" A little shriek ended his discourse; the train was going on; and he, being borne along on the step involuntarily, two stout porters rushed to the rescue and lifted him off. Edith and George laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"I could eat again, with a little persuasion," said George, presently.

"Why, what o'clock is it?"

"Just five, and we shall not get in till eight-thirty. Remember that we had our luncheon at twelve."

"Very well." And they proceeded to eat.

The sun had gone down, and the whole sky was gorgeous with gold and crimson light, on which great black clouds floated prophetically.

"What a grand sky!" said Edith.

"Magnificent! Nowhere does one see such clouds as in England."

"Were you very fond of India?"

"Of course I am; my work lies there, my hopes, my future."

Edith looked astonished. "I should have thought," she said, "that *now* you would have been content to rest at home; but I admire you for loving work. Shall you go out again?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances. It would be a great grief to me to give up my profession."

"It is very odd, but I certainly thought that mamma told me you had given up your profession."

"She was mistaken," said Uncle George, shortly.

"I have often longed to go to India," cried Edith.

"Have you?" said George, very eagerly.

"Oh yes, beyond anything; life there gives everybody a chance. I mean, heroic men and great characters are formed in India, and men have great responsibilities and development for quite a different class of most desirable qualities there."

"That is quite true; and you are just the sort of woman to help a man to do anything."

"I am so glad you think so, Uncle George," she said, laughing and blushing.

At seven o'clock they reached a very large station, where the train had half an hour to wait. They got a cup of tea, and then, both being rather cold, they began to walk vigorously up and down to the very end of the terminus. It was quite dark at the far end, and they stood

side by side, looking up into the mouth of the great station with its mighty arch. Trains rushed past, or heavily moved away with a harsh, discordant whistle. Great red lamps loomed out of the darkness like dragon's eyes. George drew Edith hastily on one side that she might not be struck by the chain of a huge cart-horse which passed close by them, on its way to bring up a coal-truck. It was very cold, and they stamped up and down, and George enjoyed a fragrant cigar.

"Take your seats!" shouted the porter. "Take your seats!" And they resumed their places.

"Them's a bride and bridegroom," said a stout country-woman to a friend; and the loud guttural "Lor!" with which the news was received reached the ears of the travellers.

A blazing lamp was in the carriage, and under its yellow light Edith tried to read.

"Don't read, Edith," said the young uncle, suddenly. "Talk instead."

She shut up her book.

"To tell you the truth, Uncle George," she said, "we are getting so near that I am beginning to feel ridiculously nervous."

He looked at his watch, and suddenly started.

"So late," he said. "We shall be there in ten minutes."

"Oh!"

"And the fact is," he began, restlessly fidgeting; "the fact is—a—a—I have got a confession to make to you."

"To me! oh, Uncle George!"

"D—n Uncle George!"

Edith looked startled beyond measure.

"The fact is, Edith, I am not my father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am my son."

"But he is dead."

"No, no; only, what was a fellow to say when you pressed me so hard? I am your cousin George!"

"Oh!"

"And we have been such friends, you won't be angry? Are you vexed, Edith?" and he took both her hands.

"No; only astonished. I think—on the whole, I am rather—glad."

"That's all right; for, do you know, Edith, I seem to have known you for years! You have shown to-day every good quality a woman can possibly possess."

"Don't spoil me by such sayings."

"And Edith, dear Edith, do you know—confound it! here we are!—only this, I should like to go on travelling with you, like this, for ever and ever—and——"

Hatton! Hatton! tickets, please. Hatton!

"Here, Jones! take Miss Edith's bag. Is the carriage up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a cart? there is a heap of luggage."

"All right, sir."

"Come along, Edith! here we are, and my father is in the carriage."

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen."

I stood on her picture gazing,
 And backward my dark dreams ran,
 And the dear, dear face before me
 To live somehow began.

Her lips, around them gathered
 A smile in some wondrous wise,
 And tears as of yearning sadness
 Stood glistening in her eyes.

And down my cheeks the tears, too,
 Flowed on in unbidden stream ;
 And oh, that I've lost thee, darling,
 Seems only a wildered dream.

"Warum sind die Rosen so blass ?"

Why are the roses so wan of hue,
 Oh, say to me, darling, why ?
 And why, love, why is the violet blue,
 In the green, green grass so shy ?

The lark, why sings he so sad a chime,
 As he soars in the sky o'erhead ?
 Why, why exhales from the fragrant thyme
 An odour as of the dead ?

Why wears the sun all the livelong day
 A look of such chill and gloom ?
 Oh why is the earth so ashen-grey,
 And desolate as a tomb ?

And why so heart-sick and sad am I ?
 Oh say, love, why this should be !
 Oh say, my heart's very darling, why
 Hast thou forsaken me ?

"Liebe, sollst mir heute sagen?"

SAY, love, art thou not a vision?
 Speak, for I to know were fain,—
 Such as summer hours Elysian
 Breed within the poet's brain?

Nay, a mouth of such completeness,
 Eyes of such bewitching flame,
 Girl so garnered round with sweetness,
 Never did a poet frame.

Vampires, basilisks, chimæras,
 Dragons, monsters, all the dire
 Creatures of the fable eras,
 Quicken in the poet's fire.

But thyself, so artful-artless,
 Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,
 With their looks so fond, so heartless,
 Never poet could devise.

LORELEY.

I CANNOT imagine what daunts me,
 And makes me feel eerie and low:
 A legend, it troubles, it haunts me,
 A legend of long ago.

The air chills, day is declining,
 And smoothly Rhine's waters run,
 And the peaks of the mountains are shining
 Aloft in the setting sun.

A maiden of wondrous seeming,
 Most beautiful sits, see, there!
 Her jewels in gold are gleaming,
 She combs out her golden hair.

With a comb of red gold she parts it,
 And still as she combs it, she sings;
 As the melody falls on our hearts, it
 With power as of magic stings.

With a spasm the boatman hears it,
 Out there in his little skiff;
 He sees not the reef, as he nears it,
 He only looks up to the cliff.

The waters will sweep, I am thinking,
 O'er skiff, ay, and boatman ere long;
 And this is, when daylight is sinking,
 What Loreley did with her song.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE uncertainty which hung over General Ignatieff's mission and the real purposes both of Russia and Turkey, dulled the appetite for parliamentary and other discussion during the past month of the Eastern Question. Two months have rolled away since the date of the Russian Circular. The Powers seemed in no hurry to respond to the embarrassing question of Prince Gortschakoff, and that eminent diplomatist was apparently in no hurry to be answered. Meanwhile the language of the Russian press has been menacing, and preparations for war on either side of the Danube have continued. The spirit which animates Turkish diplomacy, and underlies popular feeling at Constantinople, if not actually aggressive, shows no disposition to effect a retreat from a dangerous situation, or even to facilitate the withdrawal of Russia.

The situation is full of difficulty and anxiety, but also, as it seems to us, of hope. Fortunately for the general interests of peace, the duty of dealing with it on behalf of England is unreservedly intrusted to the Ministry; the storms of the recess have entirely blown over, and a general disposition exists to trust the Government. The principles which have dominated their policy and conduct have been almost unanimously approved, and the country awaits their decision as to the next step to be taken, confident that such decision will be maturely considered, thankful to delegate so complicated a task to the cautious guidance which has thus far maintained the tranquillity of Europe. A solitary note of opposition has been sounded in the House of Commons. It is raised by a parliamentary neophyte of no standing, but of rare presumption, and whose

temerity where others fear to tread, no amount of newspaper adulation will serve to condone. In the House of Lords, a Liberal Peer of exactly opposite sentiments was left to record his own vote. Lord Campbell's proposed Address to her Majesty to endeavour to prevent hostilities, to secure adherence to the treaties, and to promote the welfare of the subject races of Turkey, though it expressed the unanimous wish of the country, was refused. The reason was given by Earl Grey—viz., that to accept it implied "that unless we express our opinion by way of address to her Majesty, her advisers will not take those measures which the House believes ought to be adopted." The absolute control of foreign affairs is confided to the Ministry. Confidence in its leaders, and a determined support of them, is the only reasonable course for the country to adopt, having regard to the history of the past and the difficulties of the future.

The opinion expressed by Earl Grey (Feb. 26), coming from an experienced administrator, and a Liberal statesman who is by his age and length of distinguished services lifted above the platform of party, is well worthy of attention. He was a determined opponent of the Crimean war, that costly struggle which all admit might and ought to have been avoided, and which was due entirely to the want on the part of the then Ministry of that quality of firm and tenacious purpose which was actually attributed with scorn to Lord Beaconsfield by Mr Gladstone at St James's Hall. Lord Grey stated his opinion—which, under the circumstances, is entitled to considerable weight as that of an unprejudiced and dispassionate statesman, and may advan-

tageously be borne in mind whilst reading Mr Gladstone's 'Lessons in Massacre'—that although there has been great misgovernment in the Turkish provinces, there has been exaggeration with respect to it. "Bad as the present state of things there may be now," he added, "I believe that it is somewhat better than it was when we entered into the Crimean war," although the effect of that war was rather to retard than to hasten improvement. The last thing which we should wish to say in reference to Eastern affairs would be to extenuate in any respect the misgovernment of the Turkish provinces. Yet as it seems to us, in reference to the excitement of last autumn, and recent publications, it is absolutely necessary to be on our guard against undue exaggeration. We are unfortunately very helpless in the matter. Earl Grey's conclusion after examining the question carefully is, "that the Turkish empire could not be overthrown at the present time without producing more evil than we seek to remove; because, from all the information that has been laid before the House, and from the accounts of travellers, it certainly does appear that the provinces of European Turkey are not in a state at present in which they could govern themselves: they are divided by bitter animosities of race; their clergy are ignorant and corrupt, and, in short, there exists in those provinces at the present moment no single element of good government." That is an opinion well worth preserving. If the facts really were that the happiness of the people of these provinces could be secured by self-government, or by any other means within the power of this country to devise and execute, and that at the same time England was standing aloof, secure in her own prosperity, able but unwilling to effect the emancipation

of those tribes, no Englishman would rest satisfied that his country's honour was preserved, or its duty discharged. Although the great majority of the nation has come reluctantly but decisively to the conclusion that to apply a forcible remedy to these evils with success is beyond our power, it is satisfactory to find that conclusion supported by the high and impartial authority of Lord Grey. We commend the following extract to the consideration of those who think that there is a short cut to the improvement of those provinces—a forcible means of exit from the scandals of Eastern Europe:—

"I am on the whole of opinion that if the Turkish rule were withdrawn, anarchy and civil war would follow, and that civil war would be followed by European war, which would in turn result in the provinces falling into the hands of Russia. I certainly cannot think that any change of the kind would be advantageous to European Turkey, and I am speaking now in what I believe to be the best interest of the populations of the provinces to which the question refers. If we compare the Turkish government of countries or provinces which have come under its sway with the government of countries standing in the same relation to Russia, I certainly do not think that the comparison is in favour of Russia. Could any one, for instance, conceive anything more outrageous than the tyranny exercised by Russia over Poland? Taking our own times, can any one say that Russian government is in favour either of improvement materially or of civilisation looking at the question from a social or political point of view? Considering the corruption that pervades the whole governmental system of Russia, I cannot think that its administration of justice may claim the least advantage over the Turkish mode, which, although it may be corrupt, does not possess the violent characteristics appertaining to the Russian system. What I am saying applies especially to questions affecting religious opinion. Russia has always endeavoured to suppress religious ex-

cept in so far as they agreed with the ruling religion of the country; but Turkey has granted a wide tolerance to religious opinion of every kind—which is more likely, in the long-run, to promote advancement and enlightenment in social and religious life. I think that in spite of what is called English opinion, it is not desirable to suddenly and violently shake down the Turkish empire, and if I am right in that, it follows that we ought not to interfere between the Government of Turkey and its subjects as far as domestic legislation is concerned. Such interference has caused several European wars, and has not brought about results which could be held to justify the steps taken in times past.”

That is an expression of opinion which deserves grave consideration, and which, unless we are in a position emphatically to reject it, ought to be borne in mind in weighing the policy of the British Government throughout the course of these affairs. The Eastern Question is a statesman's question—one in which enthusiasm however generous, sympathy however genuine, must be pressed down by regard to the colossal consequences of making a single political blunder, the fear of risking the happiness of millions by ill-regulated efforts to improve the lot of thousands.

We have all gained experience as this question has ripened. If its difficulties have been for the present temporarily surmounted, as we all hope and trust, one lesson to be learnt from it for the future is, that war and violence are no remedy for the evils which the Rayahs endure. The war which has been waged has considerably increased their sufferings; the still greater war which has been threatened has filled Turkey with irregular troops, mostly drawn from the Asiatic provinces, increased the misery of its inhabitants, and opened up alarming prospects as disbandment and dispersion of troops are effected. What good can come of it? The Sultan's Gov-

ernment cannot be displaced without a war, the results of which and the continuance of which are equally to be dreaded. Yet its apathy and supineness encouraged an insurrection which never had a reasonable prospect of success. Slav agitators and English orators fanned it into a flame, and largely increased the area of strife. What has been the result? At the present moment, peace with Servia has been concluded without in any way mixing up that question with the condition of the insurgent provinces. So also with regard to the projected protocol; the Powers may be pacified, but what advantage results to the insurgents from all the sympathy and aid which have been ostentatiously offered them? We were placed at the beginning of this month in the same position in which we might and should have been placed last September, but for the mischievous agitation then set on foot, and which led to such false notions abroad as to our changed policy at home. The Powers and Turkey may (if they are in a position to do it) consider in March what has to be done with respect to theretofore revolted provinces; that was the question last June, and its consideration might have been renewed in October. Long weeks of useless bloodshed have intervened, complicated negotiations about an armistice, an ultimatum and the advance of troops, a conference and a constitution. The greater insight into the actual condition of things which has thus been obtained has led to the total rejection of the plan so much in vogue last summer of local autonomy. It is demonstrated above all things by the despatches of Consul Holmes that the provinces are not fit for it; recent experience of its results has alarmed the Porte; the idea of engrafting it upon insurrection and rebellion with any hope of success is absurd. The

alternative of foreign occupation has also been rejected; and after the proceedings of the Conference, there is no reason to doubt that Russia has *bonâ fide* abandoned a scheme the dangers of which, to the peace of Europe and the stability of every State whose interests are affected, are obvious to all. And, as regards the proposals of the Conference, Lord Grey does not stand alone in thinking that the Turks were right to reject them.

Sir Henry Elliot, according to the Blue Books recently published (No. 2, p. 269), evidently is of the same opinion. "Those terms," he says, "were not within a fair interpretation of the bases upon which the Conference had been proposed to them." "It would," he added, "be difficult to maintain that the proposed organisation of the provinces, the nomination of the Valis and other officials in the manner suggested, the deprivation of the Sultan of all authority over the movements of his troops, and the appointment of a commission with such extended powers as those to be attributed to it, would not seriously impair the independence of the Porte, which we had promised to respect, and render probable the rejection of such demands." If only that rejection is unaccompanied by overt acts of defiance and provocation towards Russia, it does not seem materially to have impeded a pacific solution of these difficulties. At the close of the Conference Russia, which had all along abstained from any threats of coercion, read a protest against the conduct of the Porte, which, though decisive in its terms, was of a character, according to Lord Salisbury (p. 344), "to negate the probability of war unless further provocation should be given by Turkey." And in regard to the extreme step of rejecting every demand, and of resolutely refusing all

concession, it is satisfactory to learn from the same authority (p. 310), so far as it bears upon the future, that "there is no doubt that the Sultan was anxious to accept the terms of the Powers, but the Grand Vizier was resolved upon resistance, and brought the proposals before the Council in such a form that their rejection was a foregone conclusion."

At all points, therefore, the scheme of directly or indirectly regulating from without the conduct of the Turkish Government fails. The Powers may lay down terms of pacification; they cannot force those terms upon the Porte. Even though the Sultan is willing to accept them, other influences remain too strong. The Turks have the courage of fanaticism; they are ready to face destruction rather than allow their authority to be extinguished or undermined. It is Europe which dreads their destruction. At the critical moment it is the United Powers which fall away aghast at the consequences of letting loose the agencies of war, whose operation would continue to widen as long as they continued to exist. Non-intervention is the only alternative. That is the lesson which we have all learnt from experience. That is the principle on which her Majesty's Government has acted all along, and which Russia finally accepts. The perils of active or armed intervention scare every competitor from the field. Circumstances may often necessitate diplomatic interference, and justify all the moral pressure which results from advice, remonstrance, and joint representation. Our interests in such a difficult and complicated state of affairs, supply the only reasonable motives for our policy. They are identical with the interests of peace, and better government of the dependent provinces, so far as it can be secured. They

forbid us to take part in any struggle which may result from Turkish misrule, until they are themselves clearly imperilled. And they also forbid us to involve ourselves in any entangling engagement, of the kind which dragged us into the Crimean war, or of any sort which may place us in the position of drifting, or being led into any hostilities not absolutely necessary to ourselves.

And it seems to us tolerably clear that the Government of the Czar has come round to a similar conclusion. It is impossible to compare the attitude of Russia at the date of the Berlin Memorandum, and whilst filling Servian regiments with her volunteers, with her attitude in March, tacitly consenting, whilst her armies are hovering on the frontiers, to the conclusion of peace with Servia, and eager to obtain a pretext for her own retreat, without seeing that the whole policy of the Czar has undergone an important modification. To whatever cause it may be attributed, whether or not the Triple Alliance has not merely been dissolved but succeeded by an acknowledged mutual antagonism of interests in the event of any disturbance of the balance of power in the East, Europe is not now tasking its diplomacy in order to avert armed intervention in Turkey. The difficulty is to curb the defiant temper, the exasperated feeling, of the "sick man," who, whether in health or sickness, in extremity of peril or in enjoyment of security, is equally a source of vexation and dissatisfaction to his allies. It is useless now to argue whether Turkey was right or wrong in rejecting the proposals of the Conference, or at least the last two points which were referred to the Council of State. If she saw the opportunity of dismissing the plenipotentiaries with scorn, and of asserting her independence

ostentatiously and successfully before the world, it is difficult not to admire the courage of the exploit. Had it been followed by prompt indications of an intention to conciliate the good opinion of Europe by voluntarily making concessions which she had refused to dictation, by making those amends to Europe which her misgovernment and oppression have rendered due, by abstaining from reckless attempts to force upon Russia the alternative between open war and diplomatic defeat,—there would have been sense as well as courage in her achievement. Even the two proposals of a mixed commission and approved governors were not without objection,—to us, at least, who wholly disbelieve in supervising without displacing the Government of a country,—in the possibility of establishing a permanent control over the paramount Power. The thing seems to us a contradiction in terms. It will either prove abortive, or there will be a transference of power from the Government to the Commission, and thereby the Government is *pro tanto* dislodged. As Lord Grey pointed out, the mixed commission "would have been armed with the most extensive powers. It would have been enabled to overrule the Turkish Government on all the most essential points of administration;" and certainly was not "calculated to promote good government and vigorous administration." It would be a matter of grave responsibility to establish in any country a board composed of persons who represented competing foreign interests, and vest it with a control over the national Government. Nor is it wise to fetter a responsible Government in the choice of its agents and subordinates. The impossibility of curbing the vices of administration by applying foreign supervision and control has been strongly brought

out in the last few months. It means in all cases the substitution of foreign authority : Turkey will not submit to that expedient ; nor are the Powers willing that any one of their number should gain a footing in Turkish dominions. The proceedings of the Conference made it plain that however disagreeable the alternative may be, it lies, and will always lie, between respecting the independence of the Porte and replacing its Government by force of arms. Coercion is impossible. The British Parliament has unanimously declared against a policy of violence, or of overt hostility to or assailing the independence of the Ottoman Empire—not from any regard for it, but simply from the impossibility under existing circumstances of replacing that which very possibly it might be easy to destroy. Europe has apparently ratified that decision, and there remains the task of readjusting the relations between Russia and Turkey so as to avert the war which has so long been imminent. That apparently is easier said than done. Russia has gone so far that it is difficult to recede : Turkey is presuming on the apparent strength of a position which recent events induce her to believe impregnable. It is not for the interest of any one concerned that this controversy should degenerate into a mere duel between Turkey and Russia, in which the former is to come off victor. Events have decisively shown that it is the ultimate policy of every Power to respect Ottoman independence, out of regard to the enormous risks involved in warlike intervention. At the same time, the reform of the government of the Christians of Turkey is recognised as a European necessity. The impotence of Europe to secure that reform stands confessed and patent to all the world. The justice of its demands is equally obvious ; nor can it prudently allow to the Sul-

tan's Government the right ostentatiously to claim the victory on the side of oppression and wrongdoing—to glory in the impunity of shamelessness—to affront the moral sense of Christendom.

With regard to the two Eastern Powers, whose relations have so long approximated to those of open warfare, their relative attitude immediately after the Conference indicated a remarkable change in the position of affairs, the permanence of which would be altogether unsatisfactory. When Russia ceases to be the champion of a policy of aggression, the residue of her demands—viz., that Turkish misgovernment should cease—meets with universal sympathy. When Turkey has successfully vindicated her independence and the inviolate character of her territory, the further claim, however indirectly put forth, to have inflicted a diplomatic defeat on the whole of Europe, to have asserted a right of arbitrary misrule, is disgusting and intolerable. Yet that is the altered phase of the question which presented itself after the Conference had successfully repressed all schemes of intervention, and at the same time had failed to extract any concessions from the Porte. Nearly two years of diplomacy and menace have done nothing to benefit the subject races of Turkey. They have shown that the Treaties of Paris close the gates of a general war, and that the maintenance of those treaties is the only security for peace. It is important that Turkey should not be allowed to revel in the impunity of the situation thus created, to gather from the difficulties of Europe encouragement in the road to ruin, emancipation from her implied engagements in the past, total irresponsibility for the future.

Approaching the subject from this point of view, we find two diplomatic instruments of great public

importance placed before Europe immediately after the dispersion of that Conference which so signally changed the character of the situation. The object of one of them—viz., Prince Gortschakoff's Circular of last January—was ostensibly to redeem the failure of the Conference, and invite fresh consideration of the internal condition of the Turkish provinces, and the course which the Powers would in concert adopt. Its motive was either to obtain a fair pretext for retreat, or to set on foot dilatory negotiations which should fill up the interval before military operations were possible. All the evidence points to a deliberate withdrawal from the Moscow policy. We need not speculate as to the cause of this change; a clear appreciation of its perils would be sufficient to account for it. From a date shortly antecedent to the assembling of the Conference there were signs that the project of occupation was abandoned. During the whole of the Conference, General Ignatieff scrupulously refrained from any threat of coercion, and was foremost in adopting concessions. It is reiterated in the Circular of the 31st January, that "any exclusive and personal *arrière pensée* was repudiated by all the Cabinets." The whole question is a European one—one "which should and could only be solved by the unanimous accord of the Great Powers." The Circular points to the necessity of a general European accord, disturbed by the Berlin Memorandum, but reinstated at the preliminary Conference at Constantinople. Pointing on the one hand to the "firm and unanimous wish of Europe," and on the other to the "obstinate refusal of the Porte," it asks what will the Cabinets do to reply to this refusal, and insure the execution of their wish. The duty of answering this communication was by common consent delegated to Great

Britain. Parliament meets, and the emphatic answer is indirectly and informally made that England will not attempt coercion, or sanction coercion on the part of others. Later on, after a reply has been prepared, Russia asks that it may not be sent, and is still anxious to pave the way for a compromise, so as to escape from its pledge of separate action. General Ignatieff goes on a pacific mission to Berlin and Paris, and is in constant communication with London, the sole object apparently being to obtain some form of international reply to a refusal which, according to the Circular, "affects the dignity and peace of Europe."

The other diplomatic instrument is the circular of Safvet Pasha, dated six days earlier, January 25. It alludes to the "lamentable issue" of the late negotiations, and gives an account of the "sincere and loyal efforts" of Turkey to satisfy the wishes of Europe. The independence of Turkish internal administration must not be assailed; it had been formally recorded as a basis of the labours of the Conference, but at preliminary meetings of the Conference it had been set at naught. The Minister denounced those meetings. They had reduced the discussion from that of a general conference to a debate between Turkey on the one hand and the Powers on the other. They had exceeded prescribed limits in the amount of their interference, and in requiring cessions of territory for Servia and Montenegro. Their final demand for approved governors and a mixed commission, however unimportant when compared with their original programme, was incompatible with the dignity and independence of the Porte. The Circular, however, proceeded, that the Turkish plenipotentiaries had made counter-proposals on these and other points, which their colleagues had refused to discuss; that General Ignatieff had used language at the

close of the proceedings which was received in silence and astonishment by the assembled Board; and that it was absurd to suppose that Turkey had forfeited the good opinion of Europe by refusing two measures of doubtful efficacy and utility. The tone of the Circular was one of misplaced insolence and triumph, and gave no indication of a wish to aid in terminating a menacing and painful situation. It was a covert defiance to the Czar.

The fall of Midhat Pasha may have somewhat changed the tactics at Constantinople. If Midhat was the most determined champion of reform, he was perhaps the most prominent of Ottoman statesmen in adopting a tone of defiance. He was credited with a wish to foil the waiting game of Russia; and though he doubtless shrank from crossing the Danube, he was not averse to imposing terms upon Servia which must have forced Russia into the field. After his fall, the work of pacification, so far as Servia was concerned, proceeded rapidly. Its success is the best evidence of moderation on the part of the Turks that we have had since the Conference was ended. Russia must at least have been a consenting party. And if the Czar meant war, the means could doubtless have been discovered of staying the peace which has happily been concluded. But the opinion has gained rapidly at St Petersburg, that for the next twenty-five years peace is an imperative necessity; and that a war in the East, having regard to its ultimate dimensions, is beyond the resources of Russia. It is of the utmost importance that Turkey should not be allowed to take advantage of this state of things to assume complete irresponsibility and practically disavow her engagements under the Treaty of Paris. It would be a less evil to reassert those engagements, even at the risk of apparent-

ly encouraging intervention in the future. The lesson in prudence which has been read by recent events to all the Powers, will quite take the sting out of any indirect encouragement of that sort, and the price thus paid for peace (supposing peace to be secured) will undoubtedly be a cheap one.

Whilst the answer to Prince Gortschakoff's Circular has been under discussion, there have been numerous devices and speculations how to vindicate the claims of Europe in regard to Turkish misgovernment, without admitting in any way the principle of coercion, either as regards its present or its future application. Reduced to this narrow point, the question seems as difficult of solution as ever. At first we learnt from the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' that, after various *pourparlers* and exchange of ideas, the only feasible mode of coming to an agreement was to settle the conditions on which a respite should be granted to Turkey, for the purpose of executing her reforms. But those conditions involved more or less the whole subject in debate—viz., the present or future application of coercive measures. The first bid seems to have been that, whilst present coercion was abandoned, the Powers should bind themselves, in case of Turkish failure to recast the government within a specified time, to adopt or sanction forcible intervention at the expiration of some allotted term. The next was, that the Sultan should embody his promises of reform in such shape as to undertake an international obligation, in lieu of the gracious communication embalmed in the Treaty of Paris, and give the Powers a collective right of control. In lieu of a commission of special delegates, the great Powers themselves should be the commissioners. In one sense that was going beyond the proposals of the

Conference, and demanding a permanent instead of a temporary right of control. Still, inasmuch as the five Powers who had acted as mediators at the Conference had to all appearance abandoned Turkey to her fate, and left her face to face with her foe, the general character of these proposals was conciliatory. They showed a desire to maintain the concert of Europe, a distinct wish to avoid hostilities for the present, or in any manner which had not previously received a collective sanction. Then came the mission of General Ignatieff, who represented at the Conference a policy of conciliation and concession, and was the most fitting instrument for effecting a peaceful conclusion. The object was to find a point of contact between a system of policy which aims at guarantees and coercion, with a rival system which refuses to sanction those measures in the present or in the future, expressly or by implication, and contents itself with moral or diplomatic pressure. Prospective coercion involves a serious breach of the Treaties, and to give a treaty right to employ it involves the whole principle of Ottoman independence. The price, however, of Russian demobilisation must be ascertained, since it does not appear to advance matters very much to say that forces which have been voluntarily mobilised can be as voluntarily withdrawn. The desire to obtain some tangible result for all the cost and risk incurred cannot, however, confer a right to any concessions which others may deem detrimental to their interests; although, no doubt, the anxiety to maintain peace will insure a lenient and favourable view of any reasonable demand.

A still further symptom of pacific resolution on the part of Russia lay in the request to the British Government to defer its reply to Prince

Gortschakoff's Circular until fuller communications had been received. Aware of the divergence of views between itself and the British Cabinet, and the impossibility of any material alteration of the policy which Parliament had unanimously sanctioned, the request implied a disposition towards still further concessions. The view was put forward in the 'Politische Correspondenz' that the Treaty of Paris should be abrogated in the sense of cancelling the rights of Turkey under it, whose refusal of the demands of the Conference should be deemed an infraction of that treaty. That, it was said, would be an alternative to compelling her observance of her implied engagements under it. Russia would also be exonerated from her treaty rights towards Turkey. Here, again, the way was to be opened for combined intervention in Turkish affairs.

Then came the idea of an international protocol. The Porte should sign it, pledging itself to carry out reforms. The Powers should countersign it. Turkey, it is said, met this proposal by addressing a Circular Note to the Guaranteeing Powers, offering *motu proprio* to carry through the very same reforms which should be embodied in an international instrument. To convert that offer into an international obligation, to provide an "executory sanction," a means of enforcing its observance, or of exacting a penalty for its non-observance, is the whole object of Russian policy. How far can England safely go in that direction, and how far would it be prudent to incur risk in the future in order to avoid present perplexities and dangers? In other words, is compromise possible, when all parties are anxious for peace, or is the only solution of the difficulty the triumph of one side and a surrender by the other?

The desire of the British Govern-

ment to avoid any new international engagement is clearly disclosed in the correspondence relating to the Conference at Constantinople. On 20th November Lord Derby "states explicitly that her Majesty's Government cannot countenance the introduction into the Conference of proposals, however plausible or well-intentioned, which would bring foreign armies into Turkish territory in violation of the engagements by which the guaranteeing Powers are solemnly bound." Whilst willing to make any efforts to place the Ottoman empire on a more secure basis, it could not join in extorting guarantees, or in imposing any particular scheme, but would leave the Sultan to stand the consequences of any opposition he might make. The object of the Conference was, in the language of General Ignatieff (No. 2, p. 41), "*to arrange institutions that would furnish a sufficient guarantee for the reforms which the Porte had promised or might be asked to enact, as well as sufficient protection for the lives and property of the Christian population in the future.*" Failing this, it was distinctly stated by the British Government (December 22) that they had decided not to employ any form of coercion themselves or resistance to coercion by others. The first intimation of a desire for an international protocol is in Lord Salisbury's telegram six days later, to the effect that General Ignatieff "asks somewhat urgently" that we should record formally our assent to certain principles agreed to by the preliminary Conference. Lord Derby immediately answered that a protocol could only be *ad referendum*, and was very objectionable unless "textually agreed to after due consideration by the several Governments." The Russian plenipotentiary was anxious that all the representatives (No. 2, p. 113) should sign an Act expressing the common assent of

the Powers to the propositions put forward as the essential bases of an arrangement, a common determination to support them "auprès de la Porte." Lord Derby telegraphed to the Austrian Government, and received for reply that Count Andrassy (p. 136) did not clearly understand the object of the proposed Act, but that he wished for common action with England. The full Conferences began, and the subject dropped; but on the 8th January (p. 182), in view of impending failure, Lord Derby wrote that it was very desirable "to avoid the signature of any identic note, or of any protocol embodying the results of the preliminary meetings, inasmuch as the proposals then agreed upon were only put forward for discussion, and were liable to modification in the full Conference." The proposal was objected to by the other plenipotentiaries, and abandoned by General Ignatieff. And Lord Derby especially refused to embody the proposals, even after concessions had been made, "in a protocol or other document which should be binding on the Powers" (p. 183). Again (on p. 261), Lord Derby writes (Jan. 13), that "having reference to the possibility of the Conference breaking up without result, it will be necessary to avoid all appearance of menace, and to hold no language that can be construed as pledging her Majesty's Government to enforce at a later date" the modified proposals to which the despatch related. This was in answer to a telegram of Lord Salisbury. But previously to that the same suggestion had been repeated again and again. On the 5th came a paper containing a summary of terms which General Ignatieff (p. 269) had submitted, and which he thought should be addressed to the Porte in identical notes.

Having regard to the previous

course of diplomacy, it is not to be wondered at that the new proposal of Russia is one which is not free from difficulty, though we earnestly trust that that difficulty may be surmounted. The earliest indication of an approach to an understanding reached us, as usual, from Vienna. Russia, it was stated, was ready to make concessions as to the form of the ultimate arrangement, provided the real essence of the proposal was accepted. Everything likely to entail obligations for the future might be avoided beyond the bare counter-signature of the Porte's protocol. The Protocol itself might be so framed as not to be inconsistent with the Porte's policy of resistance to foreign intervention, which, it is understood, will be steadily adhered to at Constantinople. Mixed commissions, approved governors, guarantees, control, time for executing reforms—all these points it appears were abandoned. The Protocol should merely express the amount and nature of the reforms which the Porte would pledge itself to carry out. It is difficult to believe that in a document of so harmless a character, any sting can lie concealed. It might indirectly favour the establishment of a European control; so did the Andrassy Note, and besides we know what an utterly inefficacious thing European control is in this matter. It has proved itself all-powerful to restrain aggression, wholly powerless to effect improvements in Turkey. A protocol of the nature described above would scarcely weaken its hands in one respect, or strengthen them in the other. The policy of this country is to keep its hands free, to avoid entangling engagements, to discourage intervention, to play the part of mediator. Russia wants to get a European decision which she can cite in opposition to the Treaty of Paris, and which may

form a new basis hereafter for diplomatic action. She repeatedly attempted to get the decisions of the preliminary conferences embodied in a protocol which should assume the shape of an international decision. The British Government was as eagerly on the alert to prevent this. The guaranteeing Powers never came to a formal joint-resolution. The efforts since the Conference have all been with a view to effect the purpose which then failed of accomplishment. To obtain an instrument of that international character, Russia will reduce her demands to a minimum, and agree that it should be relieved of all conditions and expressions which might have any direct obligatory force upon the Powers. The object is to give them a joint right, in which, of course, Russia will participate, to exercise some control, and assume some sort of protectorate, over the Christian inhabitants of Turkey. It might possibly be used to revive her former claims under the Treaty of Kainairdji, and *pro tanto* repeal the provisions of the Treaty of Paris which prohibits interference. On the one hand, there is that possibility; on the other, it must be remembered that such an instrument will not be of much use while Europe forbids intervention,—it will be of but slight assistance in case at any future time Europe withdraws the veto which she has for the last two years, and throughout these discussions, resolutely imposed. The Turkish Note recognises Turkish obligations, and if the Powers jointly arrive at an understanding, the war which is, to all outward appearance, impending, will probably be averted. A collective sanction of the promised policy of the Porte, a collective determination to use moral pressure to maintain the settlement, and stimulate the execution of the promises, will, it is hoped, be deemed

by Russia a satisfactory conclusion of its diplomatic labours, a valid reason for demobilising her forces. There will, it seems, be reserved to the Powers, in case of absolute failure on the part of the Ottoman Government to observe its engagements, the power to deliberate hereafter on the mode of action, or to speak more accurately the measures, or to speak most accurately the *moyens*, which they will adopt. It is impossible to recognise in an instrument of this kind any effective limitation upon our future freedom; and if this is all that is required to insure the preservation of peace, and war will result from its non-acceptance, the English nation and Government may fairly, and with due regard to the interests of posterity, decline to stand alone in avoiding this *minimum* of risk.

We cannot regard the efforts of the last two or three months as having any other object than to provide the Czar with a plausible excuse for withdrawing from the Moscow speech. All classes in this country and the whole of Europe are so bent upon peace being preserved, that it would be extremely difficult for an English Ministry, if some slight concession upon their part would insure it, to withhold their consent. If the concession materially altered our position, then the firmness which they displayed during the menacing demonstrations of last autumn would be quite as much needed now. They may be trusted not to alter materially our position under the Treaty of Paris; not to enter into engagements which may implicate us unnecessarily in this web of old-world politics which is woven at the foot of the Balkan range. According to all accounts, the concession asked for is a slight one. No doubt it will be made conditional upon peace being really preserved, upon demobilisation being actually carried out. For even

if the Powers arrive at an understanding which is to regulate their future relations to one another upon this all-absorbing topic, there is still the policy of the Ottoman Government to be considered. No doubt reforms cannot be instituted, nor the ordinary work of administration proceed, whilst hostile forces are collected on the Pruth and in the Caucasus. On the other hand, suppose they are withdrawn, then immediately a new set of difficulties arises. The internal confusion of Turkey, at present possibly kept down by the presence of a powerful enemy, will reveal itself. The Government of Turkey will have to face numerous difficulties—*e.g.*, the whole male Mohammedan population in arms, but to be disbanded; Asiatic levies to be withdrawn to the other side of the Straits; agriculture neglected; the return of numbers to half-cultivated districts, and homes rendered more miserable in their absence; the wild disorder of savage tribes, withdrawn from their ordinary pursuits; the furious discontent which will result from baffled enthusiasm, from concessions to Serbia and Montenegro, from openly shrinking from war, from the passions which a disorganised state of society will let loose in the provinces, and an utterly untried form of government will stimulate in the capital. The Powers may have the best wishes in the world to terminate the prolonged suspense, the impending mischief of the situation. But the end is probably not yet. The speech of the Sultan to his Parliament sounded fair. He announced the pacification of the country, and the restoration of peaceful relations with Serbia. He hoped for a favourable issue to the negotiations with Montenegro, which, however, still holds out and demands concessions revolting to Ottoman pride. "To anticipate in practice those

wishes of the Powers which can be reconciled with existing treaties, the rules of international law, and the exigencies of the situation," is a graceful promise from a constitutional sovereign; and so also is the desire "to send the troops at present under arms to their homes, to the great advantage of agriculture." But will the authority of the new Government be equal to either the one or the other? If this gigantic question can really be solved by a harmless protocol, by all means let it be ended. The British Cabinet has a serious decision to make in the midst of difficulties which are as great as ever they were. If they can smooth the way to peace, we have no doubt that for that purpose they will do all that an English Ministry should do. But a temporary agreement would be dearly purchased by the abandonment of that freedom from entangling engagements, that right to stand upon the Treaty of Paris as the great international settlement of international relations upon this subject, which they have hitherto

so strenuously and successfully struggled to preserve. The whole Ottoman Empire is in a most critical condition. The power of its Government over the forces which it has summoned to its aid may prove wholly inadequate to its requirements, and the disorganisation of society may rapidly increase. One protocol more or less will then have very little influence. But it may be of the utmost importance to Europe that the relative rights and duties of the Great Powers should still be regulated by the Treaty of Paris, which in its leading features has stood the strain of nearly two years of diplomatic contest, and has laid down the principles by which all have steered their discussions. The ultimate fate of Turkey is a European question; and that treaty at least rescues Europe from a similar chaos of popular passions, national jealousies, competing ambitions, and angry animosities, which within the circuit of Ottoman rule have produced such menacing disorder.

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PAULINE.—PART IV.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE FIRST PLUNGE.

"Fog, and mist, and rain,
Dark, and sad, and grey,
Floating over the quiet land—
Oh, dull November day !

Fear, and doubt, and care,
Dark, and sad, and grey,
My misty thoughts are ta'en from you,
Oh, dull November day !"

THERE are certain mornings in the year, on which it seems appropriate and natural to hear of a misfortune.

On such a day, the leaves are dropping from the trees, the wind moans dismally, over the plains there hangs a dense white veil, the heavens above are dark, and the air is chill. Almost *any* event would be welcomed—almost anything of any kind, to stir up, were it even to wrath, the stagnant pool of commonplace, which engulfs life for the time being. The postman has been.

Has he indeed ? You turn your eyes from side to side—your anxious, longing, letter-loving eyes, and they see nothing. Stay, you are wrong : there is one poor, ill-favoured, thin, blue, marrowless epistle ; a wretched unit. It lies on your own plate.

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Is that *all* ?

Yea, verily. Toss it aside, throw it from you—it is a delusion, an impostor, a bill.

Nay, but in that letter lies your fate, dear reader : lower your scornful, discontented eyelids ; give, I pray you, one glance, and think it not too small a matter for your notice.

Therein,—you start ! Your lips open ! Your eyes dilate !

Now, what is the meaning of this ? What has caused that sudden flush, followed by so deadly a pallor ? Why that trembling hand, that sinking into the chair by your side, that blank, unresponsive gaze ? Are you stricken deaf and dumb ? Is there a ringing in your ears, a rushing at your heart—

a lightning-flash of perception that, one minute before, you had been happy?

And the letter is so short. It only contains the negative you had taught yourself to believe would never come; the failure that, with your talents and influence, had seemed to be out of the question; the death-blow to expectations, long as your life; or the curt statement, that a little toy you had amused yourself with had not turned out as well as had been expected.

Some such trifle. And at length you find a mask wherewith to smile and repel intrusion—or, it may be, only breath to wonder and weep; and through Novembers to come, when the sky is grim, and the earth is dank, and the wind howls, you will sigh and whisper, "It happened on just such a day as this!"

So perchance will sigh Pauline, when the ills of poverty have come home to her, and she has learned to know something of its stern pressure. When that uninteresting envelope had been opened, and the few lines perused which conveyed the intelligence that she and Tom were penniless, the brave girl had made light of the matter. If Tom, she said, could be brought not to mind—if he would lay his shoulder to the wheel, and work as a man should—it would signify little to either of them that they must from henceforth forego the luxuries, and confine their wishes to the necessities, of life. Neither of them cared for luxuries—they had no expensive habits—they would manage excellently. She was only sorry that so much had been said about a trouble which was really not worth the sympathy expended upon it.

Poor, simple, grandiloquent Pauline!

What she would have done without the shelter offered by her father's sister, Mrs Wyndham, it would be

impossible to say; and yet she could hardly be prevailed upon to accept it.

Why should she not be allowed to stay and make a home for Tom in London, where his guardians had, with some difficulty, secured for him a place in a counting-house? Tom's poor lodging would be lonely and dull. It was only when she had been made to understand that her brother might be absolutely hampered instead of benefited by such an arrangement, that she could be brought to abandon it.

So she is to live with Mrs Wyndham.

Nothing of this relation has hitherto been mentioned. To her niece she is almost a stranger, their paths in life having lain in different directions; and Pauline's remembrance of her, if not altogether flattering, is indistinct. At present, the lady is staying with the Jermyns at Harmony Court, in B——shire. The river is sweeping along in flood under the windows; the meadows beyond are one vast swamp; and the clouds, yet heavy with rain to come, move solemnly over the sky, and close in the prospect.

Mrs Wyndham looks out of the low, folding windows, and shudders; but the Grange, of which she has lately concluded a purchase, is not yet ready for her reception, and she has been unable to resist the entreaties of her dear sister-in-law and good husband, and the sweet girls, to come to them in the meantime.

"They had so enjoyed her last visit in the summer," writes Mrs Jermyn, "that, although they have *nothing* to offer—no amusements, no company, no *sunshine* even—still they cannot but hope that dear Camilla will take *pity* upon them, and will allow them to look forward to the *great pleasure* of seeing her.

They must indeed confess that the country is sadly destitute of *charms* at this time of year. They cannot compete with Brighton; and if Brighton is their dear Camilla's choice, they certainly ought not to *complain*, although they should hardly be able to forbear feeling *disappointment*."

This excellently-rounded period, with a good deal more of the same sort, hints, cajoleries, and insinuations, was exactly suited to the person for whom it was intended.

Mrs Wyndham's good-nature, which was her strongest, and her vanity which was her weakest, point, were alike flattered. With all her inclinations, and the greater part of her worldly goods, in Brighton, she consented to quit the cheerful, noisy, tempting streets, with their daily variety of congenial bustle, and immure herself in a dull country-house, at the bidding of relations who themselves allowed that there was no excuse for the unreasonableness of their request.

Why such a request had been made we may be permitted to wonder.

To Mrs Wyndham it was naturally a simple one. Which of us foolish ones is amazed at any anxiety for our presence? We are not dull, or frivolous, or empty-headed to ourselves. We are not, in our own eyes, ordinary-looking men and women, whose appearance to a stranger is so uninteresting, that the infirmity or defect we feel so keenly and take such pains to conceal, is passed over by him, unnoticed.

Look at that little man smiling to himself in the corner. Having been told to look at him, you see that he is there, and that he has red whiskers and a brown greatcoat. But how fussy was that little man over the cut and colour of that greatcoat, before it was made to his satisfaction! How particular that his brown necktie — *you* would not

even know that he had on a brown necktie—should match it in shade! There is the finger of a brown kid glove peeping from his pocket! And his stick has a silver band, with his initials thereon engraved; and his hat is some wonderful hat, and his boots are some wonderful boots, and everything about him is chosen with care and pains, for he is the centre of lifelong devotion and occupation to one human being—himself.

Your cousin Angeline is a non-entity, and a troublesome creature to boot. Nobody cares to have her for their guest, and it is with difficulty you extract from the head of the house the invitation, which duty alone prompts you to send her. But Angeline, unconscious and important, looks at it differently. She is doubtful about accepting, does not send a decided negative (for which you would be thankful), but will reply in a few days. She hopes she *may* be able to come, only she has so many engagements, and having postponed other invitations, she would not like anybody to be hurt. May she leave it an open question? Would it be inconvenient if she were to offer herself by-and-by? She will consult the others, and see what they say, &c. &c. &c., to the tune of three sheets of a letter, all about this momentous question.

Listen to the narrator of an anecdote. How often he has been called "My dear fellow," by the great man whom the anecdote is about. How earnestly has his opinion been sought, and how authoritatively has he laid down the law, in reply. One marvels at the deference paid to such a weakling—until one remembers that the weakling is the speaker. Even as you look upon him, he beholds your gaze, and metamorphoses it. He is his own centre of all things. The universe moves around him.

Mrs Wyndham, as we have said, saw nothing extraordinary in her sister-in-law's letter, nothing to wonder at, that a little fidgety twaddling woman, encumbered with fancies, whims, likings and dislikings, destitute of resources, and dependent on those around her for amusement, should be eagerly solicited to become a member of a quiet family party. A few plaintive regrets she gave to Brighton, and set forth to gratify the praiseworthy desire.

Harmony Court had been intended for a purely summer residence by its first proprietor, a man of refined tastes, and delicate health, who passed the autumn and winter months in a warm climate, returning to England towards the latter end of May. At that season of the year, he found a perfect paradise of repose in the long low building, nestling amid its creepers, and was accustomed, when absent, to recall with delight its velvet lawn, swept by the weeping ash and willow, its cool colonnade of roses, its sparkling river, and bell-tongued nightingales.

But Mr Jermyn, the next possessor of the property, was unfortunately not able to preserve the charming picture, complete, in his mind. He had stretched a point to buy the place, and, having bought it, he meant to live at it. He had neither the means nor the inclination to move his family from one spot to another; and accordingly Harmony Court, exulted in from May to October, had to be endured from October to May.

Mrs Jermyn, indeed, had the usual ladylike excuses of her doctor, her dentist, or her dressmaker, always ready, when a run up to town was felt to be desirable; and invitations for Charlotte and Minnie were usually accepted; but still there was ample experience to be had by all, that the most beauteous and bewitching retreat in the "leafy

month of June," is commonly the most unwholesome and unlovely in the leafless month of November.

It is at this most doleful season of the year, however, that Mrs Wyndham has been persuaded to transfer herself and her belongings to B——shire, in which, during her summer infatuation, she had purchased a comfortable residence, within easy distance of the Jermyns. Her stay at Harmony Court has been prolonged from one week to another, and still the Grange is not ready, and still Mrs Jermyn presses her not to leave them. Pauline shall be made welcome also—there is room, abundance of room; and accordingly Pauline is expected upon the afternoon on which we now take up our tale.

The ladies are sipping their tea in the drawing-room. Mrs Jermyn, stout and fair, with rather too much cap on her head, and rather more than enough smile on her face, lounges in the easy-chair by the fire. By the table are the two daughters of the house—Charlotte, tall, talkative, clever; Minnie, ordinary.

Mrs Wyndham, in the arm-chair opposite, toys with the screen which her still delicate complexion renders necessary, if she is to enjoy dear Selina's charming fire. The lace at the back of her little head is costly, diamonds sparkle on her fingers, and everything about her is rich and valuable.

Perhaps we may now suspect why she is invariably "dear Camilla," and "your dear aunt," and "our dear guest," in Mrs Jermyn's lips; and why it is only when mamma's back is turned, and papa's too, that Charlotte Jermyn crouches down to half her height, and minces about the room, simpering and grimacing, talking nonsense in a finely accented voice, and cackling a little artificial laugh.

How angry mamma would be if she knew!

It is very wrong, very *undutiful*, to laugh at one's own relations. It is extremely *absurd* to lie at the catch for small defects. So kind, so indulgent an aunt! What would Charlotte and Minnie do without Aunt Camilla, who treats them as if they were her *own* children, and takes them to town, and makes them all those *beautiful* presents? She hopes that none of *her* children will ever be found *ungrateful*. She cannot answer for others; Camilla of course knows best about her own relations, but——, and the head is shaken portentously.

They are discussing the new arrangement, you understand; and Charlotte has been incautious.

Mamma cannot conceive what she means, is really astonished that a daughter of hers should be found wanting in *respect*. She considers that Pauline is quite in luck, quite *in luck* to find such a charming home. After such a sad misfortune, such a miserable business altogether, to have fallen on her feet as she has! No hardships, no privations, only the kindest and most *generous* of relations waiting to receive her with open arms!

"And kill her in a week!" breaks out the rebellious daughter. "You need not look so indignant, mamma. She will do it with the best intentions. Oh, yes: she will call her 'my dear,' and 'my love,' and beg her to take care of her health, and insist on her going out every day in the carriage, and not walking too far, and not reading too much, and not doing anything else in the world than sitting by her side, listening to her ceaseless clatter, clatter, clatter from morning till night."

"Charlotte! I——. We were just having a little discussion about your domestic affairs, Camilla," explains Mrs Jermyn, as her sister-in-

law's entrance rather alters the nature of that discussion, and annihilates the response she had begun. "Minnie, a footstool for your aunt. Cold, dear? A little shawl for your shoulders? Minnie will fetch one in a moment. What were we saying? Oh, it was about your future inmate at the Grange. I only hope, my dear, that it will not be too much for you; the charge, I mean, the complete *charge* of a great girl like that! And such a risk as living together always is! You must let us know—that we shall *insist* upon—if it does not answer, and some other plan must be adopted. We shall feel ourselves responsible for the comfort of the Grange, as it was *we* who introduced you to the neighbourhood."

Mrs Wyndham has had this fact impressed upon her memory rather oftener than she cares for, already; but she is in the habit of considering Selina a good creature, and makes allowance for her anxiety on a point where anxiety cannot but be flattering.

Mrs Jermyn runs on. "It ought to be considered in the light of a *trial*, not to be *permanent*, unless all goes on smoothly. If it suits, well. If not, dear, you *promise* to take us into confidence?"

Selina is really *too* kind. Of course it is a *risk*, and Mrs Wyndham cannot but feel *nervous*; but still, what else *could* she do? She could not allow the poor dear child to *starve*, and her own *nearest* relation too, her dear *brother's* child.

Camilla is not to be outdone on her own special ground; when these two get together, every second word is accentuated.

"I suppose," responds Mrs Jermyn, wincing a little under the last observation, "that she has not been much out into the world—that she is little more than a great girl?"

"As tall as Charlotte, my love, and looks older, if anything. Dark-

haired people always do look old. That, you know, is proverbial. It is we blondes who keep our youth, I can tell you," proclaims the faded beauty. "We cannot look old if we would. As Colonel Grafton said to me the other day, 'My dear madam,' he said, 'you cannot look old if you would!'"

Mrs Jermyn protests that the Colonel is right. Her dear sister does not look within *years* of her age, though indeed what that age may be she cannot pretend to *guess*, for she vows she cannot believe, and does not believe, what the family date tells. "Charlotte, your aunt will take another cup of tea. Oh, pray. My dear Camilla, *you* need not be afraid of *embonpoint*!"

"*Embonpoint!* now really!" The screen is thrown playfully forward in the direction of the other arm-chair.

"But it must be half, and half only, then," suffering her cup to be taken. "Just because your mamma presses me. Now, dear Selina, are you sure, quite, absolutely *sure* that it will not inconvenience you to have Pauline? Not in the *least*?"

"A pleasure, dear—a *pleasure*."

"You are so hospitable. For one week, then; our workmen promise to be gone in one week."

"And if they are not, Camilla, so much the better." And so on, and so on.

Into the midst of all this steps Pauline, with a cold, quiet face. Effusive greetings, embraces, questions, and hubbub follow.

"Self-possessed," comments a certain pair of searching eyes; "decidedly self-possessed. That sort of manner seldom takes. But she is one of the handsomest girls I have ever seen." Aloud, Mrs Jermyn is saying pleasantly—"Now I think our traveller would like to take off her warm things, and have a rest before dinner. Would you not,

Pauline—am I to call you Pauline? We are very nearly relations, you know, and now we are going to be neighbours as well. You must feel this room hot after coming in from the open air. Charlotte will show you your room, my dear, and I hope it will be comfortable. I think I must stay by the fireside and nurse my cold, as we are engaged to dine out to-morrow evening."

The last announcement was made with a little air that would at once have conveyed to an initiated ear that the dining out referred to was not an ordinary event in the household; but it was lost on Pauline.

With a polite hope that the lady would soon be better, she followed Charlotte, and was ushered upstairs.

"Good-looking! No, I don't call her so very good-looking! What do you say, Charlotte?" Mrs Wyndham is peevishly exclaiming, as Charlotte re-enters the drawing-room. "Anybody looks well coming in out of the fresh air, among such a set of pasty faces as we have got. What have we all been about, moping indoors the whole afternoon? Why don't you girls go out? I have a great mind to take a turn myself. But no, I should certainly catch cold in this dreadful fog. Ah! what a climate it is! And what a situation you have got here, my dear children! I trust I shall be fit for Sir John's dinner-party. I am beginning to cough already."

"Put a little coal on the fire, Charlotte," suggests her mother. "Why did you come down so soon, my love?"

"I did not know I was to stay, mamma."

"Could you not have given her some little help? She has no maid, you know, and with all her things to unpack——"

"I will go back again by-and-by."

She did not want me just now, I am sure." "Let the poor thing alone, can't you?" mutters Charlotte, under her breath.

So Pauline is left with the letter in her hand, which had waited for her on the drawing-room mantel-piece since the day before.

It is from Tom, who is staying with some friends in the north. He is going to London, to begin his work there, in a few days. Meantime they are having good sport, and there is a houseful of people, and it is very jolly.

All this his sister reads musingly; but she comes to a part by-and-by on which her eyes fasten, and a keen, eager look darts into her face. This dies away, and, with dropping eyelids, there follows the sob, and

cry, "If I had only been sent anywhere—anywhere else!"

There is a tap at the door, her hands unclasp, she tries to look composed, and turns away her head. "Come in." The accents are stiff and uninviting, and Charlotte is more convinced than ever that her errand will be unwelcome.

"I came to help you to unpack," replies the intruder, ungraciously. "Can I——?" But here she catches sight of the beautiful young face, which had lately seemed to them all so cold and proud, now flushed, and quivering in pain, and it is, "Oh, do let me stay, dear! I like to be with you, and I am so glad you came," followed by a warm, honestly affectionate kiss, that finds its way to the heart at once.

CHAPTER XIV.—DOT'S REVELATIONS.

"Children and fools speak the truth."

Charlotte Jermyn was in every respect the antipodes of her mother. She was a bluff, downright girl, whose sterling qualities could not fail to meet with a certain amount of appreciation; but, as these were unhappily accompanied by a deficiency in the charms of grace and refinement, they were robbed of the outward garb of attractiveness; and, although possessed of more than one friend, she had never had a lover.

This gave her no uneasiness. She was willing to please, and be pleased; but she could exist without admiration—she only exacted amusement.

The follies of her aunt were tolerated with cheerful equanimity, as long as they appealed to her sense of humour, and as long as she could put an end to the entertainment at any moment she chose, by leaving the room. But to be tied

down to Mrs Wyndham's presence for the greater portion of every day of her life, would have been to her too irksome an existence to have been borne.

Hence the sympathy for Pauline, the unguarded expression of which drew forth her mother's rebuke in the last chapter.

Mrs Jermyn was as sincere in the administration of that rebuke as a perfectly insincere woman can be, when speaking without reserve or restraint.

As she expatiated upon Miss La Sarte's good fortune in finding such a home, at a time when a home of any sort was sorely needed, she felt strong in the power of truth. She did, in reality, covet the position she extolled. Not, however, on account of the advantages it openly offered, not because of the domestic happiness and the affectionate welcome, on which her eloquence ex-

pended itself with fullest unction; these, we may safely aver, did not excite her envy.

But the secret office of Mrs Wyndham's flatterer and sycophant was one she would gladly have filled, either in person or by proxy.

On this she had counted in the first delightful triumph consequent on the purchase of the Grange. To have Camilla at their very door; to have brought her there themselves; to behold her admired and caressed, a woman of consequence in the neighbourhood, and yet admitting none to her confidence but her *own relations*, one or other of whom would be invariably by her side;—this was what her prophetic vision had unfolded to Mrs Jermyn's eyes, and she had been intoxicated by the prospect.

The future acquaintances, parties, furniture, and equipages of her sister-in-law formed endless matter for conjecture or affirmation, and more than one half-hour had been spent in calculating on the probability of Camilla's preferring gold to silver lace on her coachman's hat.

Sir John Finch had gold, Major Soames had silver. Camilla would certainly be oftener driven over to Finch Hall than to the Major's cottage. Consequently, as variety is pleasant, Mrs Jermyn would have preferred silver, but she had a conviction that Camilla would select gold.

This was, however, only a pleasurable meditation—there was no one real drawback to her flutter of excitement and happy anticipation.

Time drew on, and the unfortunate lady stood on the very brink of the exquisite mirage, when it suddenly became dim and blurred.

This was Pauline's doing.

Good heavens! a niece, and a La Sarte, coming to divert the reflected glory of the Grange from

falling on Harmony Court! An interloper, a mischief-maker, one of Camilla's blood and race, with claims upon her superior to those of the Jermyns, stepping in between the two!

Naturally Camilla would incline towards one of her own family, if only for pride's sake (tacitly admitting the La Sarte's right to precedence), and the new-comer, an artful Frenchified girl, would spare no pains to improve her opportunity.

Pauline was to be regularly domesticated at the Grange, would take the bottom of the table,—act, in a manner, as hostess when the Jermyns came over—the Jermyns, who had looked upon the Grange as little less than their own,—and would, in a word, completely unseat Charlotte and Minnie from the niche to which their fond mother had in her dreams elected them.

With difficulty she had commanded her countenance and her voice when informed of the downfall of her hopes.

She had entreated her sister-in-law to reconsider the matter, had pointed out with considerable fertility of imagination the evils likely to ensue from the proposed amalgamation; but she could do no more: even she had not dared to suggest to Mrs Wyndham that a daughter of the house of La Sarte should take steps towards providing for her own maintenance.

At such a proposal, Camilla's eye would have flashed.

For a vain woman, she was curiously proud; and Mrs Jermyn knew that on any point relating to family dignity, she must touch with extreme delicacy and caution.

She had therefore been compelled to confine herself to affectionate condolences and ingenious prognostications of mischief.

On the other hand, a few lines

from Mrs Wyndham's brother had settled the question. "I have done my best for Tom, and of course you will take his sister."

Mrs Jermyn felt that "of course" as her death-warrant, and gave up the contest.

"So then, my love, it really is *to be*, and we must all hope it will turn out for the best," she had cried, trying hard to wring a smile out of her blank face.

"When a thing is once *decided* upon, Camilla, you are too good a creature to think of *drawing back*."

Camilla was—too good or too dense. She did not follow the idea thus slipped in edgeways. And that effort had been Mrs Jermyn's final one.

Her *bête noire* has now actually arrived, and the inaugural ceremony has taken place under her own roof.

The next morning, Pauline having driven out with her aunt, a little episode takes place in the breakfast-room. All the other ladies are gathered there, when the door opens, and Dot, an inquisitive eight-year-old piece of precocity, spoilt by her mother, and snubbed by her sisters, strolls idly in.

Instantly there is a lull in the conversation, for experience has warned all present that Dot is not a safe listener. Mamma returns to the account-book on the table before her, Charlotte takes up her work, and Minnie goes away. This is hard on Dot, who is instantly possessed of a raging desire to know the extent of her deprivation. "What is it all about?" peevishly demands the innocent. "What are you all talking about? I know you were talking, for I heard you outside, and you stopped when I came in. You never tell me anything."

Charlotte.—"Get away, child. You shouldn't listen, and then you

would not know whether you were told or not."

Dot.—"I did not listen, I only *heard*. I'll listen next time though, and *you* won't know whether I'm there or not."

"You will only get punished, you stupid little thing. Why are you not at your lessons?"

"Mademoiselle is not coming to-day. She has a headache."

"Well, go to the school-room, then. We can't have you here."

"You are always sending me away," whimpers the child. "Mayn't I stay, mamma? Mayn't I stay?"

An uplifted pen, enjoining silence, is her only answer; whilst mamma's lips move, in silent addition of figures that will not balance correctly.

Accordingly there breaks forth Imperious whine No. 2. "Mayn't I stay, mamma?"

"Stay! Yes, poor child! why not?" The sum is finished, and noted down. "Stay if you like," replies Mrs Jermyn, cheerfully.

"Oh, of course she may stay, and of course she may do whatever she likes, and pry into everything, and carry tales, and make mischief, as she always does!" exclaims the sister, disrespectfully. "But I, for one, decline to be pryed into. I shan't stay if she does."

"Charlotte is so cross to me, mamma," from the plaintiff.

"Charlotte, how can you be so cross to the poor child? What harm is she doing you? And don't you see she is not well?"

Exit Charlotte without reply. Dot, briskly, "What is it about, mamma?"

"About, my dear?"

"It's about Pauline, I know, for I heard them say her name. What is it about her and Aunt Camilla? Do tell me, mamma. You might tell me."

"Oh, never mind, my dear.

Little girls can't be told everything."

"But I want to know, mamma, and I won't tell anybody else. Do say, mamma. Mamma, do say."

"My dear, poor Pauline has lost all her money, and kind Aunt Camilla is going to take her to live at the Grange. That is all."

"But why are you *sorry* that she is come? Why did you say you wished to goodness that she had been sent anywhere else? I *heard* you say that, mamma." And with the words the small cunning eyes (apparently a pair of her own, made down for Dot) search her through and through.

"How did you know I was speaking of Pauline, child? You should not fasten down to any particular person half a sentence that your ears happen to catch when you are coming into a room. The greatest mistakes in the world are made in that way," cleverly observes mamma, with an impressive air.

"Oh, but I *heard* you say Pauline." Dot nods her head to enforce the emphasis. "So there wasn't *any* mistake. And I know I *don't* make mistakes; I *never* do. I heard you say it quite distinctly; and I want to know why? Because it's funny" (mysteriously) "that somebody else wishes the very same thing, and he wrote it too."

"Who wrote it? What do you mean? Wrote it to you?"

"Oh no; to her—to Pauline. He wrote, or she wrote—somebody wrote; but you tell me first, and then I will tell you."

"What am I to tell you, silly one? You know all I said, it seems, already. But, Dot, remember, that if you repeat it to any one—sisters, or Aunt Camilla, or *any one*—I shall be very, very greatly ill-pleased indeed. It would be most unkind, most *unfeeling* to say it again. Remember that. If I thought I could

not trust you, I should never have told you, now."

"You never did tell me, mamma. You didn't tell me a thing. I heard it all for myself, and the other one too, and I want to know *why*?"

A laboured explanation, and then, "What do you mean about the other one? It was odd of Pauline to read out her letter to a child like you."

"Oh, she didn't read it," Dot candidly allows. "I read it."

"You? How did you read it?"

"I read it, because I found it. I found it in her room, under the dressing-table, when you were all at dinner. And I gave it to her afterwards."

"Oh, Dot, for shame! To read people's letters, and then come and tell what was in them! Never do that again, my dear; it is a very naughty thing to do."

"It was only a little bit, mamma" (slightly abashed). "It was only because it was about Mr Blundell; and Roberts says he thinks Mr Blundell is to come back to-day, and that we shall not be allowed to go through the farm any more. We do like to go through the farm so much, and he has been away so long. I wonder why he should come back at all."

"You are making some mistake, child. It could not be the same Mr Blundell; or you have read the name wrong. Pauline is not likely to know anything about this Mr Blundell."

"Somebody knows, who wrote the letter. Who was it wrote the letter?"

"Her brother—her brother, dear," impatiently.

"He knows, then. He called him Blundell; and oh, I am sure it was our *very own* Mr Blundell, because the letter *said* he was coming back, and Roberts said so too!"

"And was this all? I really

think, Dot, you ought to tell me all you read—though I don't approve of your reading it, mind, and you must never do such a thing again—but you had better tell me now what you can remember, just that I may show you what a silly little head you have got to take up such fancies."

"I didn't take up fancies." Dot grows sullen. "I saw it, and I am sure I was right. It said he was on his way to Blundellsaye—oh, there! It said, *Blundellsaye*, so of course it was him——"

"'He,' dear, not 'him.'" Mrs Jermyn corrects, coolly; but in reality she is impressed. "And what, besides, Dot?"

"Oh, just that. And then directly after—because I was reading

that, and I *saw* just below—'I wish you had been sent anywhere else.' And I did not read any more—not a word. I wonder why he wished Pauline had been sent anywhere else? She has not been sent to Blundellsaye!"

"William," said Mrs Jermyn, carelessly addressing her husband, at the luncheon-table, and choosing a pause, when her words could not but be heard by every one at table. "Did you know that Mr Blundell returns home to-day? I daresay we shall meet him to-night at Finch Hall."

The moment for the remark was carefully chosen, and she was inclined to think she had done well in making it.

CHAPTER XV.—THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF HIM!

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

It is half-past six o'clock in the evening, and the dressing-bell has rung at Finch Hall.

Can there be a greater bore among bores than the dressing-bell? Imagine the bore magnified to its greatest degree. Picture to yourself a blazing fire to be left behind; a newspaper, still unread, to be abandoned; a bundle of aching limbs to be forced up-stairs, and the prospect of transferring the same to fresh garments in the cool atmosphere of a November evening, and you may perhaps arouse in your bosom, if it is a pitiful one, some sense of compassion for young Dolly Finch, who, left by himself in the library at the close of a hard day's hunting, sunk in the depths of an arm-chair, and full of weary comfort, was just dropping off into a gentle doze when he was sharply aroused by the unwelcome summons.

Dolly was the sworn enemy of bells in general, and of this imperious courtyard bell—this harsh, noisy, inexorable clang-clang—in particular.

It never found him ready. It never found him ashamed.

According to his mood, he regarded it with indifference or disgust.

The present was an evening for indifference. There was nobody by to order him off; he sputtered a sleepy execration, blinked his eyelids, frowned, and looked straight in front of him.

All was peaceful again, and the flickering firelight wooed his outraged feelings to forgetfulness. His head drooped forward, and hung upon his breast.

Anon he heard the sweet music of the hounds, and the patter of hoofs. Now he is sailing over an empty field, the fox well in sight.

He loses her! He clears a fence! Hi, he is down! Some one is pulling him from under the horse, shaking him, shouting in his ears with a voice like a trumpet. He starts to his feet, and manfully grasps—the arm-chair!

By his side stands his father, observing, with a gentle yawn, "Wake up, Dolly. Time to dress."

Heavily sighed poor Dolly now.

There would be no further reprieve. He was still in pink; his boots were splashed, and his cap and whip lay on the floor by his side.

He must go, of course. Of course. He is going. He is only waiting a moment. Where is his cap? Eh? The voice growing ever more and more inarticulate.

"Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! Time to dress, you know."

"All right, sir," with another sigh. "Lots of time."

"Not such lots, I can tell you. It is, by me, let me see—it only wants a quarter now. And there are some people coming to dinner, you know."

"I'll be ready," creeping to the front of the chair, in preparation for the effort of rising. "I don't take any time."

"Well, you had better be as quick as you can. I went down to the farm just now," continued Sir John, "and——"

"Oh, I forgot," broke in Dolly, calling his wits together. "I meant to tell you, Benson says we shan't get those oats. Ralph Blundell's come back."

"I was going to tell you that. I passed him outside the gate just now."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Oh, I gave him a sort of nod. There were half-a-dozen of them in the drag—as disreputable-looking a set as usual. That one with the

long moustache, he was there. What do you call him? Harcourt? Chaworth—that's it. He was facing me. Blundell was driving, and that young cousin of his, Wilmot Blundell's son, whom I suppose he has undertaken to lead to the dogs as fast as it can be done, was on the box beside him."

"I hope you were not rude to him, sir?"

"I was not *rude* to him. I don't know what you mean by being *rude* to him. I just gave him a nod like this," repeating the performance. "I did not take off my hat, and salaam down to the ground before him—if you mean that."

Whether he meant that or not, Dolly did not explain. He was silent, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and after a few moments thus passed, the father continued, bringing his eyebrows together, and scanning his son's countenance as he spoke, "You are not intending to call there, I suppose?"

"I must, some time or other. You won't; and if neither of us went, it would look so abominably uncivil."

"What do we care if it does look uncivil? We have no particular need to show civility to a man who is the pest of the neighbourhood."

"I must just call," said Dolly, with decision. "Don't ask him here, unless you like. But everybody will call."

"You will do as you please, of course. You usually do. But I shall have nothing to say to him."

"I cannot imagine why you should make it a personal matter, sir. He has never done you any harm that you know of."

"He won't do *me* any harm, I'll take very good care of that. I'm not likely to be harmed; but there are those who are, and not very far off either. I won't have you mak-

ing a friend of that man, Dolly ; so you need not think of it."

"Making a friend of him, because I leave a card !"

"Ay, making a friend of him. That will be the next thing. You will meet him with the hounds, and you will be invited to Blundellsaye, and you will go wherever he asks you, and do whatever he tells you——"

"A precious fool you make me out !" broke forth Dolly, never more indignant than at a hint of this kind.

"Fool enough, if anybody asks you to play the fool," unhesitatingly rejoined his father.

"Do you think I have no mind of my own, sir ?"

"Mind of your own ? No. If you have any mind of your own, it is kept for your mother, and sisters, and me. For the rest, anybody may pull you about with a string."

This was too much—the young man flushed with passion.

"That's a nice sort of thing to say to a fellow ! It's a beastly shame to say such a thing !"

He rose to go, and the father's heart smote him.

"Well, Dolly, it was. I ask your pardon, and let me see I was wrong as soon as you can. I don't wish to see a son of mine tied to his mother's apron-string any more than you do. Choose your friends, bring them here, and so long as they are respectable, and gentlemen, they shall always have a welcome. But take my advice—it is only my *advice*, mind—and have nothing to do with Ralph Blundell."

Blundell's reappearance was commented upon at the dinner-table that evening, with the alacrity a new topic must ever inspire.

There was a large party, but although Mrs Jermyn had opined that he would be present, none

of the others had expected for a moment to meet him. It was years since he had been seen at Finch Hall, where sobriety and decorum had always prevailed, and where an irregular life was less likely to meet with toleration than at any other house in the neighbourhood.

Nevertheless the event was interesting, even to the hosts. They knew Ralph Blundell, and had done so since his boyhood. Lady Finch asked after him in a maternally sad voice. She could not help feeling grieved whenever she looked across to that deserted, lonely house. She remembered the two brothers, such fine manly boys, always together, and so fond of each other, that you never saw them apart.

Their poor mother was so proud of them ! She used to say her sons were better to her than any daughter could have been. As long as she lived, everything had gone on smoothly at Blundellsaye. The poor young men ! They had been left so entirely without restraint afterwards, that one ought to have the deepest pity for them,—one ought to make the greatest allowances.

The gentle creature being well out of her husband's hearing gave free vent to the feelings her compassionate nature prompted.

At the other end of the table, the tone adopted towards the same subject was different.

Had there not been something strange about Ralph Blundell lately ? What was it ? Had he been off his head ? Had he never been at Blundellsaye since his brother's death ? Where had he been ? Was he all right now ?

It was not without emotion that Pauline heard the name bandied from one to the other.

There was no need for her to

speak. No one imagined that a stranger could have any remark to make on a subject that had so purely local an interest. They did not trouble her with it; but adapting himself to her presumed taste, a little man on her left hand, who had been appealed to as an authority more than once, thus addressed her—

"And I suppose croquet is quite discarded for lawn-tennis now?"

"I suppose so," said she, absently.

"Are you a great player?"

"A—a what?"

"A great lawn-tennis player. The ladies about here are uncommonly good at it."

"Are they? Which?"

He stared a little. "Oh, that one in pink down there, is one of our best hands. She and her sister play splendidly. It is the greatest fun in the world having one of them for your partner; you have nothing to do but to stand still with your bat in your hand, and let her run about! You are sure to win."

A sympathetic smile disguised her inattention, and he proceeded easily.

"I don't say I'm a good player, you know; I don't say that. I never can hit the balls when there are a lot of people about, and everybody seems in a fuss and bustle. I can play splendidly by myself. At least I could, if it weren't for that nuisance of a net. Don't you think the net is a nuisance? I don't see but that we should do just as well without it. No one wants a game to be such desperately hard work."

"No, certainly," replied she, catching the last sentence.

"I often go out and have a round when there is nobody by," he continued, confidentially, "and I hit every time. 'Pon my word I do. I never miss. People say to

me sometimes at parties, 'Fennel, how on earth don't you play better? You are always at it.' But they never see me when I am by myself, you know. It puts me out playing with other people."

"Yes?"

"It was just the same at croquet. I could play it splendidly, if I was let alone; but people used to get in one's way so awfully. And then I never could find my ball, for somebody always must needs send it somewhere just when it was wanted! I used to say to the people, 'My good people, if you would only have the goodness to let me alone, I could get through my hoops well enough; but it is so confoundedly disagreeable to be interfered with at every moment.' Just when all the world is standing looking on at one part of the ground, you know, to have to go running about all over the place in search of your ball! It really is too bad, sometimes! I used to get awfully sat upon at croquet, Miss La Sarte. 'Pon my word I did."

"That is over now—isn't it?" She tried to speak pleasantly, tried to smile, and do her part as became a well-mannered young woman; but it was hard work, for reasons not difficult to imagine.

He was satisfied, however, and recommenced. "It is one comfort that there are such a lot of balls at lawn-tennis."

"Yes—there are—there ought to be a number always."

"Only nobody seems to care how they send a ball at you. It is up about your ears all in a moment, before you know it's off. And then they—they expect you to send it back again, you know," to Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side.

"Do they? Actually?" said she.

"They ought to send it fair—oughtn't they? They ought to give a fellow a chance of seeing it coming

towards him, instead of whizzing it over the net, within an inch of the top. I always send my balls a good long way up. There is nothing more stupid than people trying to show off, and making themselves disagreeable. Especially in a game."

"Who was it now, Mr Fennel? Somebody has been maltreating you, I know."

But Mr Fennel was prudent, and would not reveal his persecutors.

He had no desire to converse with Charlotte, and had already begun to be fascinated by the fair lady on his right hand, wherefore he turned again to her. So far, he certainly could not be said to have gained much of her attention; but attributing this to maidenly bashfulness, he essayed to overcome it.

Pauline had been silent, thinking on what she had heard before this chatterer began.

She had half expected to meet Blundell himself this evening. She had almost looked forward to the meeting, so strong was her resolution to face him with the same smile wherewith she had bidden him "good-bye," to chat with him easily, answer his questions with indifference, and recall reminiscences with spirit.

It had been a relief to find the party complete without him; but, perhaps, it had been something of a disappointment also.

She was so anxious to test her courage; nay, more, to prove to him that if he had suspected, if he ever could have suspected—pshaw! suspected what? Was it likely that he would for a moment contemplate such an absurdity, as that there had been found, not *one*, but *two*—two, so inordinately simple as to mistake the meaning of a few common compliments?

For Elsie, poor impulsive child—for a girl of seventeen, who had seen nobody, and had been nowhere,

it was a trifle; but for *her*, in all the dignity of her twenty-one years—she could but blush to think of it!

Well, she would stand before him now, and let her face dare him to imagine anything so wild and fabulous.

Oh, how nicely she would talk about their pleasant meeting, their charming sail, the fine weather which had preceded his stay, and which had returned to them immediately after his departure! She would not make the two years which had passed since they met, excuse for any lapse of memory. Rather, she would have it all fresh before her (as indeed it was). She would playfully assure him, that whatever he might have done, they had good cause to remember his visit. He had inflicted on them too many stay-at-home afternoons. Never before or since had such rain been seen at Gourloch, and he had taken it away with him when he went. He was undoubtedly the "Flying Dutchman."

After this neat and happy opening, to all of which he would of course make suitable rejoinders—they could slide into an easy vein. Conventional topics would follow, and the worst would be over.

They might meet afterwards, as often as a small neighbourhood rendered probable; she would not care.

"Do you hunt at all?" said Mr Fennel. He had finished his *pâté*, and was unwilling to remain longer silent. The *pâté* had claimed his attention at the moment when he was turning from Charlotte to Pauline, and he had found it good.

Pauline started. Why could he not let her alone, this little rabbit-faced man, with his head half under the table?

"No, I don't," she replied, snappishly.

"Do you"—slowly—"skate?"

"No."

"Oh!"

A pause, in which, "Oh, dear, Mr Jermyn, I had never heard that before!" "Did you know the Boorhams, Lady Finch?" "Miss Willoughby says the hounds were quite at fault." "Ha! ha! ha! Did you hear that, Major?" were audible in bass and treble notes up and down the table.

Pauline had a moment's respite. Then, "Why don't you hunt?" resumed the little man by her side.

"I don't think I care for it."

"But you could, if you tried. That's to say unless you are nervous. It won't do to be nervous, you know; but I am sure," with his little eyes bent tenderly upon her—"I am sure that *you* are not nervous, Miss La Sarte?"

Whether or not, he was never fated to learn. A loud, passionate voice had risen above the others, and the broken utterances, audible to all at the lower end of the table, had deafened Pauline's ear to his tasteless prattle. The speaker was Sir John Finch. "He is a disgrace to the neighbourhood! That is what I think, and I don't care who hears me! What are you knocking me under the table for?" in an angry aside to his son (whom a disarrangement of the dinner-table had placed by his side). "I *will* say what I think in my own house."

"Do be quiet, sir, for your own sake." Dolly's still lower reply was just heard, and no more. He was red with vexation, and hung his head over the plate before him.

"For *my* sake? For *whose* sake?" cried the old man, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands, and glaring from side to side. "It is not for *my* sake, I can tell you. Tchick! let me alone, can't you? *I say*, I am sorry he has ever come

back; and I hope, whatever other people may do, that no son of mine

"Major Soames," said Dolly, loudly, "were you—ah,—did you, ah,—how did you get out of that slough after all? It was rather a nasty place to get into, wasn't it?"

But of whom had they been talking? Who was it the father would keep from his son? For whose return was he sorry?

Do what she would, Pauline could not rid herself of the foolish idea, that if a name had been mentioned, it would have been that of Blundell.

Absurd, was it not? So absurd as to rouse her indignation. Supposing that it *had* been, what then was the meaning of it? He might indeed—she could not say—she supposed it was not unlikely that at one time or other of his life he had not been all he ought to be. He had lived as other men of the world live.

It was sad, of course—terribly sad. But the follies of youth, renounced and forsaken, were they to be held over him for the term of his life?

He was no longer very young, he had spoken of them with repugnance, with resolution to—. . . "But I suppose you like dancing?" The voice was that of her tormentor. He had still hope; the persistent little countenance shone with a new inspiration. She did not hunt; she did not skate; she responded but coldly to suggestions of lawn-tennis, and once-honoured croquet: but dancing! he had about hit it now. Every girl, in her heart, liked dancing.

"Surely you like dancing, Miss La Sarte?"

"I *hate* it," said Pauline.

Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side, laughed aloud.

"Why do you not try to find

out my tastes, Mr Fennel? I hunt, and I skate, and I dance; and you have never so much as taken the pains to ask me if I do or not."

"Because—because I know you do, Miss Jermyn. And I couldn't ask you when I knew it already—could I, now? Besides, where would be the use? You are rather sharp upon me now, you are indeed."

"Oh, that was it, was it? But then, when you have once ascertained what Miss La Sarte's inclinations tend to, will you never speak to her afterwards, either? Because, if that is to be the way, I can tell you at once, to save all further trouble on your part. I will furnish you with a complete list of her likings and dislikings,—the dislikings will swell the list considerably, judging from to-night's experience. Now, will you accept my offer? It is very good-natured of me to make it; and I only behave so generously to you out of consideration for the valiant efforts you have been making all through dinner, and for the scanty success with which they have been rewarded. Now you shall have time and peace to enjoy your olives. You don't really care for talking, I know, though you are such a good talker."

The little man saw he was laughed at, and his eyes shot fire.

"When I do talk, Miss Jermyn, I like, if you please, to choose whom I will talk to."

Saying which, he turned his shoulder upon her.

Charlotte coloured with mortification. She knew the man to be a fool, and had not been by any means delighted to find herself conducted by him to the dining-room; but she had not chosen to be neglected, even by Mr Fennel.

On her other hand sat a silent, heavily-consuming old gentleman,

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with whom a few remarks between the courses were all that was attainable.

She had not come to the party to sit without uttering a word. She had not argued with Minnie for the right of being the Miss Jermyn included in the invitation, for this. Nor had her pink dress been hurried home from the dressmaker, for this. Nor had the first camellia of the season been ruthlessly abstracted from the greenhouse to adorn her hair, for this.

It was rather an event for the Jermyns to dine at Finch Hall, and Charlotte had come prepared to enjoy her evening after a downright, thoroughgoing, robust fashion. The beauty and grace of brown-haired Pauline did not cost her honest heart a pang. She meant to talk, and laugh, and have great fun. So she had told Minnie, to whom the fun would be rehearsed in due time, and who was even now contemplating it, as, Cinderella-like, she spent her lonely evening by the schoolroom-fire.

Alas, for the subject of her visions! Poor Charlotte! When the little worm on whom she had been trampling turned upon her, she was dumb. She was astounded, and in a manner shipwrecked. She knew of no navigation which would enable her to steer out of such waters.

That he should dare! *He!* Little Fennel, whom all his neighbours laughed at, and made game of!

And she had rather liked to be on good terms with Little Fennel, too; for Little Fennel went everywhere and knew everybody, and the Jermyns were not exactly at home in the society to which they were suffered occasionally to gain admittance.

Very few cards had been left at

Harmony Court, when it first passed into the hands of the retired attorney; and it had required patience, tact, and time to place the family on the desired level where they now stood, but stood, as it were, on the outside edge.

Little Fennel, contemptible Little Fennel, stood upon this level, firmly established upon both his feet.

He was in the very heart and core of that society, into which they could penetrate no deeper than the rind. He belonged to it by right, knew its customs, used its shibboleths. He was present, invariably present, at those cosy, informal reunions, reports of which chilled the Jermyns' ears; and on the more public occasions, at gatherings from which it would have been a slight to exclude them, Charlotte, stand-

ing awkwardly alone, or grasping at the passing salutations of such acquaintances as she possessed, had often been well-pleased to see one whom she could address with any degree of familiarity.

She had been wont to play upon his weakness, to amuse him with her chatter, and to amuse every one else by the audacity with which she bantered him, and the skill wherewith she ministered to his vanity and his credulity.

She had carried this too far. She had been more completely put down than she had ever been in her life before, and that by the last person in the world from whom such a rebuff might have been expected.

In silence, therefore, she drew on her gloves, and followed the other ladies to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XVI.—TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A TERRIBLE MAN.

"Charlotte, my love, do come and look at these *beautiful* prints."

Mrs Jermyn, trying hard to keep her footing on the outer edge of the level before alluded to, was painfully aware of what a narrow and uncomfortable edge it was.

She, too, had had her vexations in the dining-room. Her petty pride had been wounded. No precedence had been given to her.

This, to a nature which loved to dwell on trifles, which made much of small distinctions, meant a great deal.

Undoubtedly, she argued, Mrs Wyndham had been something above her husband in the social scale; but Mr Wyndham had been Mrs Jermyn's brother, and his widow need not have been placed so very much above his sister. There was Camilla escorted in by a general, and there was Mr Jermyn's wife left to his aide-de-camp.

Camilla smiling and jubilant; Camilla chattering like a magpie; Camilla joked about *liqueur*!

No one had encouraged Mrs Jermyn's chatter, and her aide-de-camp, unjust youth, had been sulky. There had been defaulters,—a note had been handed in just before dinner—and in the consequent readjustment of the table, he felt that he had suffered. Lady Finch had not been happy in her selection.

Nor had the unfortunate lady on whom his spleen vented itself, the comfort of perceiving the rest of her family fare better.

She had noted the neglect of her daughter, whose clouded brow openly betrayed it. As to her husband, provocation in that quarter was chiefly confined to the fact, that, whilst of no importance to anybody, he appeared well satisfied to be ignored.

Impatiently she waited for the move, but her expectation that a change of scene would produce happier results seemed in danger of remaining unfulfilled.

Lady Finch escorted two young mothers up-stairs to see Juliet's baby — her own first grandchild. Juliet adhered to Miss La Sarte, the sweet stranger-looking girl. Mrs Wyndham and the general's wife comfortably filled the sofa in the chimney-corner; and the Jermyns were again left out in the cold.

"Are they not *exquisite*?"

Charlotte had obeyed the call, and the appeal to her taste was made as she stood by her mother's chair. Mrs Jermyn was sinking under the weight of an enormous folio, which with one hand she endeavoured to prevent sliding off her knee, the other being occupied with her coffee-cup.

"There was one a few pages back," continued she, "with such a *lovely* light upon it; I think it must have been a Turner. Not that one—no, that was not it; it was not so far back as that."

"Oh, bother the book!" exclaimed her unsympathising companion. "You will let it fall, mamma, or spill your coffee, or something. What made you take up such a great lumbering thing?"

"My dear! *Lumbering*? It is rather heavy; but it is a most *magnificent* volume; and you know how *devoted* I am to pictures of all kinds."

"Photographs will do, then. Here, take this instead," said Charlotte, handing her an album. "Give me that mountain of a book. It was never meant to be taken off the table."

"Perhaps one could *enjoy* it better there." Mrs Jermyn still persevered in her pleased and interested

smile. "Perhaps a little thing like this is more easily held. Thank you, Charlotte; now we can look them over nicely together. Who is this, I wonder?"

"No one you are in the least likely to know, mamma. Pass on, or we shall be all night about it."

"How impatient you are, my dear! Oh, there is dear Lady Finch! How very *delightfully* good that is! Herself, exactly as she looked at dinner! And Sir John! Capital! Nothing could be more—— Dear me! is it Sir John? Look, Charlotte. Dress does alter one so! It——"

"Would never turn that old gentleman into Sir John Finch," said Charlotte, with an irrepressible laugh. "Mamma, how can you be so—— Don't you see his hat, and his stockings, if you look at nothing else? That is the old Dean, Lady Finch's father, who is over eighty. No more like Sir John than I am!"

"People do get so sadly abused in photographs!" murmured her mother, apologetically. "I thought it was not *very* like; but still—— Oh! who are you, my dear?" to a little girl who had entered meanwhile, and was shyly passing up the room. "Come and speak to me," continued Mrs Jermyn, in her most inviting accents, "and" (inevitable demand) "tell me your name."

The child came reluctantly.

"Well," said the lady, with a smile, "what is it?"

"Marianne."

"Oh! Marianne. And whose little girl are you? Which of these ladies is your mamma?"

"She is not here. I have come with aunt Louisa. Please let me go to her."

"Aunt Louisa? Which is she?" Lady Finch with her party having reappeared, there was a little gathering on the hearth-rug.

"She is behind them," said the child, readily. "And she looked to me to come, just now." There was no detaining Marianne; and Mrs Jermyn had again to fall back upon her daughter.

"I thought she could hardly be a *grandchild*," she began. "I could not fancy Lady Finch with a granddaughter of that age—could you? Charlotte," with a quick change of voice, "Charlotte."

"Well, mamma?"

"Stoop down a little. You can be bending over the book. Don't you think that your and Minnie's white silks would make up into something like that?"

"Lady Finch is speaking to you, mamma."

Caught at the single moment when she was off her guard, Mrs Jermyn felt that hers was a cruel case. She had been practising smiles and pretty speeches for the best part of half an hour, and after all her semblance of being pleasantly and profitably occupied, she had been detected in the indecorum of whispering to her daughter, and Lady Finch, evidently with a feeling of apology for past neglect, was hoping that she was not cold, and begging her to come nearer the fire.

After this she could not well plead the absorbing interest of the photograph-book. People don't whisper, and nod, and stare in another direction, if the mind is centred on photographs before them.

She was obliged to rise without referring to her employment—and in rising, to show, not more alacrity than she *felt*, but more than she wished to appear to feel.

Anything, however, was preferable to being longer excluded from the charmed circle; and a little attention for the rest of the evening went far towards consoling her for

the mortifications she had undergone at its commencement.

No such mortifications had fallen to the lot of Mrs Wyndham; and accordingly she was in high good-humour with the whole entertainment.

The company was charming, the decorations beautiful, and the dinner excellent. She did not know when she had had so pleasant an evening.

"Pauline, my love," cried she, on the following day, "you made a perfect sensation! You did indeed! What did *you* think, Selina? Am I not right in saying so? And I can tell you, my dears, that there were one or two *partis* present, who were quite unexceptionable, *quite*."

"Mr Fennel, for instance," said Charlotte, whom a night's rest had so completely restored to serenity that she was disposed to look upon her past discomfiture in the light of a jest. "Mr Fennel is a *parti* after your own heart, Aunt Camilla. His attentions were quite unequivocal, *quite*. A charming young man, I can assure you. And he had neither eyes nor ears—neither *eyes* nor *ears*—for anybody in the room, but the *one*, the very particular *one*, you know. He has the *savoir faire* to perfection, he has indeed. And *that*, so few young men have——"

"Charlotte, you make my head ache," frowned her mother, as the mimicry grew too obvious. "You permit no one to speak but yourself."

"Oh, don't say that, mamma, for I was just going to tell you all about it. You can have no idea of the efforts I made to gain a little, a very little, share of his attention, but it was of no use. 'Pon my word it wasn't!" sliding into the Fennel voice. "I don't say he is much of a companion, you know—I don't say that. But still, it is

rather a nuisance to have nobody to talk to at all; don't you think so? I can talk splendidly by myself, if I am only let alone, but it puts one out so when there are a lot of people all talking at the same time. Especially if there's nobody talking to me. One can't exactly go on talking to one's self at a party, can one?"

Pauline could not but laugh.

"Confess that was good," cried Charlotte, in her own natural manner, "and it will recompense me for all I underwent. *You* know how much that was."

"What are you talking about, my dear?" interposed Mrs Wyndham, taking all in good part. "I don't quite understand. Mr Fennel was not rude to you, I hope? He appeared to me to be an agreeable young man, and he was really extremely kind and civil about the Grange. He tells me he will be almost our next neighbour. He is going to call. So are the Finches, and Major Soames. It seems to me *everybody* is going to call. I foresee we shall be quite *besieged*, Pauline,—I do indeed."

"You had better not let them in all at once," said Charlotte, mischievously, "or they may do, as the besiegers sometimes did of old, turn upon each other. Admit them one by one, Aunt Camilla, 'on approbation,' as the shopmen say."

"Are *all* to be admitted—all, without exception, dear?" Mrs Jermyn was looking significantly at her sister as she spoke, and the look evidently recalled something to Mrs Wyndham's remembrance.

"What do you say, Pauline? Shall it be a fair field and no favour? Are we to extend our gracious permission to all, even to this terrible Mr Blundell?"

"Mr Blundell!" said Pauline, with a little start.

"Perhaps Pauline may not like to hear him called 'terrible,'" said Mrs Jermyn. "Did you not say he was a friend, my dear?"

She had not said it, but this escaped the girl. She was upset all in a moment, and her colour went and came, as she answered, stammering, "Of Tom's, yes. I have only met him once, some years ago."

"So you see he may not be 'terrible' at all!" cried Mrs Jermyn, gaily. "Do you know he is going to be your next neighbour?"

Pauline made no reply.

"For my part, I love a 'terrible' man," babbled Mrs Wyndham. "And to confess the truth, the man whom I am warned to barricade my doors against, is the very man whom I should like of all others to open them to."

"My dear Camilla!" But Mrs Jermyn laughed. By this time Pauline was ready to speak, and there was something she wished to say.

"Mr Blundell was very kind to Tom when he was a schoolboy, and afterwards I met him at my aunt's, Lady Calverley's. We all liked him very much then. Is there any reason why he—is there anything against him?" she asked, plainly, and then her heart beat with the consciousness of having put a great, simple question.

"Oh dear, no," exclaimed Mrs Jermyn, fervently. "At least I cannot imagine that there is. You did not hear anything, did you? If there had been anything detrimental to him to be said, it would certainly have been mentioned at Finch Hall. Mr Blundell is a little talked about in some quarters, but there cannot be anything *really* of any *consequences* against his character, or Sir John, who is *such* a good judge, and *such* a particular man

in every respect, would have been sure to know."

Mrs Wyndham stared.

How odd! Had Selina really missed that scene at dinner, heard nothing of that little ebullition between Sir John and his son, all about this very Mr Blundell? So outspoken as Sir John had been! so loud and noisy about it! Mrs Wyndham thought that nobody present could by any chance have escaped hearing him.

Dear! Did Camilla really mean it? When, how, and where was it? Mrs Jermyn could hardly believe such a thing. What? Sir John so determined against him? So resolved to have no intercourse? Was Camilla *sure* about it? How *extraordinary*! There must really be something more—more—there must, she was afraid, be *some* truth in the reports spread abroad, which, for her part, she had always hitherto so *strenuously* refused to believe.

Then she looked her desire for more.

Mrs Wyndham had only been waiting for a pause, and was ready to strike in immediately.

She could not understand how Selina had not *heard* him. Selina was certainly not too far off. Every one round had listened. Pauline had, surely, observed the scene?—had noticed how annoyed young Mr Finch had been, and how he had done his best to keep his father quiet?

Yes, Pauline allowed, she had. And Pauline had an intuition, amounting to a certainty, that so also had the lady opposite her.

Why Mrs Jermyn should care to conceal that such was the case she could not conjecture, but of the fact she was certain.

For ends of her own, she was making use of what had escaped from an incautious old man in a fit of ill-temper.

Was Pauline going to be so imposed upon? She dissolved the whole testimony in her scorn, and threw it over.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN TONGUE.

"I'm dikk'd to death! The khan-samah has got chhutti, and the whole bangla is ulta-pulta. The khidmatghars loot everything, and the masalchi is breaking all the surwa-basans; and when I give a hukhm to cut their tallabs they get magra, and ask their jawabs. And then the maistries are putting up jill-mills, and making such a gol-mol, that I say darwaza band to everybody. But when all is tik, I hope you will tiff with us."

To those whose lives have been passed upon this side of Suez, a speech like the above will seem somewhat puzzling; but it would be perfectly intelligible in a Calcutta drawing-room. To gratify the curious, to relieve Exeter Hall from a possible apprehension that the "cutting of tallabs" may be some brutal species of mutilation practised by our arrogant countrymen upon their hapless native domestics, and to show the difference between "Queen's" and "Company's English," we shall venture upon a translation. We have supposed a fair hostess saying to some morning caller:—"I'm bothered to death! The butler has got leave, and the whole house is turned upside down. The table-servants steal everything, and the scullion is breaking all the soup-plates; and when I order their wages to be cut, they all grow sulky and give warning. And then the carpenters are putting up venetians, and making such an uproar, that I am obliged to say 'not at home' to everybody. But when all is put to rights, I hope you will lunch with us." What right, says some one, can our unnatural countrymen in India have to desecrate their mother tongue in this fashion? Surely the English

language, pure and undefiled, will suffice to express the ideas of an Englishman in any quarter of the globe. Why, then, should the Anglo-Indians, who justly pride themselves upon being a refined and highly-educated community, indulge in a slang compared with which the latest linguistic "notions" of our Transatlantic cousins fall softly upon the ear? But Anglo-Indianisms cannot be called slang, for they are constantly employed by men who would shrink from a Cockney vulgarism or a "fast" phrase, as from a false note in music. The mixture of English and native words, which we call Anglo-Indianisms, constitutes an idiom in the speech of the governing class, and really forms a bond of union between them and the governed. Besides, so different is East from West that the elasticity of the English language would have been put to a severe test in India, had not a large number of native terms been grafted upon it. Those who have had much occasion to write upon Indian subjects well know how often they are obliged to substitute a clumsy phrase for the single vernacular word which comes to their lips; and that they fail to convey their full meaning after all. In the same way there are many Indian notions which are but very imperfectly expressed by English equivalents. Who can ever bring himself to allow that the greasy half-caste menial in cotton jacket a fortnight removed from cleanliness, whom Bombay housekeepers designate "butler," has anything in common with the dignified domestic in black coat and spotless neckcloth who superintends our family meals in England? Is it

not more appropriate to call him "khansamah," like his Bengal representative? And without a free use of native terms, the business of the administration would be almost brought to a standstill; for no species of torture to which the English language could be subjected, would compel it to discharge the functions of the native technical terms which play so important a part in all official statements. In short, unless an Anglo-Indian accommodates himself in a great measure to the language of the country, the course of his life will by no means run smoothly; and the result would in most cases be best summed up in Mrs Quickly's somewhat irreverent phrase, as "an old abusing of God's patience and the Queen's English."

It cannot, however, be denied, that the temper of the British public is often sorely tried by Anglo-Indian writing and speaking. Old officials generally talk and write as if Forbes's 'Manual,' and Wilson's 'Glossary of Revenue and Judicial Terms,' were substantive parts of a common English education. It is this abuse which Thackeray has so happily travestied in the 'Terrible Adventures of Major Gahgan,' into the wild humour of which only an Anglo-Indian can thoroughly enter. But it is almost impossible for men to divest themselves of the language which they have used for the greater part of their active life; and besides, Anglo-Indians never give the English public sufficient credit for its ignorance of Eastern matters. It seems absolutely lamentable to an old Anglo-Indian that there should be people so uninformed as not to know that Jones was Commissioner of Saugor and the Lower Sunderbunds at the time when Smith was Chief of the Revenue Board, or that Colonel Holster succeeded Brigadier Fetlock in the command at Pultunpore. But though

such ignorance in the case of an untravelled Englishman may excite pity, it is absolutely criminal in an Anglo-Indian. A story in point has been handed down of a former Governor-General. A chief secretary who had just left his Excellency, was seen standing one morning in the lobby of Government House, with consternation and despair stamped upon every feature. On being asked whether the Russians had advanced upon Herat, or if a rising was apprehended in the Punjab, he threw his arms wildly above his head and exclaimed, "Great heavens! he's been eighteen months in India, and asks what a jama-wasil-baki is! What *will* become of the country?"—the "jama-wasil-baki," of which his Excellency was so culpably ignorant, being the periodical balance-sheet of a Bengal estate. No man can ever expect to be appreciated in Anglo-Indian society until he has caught up its shibboleth, no matter how great his other accomplishments may be. The person who does not know that "diggorydar" means a decree-holder, or that "kabuliyut" is the counter-part of a lease, will still be accounted a "griffin," though he may have passed years enough in India to qualify him for a pension. Generally speaking this feeling prevails all over the Indian continent, but it is carried much more *à la rigueur* in Bengal than in the other presidencies. In Madras the native domestics speak English of a purity and idiom which rival in eccentricity the famous "pidgin" English of the treaty ports in China; and the masters mechanically adopt the language of their servants. Thus an Englishman wishing to assure himself that an order has been duly executed, asks, "Is that done gone finished, Appoo?" and Appoo replies, in the same elegant phraseology, "Yes, sare, all done gone finished whole." The Bombay servants are

generally half-caste Portuguese, who speak a dialect of English more or less broken; but in the Bengal Presidency the English address their servants in Hindustani or Bengalee; and the domestic who "eshpeaks Englis," is justly held at a discount in the hiring market.

It is somewhat interesting to investigate the origin and growth of the language used by Anglo-Indians. Strange to say, it must be held to have been initiated rather by natives than Englishmen. The Anglo-Indians, early in the last century, did not trouble themselves much about the oriental tongues. They might acquire a knowledge of Persian because it was the diplomatic language of the country, and intelligible to all educated Muhammadans; but the vernaculars spoken by the people among whom they lived and traded were altogether neglected. To obviate the consequent inconvenience, *dubashes* or "two-tongued men" arose—native interpreters who had picked up as much English as enabled them to become the medium of communication between the strangers and their countrymen. The stamp which these men left upon official writing and communication is by no means wholly effaced at the present day. It was by their agency that the bulk of the untranslated native expressions which give a character to the speech of Anglo-Indians was introduced into the English language. Although succeeding generations of Anglo-Indians became better orientalists, and the profession of interpreter fell into desuetude, men still adhered to the old phraseology of the *dubashes*, and went on adding to their vocabulary whenever they fell in with a word of more than ordinary aptness. Each branch of the public service has contributed its quota to the development of the Anglo-Indian tongue: the law and the courts are especially well repre-

sented; the army has introduced a large stock of phrases, which, however, are not so generally used outside military circles; but, above all, intercourse with native servants has produced the most expressive and remarkable terms in the glossary. In fact, those who read language after the fashion of Max Müller and the other great philologists of the day, might shape a very interesting story of the history, the habits, and the feelings of the British in India, from the native additions which they have made to their own language.

One of the words that are oftenest in the mouths of Anglo-Indians, is the adjective "pakka," of which the primitive meaning seems to be the antithesis to raw. The application of this word in Anglo-Indian parlance is practically unlimited, ranging from the ripeness of a plantain or mango to the possession of all the virtues possible to humanity. The use of "cutcha," or its opposite, is nearly as wide. Thus, a "pakka" house is a building of baked bricks and mortar, while a "cutcha" one is built only of mud, or at the best of bricks and mud. A "pakka" road is the macadamised turnpike, while "cutcha" embraces all the varieties of way down to the grassy footpath that runs through the jungle. So many officials are always absent on furlough to Europe, or are withdrawn from their own proper post by the exigencies of government, that a very large proportion of offices in the Indian Administration are held by temporary occupants, the height of whose ambition is to be made "pakka," or permanent. While an Englishman would vent his enthusiasm over a work of art by exhausting the synonyms which Roget groups together under the head of "beauty," the Anglo-Indian pithily sums them all up in the single word "pakka." The highest praise that can be bestowed

upon any one is to call him a "pakka" fellow; while a "very cutcha character" is the sort of person who would be described in English phraseology by the epithets "loose" and "fishy." It is significant that while "pakka," as a personal attribute, implies all moral excellence, it has a special reference to accuracy and exactness, as if these qualities were rated in the highest degree among Anglo-Indians. "Cutcha," on the other hand, can be made to express a very crushing condemnation. When one says that the last frontier expedition, or the most recent official memorandum issued from the Duffury Office, is a "cutcha concern," worse cannot well be said of it.

The Anglo-Indian household suggests many curious expressions. Bells have never been an institution in India, and the lordly Sahib summons his domestics by a loud shout of "Qui hye?" "Who's there? who waits?" From this the Englishman in Bengal derives the familiar *sobriquet* by which he is distinguished from the "Mulla" of benighted Madras and the "Ducks" of the Bombay Presidency. The Madrassees are said to have received their appellation from Mulligatawny, which has attained a greater perfection in that hospitable province than in any other part of India. The derivation of "ducks" is uncertain, unless it comes from the article of clothing so called. The Calcutta citizens, however, are distinguished from the other "quihyes" by the special denomination of "ditchers," from the "fosse" which was dug round the confines of the city in 1742 as a defence against the Mahratta marauders. "Salaam" is the regular response to "qui hye," which in that sense may be understood as signifying, "Peace be with you," or "I greet you." "Salaam" plays many parts in Anglo-Indian speech.

When a man is paying a morning visit, he sends up his card and waits until the answer "salaam" is returned, which is there equivalent to an "at home." It also means the act of salutation, and thanks sent back for a message or present; and "to make one's salaams" is a favourite Anglo-Indianism for waiting upon an official superior. A native visitor will never take leave of himself until the Sahib thinks fit to dismiss him, such a liberty being the height of rudeness in oriental etiquette. When the formal inquiries for each other's health have been traversed in three or four different forms, an awkward pause ensues, and each begins to wish that the interview were well over. The Sahib wishes that his visitor would take himself away, but his English notions of propriety revolt from the idea of bidding him begone. The native, on the other hand, is devoutly praying that the Sahib would send him off and save him from the incivility of terminating the visit. At length, after each has again been assured of the other's welfare, the Englishman in sheer despair pronounces the word "rukhsat," which grants the other permission to take his leave, and the native joyfully "salaams" and goes his way. "Rukhsat" implies a courteous dismissal; when a servant misbehaves, he gets "jawabed," or turned away in disgrace. "Jawab" literally means an answer, as to a letter or a message; but in social usage it has come to signify the dismissal or rejection of a lover. If Green's face is seen to wear an air of gloom at morning parade, which not even the "brandipani" of the previous evening and his chronic bad luck with the "bones" can sufficiently account for, it gets to be whispered that that "pakka flirt," Miss Cockett, has given the poor "chokhra" (lad) his "jawab," and that he has gone all "phat" (to smash) with madness about it. We

would tremble to put a construction *à la* Max Müller upon the fact that the word "answer" in Anglo-Indian speech should have come to signify the refusal of a suitor. When a servant is discarded, his future career greatly depends upon his getting a "chit" or character from his late employer. The word "chitti" means a letter, but it is even more extensively used in the former sense. "Chits" are preserved with the utmost care by the natives, and they are not unfrequently treated as family heirlooms. It is asserted that even in the present day a beardless candidate for the office of a "khidmatghar" or of a "bearer" will present himself with a certificate of character signed by some magnate of the days of Hastings or Wellesley; but this is not improbably one of those "bannows" or "make-ups" which enliven the talk of every Anglo-Indian dinner-table. The following story, however, is authentic: When Khuda Buksh's long-suffering master's temper was at last worn out by his domestic's lying and stealing, by the perpetual leakage of wine and spirit bottles, by the steady diminution of plates and glasses, and by Khuda Buksh's own laziness and uncleanly habits, he sent for his servant and gave him his "jawab." Khuda Buksh boldly demanded a "chit," which his master at first peremptorily refused; but after a minute's consideration he sat down at his desk, and the man began to bless his stars that his master had given him a good character to get rid of him. The "chit" was of course in English, which Khuda Buksh did not understand; but off he started with it to the judge's "mem," who was at the time in want of a "khansamah," doubting nothing that his late master's testimonial would secure the situation for him. But it will not be surprising that his application was unsuccessful when it is stated that the

tenor of the certificate was as follows:—"The bearer, Khuda Buksh, has been in my service for the last four years. During that period he was trusted with the keys of the wine-cellar, with the task of providing for the table, and with the general regulation of the whole household, and these duties he discharged with much satisfaction to—himself. For a teetotal family, to whom cleanliness and punctuality are no objects, who use no stone-ware or other breakable dishes, and who can view with Christian charity the loose ideas upon the subject of property of an untaught heathen brother, I can conscientiously say that he is admirably adapted. It is purely out of personal regard for him that I am compelled to dispense with his services, for my substance has so diminished since he came into the household that I grieve to see his great acquisitive talents wasted upon such a barren field. I shall be glad to hear that the earth contains another fool so confiding as to take him into service."

Familiar usage has sometimes taken strange liberties with native words. Thus the "bawarchi" or "confidant of the kitchen," a person of some consideration in the Moghal days, when poison was a favourite means of removing an enemy, has now become the humble "bobbachy" or cook; and learned, old Duncan Forbes tells us, of his disgust at hearing the Cockneys pervert the kitchen or "bawarchi-khana" into "bobbachy-conner." The same authority remarks that in his time, "bahir ka sahib aya khabir dijo"—that is, a stranger has come, please give the news—by which a visitor desires his arrival to be announced to the family, was popularly transmuted into "Barker sawb aya, cover the Jew."

The "dasturi," or commission given to servants by the tradesmen from whom they purchase the neces-

saries for their master's household, and answering to the "puckizzites" of English flunkeydom, is another word that is put to an important use. The "dasturi," however, is not an illegal gratification. Masters are well enough aware that their servants secure a percentage off every rupee which they pay away; and not unfrequently the latter will complain to the former if the shopkeepers seek to evade the customary payment. Now and then, in some of the public departments, when people are surprised to see that a tender of the most inferior quality has been accepted at the highest offer, a whisper will arise that "dasturi" has had something to do with it. Like all orientals, the natives of India worship "dastur," or custom, with a slavish regard; and in all domestic controversies the assertion of "dastur" is an argument that admits of no answer. "Zabiteh" or old usage was wont to have a similar weight in the civil courts; but the magistrates of the present day are generally inclined to follow the Mofussil Daniel in the last generation, who said, "Zabiteh be d——d! ayeen dekhao" (look up the Regulations).

A great many of the English names of viands and liquors have become Indianised. Champagne is still recognisable as "simpkin," sherry keeps its own name, claret has been literally translated into "lall shrab" or red wine; but who would believe that so familiar a beverage as a bowl of punch could be disguised under the mystic words "bole ponjis"? Beer, with Saxon stubbornness, refuses to be interpreted, and "brandi-pani" threatens to naturalise itself in this country. Soda-water or "Belattee-pani," European water, as it is termed, was long a great enigma to the natives. The writer once overheard two khidmatghars very sagely discussing its properties. Peeroo as-

serted that all the water in Belatt (Europe) was like soda-water, even that in rivers and tanks, and the water that was sold in skins upon the streets of London. Abdul ridiculed this notion, and wondered that any one could be so ignorant as not to know that soda-water was the result of enchantment (*jad-ugari*); that all Sahibs were taught magic, and had to pass an examination by competition in magic before they were sent out to Hindustan. How else could such wonders be done as they did? But Peeroo persisted in his own opinion, because, as he said, an old Sahib of his had told him so; and the controversy terminated, as such controversies usually do, in an interchange of abuse and bad names. The natives themselves, however, are now taking to the manufacture of soda-water, and its mysterious character is rapidly melting away. Mutton and beef generally retain their Anglo-Saxon designations, or are compounded with "ghosht" flesh. In small country stations where there is no consumption for beef, mutton and "murghi" (fowl) relieve guard upon the table with a painful regularity. "Efeel" can with some reflection be identified with veal, the soft "v" being one of those letters that are most perplexing to native lips. The English sibilant presents a similar difficulty, and much merriment used to be caused in the Calcutta theatre by an imitation of Young Bengal's "Eshweet eshpirit, hear my prayer." "Katlets," "kurkets" (croquet), "irony-eshtew," are all the Indianised names of English *entrées*; but it would not take us long to exhaust the very limited vocabulary of Anglo-Indian cookery. Our countrymen in the East generally eat four meals a-day, which in Bengal are all called by their native names. "Chota hazri," or the little breakfast—early tea, as it is called in Madras—is

eaten in *déshabillé* in one's own room soon after rising. "Hazri" or breakfast proper follows about nine or ten o'clock; tiffin about two; and "khana" or dinner, called the "food," because it is *par excellence* the meal of the day, takes place any time after sunset. Planters and others whose work is chiefly done out of doors in the morning before the heat becomes intense, amplify their "chota hazri" into a tiffin, and breakfast in the middle of the day, eschewing luncheon altogether; and this practice in Calcutta goes by the name of "mofussil," or country, breakfast. A dinner-party is expressively called a "barra khana" or big dinner.

The word "girja," a church, is a good example of how European words become transformed in native mouths. It comes straight from the Latin *ecclesia* through the Portuguese *igreja*; but if their connection were not historically established, there would be little probability of philologists being able to identify the two words. Connected with "girja," it is curious to notice the phrases by which the natives express the assembly and dismissal of the congregation; "girja bhaita gya," the church has sitten down, being equivalent to the one—and "girja toota gya," the church is broken, to the other. The Portuguese word *padre* has been adopted by the natives to signify all clergymen indiscriminately. We have some examples of a word being currently used in its Indianised form long after it has been forgotten in Europe. "Almari," a wardrobe or chest of drawers, is just the old English *almarie* or *aumbry*, a word which is still current in Scotland as "awmrie;" but it was in its Portuguese form *almario*, said to be from the Latin *armorium*, that the word was transplanted to the East. "Chabbi," a key, is said with some probability to be from the Latin *clavis*, through the

Portuguese. But beyond "topi," a hat, from *topo*; "kamara," a chamber; "fita," a ribbon; and a few other words,—the Portuguese ascendancy in India has left few linguistic traces. The natives round about Goa, and many of the half-castes in Bombay city, speak a broken dialect of Portuguese; but no other foreign language has taken the same hold as English. In Chandernagore, although French is the official language of the town, scarcely any French words or phrases have found their way into the speech of the natives; and in truth, not a few of those within the French confines live in blissful ignorance of the fact that they are not British subjects. While Napoleon III.'s last *fête* was being celebrated at Chandernagore, the writer asked a smartly-dressed native what the rejoicings were all about; and the Baboo, indignant at being suspected of such ignorance, sharply answered, that it was "the Queen's birthday, of course." The dusky De Silvas and De Souza's of Calcutta are generally ignorant of the language of their haughty progenitors. They speak English or Bengalee indifferently well, but the former with an offensive accent, which could only be intelligibly indicated by the epithets "oily" and "rancid." Both Portuguese and East Indians are contemptuously spoken of as "Feringhees" by the natives, who would not, however, dare to apply such a designation to an Englishman; and the still more scornful appellation of "chee-chees," is not unfrequently bestowed upon them by Anglo-Indians—"chee-chee" being a native expression of disgust. But however justly we may talk about a "chee-chee" accent, the application of such an epithet to a harmless race, whose worst fault is its insignificance, is quite indefensible.

Most of our English names of titles and offices have suffered some-

what in their Indian naturalisation. The Governor-General is popularly known as the "Lat Sahib," a word for which we cannot account, unless it be a native corruption of "lord," like "my lud," and "your ludship," in the jargon of the bar. But in official and complimentary language a loftier strain is adopted. Moulvie Ikram Ali dedicates his Urdu translation of the "Ikhwan-us-Safa," to the "noblest of ennobled nobles, the cream of mighty princes, the Hatim of the day, the Plato of the age, the chief of chiefs, and the hero of heroes, Nawab Governor-General Lord Minto Bahadur." In Calcutta, where the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal reign like the two kings of Brentford, the latter is known as the "Chota" or little Lat Sahib. The district officials are generally called by their English titles with "sahib" affixed, as "Kumshuner Sahib," "Jaj Sahib," "Shistunt Magistrate Sahib." The old dignities of the Moghal *régime* are now sadly degraded. The "darogha," whose functions, generally speaking, corresponded with those of a provincial chief justice, is now the poor corporal of a police station; the "foujdar," who used to be at the head of the local militia, where the title has been retained, fills an equally humble post; the "kotwal," who, as the mayor of a city or town, used to be an officer of high authority and influence, is only practically a police inspector. These are not the only instances of high-sounding titles in very lowly stations. The sweeper, the lowest menial in an Indian household, is called "mihtar," which in the Persian denotes a prince or chieftain; and the water-carrier or "bihishti" (*vulgo* "beastie"), derives his name from Paradise itself (*bihisht*). The former of these titles was probably at first applied in derision by the

Muhammadans; but any one who has performed a hot, dusty journey in the plains of India, will easily understand with what propriety the supplier of water is saluted as "the heavenly man." In one instance, the Hindoos have ventured upon a retort for the "mihtar" insult. Among Hindoo-speaking people the inferior Muhammadan menials are jocularly spoken of as the "khulafa" or princes, successors of the Prophet, a name sacred among the faithful.

When we turn to the law courts, the enormous number of Anglo-Indianisms which have originated in their operations will serve to suggest how important a part the administration of justice occupies in the economy of the country. Until Lord William Bentinck's time, Persian was the language of the law and of the courts, even in Bengalee-speaking provinces; and though all cases are now tried in the local vernacular, most technicalities have still retained their Persian form. When a young civilian of two or three and twenty years of age, who has never heard any language spoken but his own, is put upon the bench to decide a case which is stated to him by a glib-tongued "muktyar" (law-agent), it is not surprising that he should be sometimes perplexed, or that ludicrous blunders should be perpetrated. An ordinary-sized jest-book might be compiled out of the stories current in official society of magisterial bulls and of "mofussil justice;" but we would hardly venture to attempt putting the points of these jokes before an English reader, unless they were to be accepted as such upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Stories are told of the "faryadi" (plaintiff) having been taken for the "assami" (defendant): of the prosecutor having been convicted instead of the accused; and of the gravest legal doubts having

been settled in the mind of a young civilian, not by a reference to the code, but by the toss of a rupee. There is an old anecdote of a witness who, in giving evidence, spoke of himself not in the first person, which would have been presumptuous and familiar, but as "daulat-khwah" (the wisher of your felicity), and of the accused as "taksirwar," a word which the magistrate had probably never met with in his reading. The young judge then very sagely ruled that he could not accept evidence at second hand; that the policemen were greatly to blame for not having produced so important a witness as this Daulat Khwah; that a summons should forthwith be served upon him; that the person named "Taksirwar" was undoubtedly the guilty party, and should be at once apprehended; and that the charge against the prisoner at the bar was dismissed. Some of the native assistants doubtless interfered to save his superior the painful task of revising such a judgment. Similarity of words often gives rise to ludicrous blunders. A young assistant magistrate was riding into a village of his subdivision when five or six litigants came rushing forward and threw themselves down before him, calling out "Dohai (justice) Sahib! dohai Sahib!" "What the d—l have I to do with 'douai' (medicine)?" cried the assistant, insulted at being taken for a mere doctor—"go to the dispensary or to jehannum (the Hebrew Gehenna) if you want 'douai.' I'm the Magistrate Sahib." Whether the people understood the mistake, or puzzled themselves over the transfer of justice to the medical profession, report saith not.

But considering the difficulty of dealing with cases stated in a foreign language, the miscarriages of justice are far fewer than any one could reasonably expect. In the High Courts, where the procedure of the English law is followed, amusing instances sometimes occur of the inapplicability of English forms to native cases. A legal writer in an old number of the 'Calcutta Review' gives the following dialogue which took place at the trial of a native prisoner before the old Supreme Court:—

Interpreter.—"Prisoner at the bar, how will you be tried?"

Prisoner.—"Ap ma bap."

Judge.—"What does he say?"

Interpreter.—"He says, my lord, he will be tried by God and his country."*

"Ap ma bap," adds the narrator, "literally means 'you are my father and mother,' and implies 'just as you please,' 'whatever you think fit.'"

In court language, to "chalan" is to forward a case from one authority to another, and the word has come into popular use among Anglo-Indians in the sense of sending on or transmitting anything. A "mufsid" is a troublesome fellow who annoys the court with complaints of his own, and does his best to foster disputes among his neighbours; and it is socially used of a person who "dikks" or pesters one with petitions, or with his company—the bore of English society. To "dakhil duftur" is to enter upon the record an order passed when a plea has been admitted, or a decree given; or it means the reference of a case to the proper quarter; but somehow or other the phrase has been selected to typify official routine. "Dakhil

* The Presidency High Courts are not the only tribunals where interpreters enjoy a similar licence. In the Supreme Court of the Strait Settlements at Singapore, the translator, it is alleged, tells the witness to attend to what that "red-haired barbarian" (the judge) is saying, and to turn his face in the direction of these "twelve foreign devils" (the jury).

duftur" to an Anglo-Indian suggests all those ideas which are connected with the red-tape of English officialdom. Next to "dakhil duftur," "zidd" is generally looked upon as the greatest abuse of office in India. When a magistrate finds that his decrees are constantly reversed, and his law "wiggled" by the High Court, it is, of course, to the "zidd" of the revising judges that he attributes his reprimands. It is also, of course, the Lieutenant-Governor's "zidd" against Robinson for writing that article in the 'Bengal Peon' which "showed up" the Revenue Board so famously, which has caused that injured officer to be so often passed over in promotion, and which has kept him all these years in the Lalikor district. "Zidd" is revenge as well as spite, manifesting itself in opposing or thwarting one's views. When an official's shortcomings are overlooked, and he is again taken into the favour of Government, he is said to be "saffa karroed" or made clean. In the districts, a magistrate's "mizaj" (disposition) is a great thing to be studied. If he be a "zalim" (tyrant) or "zabbardast" (high-handed), care is taken that nothing should be done to call forth his irascibility. His "shouk" or predilections are carefully ascertained; and whether they be for "pakka" roads or female schools, for sculptured stones or old coins and medals, they are sedulously gratified so far as lies in people's powers. All the prosperity of the district is attributed—in his presence—to his "ikbal" or good fortune. When the late Mr Thomason, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, was examining a vernacular school, he asked a class in geography what made the world go round? This was a poser, but at last one sleeky little courtier made a low salaam, and blandly answered, "Huzur ka ikbal se" (it goes round by your good fortune).

It is said that the first Hindustani word which an Englishman picks up is "juldi," quickly; and its frequent use is significant of both English impatience and native laziness. "Juldi," and "chhalao," get on, will go farther than any other two words in the language. In the old days of the road, before railways came into use, when travelling had to be accomplished in palanquins, or in rickety hackney-carriages, drawn by *tats* fit only for the knackers, a venturesome lady set out from Calcutta to join her husband at Cawnpore; and though "juldi chhalao" was all the Hindustani she had learned, the journey was performed in perfect safety. The new-comer soon picks up as much Hindustani as enables him to make himself intelligible to his servants; but there is a danger of his oriental acquirements stopping there, unless he begin the systematic study of the language. English-speaking servants should be cautiously avoided, as they are all impostors and plunderers by profession. They hang about the steamers, and foist themselves upon the timorous "griffin" who has grave doubts how he is to get along without Hindustani, and who, without giving himself the trouble to inquire about his domestic's antecedents, congratulates himself upon getting hold of a servant who can understand him. But the "eshpeaking-Englis" servant is the most costly tutor that any man can employ; and by the time that the freshman is able to make himself understood, he has been plundered and cheated until his confidence in the whole race of Eastern servants is utterly destroyed. It is to the unfavourable specimens into whose hands most Anglo-Indians fall at the outset that the bad character generally given to Indian servants is due. The fact is that, taking them as a whole, they are just about as honest as English menials,

and a great deal more attentive and obliging.

Our brief sketch of characteristic Anglo-Indianisms would not be complete if we forebore to notice "galee," or abusive epithets. The native languages present the Englishman with an extensive assortment of objurgations which, to do him justice, he has not been slow to turn to account. "Soor," or pig, is one of the commonest expressions of abuse, and it is one that is most offensive to Mussulmans. Sometimes it is forcibly expanded into "Bengala soor ka butcha," or whelp of a Bengal pig. "Nimak-haram," or faithless to the salt, has special reference to ingratitude. "Haram-zada," or base-born, is the exact equivalent of a strong, if not elegant, phrase chiefly used in the present day by members of the maritime community. "Badmash" or blackguard, "dullal" or broker, "badzat" or low-bred, "kutta" or dog, "pagul" or fool, are some of the flowers of Anglo-Indian speech; but there is a mine of Billingsgate in the language as yet happily untouched by Anglo-Saxon lips. No people will permit themselves to use fouler language when they wish to be abusive than the Bengalees, especially the women of the lower orders, upon whose tongues delicacy never seems to place the slightest restraint. Curiously enough, two languages so remote as the Hindustani and the Lowland Scotch, contain the same term of abuse, used in an exactly identical sense. In India, as well as in Scotland, "randi" is applied to an ill-behaved, loud-tongued virago—a wanton; but the similarity cannot have occurred but by the merest accident. Not only do these Anglo-Indianisms entwine themselves into men's habits and modes of thinking, but they take a hold upon the sentimental feelings, and draw people to-

gether as if by a sort of freemasonry. A word casually dropped is quite sufficient to introduce two Anglo-Indians to each other, and to establish an intimacy between them. Lunching once in the "Keller" restaurant, beneath the new Exchange, at Berlin, the writer had for his *vis-à-vis* a bronzed Indian officer, whose nationality was more than half suspected before his "khidmat—" corrected into "kellner"—put the matter beyond dispute. He was ill at ease: there was evidently something wanting to complete his comfort; but he would have expressed himself with more facility in Urdu than in German. He pettishly turned over his "Kapp's Berlin," as if he expected to find the missing word suggested there; but in vain. He then taxed his memory; but nothing came of it beyond "alu do," which any Indian domestic would have answered by helping him to potatoes. Strange to say, the active German waiter instantly produced the desired "kartoffeln;" and the Indian went on with his meal as if there were nothing surprising in a German waiter's understanding Hindustani, until we fell into conversation, and his attention was called to the fact. The mystery was cleared up at the cost of a few silber groschen; and it turned out that the waiter had made several voyages to Calcutta, as the steward of a Hamburg trader, and had picked up a few native phrases. It is almost touching to see how two old Anglo-Indians are drawn together by the familiar talk, and to hear what wonderful stories, couched in how unintelligible language, they have got to tell. It is getting the fashion nowadays for purists to sneer at Anglo-Indianisms; but no one who is really acquainted with Anglo-Indian society will have any fault to find with a dialect that so admirably serves to express its wants and ideas.

A WOMAN-HATER.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXVI.

ZOE was the first to speak, or rather to gasp. "Why do you come here?"

"Because *you* are here."

"And how dare you come where I am!—now your falsehood is found out and flung into my very face!"

"I have never been false to you. At this moment I suffer for my fidelity."

"*You* suffer! I am glad of it. How?"

"In many ways: but they are all light, compared with my fear of losing your love."

"I will listen to no idle words," said Zoe, sternly. "A lady claimed you before my face: why did you not stand firm, like a man, and say 'You have no claim on me now; I have a right to love another, and I do'! Why did you fly?—because you were guilty."

"No," said he, doggedly. "Surprised, and confounded; but not guilty. 'Fool!—idiot!—that I was. I lost my head entirely. Yes, it is hopeless. You *must* despise me. You have a right to despise me."

"Don't tell me," said Zoe: "you never lose your head. You are always self-possessed, and artful. Would to heaven I had never seen you!" She was violent.

He gave her time. "Zoe," said he, after a while, "if I had not lost my head, should I have ill-treated a lady, and nearly killed her?"

"Ah!" said Zoe, sharply, "that is what you have been suffering from,—remorse. And well you may. You ought to go back to her, and ask her pardon on your knees. Indeed it is all you have left to do now."

"I know I ought."

"Then do what you ought. Good-bye."

"I cannot. I hate her."

"What! because you have broken her heart, and nearly killed her?"

"No; but because she has come between me and the only woman I ever really loved, or ever can."

"She would not have done that if you had not given her the right. I see her now; she looked justice, and you looked guilt. Words are idle, when I can see her face before me still. No woman could look like that, who was in the wrong. But you—guilt made you a coward: you were false to her, and false to me; and so you ran away from us both. You would have talked either of us over, alone; but we were together: so you ran away. You have found me alone now, so you are brave again: but it is too late. I am undeceived. I decline to rob Mademoiselle Kloaking of her lover; so good-bye."

And this time she was really going, but he stopped her. "At least don't go with a falsehood on your lips," said he, coldly.

"A falsehood!—Me!"

"Yes, it is a falsehood. How can you pretend I left that lady for you, when you know my connection with her had entirely ceased ten months before I ever saw your face?"

This staggered Zoe a moment; so did the heat and sense of injustice he threw into his voice.

"I forgot that," said she, naively: then, recovering herself, "you may have parted with her; but it does not follow that she consented. Fickle men desert constant women. It is done every day."

"You are mistaken again," said he. "When I first saw you, I had ceased to think of Mademoiselle Klosking; but it was not so when I first left her. I did not desert her; I tore myself from her. I had a great affection for her."

"You dare to tell me that. Well, at all events, it is the truth. Why did you leave her, then?"

"Out of self-respect. I was poor—she was rich, and admired. Men sent her bouquets, and bracelets, and flattered her behind the scenes, and I was lowered in my own eyes; so I left her. I was unhappy for a time; but I had my pride to support me, and the wound was healed long before I knew what it was to love, really to love."

There was nothing here that Zoe could contradict. She kept silence, and was mystified.

Then she attacked him on another quarter. "Have you written to her, since you behaved like a ruffian to her?"

"No; and I never will, come what may. It is wicked of me; but I hate her. I am compelled to esteem her; but I hate her."

Zoe could quite understand that; but in spite of that she said, "Of course you do. Men always hate those they have used ill. Why did you not write to *me*? Had a mind to be impartial, I suppose?"

"I had reason to believe it would have been intercepted."

"For shame! Vizard is incapable of such a thing."

"Ah, you don't know how he is changed. He looks on me as a mad dog. Consider, Zoe: do pray take the real key to it all. He is in love with Mademoiselle Klosking, madly in love with her: and I have been so unfortunate as to injure her; nearly to kill her. I daresay he thinks it is on your account he hates me; but men de-

ceive themselves. It is for *her* he hates me."

"Oh!"

"Ay. Think, for a moment, and you will see it is. *You* are not in his confidence. I am sure he has never told *you* that he ordered his keepers to shoot me down if I came about the house at night."

"Oh no, no!" cried Zoe.

"Do you know he has raised the country against me, and has warrants out against me for forgery, because I was taken in by a rogue who gave me bills with sham names on them, and I got Vizard to cash them? As soon as we found out how I had been tricked, my uncle and I offered at once to pay him back his money. But no! he prefers to keep the bills, as a weapon."

Zoe began to be puzzled a little. But she said, "You have been a long time discovering all these grievances. Why have you held no communication all this time?"

"Because you were inaccessible. Does not your own heart tell you that I have been all these weeks trying to communicate, and unable? Why, I came three times under your window, at night, and you never, never would look out."

"I did look out ever so often."

"If I had been you I should have looked ten thousand times. I only left off coming when I heard the keepers were ordered to shoot me down. Not that I should have cared much; for I am desperate. But I had just sense enough left to see that, if my dead body had been brought bleeding into your hall some night, none of you would ever have been happy again. Your eyes would have been opened, all of you. Well, Zoe, you left Vizard Court—that I learned; but it was only this morning I could find out where you were gone: and you see I am here—with a price upon my

head. Please read Vizard's advertisements."

She took them, and read them. A hot flush mounted to her cheek.

"You see," said he, "I am to be imprisoned if I set my foot in Barfordshire. Well, it will be false imprisonment, and Mademoiselle Klosking's lover will smart for it. At all events, I shall take no orders but from you. You have been deceived by appearances. I shall do all I can to undeceive you; and, if I cannot, there will be no need to imprison me for a deceit of which I was the victim, nor to shoot me like a dog for loving *you*. I will take my broken heart quietly away, and leave Barfordshire, and England, and the world, for ought I care."

Then he cried; and that made her cry directly.

"Ah!" she sighed, "we are unfortunate. Appearances are so deceitful. I see I have judged too hastily, and listened too little to my own heart, that always made excuses. But it is too late now."

"Why too late?"

"It is."

"But why?"

"It all looked so ugly, and you were silent. We are unfortunate. My brother would never let us marry; and, besides—— Oh, why did you not come before?"

"I might as well say, why did you not look out of your window? You could have done it without risking your life, as I did. Or why did you not advertise? You might have invited an explanation from 'E. S.,' under cover to so-and-so."

"Ladies never think of such things. You know that very well."

"Oh, I don't complain; but I do say that those who love should not be ready to reproach; they should put a generous construction. You might have known, and you ought to have known, that I was

struggling to find you, and torn with anguish at my impotence."

"No, no. I am so young and inexperienced, and all my friends against you. It is they who have parted us."

"How can they part us, if you love me still as I love you?"

"Because for the last fortnight I have not loved you, but hated you, and doubted you, and thought my only chance of happiness was to imitate your indifference: and whilst I was thinking so, another person has come forward—one whom I have always esteemed; and now, in my pity and despair, I have given him hopes." She hid her burning face in her hands.

"I see; you are false to me, and therefore you have suspected me of being false to you."

At that she raised her head high directly. "Edward, you are unjust. Look in my face and you may see what I have suffered, before I could bring myself to condemn you."

"What! your paleness, that dark rim under your lovely eyes—am I the cause?"

"Indeed you are. But I forgive you. You are sadly pale and worn too. Oh, how unfortunate we are!"

"Do not cry, dearest," said he; "do not despair. Be calm, and let me know the worst. I will not reproach you, though you have reproached me. I love you as no woman can love. Come, tell me."

"Then the truth is, Lord Uxmoor has renewed his attention to me."

"Ah!"

"He has been here every day."

Severne groaned.

"Aunt Maitland was on his side, and spoke so kindly to me; and he saved my life from a furious bull. He is brave, noble, good, and he loves me. I have committed myself. I cannot draw back with honour."

"But from me you can, because I am poor, and hated, and have no title. If you are committed to him, you are engaged to me."

"I am; so now I can go neither way. If I had poison I would take it this moment, and end all."

"For God's sake don't talk so! I am sure you exaggerate. You cannot, in these few days, have pledged your faith to another. Let me see your finger. Ah! there's my ring on it still: bless you, my own darling Zoe—bless you!" and he covered her hand with kisses, and bedewed it with his ever-ready tears.

The girl began to melt, and all power to ooze out of her, mind and body. She sighed deeply, and said, "What can I do—I don't say with honour and credit, but with decency—what *can* I do?"

"Tell me, first, what you have said to him that you consider so compromising."

Zoe, with many sighs, replied, "I believe—I said—I was unhappy. And so I was. And I owned—that I admired—and esteemed him. And so I do. And then, of course, he wanted more, and I could not give more; and he asked might he try and *make* me love him; and—I said—I am afraid I said—he might, if he could."

"And a very proper answer too."

"Ah! but I said he might come every day. It is idle to deceive ourselves: I have encouraged his addresses. I can do nothing now with credit, but die, or go into a convent."

"When did you say this?"

"This very day."

"Then he has never acted on it."

"No, but he will. He will be here to-morrow, for certain."

"Then your course is plain. You must choose to-night between him and me. You must dismiss him,

by letter, or me upon this spot. I have not much fortune to offer you, and no coronet; but I love you, and you have seen me reject a lovely and accomplished woman, whom I esteem as much as you do this lord. Reject him! Why, you have seen me fling her away from me like a dog, sooner than leave you in a moment's doubt of my love. If you cannot write a civil note declining an earl for me, your love is not worthy of mine, and I will begone with my love. I will not take it to Mademoiselle Klosking, though I esteem her as you do this lord; but, at all events, I will take it away from you, and leave you my curse instead, for a false, fickle girl, that could not wait one little month, but must fall, with her engaged ring on her finger, into another man's arms. Oh, Zoe! Zoe! who could have believed this of you?"

"Don't reproach *me*. I won't bear it," she cried, wildly.

"I hope not to have to reproach you," said he, firmly; "I cannot conceive your hesitating."

"I am worn out. Love has been too great a torment. Oh, if I could find peace!"

Again her tears flowed.

He put on a sympathising air. "You shall have peace. Dismiss *him* as I tell you, and he will trouble you no more: shake hands with me, and say you prefer *him*, and I will trouble you no more. But with two lovers, peace is out of the question, and so is self-respect. I know I could not vacillate between you and Mademoiselle Klosking or any other woman."

"Ah, Edward, if I do this, you ought to love me very dearly!"

"I shall. Better than ever—if possible."

"And never make me jealous again."

"I never shall, dearest. Our troubles are over."

"Edward, I have been very unhappy. I could not bear these doubts again."

"You shall never be unhappy again."

"I must do what you require, I suppose. That is how it always ends; oh dear! oh dear!"

"Zoe, it must be done; you know it must."

"I warn you I shall do it as kindly as I can."

"Of course you will; you ought to."

"I must go in now; I feel very cold."

"How soon to-morrow will you meet me here?"

"When you please," said she, languidly.

"At ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

Then there was a tender parting, and Zoe went slowly in. She went to her own room, just to think it all over alone. She caught sight of her face in the glass. Her cheeks had regained colour, and her eyes were bright as stars. She stopped and looked at herself. "There now," said she, "and I seem to myself to live again. I was mad to think I could ever love any man but him. He is my darling, my idol."

There was no late dinner at Somerville Villa. Indeed ladies, left to themselves, seldom dine late. Nature is strong in them, and they are hungriest when the sun is high. At seven o'clock, Zoe Vizard was seated at her desk trying to write to Lord Uxmoor. She sighed, she moaned, she began, and dropped the pen and hid her face. She became almost wild; and in that state she at last dashed off what follows:—

"DEAR LORD UXMOOR, — For pity's sake forgive the mad words I

said to you to-day. It is impossible. I can do no more than admire and esteem you. My heart is gone from me, for ever. Pray forgive me, though I do not deserve it; and never see me, nor look at me again. I ask pardon for my vacillation. It has been disgraceful; but it has ended, and I was under a great error, which I cannot explain to you, when I led you to believe I had a heart to give you. My eyes are opened. Our paths lie asunder. Pray, pray, forgive me, if it is possible. I will never forgive myself, nor cease to bless and revere you, whom I have used so ill.

"ZOE VIZARD."

That day, Uxmoor dined alone with his mother for a wonder, and he told her how Miss Vizard had come round; he told her also about the bull, but so vilely that she hardly comprehended he had been in any danger: these encounters are rarely described to the life, except by us who avoid them—except on paper.

Lady Uxmoor was much pleased. She was a proud, politic lady, and this was a judicious union of two powerful houses in the county, and one that would almost command the elections. But, above all, she knew her son's heart was in the match, and she gave him a mother's sympathy.

As she retired, she kissed him, and said, "When you are quite sure of the prize, tell me, and I will call upon her."

Being alone, Lord Uxmoor lighted a cigar and smoked it in measureless content. The servant brought him a note on a salver. It had come by hand. Uxmoor opened it, and read every word straight through, down to "Zoe Vizard;" read it, and sat petrified.

He read it again. He felt a sort of sickness come over him. He

swallowed a tumbler of port, a wine he rarely touched: but he felt worse now than after the bull-fight. This done, he rose and stalked like a wounded lion into the drawing-room, which was on the same floor, and laid the letter before his mother.

"You are a woman too," said he, a little helplessly. "Tell me—what on earth does this mean?"

The dowager read it slowly and keenly, and said, "It means—another man."

"Ah!" said Uxmoor, with a sort of snarl.

"Have you seen any one about her?"

"No; not lately. At Vizard Court there was; but that is all over now, I conclude. It was a Mr Severne, an adventurer, a fellow that was caught out in a lie before us all. Vizard tells me a lady came and claimed him before Miss Vizard, and he ran away."

"An unworthy attachment, in short?"

"Very unworthy, if it was an attachment at all."

"Was he at Vizard Court when she declined your hand?"

"Yes."

"Did he remain, after you went?"

"I suppose so. Yes, he must have."

"Then the whole thing is clear: that man has come forward again unexpectedly, or written, and she dismisses you. My darling, there is but one thing for you to do. Leave her, and thank her for telling you in time. A less honourable fool would have hidden it, and then we might have had a Countess of Uxmoor in the Divorce Court some day or other."

"I had better go abroad," said Uxmoor, with a groan. "This country is poisoned for me."

"Go, by all means. Let Janne-

way pack up your things to-morrow."

"I should like to kill that fellow first."

"You will not even waste a thought on him, if you are my son."

"You are right, mother. What am I to say to her?"

"Not a word."

"What! not answer her letter? It is humble enough, I am sure—poor soul! Mother, I am wretched, but I am not bitter, and my rival will revenge me."

"Uxmoor, your going abroad is the only answer she shall have. The wisest man, in these matters, who ever lived, has left a rule of conduct to every well-born man—a rule which, believe me, is wisdom itself:—

"*'Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot; L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne, et ne dit mot.'*

"You will make a tour, and not say a word to Miss Vizard, good, bad, nor indifferent. I insist upon that."

"Very well. Thank you, dear mother: you guide me, and don't let me make a fool of myself; for I am terribly cut up. You will be the only Countess of Uxmoor in my day."

Then he kneeled at her feet, and she kissed his head, and cried over him; but her tears only made this proud lady stronger.

Next day he started on his travels.

Now, but for Zoe, he would on no account have left England just then; for he was going to build model cottages in his own village, upon designs of his own, each with a little plot, and a public warehouse or granary, with divisions for their potatoes, and apples, &c. However, he turned this over

in his mind while he was packing; he placed certain plans and papers in his despatch-box, and took his ticket to Taddington, instead of going at once to London. From Taddington he drove over to Hill-stoke, and asked for Miss Gale. They told him she was fixed at Vizard Court. That vexed him: he did not want to meet Vizard. He thought it the part of a Jerry Sneak, to go and howl to a brother against his sister. Yet, if Vizard questioned him, how could he conceal there was something wrong? However, he went down to Vizard Court; but said to the servant who opened the door, "I am rather in a hurry, sir: do you think that you could procure me a few minutes with Miss Gale? You need not trouble Mr Vizard."

"Yes, my laud. Certainly, my laud. Please step in the morning-room, my laud. Mr Vizard is out."

That was fortunate, and Miss Gale came down to him directly.

Fanny took that opportunity to chatter and tell Mademoiselle Klosking all about Lord Uxmoor and his passion for Zoe. "And he will have her, too," said she, boldly.

Lord Uxmoor told Miss Gale he had called upon business. He was obliged to leave home for a time, and wished to place his projects under the care of a person who could really sympathise with them, and make additions to them, if necessary. "Men," said he, "are always making oversights in matters of domestic comfort: besides, you are full of ideas. I want you to be viceroy with full power, and act just as you would if the village belonged to you."

Rhoda coloured high at the compliment.

"Wells, cows, granary, real education,—what you like," said he. "I know your mind. Begin abolishing the lower orders in the

only way they can be got rid of; by raising them in comfort, cleanliness, decency, and knowledge. Then I shall not be missed. I'm going abroad."

"Going abroad?"

"Yes. Here are my plans: alter them for the better, if you can. All the work to be done by the villagers. Weekly wages. We buy materials. They will be more reconciled to improved dwellings when they build them themselves. Here are the addresses of the people who will furnish money. It will entail travelling; but my people will always meet you at the station, if you telegraph from Taddington. You accept? A thousand thanks. I am afraid I must be off."

She went into the hall with him, half bewildered, and only at the door found time to ask after Zoe Vizard.

"A little better, I think, than when she came."

"Does she know you are going abroad?"

"No; I don't think she does, yet. It was settled all in a hurry."

He escaped further questioning by hurrying away.

Miss Gale was still looking after him, when Ina Klosking came down, dressed for a walk, and leaning lightly on Miss Dover's arm. This was by previous consent of Miss Gale.

"Well, dear," said Fanny, "what did he say to you?"

"Something that has surprised and puzzled me very much." She then related the whole conversation, with her usual precision.

Ina Klosking observed quietly to Fanny that this did not look like successful wooing.

"I don't know that," said Fanny, stoutly. "Oh, Miss Gale, did you not ask him about her?"

"Certainly I did; and he said

she was better than when she first came."

"There!" said Fanny, triumphantly.

Miss Gale gave her a little pinch, and she dropped the subject.

Vizard returned, and found Made-moiselle Klosking walking on his gravel. He offered her his arm, and was a happy man, parading her very slowly, and supporting her steps, and purring his congratulations into her ear. "Suppose I were to invite you to dinner, what would you say?"

"I think I should say 'To-morrow.'"

"And a very good answer, too. To-morrow shall be a *fête*."

"You spoil me."

"That is impossible."

It was strange to see them together; he so happy, she so apathetic, yet gracious.

Next morning came a bit of human nature, a letter from Zoe to Fanny, almost entirely occupied with praises of Lord Uxmoor. She told the Bull story better than I have—if possible—and, in short, made Uxmoor a hero of romance.

"Fanny carried this in triumph to the other ladies, and read it out. "There!" said she. "Didn't I tell you?"

Rhoda read the letter, and owned herself puzzled. "I am not, then," said Fanny: "they are engaged—over the bull; like Europa, and I forget who,—and so he is not afraid to go abroad now. That is just like the men. They cool directly the chase is over."

Now the truth was that Zoe was trying to soothe her conscience with eloquent praises of the man she had dismissed, and felt guilty.

Ina Klosking said little. She was puzzled too at first. She asked to see Zoe's handwriting. The letter was handed to her. She studied the characters. "It is a

good hand," she said—"nothing mean there." And she gave it back.

But, with a glance, she had read the address, and learned that the post town was Bagley.

All that day, at intervals, she brought her powerful understanding to bear on the paradox; and, though she had not the facts and the clue I have given the reader, she came near the truth in an essential matter. She satisfied herself that Lord Uxmoor was not engaged to Zoe Vizard. Clearly, if so, he would not leave England for months. She resolved to know more; and just before dinner she wrote a line to Ashmead, and requested him to call on her immediately.

That day she dined with Vizard and the ladies. She sat at Vizard's right hand, and he told her how proud and happy he was to see her there.

She blushed faintly, but made no reply.

She retired soon after dinner.

All next day she expected Ashmead.

He did not come.

She dined with Vizard next day, and retired to the drawing-room. The piano was opened, and she played one or two exquisite things, and afterwards tried her voice, but only in scales, and somewhat timidly, for Miss Gale warned her she might lose it, or spoil it, if she strained the vocal chord while her whole system was weak.

Next day Ashmead came with apologies. He had spent a day in the cathedral town on business. He did not tell her how he had spent that day, going about puffing her as the greatest singer of sacred music in the world, and paving the way for her engagement at the next festival. Yet the single-hearted Joseph had really raised that commercial superstructure upon the

sentiments she had uttered on his first visit to Vizard Court.

Ina now held a private conference with him. "I think," said she, "I have heard you say you were once an actor."

"I was, madam, and a very good one too."

"*Cela va sans dire.*, I never knew one that was not. At all events, you can disguise yourself."

"Anything, madam, from Grandfather Whitehead to a boy in a pinafore. Famous for my makes-up."

"I wish you to watch a certain house, and not be recognised by a person who knows you."

"Well, madam, nothing is *infra dig.* if done for you: nothing is distasteful, if done for you."

"Thank you, my friend. I have thought it well to put my instructions on paper."

"Ay, that is the best way."

She handed him the instructions. He read them, and his eyes sparkled. "Ah! this is a commission I undertake with pleasure, and I'll execute it with zeal."

He left her, soon after, to carry out these instructions; and that very evening he was in the wardrobe of the little theatre, rummaging out a suitable costume, and also in close conference with the wig-maker.

Next day Vizard had his mother's sables taken out and aired; and drove Mademoiselle Kloeking into Taddington in an open carriage. Fanny told her they were his mother's sables, and none to compare with them in the country.

On returning, she tried her voice to the harmonium in her own ante-chamber, and found it was gaining strength—like herself.

Meantime, Zoe Vizard met Severne in the garden, and told him

she had written to Lord Uxmoor, and he would never visit her again. But she did not make light of the sacrifice this time. She had sacrificed her own self-respect as well as Uxmoor's, and she was sullen and tearful.

He had to be very wary and patient or she would have parted with him too, and fled from both of them to her brother.

Uxmoor's wounded pride would have been soothed could he have been present at the first interview of this pair. He would have seen Severne treated with a *hauteur*, and a sort of savageness, he himself was safe from, safe in her unshaken esteem.

But the world is made for those who can keep their temper, especially the female part of the world.

Sad, kind, and loving, but never irritable, Severne smoothed down, and soothed, and comforted the wounded girl; and, seeing her two or three times a-day—for she was completely mistress of her time—got her entirely into his power again.

Uxmoor did not reply.

She had made her selection. Love beckoned forward. It was useless to look back.

Love was omnipotent. They both began to recover their good looks, as if by magic; and as Severne's passion, though wicked, was earnest, no poor bird was ever more completely entangled by birdlime than Zoe was caught by Edward Severne.

Their usual place of meeting was the shrubbery attached to Somerville Villa. The trees, being young, made all the closer shade; and the gravel walk meandered, and shut them out from view.

Severne used to enter this shrubbery by a little gate leading from the meadow, and wait under the trees till Zoe came to him. Vizard's

advertisements alarmed him, and he used to see the coast clear before he entered the shrubbery, and also before he left it. He was so particular in this, that, observing one day an old man doddering about with a basket, he would not go in till he had taken a look at him. He found it was an ancient, white-haired villager gathering mushrooms. The old fellow was so stiff, and his hand so trembling, that it took him about a minute to gather a single fungus.

To give a reason for coming up to

him, Severne said, "How old are you, old man?"

"I be ninety, measter, next Martinmas-day."

"Only ninety?" said our Adonis, contemptuously; "you look a hundred and ninety."

He would have been less contemptuous had he known that the mushrooms were all toadstools, and the village *centenaire* was Mr Joseph Ashmead, resuming his original arts, and playing Grandfather Whitehead on the green grass.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mademoiselle Klosking told Vizard the time drew near when she must leave his hospitable house.

"Say a month hence," said he.

She shook her head.

"Of course you will not stay to gratify me," said he, half sadly, half bitterly. "But you will have to stay a week or two longer *par ordonnance du médecin*."

"My physician is reconciled to my going. We must all bow to necessity."

This was said too firmly to admit a reply.

"The old house will seem very dark again whenever you do go," said Vizard, plaintively.

"It will soon be brightened by her who is its true and lasting light," was the steady reply.

A day or two passed with nothing to record, except that Vizard hung about Ina Klosking, and became, if possible, more enamoured of her, and more unwilling to part with her.

Mr Ashmead arrived one afternoon about three o'clock, and was more than an hour with her. They conversed very earnestly, and, when he went, Miss Gale found her agitated.

"This will not do," said she.

"It will pass, my friend," said Ina. "I will sleep."

She laid herself down, and slept three hours before dinner.

She arose refreshed, and dined with the little party; and, on retiring to the drawing-room, she invited Vizard to join them at his convenience.

He made it his convenience in ten minutes.

Then she opened the piano, played an introduction, and electrified them all by singing the leading song in "Siebel." She did not sing it so powerfully as in the theatre; she would not have done that even if she could: but still she sang it out, and nobly. It seemed a miracle to hear such singing in a room.

Vizard was in raptures.

They cooled suddenly when she reminded him what he had said, that she must stay till she could sing Siebel's song. "I keep to the letter of the contract," said she. "My friends, this is my last night at Vizard Court."

"Please try and shake that resolution," said Vizard, gravely, to Mesdemoiselles Dover and Gale.

"They cannot," said Ina. "It

is my destiny. And yet," said she, after a pause, "I would not have you remember me by that flimsy thing. Let me sing you a song your mother loved; let me be remembered in this house, as a singer, by that."

Then she sang Handel's song—

"What though I trace each herb and flower

That decks the morning dew?
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew!"

She sang it with amazing purity, volume, grandeur, and power; the lustres rang and shook, the hearts were thrilled, and the very souls of the hearers ravished. She herself turned a little pale in singing it, and the tears stood in her eyes.

The song and its interpretation were so far above what passes for music, that they all felt compliments would be an impertinence. Their eyes and their long-drawn breath paid the true homage to that great master rightly interpreted—a very rare occurrence.

"Ah," said she; "that was the hand could brandish Goliath's spear."

"And this is how you reconcile us to losing you," said Vizard. "You might stay, at least, till you had gone through my poor mother's collection."

"Ah, I wish I could. But I cannot; I must not. My Fate forbids it."

"'Fate' and 'destiny,'" said Vizard, "stuff and nonsense. We make our own destiny. Mine is to be eternally disappointed, and happiness snatched out of my hands."

He had no sooner made this pretty speech than he was ashamed of it, and stalked out of the room, not to say any more unwise things.

This burst of spleen alarmed Fanny Dover. "There," said she, "now you cannot go. He is very angry."

Ina Klosking said she was sorry for that; but he was too just a man

to be angry with her long: the day would come when he would approve her conduct. Her lip quivered a little as she said this, and the water stood in her eyes: and this was remembered and understood, long after, both by Miss Dover and Rhoda Gale.

"When does your Royal Highness propose to start?" inquired Rhoda Gale, very obsequiously, and just a little bitterly.

"To-morrow at half-past nine o'clock, dear friend," said Ina.

"Then you will not go without me. You will get the better of Mr Vizard, because he is only a man: but I am a woman, and have a will as well as you. If you make a journey to-morrow, I go with you. Deny me, and you shan't go at all." Her eyes flashed defiance.

Ina moved one step; took Rhoda's little defiant head, and kissed her cheek. "Sweet physician and kind friend, of course you shall go with me, if you will; and be a great blessing to me."

This reconciled Miss Gale to the proceedings. She packed up a carpet-bag, and was up early, making provisions of every sort for her patient's journey: air-pillows, soft warm coverings, medicaments, stimulants, &c., in a little bag slung across her shoulders. Thus furnished, and equipped in a uniform suit of grey cloth and wide-awake hat, she cut a very sprightly and commanding figure, but more like Diana than Hebe.

The Klosking came down, a pale Juno, in travelling costume; and a quarter of an hour before the time, a pair-horse fly was at the door, and Mr Ashmead in the hall.

The ladies were both ready.

But Vizard had not appeared.

This caused an uneasy discussion.

"He must be very angry," said Fanny, in a half whisper.

"I cannot go while he is," sighed

La Klosking. "There is a limit even to my courage."

"Mr Harris," said Rhoda, "would you mind telling Mr Vizard?"

"Well, Miss," said Harris, softly, "I did step in and tell him. Which he told me to go to the devil, Miss: a hobversation I never knew him to make before."

This was not encouraging. Yet the Klosking quietly inquired where he was.

"In there, ma'am," said Harris. "In his study."

Mademoiselle Klosking, placed between two alternatives, decided with her usual resolution. She walked immediately to the door, and tapped at it: then, scarcely waiting for an instant, opened it and walked in with seeming firmness, though her heart was beating rather high.

The people outside looked at one another. "I wonder whether he will tell *her* to go to the devil?" said Fanny, who was getting tired of being good.

"No use," said Miss Gale; "she doesn't know the road."

When La Klosking entered the study, Vizard was seated, disconsolate, with two pictures before him. His face was full of pain, and La Klosking's heart smote her. She moved towards him, hanging her head, and said, with inimitable sweetness and tenderness, "Here is a culprit come to try and appease you."

There came a time when he could hardly think of these words, and her penitent, submissive manner, with dry eyes. But just then his black dog had bitten him; and he said, sullenly, "Oh, never mind me; it was always so. Your sex have always made me smart for—— If flying from my house, before you are half recovered, gives you half the pleasure it gives me pain and mortification, say no more about it."

"Ah! why say it gives me pleasure? My friend, you cannot really think so."

"I don't know what to think. You ladies are all riddles."

"Then I must take you into my confidence, and, with some reluctance, I own, let you know why I leave this dear, kind roof to-day."

Vizard's generosity took the alarm. "No," he said, "I will not extort your reasons. It is a shame of me. Your bare will ought to be law in this house; and what reasons could reconcile me to losing you so suddenly? You are the joy of our eyes, the delight of our ears, the idol of all our hearts. You will leave us, and there will be darkness and gloom, instead of sunshine and song. Well, go; but you cannot soften the blow with reasons."

Mademoiselle Klosking flushed, and her bosom heaved; for this was a strong man greatly moved. With instinctive tact she saw the best way to bring him to his senses was to give him a good opening to retreat.

"Ah, Monsieur," said she, "you are *trop grand seigneur*. You entertain a poor wounded singer in a chamber few princes can equal. You place everything at her disposal; such a physician and nurse as no queen can command; a choir to sing to her; royal sables to keep the wind from her, and ladies to wait on her. And, when you have brought her back to life, you say to yourself, She is a woman; she will not be thoroughly content unless we tell her she is adorable. So, out of politeness, you descend to the language of gallantry. This was not needed. I dispense with that kind of comfort. I leave your house because it is my duty, and leave it your grateful servant and true friend to my last hour."

She had opened the door, and Vizard could now escape. His

obstinacy and his heart would not let him.

"Do not fence with me," said he. "Leave that to others. It is beneath *you*. If you had been content to stay, I would have been content to show my heart by halves. But, when you offer to leave me, you draw from me an avowal I can no longer restrain, and you must and shall listen to it. When I saw you on the stage at Homburg, I admired you, and loved you that very night. But I knew from experience how seldom in women outward graces go with the virtues of the soul. I distrusted my judgment. I feared you, and I fled you. But our destiny brought you here; and when I held you, pale and wounded, in my very arms, my heart seemed to go out of my bosom."

"Oh, no more! no more, pray!" cried Mademoiselle Klosking.

But the current of love was not to be stemmed. "Since that terrible hour I have been in heaven, watching your gradual and sure recovery; but you have recovered only to abandon me, and your hurry to leave me drives me to desperation. No, I cannot part with you. You must not leave me, either this day or any day. Give me your hand, and stay here for ever, and be the queen of my heart and of my house."

For some time La Klosking had lost her usual composure. Her bosom heaved tumultuously, and her hands trembled. But at this distinct proposal the whole woman changed. She drew herself up, with her pale cheek flushing, and her eyes glittering.

"What, sir?" said she. "Have you read me so ill? Do you not know I would rather be the meanest drudge that goes on her knees and scrubs your floors, than be queen of your house, as you call it? Ah,

Jesu! are all men alike, then; that he whom I have so revered, whose mother's songs I have sung to him, makes me a proposal dishonourable to me and to himself?"

"Dishonourable!" cried Vizard. "Why, what can any man offer to any woman more honourable than I offer you? I offer you my heart and my hand, and I say, do not go, my darling. Stay here for ever, and be my queen, my goddess, my wife!"

"YOUR WIFE?" She stared wildly at him. "Your wife? Am I dreaming, or are you?"

"Neither. Do you think I can be content with less than that? Ina, I adore you."

She put her hand to her head. "I know not who is to blame for this," said she, and she trembled visibly.

"I'll take the blame," said he, gaily.

Said Ina, very gravely, "You, who do me the honour to offer me your name, have you asked yourself seriously what has been the nature of my relation with Edward Severne?"

"No!" cried Vizard, violently; "and I do not mean to. I see you despise him now; and I have my eyes and my senses to guide me in choosing a wife. I choose you—if you will have me."

She listened, then turned her moist eyes full upon him, and said to him, "This is the greatest honour ever befell me. I cannot take it."

"Not take it?"

"No; but that is my misfortune. Do not be mortified. You have no rival in my esteem. What shall I say, my friend?—at least I may call you that; if I explain now, I shall weep much, and lose my strength. What shall I do? I think—yes, that will be best—you shall go with me to-day."

"To the end of the world!"

"Something tells me you will know all, and forgive me."

"Shall I take my bag?"

"You might take an evening dress, and some linen."

"Very well. I won't keep you a moment," said he; and went upstairs with great alacrity.

She went into the hall, with her eyes bent on the ground, and was immediately pinned by Rhoda Gale, whose piercing eye, and inquisitive finger on her pulse, soon discovered that she had gone through a trying scene. "This is a bad beginning of an imprudent journey," said she; "I have a great mind to countermand the carriage."

"No, no," said Ina; "I will sleep in the railway and recover myself."

The ladies now got into the carriage; Ashmead insisted on going upon the box; and Vizard soon appeared, and took his seat opposite Miss Gale and Mademoiselle Klosking. The latter whispered her doctress: "It would be wise of me not to speak much at present." La Gale communicated this to Vizard, and they drove along in dead silence. But they were naturally curious to know where they were going; so they held some communication with their eyes. They very soon found they were going to Tad-dington station.

Then came a doubt—were they going up or down?

That was soon resolved.

Mr Ashmead had hired a saloon carriage for them, with couches and conveniences.

They entered it; and Mademoiselle Klosking said to Miss Gale, "It is necessary that I should sleep."

"You shall," said Miss Gale.

While she was arranging the pillows and things, La Klosking said to Vizard, "We artists learn

to sleep when we have work to do. Without it I should not be strong enough this day." She said this in a half-apologetic tone, as one anxious not to give him any shadow of offence.

She was asleep in five minutes; and Miss Gale sat watching her at first, but presently joined Vizard at the other end, and they whispered together. Said she, "What becomes of the theory that women have no strength of will? There is Mademoiselle *Je le veux* in person. When she wants to sleep, she sleeps; and look at you and me—do you know where we are going?"

"No."

"No more do I. The motive power is that personification of divine repose there. How beautiful she is with her sweet lips parted, and her white teeth peeping, and her upper and lower lashes wedded! and how graceful!"

"She is a goddess," said Vizard; "I wish I had never seen her. Mark my words, she will give me the sorest heart of all."

"I hope not," said Rhoda, very seriously.

Ina slept sweetly for nearly two hours, and all that time her friends could only guess where they were going.

At last the train stopped, for the sixth time, and Ashmead opened the door.

This worthy, who was entirely in command of the expedition, collected the luggage, including Vizard's bag, and deposited it at the station. He then introduced the party to a pair-horse fly, and mounted the box.

When they stopped at Bagley, Vizard suspected where they were going.

When he saw the direction the carriage took, he knew it, and turned very grave indeed.

He even regretted that he had

put himself so blindly under the control of a woman. He cast searching glances at Mademoiselle Klosking to try and discover what on earth she was going to do. But her face was as impenetrable as marble. Still she never looked less likely to do anything rash or in bad taste. Quietness was the main characteristic of her face when not rippled over by a ravishing sweetness; but he had never seen her look so great, and lofty, and resolute as she looked now; a little stern, too, as one who had a great duty to do, and was inflexible as iron. When truly feminine features stiffen into marble like this, beauty is indeed imperial, and worthy of

epic song; it rises beyond the wing of prose.

My reader is too intelligent not to divine that she was steeling herself to a terrible interview with Zoe Vizard—terrible, mainly on account of the anguish she knew she must inflict.

But we can rarely carry out our plans exactly as we trace them—unexpected circumstances derange them or expand them; and I will so far anticipate as to say that, in this case, a most unexpected turn of events took La Klosking by surprise.

Whether she proved equal to the occasion, these pages will show very soon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Poikilus never left Taddington, only the "Swan." More than once he was within sight of Ashmead, unobserved. Once, indeed, that gentleman, who had a great respect for dignitaries, saluted him; for at that moment Poikilus happened to be a sleek dignitary of the Church of England. Poikilus, when quite himself, wore a moustache, and was sallow, and lean as a weasel; but he shaved, and stuffed, and coloured for the dean. Shovel-hat, portly walk, and green spectacles, did the rest. Grandfather Whitehead saluted. His reverence chuckled.

Poikilus kept Severne posted by letter and wire, as to many things that happened outside Vizard Court; but he could not divine the storm that was brewing inside Ina Klosking's room. Yet Severne defended himself exactly as he would have done had he known all. He and Zoe spent Elysian hours, meeting twice a-day in the shrubbery, and making love as if they were the only two creatures in the world;

but it was blind Elysium only to one of them—Severne was uneasy and alarmed the whole time. His sagacity showed him it could not last, and there was always a creeping terror on him. Would not Uxmoor cause inquiries? Would he not be sure to tell Vizard? Would not Vizard come there to look after Zoe, or order her back to Vizard Court? Would not the Klosking get well, and interfere once more? He passed the time between heaven and hell; whenever he was not under the immediate spell of Zoe's presence, a sort of vague terror was always on him. He looked all round him, wherever he went.

This terror, and his passion, which was now as violent as it was wicked, soon drove him to conceive desperate measures. But, by masterly self-government, he kept them two days to his own bosom. He felt it was too soon to raise a fresh and painful discussion with Zoe. He must let her drink unmixed delight, and get a taste for it; and

then show her on what conditions alone it could be had for ever.

It was on the third day after their reconciliation, she found him seated on a bench in the shrubbery, lost in thought, and looking very dejected. She was close to him before he noticed; then he sprang up, stared at her, and began to kiss her hands violently, and even her very dress.

"It is you," said he, "once more."

"Yes, dear," said Zoe, tenderly; "did you think I would not come?"

"I did not know whether you could come. I feel that my happiness cannot last long. And, Zoe dear, I have had a dream. I dreamed we were taken prisoners, and carried to Vizard Court, and on the steps stood Vizard and Mademoiselle Klosking, arm in arm; I believe they were man and wife. And you were taken out and led, weeping, into the house, and I was left there raging with agony. And then that lady put out her finger in a commanding way, and I was whirled away into utter darkness, and I heard you moan, and I fought, and dashed my head against the carriage, and I felt my heart burst, and my whole body filled with some cold liquid, and I went to sleep, and I heard a voice say, 'It is all over; his trouble is ended.' I was dead."

This narrative, and his deep dejection, set Zoe's tears flowing. "Poor Edward!" she sighed; "I would not survive you. But cheer up, dear; it was only a dream. We are not slaves. I am not dependent on any one. How can we be parted?"

"We shall, unless we use our opportunity, and make it impossible to part us. Zoe, do not slight my alarm and my misgivings; such

warnings are prophetic. For heaven's sake, make one sacrifice more, and let us place our happiness beyond the reach of man."

"Only tell me how."

"There is but one way—marriage."

Zoe blushed high, and panted a little, but said nothing.

"Ah!" said he, piteously, "I ask too much."

"How can you say that?" said Zoe. "Of course I shall marry you, dearest. What! do you think I could do what I *have* done, for anybody but my husband that is to be?"

"I was mad to think otherwise," said he; "but I am in low spirits, and full of misgivings. Oh, the comfort, the bliss, the peace of mind, the joy, if you would see our hazardous condition, and make all safe, by marrying me to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! Why, Edward, are you mad? How can we be married, so long as my brother is so prejudiced against you?"

"If we wait his consent, we are parted for ever. He would forgive us after it—that is certain; but he would never consent. He is too much under the influence of his—of Mademoiselle Klosking."

"Indeed I cannot hope he will consent beforehand," sighed Zoe; "but I have not the courage to defy him; and if I had, we could not marry all in a moment, like that. We should have to be cried in church."

"That is quite gone out, amongst ladies and gentlemen."

"Not in our family. Besides, even a special licence takes time, I suppose. Oh no, I could not be married in a clandestine, discreditable way. I am a Vizard,—please remember that. Would you degrade the woman you honour with your choice?"

And her red cheeks and flashing eyes warned him to desist.

"God forbid!" said he. "If that is the alternative, I consent to lose her—and lose her I shall."

He then affected to dismiss the subject, and said, "Let me enjoy the hours that are left me. Much misery, or much bliss, can be condensed in a few days. I will enjoy the blessed time; and we will wait for the chapter of accidents that is sure to part us." Then he acted reckless happiness, and broke down at last.

She cried, but showed no sign of yielding. Her pride and self-respect were roused and on their defence.

The next day he came to her quietly sad. He seemed languid and listless, and to care for nothing. He was artful enough to tell her, on the information of Poikilus, that Vizard had hired the cathedral choir three times a-week, to sing to his inamorata; and that he had driven her about Taddington, dressed, like a duchess, in a whole suit of *sables*."

At that word the girl turned pale.

He observed, and continued: "And it seems these *sables* are known throughout the county. There were several carriages in the town, and my informant heard a lady say they were Mrs Vizard's *sables*, worth five hundred guineas, —a Russian princess gave them her."

"It is quite true," said Zoe. "His mother's *sables*! Is it possible?"

"They all say he is caught at last, and this is to be the next Mrs Vizard."

"They may well say so, if he parades her in his mother's *sables*," said Zoe, and could not conceal her jealousy and her indignation. "I

never dared so much as ask his permission to wear them," said she.

"And if you had, he would have told you the relics of a saint were not to be played with."

"That is just what he would have said, I do believe." The female heart was stung.

"Ah, well," said Severne, "I am sure I should not grudge him his happiness, if you would see things as he does, and be as brave as he is."

"Thank you," said Zoe. "Women cannot defy the world, as men do." Then, passionately, "Why do you torment me so? why do you urge me so? a poor girl, all alone, and far from advice. What on earth would you have me do?"

"Secure us against another separation,—unite us in bliss for ever."

"And so I would if I could; you know I would. But it is impossible."

"No, Zoe; it is easy. There are two ways: we can reach Scotland in eight hours; and there, by a simple writing, and declaration before witnesses, we are man and wife."

"A Gretna Green marriage?"

"It is just as much a legal marriage as if a bishop married us at St Paul's. However, we could follow it up immediately by marriage in a church, either in Scotland or the north of England. But there is another way: we can be married at Bagley, any day, before the registrar."

"Is that a marriage? a real marriage?"

"As real, as legal, as binding, as a wedding in St Paul's."

"Nobody in this county has ever been married so. I should blush to be seen about after it."

"Our first happy year would not

be passed in this country. We should go abroad for six months."

"Ay, fly from shame."

"On our return, we should be received with open arms by my own people in Huntingdonshire, until your people came round, as they always do."

He then showed her a letter, in which his pearl of a cousin said they would receive his wife with open arms, and make her as happy as they could. Uncle Tom was coming home from India, with two hundred thousand pounds; he was a confirmed old bachelor, and Edward his favourite, &c.

Zoe faltered a little: so then he pressed her hard with love, and entreaties, and promises, and even hysterical tears; then she began to cry,—a sure sign of yielding. "Give me time," she said; "give me time."

He groaned, and said there was no time to lose; otherwise he never would have urged her so.

For all that, she could not be drawn to a decision. She must think over such a step.

Next morning, at the usual time, he came to know his fate. But she did not appear. He waited an hour for her. She did not come. He began to rage and storm, and curse his folly for driving her so hard.

At last she came, and found him pale with anxiety, and looking utterly miserable. She told him she had passed a sleepless night, and her head had ached so in the morning, she could not move.

"My poor darling!" said he; "and I am the cause. Say no more about it, dear one. I see you do not love me as I love you, and I forgive you."

She smiled sadly at that, for she was surer of her own love than his.

Zoe had passed a night of torment and vacillation: and but for her brother having paraded Made-moiselle Klosking in his mother's sables, she would, I think, have held out. But this turned her a little against her brother; and, as he was the main obstacle to her union with Severne, love and pity conquered. Yet still honour and pride had their say. "Edward," said she, "I love you with all my heart, and share your fears that accident may separate us. I will let you decide for both of us. But, before you decide, be warned of one thing. I am a girl no longer, but a woman, who has been distracted with many passions. If any slur rests on my fair name, deeply as I love you now, I shall abhor you then."

He turned pale, for her eye flashed dismay into his craven soul.

He said nothing, and she continued: "If you insist on this hasty, half-clandestine marriage, then I consent to this—I will go with you before the registrar, and I shall come back here directly. Next morning early we will start for Scotland, and be married that other way before witnesses. Then your fears will be at an end, for you believe in these marriages; only, as I do not,—for I look on these *legal* marriages merely as solemn betrothals,—I shall be Miss Zoe Vizard, and expect you to treat me so, until I have been married in a church, like a lady."

"Of course you shall," said he; and overwhelmed her with expressions of gratitude, respect, and affection.

This soothed her troubled mind, and she let him take her hand, and pour his honeyed flatteries into her ear, as he walked her slowly up and down.

She could hardly tear herself

away from the soft pressure of his hand and the fascination of his tongue, and she left him, more madly in love with him than ever, and ready to face anything but dishonour for him. She was to come out at twelve o'clock, and walk into Bagley with him to betroth herself to him, as she chose to consider it, before the stipendiary magistrate, who married couples in that way. Of the two marriages she had consented to, merely as preliminaries to a real marriage, Zoe despised this the most; for the Scotch marriage was, at all events, ancient, and respectable lovers had been driven to it again and again.

She was behind her time, and Severne thought her courage had failed her after all: but no; at half-past twelve she came out, and walked briskly towards Bagley.

He was behind her, and followed her. She took his arm nervously. "Let me feel you all the way," she said, "to give me courage."

So they walked arm in arm;

and, as they went, his courage secretly wavered, hers rose at every step.

About half a mile from the town they met a carriage and pair.

At sight of them, a gentleman on the box tapped at the glass window and said, hurriedly, "Here they are *together*."

Mademoiselle Klosking said, "Stop the carriage:" then, pausing a little, "Mr Vizard—on your word of honour, no violence."

The carriage was drawn up, Ashmead opened the door in a trice, and La Klosking, followed by Vizard, stepped out, and stood like a statue before Edward Severne and Zoe Vizard.

Severne dropped her arm directly, and was panic-stricken.

Zoe uttered a little scream at the sight of Vizard; but the next moment took fire at her rival's audacity, and stepped boldly before her lover with flashing eyes and expanding nostrils that literally breathed defiance.

NELSON IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

A WANDERER'S LETTER.—NO. VI.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Since I wrote to you last, I have thought a good deal about that ethnological theory which makes soil accountable for the peculiarities of race. Let a tribe, say some of our sages, but inhabit for a few continuous generations a particular portion of the earth, and it will certainly acquire characteristics of person and disposition which are proper to that region. Thus they tell us that Yankees are fast becoming Red Indians; that a long sojourn of Europeans in the Pacific must lead to cannibalism; that a Tartar colony planted in the Holy Land would soon develop noses, and take an interest in second-hand apparel; and that the Zidonians, if transplanted to the neighbourhood of Ballyporeen, might betake themselves to active “devarsions,” and require a numerous constabulary. Trying to apply this theory here in Italy, I am staggered somewhat by the thought of Rome, which certainly produced in former days a people very different from that which is to be found there now. The “hook-nosed fellow” has disappeared, and unfortunately a good deal more of the ancient Roman than his hook-nose has disappeared also. The virtue has gone out of that soil at least; and if we look towards Greece, I am afraid we shall find that she too is not invariable in her human product. The Irishman who said that he might be born in a stable and yet not be a horse, had undoubtedly a considerable show of reason on his side. Howbeit, if I cannot accept the

philosopher's dogma as universally true, I by no means wish to deny its truth in particular localities. It was a particular locality that set me thinking of the matter. It was this Bay of Naples, now laughing in the sun under my window, that made me ask myself the question, why its shores seem evermore to defy care and thought; why he whose home is in sight of it can see hardly anything in a serious light; and why even the casual sojourner no sooner catches sight of the blue wavelets that lick the foot of Capri, than he is ready to “daff the world aside, and bid it pass.” Is the air here of such lively quality that it raises a flow of vigour unknown before, and so gives a zest to existence? Far from it. If we may believe sanitarians, the whole tendency of this Mediterranean air is relaxing, and we may expect from it nothing but lassitude and *ennui*; indeed they will soon leave us nowhere except the immediate neighbourhood of the poles where the air can invigorate, and we shall have to crowd on to the ice-fields if we wish to be scientifically braced. No, there is no bracing here; but there is a delicious call to idleness and soft enjoyment, a debarring of care, a satisfaction in the present, an enticement, as of a sorceress, to sloth and pleasure. All things allure to languor and repose;

“The tints of the earth and the hues of
the sky,
Though varied in colour, in beauty may
vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in
dye.”

Music seems natural to the region. The voice of the minstrel, the tinkling of the guitar, are never silent. The wretch who has no roof to cover him, and no bread to eat, is not utterly a wretch,—

"You cannot rob him of free nature's grace :

You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her open-
face ;"

he will look on the glorious landscape, draw in the balmy breath of the bay, listen to a beggar almost as poor as himself singing a Neapolitan ballad, forget that he is homeless and hungry, and feel like a prince. He knows only too well how to be idle ; but he would pity from his heart, if he knew about them, poor souls who spend their whole lives in toil, and, with all that, fare scarcely better than he does.

I cannot imagine a hard-working, money-getting race making their abode here ; rather I cannot imagine any race abiding here without becoming ere long the same people that I see to-day. Here, at any rate, the climate and the surroundings must form the people ; and the theory to which I alluded is true.

Here you may see ragamuffinism and idleness without savagery. In the Carnival, just ended, hundreds of thousands have crowded the streets, clustering like bees, but yet no disturbance, no injury ; every soul intent on its own enjoyment, and enjoying fully, but none seeking to mar the pleasure of another. There is gentleness and courtesy, and a taste for tranquil pleasure even among half-naked wretches covered with vermin. Mankind do not seem likely ever to raise themselves much in this part of the world. They are too well satisfied with what is, to give themselves much trouble to improve it. Everybody is only too ready to leave work for amusement ; and that idle

little boy who got such serious refusals from the sheep and other animals which he solicited to play with him, would have no difficulty here. Therefore I think it by no means a safe residence for one who desires to make a figure in the world. But for an unfortunate who may be suffering from too much work, I know no place like it for a season.

Of course I mean not to say that no manner of work is done here. A little gets executed in some way. A stout fellow, for instance, who has been laughing and dancing all the week, feels a little hungry, and thinks he will go in for a turn of work, just as one of our people makes up his mind to take a half-holiday. Accordingly he repairs to the mole, and probably finds no difficulty in getting employed to load or unload a ship. Here he works like a horse while he does work, earns a franc or two dearly enough, and then goes back to enjoy himself again. It is certain, too, from the past history of this idle lower class, that they can, for a time, do good service as soldiers, and be faithful and devoted fellows.

Between seventy and eighty years ago the English had a good deal to do with the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies, from the occupants of the royal palaces to the houseless *lazzaroni*, and they all looked upon us with a respect which, I fear, nobody will pay to us now. They thought us all-powerful, and our protection the best thing in the world. I don't think we ever had a very high opinion of them, but we kept them a place in the map of Europe for all that, and we did so at a time when more warlike people than they were having their nationalities expunged by the French Revolutionists without the slightest compunction or ceremony. The Neapolitans and Sicilians were shaking in their shoes towards the

end of last century, calculating, probably, the number of days that might be allowed them ere they would be devoured by the Republican armies. From all sides they heard of French successes. Echoes of the universal terror came thick and fast upon their ears. Nation after nation succumbed, and the fiat was thought to have gone forth which was to revolutionise Italy to the sole of its foot, and give its fair fields and its art-treasures as a prey to the spoilers, when suddenly there came news of the battle of the Nile. England had cleared the seas of Frenchmen, delivered a crushing blow against the power and reputation of France, and given a new lease to the kingdoms which had not yet been overrun. Naples got a reprieve; and less than that would suffice to set Naples laughing and dancing. She broke out accordingly, and made an awful splutter, which was not subdued, we may be sure, by the news which soon after arrived that the British fleet that had done such wonders was steering westward, and would probably enter the delightful bay before the autumn was far advanced. She knew how her enemy's fleet had been all taken or destroyed; how L'Orient had been blown to splinters; how the English commander had been badly wounded, and how he had been suffering from fever after his victory, and was coming to the realms of ease and pleasure to refresh his body and mind, and to fit himself for further glorious undertakings. The season of the year was about the most delightful of her delightful seasons. The summer had waned. The fierce, almost tropical heat had yielded sufficiently to make daylight pleasures again attractive. The populace had celebrated the *festa* of the blessed Virgin—their great autumnal gathering of

Madonna di Piedigrotto—and so had, as it were, installed Pomona as tutelar deity for the present. Grapes, melons, and all the fruits of the golden autumn abounded without measure. It was no longer necessary to flee from the gaze of the bright sun, but mankind could meet without doors and give expression to the joy which filled them—the joy which kindly nature had bestowed independently of what are generally called worldly accidents, and the joy which England's great admiral had bestowed in relieving them from the shadow of servitude, and of expulsion, possibly, from their gay country, with which they were so well pleased. They could go abroad and revel in full view of the earth and sky with their manifold colours and their changing beauties, and of their bay, fit to wash the shores of Paradise—its waters just rippled by the softest of breezes, and skimmed by many a sail off which the sunbeams glanced on to the thousand mirrors of the waves. They had not to examine the past, or peer into the future, to know why their native land was dear to them. Its charms were there, patent, sensible, to-day. Truly runs their song—

“O dolce Napoli, O suol beato !
Ove sorridere vuol il creato,
Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia,
Santa Lucia ! Santa Lucia !”

Towards the end of September 1798, two English ships, detached from Nelson's fleet, entered the bay, bringing intelligence that the victorious admiral was approaching. Thereupon all was excitement and delirium in Naples. The queen was almost frantic with delight and admiration, the king acknowledged Sir Horatio Nelson to be his deliverer and his great defence. From the personages on the throne down to the lowest of the *lazzaroni*, the Neapolitans sang and danced for

joy, and lauded the name of the British hero throughout the city, watching eagerly till his white sails should be seen gleaming in the offing. As the Vanguard, bearing Nelson's flag, began to thread her way among the islands with which the bay is studded, a flotilla of barges, pinnaces, and gay pleasure-boats streamed out to meet her, displaying garlands and banners. Shouts of triumph from the gay voyagers rent the air; bands of music clanged exultation and welcome; not a token of worship and gratitude was wanting which an impressionable people, versed in pageantry, could devise. In advance of all the others pulled one barge bearing the English envoy. It was speedily alongside of the Vanguard, and from it there sprang up the ship's side a lady who might have been Helen of Troy, so beautiful was she, and who, as she exclaimed, "My God! is it possible?" flung herself on the breast of the hero of the Nile, who had waited to receive her. After Lady Hamilton came the minister, her husband; and then, after a short interval, the king, queen, and royal family of the Two Sicilies coming up, boarded the Vanguard, and with cordial praise and greeting welcomed the glorious sailor to their city of delights. While these august personages poured forth their congratulations on board the flag-ship, the occupants of the thousand gilded boats that floated around were neither silent nor undemonstrative. They hailed their deliverer with incessant shouts, and acted their gratitude in the pantomime which with them is almost a language. Further honours and acclamations were rendered on Nelson's landing. The *lazzaroni* worshipped him, and poked fun at their king for his amusement, and held up cages before him and set birds free there-

from. It was universal holiday till the revellers had exhausted themselves in rejoicing; *fêtes* by day, feasting, dancing, and shows by night, filled up the time of the laughter-loving city. Could the great sea-captain have accepted the Neapolitan rule of life, which was much the same as that of Sardapalus—

"Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip"—

here was an opportunity of "living deliciously," such as man has seldom fallen in with. His birthday occurred only a few days after his arrival, and this served to reanimate any spirit that might be at all inclined to faint with excess of enjoyment. The festivities took a new lease on the occasion, and the masquing, revelry, and banqueting burst out again in an aggravated form. I suppose there never was such a festival time, even in Naples; and that, my dear Editor, is saying a good deal.

The joy and gratitude which the Neapolitans thus showed after their manner, were felt throughout all those States of Europe which suspected and dreaded the French Republic. "The cannon of Nelson," says Alison, "which destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir, re-echoed from one end of Europe to the other, and everywhere revived the spirit of resistance." Well it might do so. Such a crushing victory had never before been won upon the seas. It was more thorough than Actium or Lepanto; a conquest, as Nelson himself said—not merely a victory. I need not say anything to you about the honours which were immediately transmitted to the conqueror from England; but I think we all want a little rubbing up of our history to realise the fame which he enjoyed with other countries, especially those whose soil is washed by the Medi-

terranean. The star of Napoleon was as yet not half-way to the zenith; nay, Napoleon himself at that time was shut up in Egypt, where Nelson had not left him or his soldiers a deck to escape upon. Wellington, also, to whom we now render such deserved homage, was then comparatively unknown. Nelson was the idol of all hearts, the cynosure of all eyes, "the foremost man of all this world." He was a Paladin. His fame was more like that with which romance has invested Launcelot or Charlemagne, than like that of a modern. His deeds and his character were so heroic that men knew not where to place him in the world of their experience, and they revered him as if he had been a reappearance from a former age. Here, in the south of Europe, it was believed that his power had no limit; his favour was thought to be the life of kings; he was the model on whom every ambitious warrior sought to form himself—

"By his light
Did all the chivalry of *Europe* move."

I noticed above Alison's remark concerning Nelson's cannon. It is worth our while, who live in the days when guns can be cast capable of throwing 1250 pounds in one bolt, to reflect on what this cannon of Nelson was which so agitated the world. The biggest guns in his fleet were 24-pounders, and these pieces were very rare in the naval service. 18-pounders and 12-pounders were the cannon carried by his ships of the line—mere popguns they seem to us now. A first-class ship carried from 100 to 120 of these guns, a second-class ship 90 or 98. The wind, we must remember, was their only propelling power; and their sides displayed nothing harder than British oak, which was thought in those days to be a toler-

ably stiff material when it was the fashion to celebrate our "wooden walls." Now we plate with iron as thick as we can float it, breast both wind and tide by the help of steam; and on the waters of this very Bay of Naples has been constructed a ship (*Il Duilio*) which is to carry guns weighing a hundred tons each. Such are some of the changes in a fleet which 77 years have brought about.

Can we, knowing as we do what Nelson was, wonder that this life at Naples "'mid pleasures and palaces" did by no means satisfy him; and that his great soul was vexed within him at the apathy and frivolity of a people over whose heads the sword was even then hanging by a hair, who had only been respited by the great battle of Aboukir, and who fiddled and jested while their supreme energy, promptitude, and thought were required to preserve their existence as a nation?

Five years before this return in triumph, Nelson had visited Naples, he having been sent from Toulon with despatches for Sir William Hamilton. On that occasion the British envoy had formed a very high opinion of Captain Nelson, and had broken through a rule in inviting the latter to his house. Then it was that the acquaintance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton commenced, about the progress and character of which so much has been said and sung, and so much remains, and probably ever will remain, obscure and matter of controversy. Before they met again, some of Nelson's greatest exploits, including the battle of St Vincent, where his broad pendant as commodore was flying on board the *Captain*, and the battle of the Nile, where he commanded, had been achieved; he had lost an eye at Calvi, and an arm at Teneriffe. He was at Naples shortly before the battle of Aboukir;

but, as well as I can ascertain, he did not at that time see Lady Hamilton, although he certainly had most important communications with her, the occasion of which was as follows: He had known of the French fleet, with Napoleon on board, having proceeded eastward from Malta, and he had gone to Alexandria in pursuit of them. He did not know that he had outsailed them on his voyage; consequently when he failed to find them in Egypt, he returned westward and came to the Bay of Naples, where he soon got information that, although he had not fallen in with them, the French ships were certainly somewhere in the Levant. Thereupon he resolved to sail eastward again, but it was indispensable that his ships should be refitted and victualled before the voyage. Strange to say, the Sicilian Government, to whom his activity or inaction made the difference between life and death, refused to let him revictual, they having of a sudden become singularly discreet, and cautious of offending the French. The Admiral was wellnigh checkmated by their folly; and the battle of the Nile would never have been fought if the address and influence of Lady Hamilton had not been exerted on his behalf. She understood the importance of his going to sea, and she and the queen contrived in some manner to pass by the *fainéant* king and to send secret orders to the commanders at the different ports, in virtue of which the necessary provisions were afforded at Syracuse, and the fleet departed on its glorious voyage. Nelson never forgot the immense service which his lovely friend rendered him on this occasion. He wrote at the time,—“Thanks to

your exertions, we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress.” He wrote before going into action at Trafalgar a codicil to his will setting forth how much this country was indebted to Lady Hamilton for the service now mentioned, and for others equally important, and commending her to the gratitude of England.

I trust that I shall not bore you, my dear friend, by repeating what is already very clear in your mind, if I say a word or two of reminder about the queen and king who were entertaining Nelson, and reigning by virtue of his arm, in 1798.

The queen was a princess of Austria, sister of Marie Antoinette — daughter, therefore, of Maria Theresa — a haughty woman, of much spirit and some capacity, who, as far as her perception went, kept her husband alive to the dangers and probable accidents of those momentous days, and made him act like a man. She was woman enough to forget all her *hauteur*, and to fall into a passion of gratitude and admiration when she heard of the victory of the Nile, and to be vindictive when the chances of war gave her the mastery over those who had rebelled against royal authority. She was a virtuous* wife and a good mother. The present ex-king of the Two Sicilies is her great-grandson.

Her august spouse, Ferdinand the First, is not so easily sketched. He was something of a king, something of a mountebank, a good deal of a rake and poltroon, a devoted sportsman, rather a jolly fellow, and

* I write this on the authority of Count Orloff, notwithstanding the hints to a contrary effect circulated by Dumas and others.

a man who, notwithstanding the alarms of the revolutionary period, and the vicissitudes which befell his throne and himself, managed to reign more years than his contemporary, our George III., and so got a good deal of enjoyment out of his long life. Truly says Master Silence, "a merry heart lives long-a." He was illiterate, but had some good instincts, which came out on occasion. In appearance he was a Pulcinello, having a huge nose, from which he derived the *sobriquet* of Nasone; and in many of his acts and habits he was entirely the low comedian, immensely popular with his *lazzaroni*, from whom he accepted the most unrestricted familiarities, and to whose goodwill he certainly in part owed one recovery of his continental dominions. It is reported of him that he would publicly sell the fish which he had caught, chaffing, and being chaffed by, his populace while the sale was in progress. He shirked work whenever he could, and gave himself up to sport. The trouble of signing his name was so great, that he kept a stamp to strike on public documents; but he was a very Nimrod among wild boars and stags. On an occasion where he had to execute a flight in great peril—I shall probably speak of it further on—he made his chamberlain change dresses and places with him, he acting the courtier for the nonce; "for," said he, coolly, "if we are overtaken they will be certain to slay the king." Both got safe away; and he afterwards, instead of evincing any shame at his conduct, used to make a humorous story of it, and laud the chamberlain, to whom, indeed, he always continued kind, showing that, in this matter, he was certainly guiltless of one sin.

The king, whose mind was not easily depressed, acted as if the battle of the Nile had put an end

to revolutionary movements for all time, and as if he was at liberty from henceforth to hunt and amuse himself. But the case, as we know, was far otherwise. Perhaps, had he taken the tide on the turn which Nelson's victory gave to it, he might have crushed out the revolutionary spirit in Italy. But he lost precious time, and he did even worse than that. When he found himself obliged at last to show a front to one head of the revolutionary hydra, he put at the head of his troops the Austrian general Mack—the same who afterwards surrendered to Napoleon at Ulm—with the result that the said troops behaved as badly as they possibly could. As Nelson said, "The Neapolitan officers did not lose much honour, for, God knows, they had not much to lose; but they lost all they had." They ran from inferior numbers, abandoning cannon, stores, baggage, treasure; and the French, at the heels of the fugitives, advanced on Naples. The king, who had accompanied his army to the neighbourhood of the Roman frontier, had to flee homewards in haste and terror. It was in this flight that he made his chamberlain change clothes with him and act the king.

Naples, notwithstanding the presence of Nelson's fleet in the bay, did not seem now to his Majesty a secure residence for himself or his royal belongings; and he took the magnanimous resolution of not waiting in his continental capital to confront the French, and the Italian republicans who were ready to rise in aid of the French, but of deserting the loyal portion of his Neapolitan subjects, and stealing a march to Palermo. Even his flight he could not have managed unaided; for his *lazzaroni*, who were really attached to him and meant to fight for him, would by no means have allowed him to depart. But Lady

Hamilton secretly prepared everything for the escape of the royal family, and explored at much risk to herself a secret passage leading from the palace to the sea, through which were taken off paintings, sculptures, and treasures to the value of two and a half millions. The English ships received all this; and when things were thus ready, Nelson landed and safely embarked the king, queen, and royal family, whom he conveyed to Palermo. When Nasone thus deserted his post and went off "bag and baggage," he took the precaution of appointing a viceroy, whom he valiantly enjoined to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria. But the viceroy, who seems to have formed himself most faithfully after his royal pattern, lost no time, after the king's back was turned, in coming to an understanding with the French, and yielding to them so much of Neapolitan territory as speedily led to loss of the whole. Then Naples became the capital of the Parthenopean republic. The poor devils of *lazzaroni* had showed fight in very good style before things came to this pass; but, being deserted by their leaders, what could they do? They had to submit at last; and there was an end for ever, as it seemed, of the continental portion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The monarch of those realms bore this dispensation with a very equal mind. He hunted in the Sicilian woods instead of in those of Calabria; that was all the difference that it made to him. But there arose at last a person who took accurate note of the chances of the game, and determined to throw a cast for the *ancien régime*. A priest, a Cardinal Ruffo, undertook to go and raise the *lazzaroni* and the peasantry to arms, and to strike a stroke for the monarchy. The king bade

him go and prosper, but gave him no assistance whatever. Ruffo, however, knew what he was about, and got together what he was pleased to call his Christian army, which, containing many honest and loyal peasants and other poor people, contained also galley-slaves, the sweepings of the jails, and a large contingent of that ancient Italian institution, the brigands, who, then under Nasone, as now under Victor Emmanuel, were a power in the State. Ruffo, like the insurgents in Turkey to-day, knew the influence of the name *Christian*, and asked sympathy on the ground of that name, for a force whose acts would have disgraced any religion. But he made his rascals fight; and so unexpected were their appearance and their resolution, that the French and their sympathisers were much disconcerted. While the counter-revolution was thus making head against the Parthenopean republic, the English ships were not idle, but did all they could in support of the royal authority. Nelson himself was not much in the Bay of Naples during Ruffo's campaign, for the Court was in Sicily. Where the Court was, the British minister would be; where the minister was, his wife would naturally be; and where his wife was, Nelson would certainly be as much as he could. Trowbridge was the senior officer on the coast of Naples; and he, taking prompt advantage of many mistakes in government made by the new republic, was very soon able to re-establish the king's authority in the islands of the bay. At Procida the reaction was so violent that it was impossible to preserve even a rag of the republican flag to present to the king; the populace rent it into threads. And there was a good deal of method, too, if not much of magnanimity, in the arrangement

of the islanders' vengeance. The Neapolitan revolutionists were in their eyes the great offenders; so the fishermen marked out each his own victim for assassination when opportunity should serve. The head of one of these victims was sent off one morning to Trowbridge, with his basket of grapes for breakfast, accompanied by a dedicatory epistle from the murderer, who had, he said, the glory of presenting it in proof of his loyalty. In the islands and in the mountains Nasone was again king; and now a piece of good fortune befell him, which made republicanism droop throughout his dominions. The French Government, being hardly pressed elsewhere, was compelled to withdraw from Southern Italy the bulk of the French troops, leaving but a handful to sustain the young republic. The consequence was, that Ruffo's "Christian army" very soon got possession of the city of Naples; and the French invaders found themselves shut up in one of the forts, and the Italian republicans in two other forts. As no hope of escape presented itself to any of the beleaguered, and Ruffo had some apprehension of a French fleet coming in to the relief of the forts, it was arranged that the garrisons should surrender on terms. Accordingly, a capitulation was drawn up; and flags of truce were kept flying while the articles were being arranged. Just at this juncture arrived Nelson in the bay, who immediately ordered the flag of truce to be hauled down, and who forbade the fulfilment of the terms of surrender until they should have been approved by the king. That good-fellow of *lazzaroni* and destroyer of wild boars declared, on being appealed to, that Ruffo had exceeded his authority in admitting the rebels to terms at all, and that he, Nasone, would never

treat with his revolted subjects. Accordingly, all the Neapolitan republicans who could be arrested were delivered over to be dealt with as traitors, the forts were seized, and all benefits of the capitulation were denied, except to the French. When it is remembered that Ruffo was despatched, or rather allowed to go, on his errand of counter-revolution, without any instructions at all, it may reasonably be contended that he had *carte blanche*. It therefore appears to have been most unjust to disavow the convention which he had thought it advisable to make with the enemies whom he had driven to take shelter behind the walls of the forts. Even if it was not absolutely unjust, it was indiscreet. The king, indeed, was fortunate to recover his dominions on any terms; and, considering the cool manner in which he abandoned his continental subjects only about eight months before, he had better have said little about fidelity, or the relations which ought to bind subjects and kings together.

But there followed now an event which in English minds stirred up more feeling than the fate of all those who had surrendered in the forts, taken together. I mean the execution of Admiral Caracciolo, who did not suffer by a purely Neapolitan course of law, but was brought to trial and had his sentence confirmed by Lord Nelson. Caracciolo had been with his sovereign, during the early part of that sovereign's retreat in Sicily; but had received permission to return to Naples on the plea that he must endeavour to save his property which the republicans, as it was said, were about to confiscate. On his arrival in the city, such appeared to him the condition of affairs that he judged it prudent to give his adhesion to the republic and to

command its marine, which was in effect taking up arms against his lawful king. At the time of Ruffo's victorious advance, he took refuge in one of the forts, but escaped therefrom before the capitulation. Then he made attempts to obtain the intercession of Ruffo and of other influential persons; but this being refused him, he had to go into hiding, and was at last recognised and taken. His captors rendered him on board the English flag-ship, bound like a felon, which, no doubt, was a somewhat better light than that in which he was regarded by the royalists. Captain Hardy immediately ordered him to be unbound, and sent him under arrest and in charge of a British officer, on board the *Minerva*, the flag-ship of the Sicilian admiral, to await the decision of Lord Nelson on his case. That decision was soon known: Nelson ordered a court-martial, composed entirely of Sicilian officers, to try the traitor admiral on board the English flag-ship. As you know well, they found him guilty and condemned him to death. Nelson, as naval officer in command of the combined fleets, confirmed the sentence, and ordered it to be carried into effect after a few hours of interval. The manner of death was hanging at the yard-arm of the *Minerva*. In vain did the wretched convict, who was an elderly man and a noble, petition first that he might have another trial, and secondly that he might be shot to death instead of being hanged. Nelson was deaf to his entreaties; the fair bay which had lately witnessed so many interesting spectacles, now exhibited the sad attraction of the execution, like a com-

mon malefactor, of a person high in rank and once high in office, a person familiar for many years to all classes in the country, a man who had played his part in the many events which had lately befallen the kingdom. The fatal hour struck, a gun was fired on board the *Minerva*, and Caracciolo was hoisted to the yard-arm, where he hung for the prescribed period in sight of the bay and city, and of the house where he first drew breath. This house, on the *Mergellina*, may still be seen. An inscription on its front gives the dates of his birth and execution, showing that he lived to be forty-seven years old.*

I do not, my dear Editor, enter at all upon the vexed question of Lord Nelson's conduct in this matter. There have been strong opinions expressed on both sides by persons entitled to a patient hearing. But I think that, since the publication of the Nelson despatches, no doubt at all can remain as to Nelson's right to act as he did in the matter; and the calumnies which were so profusely heaped on him, have been refuted. You have yourself been largely instrumental in putting the case fairly before the public mind,† and I am perfectly satisfied with the decision to which you were led. After we have satisfied ourselves as to strict law and justice, there remains, of course, the question of expediency and wisdom, to be resolved, and the voice of mercy to be answered. My opinion is, that it is impossible for us to decide how Nelson might have acted better than he did, because we cannot put ourselves in his position. We cannot realise the terror which French principles were in that day exciting, nor the effect which lenity

* Mr Southey says that Caracciolo was nearly seventy years of age. I know not whence he derived his information, but the inscription on the house certainly states that Caracciolo was born in 1752 and was hanged in 1799.

† See *'Blackwood's Magazine'* for March 1860, Art. "Nelson and Caracciolo"; and for April 1860, Art. "Lady Hamilton."

in this case might have had upon the people of the Two Sicilies, nor the mischief which might have been apprehended from the traitor if he had been suffered to live. It is easy enough, reflecting on the sad story as I now am, in view of the glorious Bay of Naples, or as you probably are, sitting by a blazing fire, in a time of peace, when no reign of terror is exercising men's minds, to feel how we could *wish* that our great sailor had acted. But surely he knew best. He was not a man given to cruelty or even to severity; but he was capable of sacrificing his own feelings, his own fame, and everything else which he held dear, to his sense of duty. If in doing what he judged to be his duty he bruised his own heart, laid himself open to the attacks of the slanderous, and assumed a responsibility and an odium of which he might easily have washed his hands, we ought rather to pity the cruel choice which necessity imposed on him, than to condemn him for his part in a tragedy which we cannot wholly understand. Is it more likely that Nelson on this occasion felt bound to deny the promptings of his own tender and considerate heart, or that he became for the moment a monster of cruelty and blood-thirstiness, contradicting all the known tendencies of his nature?

Well, Caracciolo was hanged to death, and his body taken out to sea and sunk in the depths thereof, with two hundred and fifty pounds of shot tied to it, that it might disappear for ever—

“And woo the slimy bottom of the deep.”

Even the hanging of a Neapolitan prince could not in those eventful years be more than a few days' wonder. And now indeed there were other events in plenty. Foremost

among these was the return of the king and royal family to Naples after an absence of eight months or thereabouts, during which period the continental Sicily had been lost and recovered. But King Nasone, even in his hour of triumph, with his characteristic caution where his own skin was concerned, thought it more prudent not to trust himself all at once among his beloved people: so he remained afloat in the bay in the secure precincts of Nelson's ship, the Union-jack appearing to him to throw a more comfortable shadow than the banner of the Two Sicilies. Like another king of Naples* long before him, he “received comfort like cold porridge,” and did not seem over anxious to resume possession of his palace. While he thus kept his court between decks he was one day startled by an announcement made by one of his Neapolitans that the dead Caracciolo had risen and was pursuing the ship and the king towards Naples. Nasone was not prone to superstitious alarms, although he was, as we have seen, shrewd enough in warding off workaday dangers. He did not, therefore, break out into a cold perspiration on hearing of this resurrection, but went to see for himself what was the matter. His own observation, however, did by no means contradict the alarm given by his attendant. There, distinct above the waves, were the well-known features of Caracciolo. He was following the ship like a fate, and seemed, like a spectre of romance, disposed to accompany the restored monarch to his capital, to face him in his state and in his feasts, and to dog his footsteps like remorse.

“The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise
again,

* Alonzo in ‘The Tempest.’

With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is
more strange
Than such a murder is."

After a time the king was satisfied that this was no phantom, but the very body of his *quondam* admiral, which, without bursting its cerements (for it had none to burst), but simply by the common effect of corruption in the water, had become sufficiently buoyant to raise both itself and the heavy weight attached to it, while the latter served to maintain it in the upright position. The corpse was taken from the sea and sent ashore for burial; and thus, so far as visible intrusions were concerned, the manes of Caracciolo were appeased, and his perturbed spirit found rest.

The king, restored to his throne, proved utterly incompetent to deal with the affairs of his government, so disturbed by the accidents and changes of those times. His family and his ministers could not help him at all as to seeing or doing his duty. "That Court," says Southey, "employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood. St Januarius was solemnly removed from his rank as patron saint of the kingdom, having been convicted of Jacobinism, and St Antonio as solemnly installed in his place." But there was too much business for Nasone, however bunglingly or negligently it may have been done; and he took an early opportunity of slipping back to Sicily, and of making war upon wild beasts, to deal with which he was far more competent than to deal with men. I should say, however, that the royal incapable was never an ungrateful man, and that at this season of his first restoration he

was most emphatic in the acknowledgment of the services which had been rendered to him by the British fleet, and that he showed his gratitude to Nelson like a prince. He made him Duke of Bronte, and gave him a rich domain. These honours Nelson at first resolutely refused; but Lady Hamilton is said to have urged upon her knees the request of the king and queen that he would not refuse a distinction the conferring of which they felt necessary to the preservation of their honour. And the king had the grace to say to him, "Lord Nelson, do you wish that your name alone should pass with honour to posterity, and that I, Ferdinand Bourbon, should appear ungrateful?" It must have cost Nasone something to speak thus like a king, but, at any rate, he did it; and Nelson, overcome by so much entreaty, consented to accept the Sicilian honours, which included a diamond-hilted sword, formerly a gift to Nasone from his father, Charles III.

Indeed, gifts and honours poured in upon Nelson. He stood on the very pinnacle of fame. But there is a reverse to every picture—a drop of bitter in every cup. Nelson's greatness was complete, and so would have been his own satisfaction in it, but for one thing—the one thing which rises ever like a foul exhalation to tarnish true desert. Detraction would not suffer it. I speak not of scandal-mongers and gossips; greatness can afford to smile at the slanders of such. But a statesman—a man enjoying very high repute in the nation—was not ashamed, in criticising the King's speech in the year 1800, to throw the most base and injurious aspersions on the officers of the fleet, which had so magnified the name of England from one end of the world to the other. Mr Fox men-

tioned no name in his base invective, but he evidently pointed at Nelson; and Nelson, on behalf of the naval service, felt bound to write an indignant denial of the aspersions, and a denunciation of the slanderer.

It is a melancholy reflection that the envy and jealousy of a disappointed politician seem to drive from his mind all sense of propriety, all scruple, so far as his successful rival is concerned. To strike at that rival, he is ready to trample under foot all national considerations: he sees but his fortunate antagonist, and no feeling becoming a patriot or a man can stay his rancorous attack. Like a woman in her wrath and her vindictiveness, he will strike blindly through any medium that may offer an occasion for the blow. Mr Fox, in his anxiety to discredit Mr Pitt, could not see that in calumniating the navy he was touching the very apple of England's eye. There was not the slightest chance of getting the British public to think evil of their sailors; and a dispassionate person can hardly understand how any English statesman could have wished them to entertain an evil thought of these heroes. Nevertheless, Mr Fox, if he could have done it, would have sacrificed their fame for the sake of discrediting or embarrassing Mr Pitt.

I said that a dispassionate person could hardly understand this; but I recall my words. We of this generation can understand it only too well. We have the key to the inconsistencies of those days; we, too, have lately witnessed the lengths to which a baffled politician may be carried when he is mad with spleen, and with desire to damage his successful and more able rival.

It was in the Bay of Naples that Nelson received from Captain Hal-

lowell the extraordinary present of a coffin made from timbers of L'Orient, which were recovered after the ship blew up. So far was the Admiral from thinking this a disagreeable or an ominous gift that he prized it highly, and had it placed upright in his cabin. Such was the temper of his mind that a *memento mori* like this agreed with his humour, and he did not seem quite to comprehend the oblique looks which his officers cast at the gloomy chest. "You may look at it, gentlemen, but you won't have it," was his remark. He did, however, at last consent to put it out of sight, but he himself did never, in the figurative sense, lose sight of it. It was carefully preserved till it was wanted, and he lies in it now in the crypt of St Paul's.

I had the pleasure in old times of knowing Lieutenant Parsons, R.N., who was certainly in Nelson's fleet, and, if I mistake not, was the officer who had charge of Caracciolo while under arrest. The reason why I hesitate to say positively that he was the man is, that Mr Southey states that Caracciolo was attended by *Mr Parkinson*, and I have not at hand means of ascertaining what the officer's name was. Mr Parsons had anecdotes in plenty to tell of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and, to the best of my recollection, he invariably spoke respectfully of the latter. I observe that in many memoirs which mention this extraordinary woman it is stated that, after she began to move among gentle people, much pains were taken with her education, and she became artificially accomplished in a high degree. This, however, I doubt, because it does not agree with what Lord Nelson himself once said of her. I know that when his lordship was one day extolling her talents to Mr Hoppner, to whom he was sitting for his portrait, he

said parenthetically, "It's all God's doing; she han't been taught."

Let me mention here that Lady Hamilton's picture, which for long, and to his last hour, hung in Nelson's cabin, is now (or very lately was) above the mantelpiece in the writing-room of the Army and Navy Club in London.

Soon after the events to which I have alluded, Nelson departed from Naples to win fresh laurels in other waters. The city has been the scene of many a change and of frequent excitements since those days, but it has never entertained so great a hero, never since been under such illustrious tutelage. The city, probably, has been a good deal changed from the city which Nelson saw; but the bay, the unrivalled bay, must be much the same as in the time when his keels were riding on its waters. The headlands and rocks are the same as rolled back the salutes and acclamations; the blue depths are there which his cables sounded; the air is as soft and the sun as bright to-day as when he was hailed Baron Nelson of the Nile. Where the still life of the picture remains so much as it was, the imagination more easily re-peoples it and calls back the phantom of other days. *There* it was that his admiring Emma flung herself against his heart; *there* the royal fugitives embarked, guarded by the cutlasses of British tars, for their voyage to Palermo; just *there* hung the corpse of Caracciolo at the Minerva's yard-arm; and along that distant streak of sunshine did the dead Caracciolo pursue his restored sovereign. As the evening advances and glowing colours from the sunset are reflected from the

mist which hangs about the summit of Vesuvius the illusion grows stronger; and as the darkness rather suddenly falls, the reality of the scenes over which I have been thinking seems for a few minutes restored. Then night swallows the vision as once it swallowed those acted dramas, and the dream is over, and no more musing will there be for an hour or two. The street, which has been pretty quiet since sunset, is fast filling again with passengers, groups, and crowds, who laugh and whoop and scream as if their spirits were running riot; and then just round me there is a sudden hush as a vagabond minstrel thrums carelessly a chord of his guitar, and his associate is heard clearing his throat with an emphasis which might excite admiration even in the United States of America. Another second, and a prelude is being executed on the guitar and a fiddle, into which breaks the song of "Io ti voglio ben assai," in the inimitable croak and *patois* of a Neapolitan bard. *Soldi* rattle on the pavement from the balconies above. Some find their way into the minstrel's pockets; some also into the pockets of the attendant crowd. A musician spreads an umbrella, inverts it, and beseeches the spirits that sit up aloft to aim their largesses at that receptacle. Down comes another copper shower, the umbrella closes, the unprofessional crowd is baffled, but does not growl or strive; it only laughs gaily. "Che volete?" shouts the fiddler, turning up his face to the lighted windows. "Lu vasillo,"* returns a soft voice, not Neapolitan. "Ecco la luna, signorina,"† I hear called up again in a

* *Lu vasillo* is Neapolitan for "The kiss;" it is a sprightly, clever, Neapolitan ballad.

† "Look at the moon, miss." This is quite in accord with the sentiment of *Lu vasillo*, in which the gallant pleads for a *secret* kiss, which passes and leaves no mark to be seen in the light.

stage whisper. This impertinence does not mean that the rascal has misunderstood the fair postulant. It is his way of saying that they are not prepared with *Lu vasillo* to-night. The crowd are highly amused; but remembering that the joke is at the expense of an *eccellenza*, there is no boisterous demonstration, only a low cackle expressing more delight than the wildest guffaw. The soft voice is heard no more; but a masculine tongue, evidently ignorant of the language and crammed for the occasion, growls some barbarous accents meant for "Voca, voca."* The musician, to whom it is most important to make some *amende*, with something approaching to inspiration, comprehends the uncouth call. "'Voca, voca,' 'cellenza si, subito, subito," replies he; and the symphony rolls out, and all is hushed attention again. So have we been going on for the last hour and a half. The minstrels seem to be shutting up. I am inclined to yawn, which I may with propriety do, for we are in Lent, and there is no theatre, no ball, no further en-

tertainment. "Even here," as Selkirk remarked, "is a season of rest."

I advance to close the casement, and meet the full stare of the moon which is hanging above Somma and flooding with her light the plain where I know Pompeii to lie. There is her reflection, the infernal Hecate, in the depths of the bay, as bright as the goddess in the sky. The noise of locomotion has all died away, and now I hear the waters drumming on the shore with a dull sound which makes the stillness even more still, instead of breaking it. Not a leaf is stirring in the villa. A yellow glow among the trees shows where some statue is giving back the moonbeams. But *something* stirs. Yes, a *lazzarone* who has made his couch on the grating above the kitchen-window of my hotel is turning himself. Now he is on his left side and snoring luxuriously. There, all is fast now, and I, my dear Editor, have only to say good-night to you, fling down my pen too long employed, and betake myself, amid all this tranquillity, to sleep the sleep of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

* *Voca, voca* is Neapolitan for *voga, voga*, that is, "pull, pull," or, as we put it, "give way," addressed to rowers. These words are the commencement of a charming ballad.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY : A CLAIM FOR JUSTICE.

It is time that public attention should awake to the fact that one of the three great arms of the service is systematically excluded from the prizes of a military career. The Commander-in-chief has not once, during his twenty-one years of office, selected an artilleryman for any of the three chief posts of the army—adjutant-general, quartermaster-general, or military secretary—or for any general officer's command in the United Kingdom, with the single exception of Woolwich ; while, except at Woolwich, or for purely artillery duties, not one officer of the Royal Artillery is employed upon the general staff of the troops in the United Kingdom, in either adjutant-general's or quartermaster-general's departments. In a word, the Artillery is steadily and persistently shut out from all staff appointments which have to do with the management of the three arms combined, and from all general officer's commands over troops of the three arms, in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is time, secondly, that the public should know that the Report of the Royal Commission on Army Promotion and Retirement proposes to make the promotion in the Royal Artillery four years slower than that of infantry to the rank of captain, six years slower to that of major, four years to that of lieutenant-colonel, and six to that of major-general ; while the attainment of the final reward of an honorary colonelcy, which it is proposed to accelerate by eight years in the infantry, is to be retarded three years

in the Artillery, and only reached by artillery officers seven years later than by their comrades in the line.*

It is time, thirdly, to state that it is not the case, as given in evidence before the Royal Commission, that the officers of the Royal Artillery receive higher pay than the infantry of the line. The subaltern of artillery receives fourpence a-day more ; the captain of artillery sevenpence a-day less ; the major of artillery eighteenpence a-day less ; the lieutenant-colonel of artillery elevenpence a-day more. If any one thinks it worth while to strike a balance between these paltry differences throughout all ranks, it will be found to be against rather than in favour of the artilleryman.

If we were aware of any good or sufficient cause why the officers of the Royal Artillery, receiving no higher pay than their comrades of the infantry, should by slower promotion be placed at a disadvantage beside these, or why they should be debarred from the true soldier's highest ambition, service on the general staff and command of the three arms, we should not raise our voice, as we do, to protest against this as an injustice. If we were asked to advocate for the artillery special privileges of any kind we should refuse to do so. But, for the general good of the army, which inevitably suffers if any one arm be exalted above or debased below its fellows, we claim from Mr Hardy that before he lays down his portfolio as Minister of War, he obtain for the Royal Artillery a fair field and no favour, equal promotion

* *Vide* Report of Royal Commission on Army Promotion and Retirement—Appendix V., p. 262.

with the rest of the army, and a fair share of appointments on the staff and in command of the three arms combined.

There can be no just reason why the officers of this branch of the service should be excluded from the general staff. The duties required of a staff officer, either in quarters or in the field, are at least as familiar to the Artillery as to the infantry or cavalry. These duties in time of peace are of a routine nature in the office, on the parade-ground, and at field-days ; while at manœuvres and in war, they are performed well or badly according to the aptness and ability of the individual, quite independently of the arm to which he belongs. The average standard of ability and of general education of the cadets commissioned from Woolwich, is certainly not below that of those commissioned from Sandhurst, or appointed to the army from militia regiments. The subaltern of Artillery is compelled to know company and battalion drill, and has learnt in the riding-school course the simpler movements of cavalry ; while both infantry and cavalry subalterns may be quite ignorant of anything connected with artillery. The course of tactics taught at the Royal Military Academy forms as good a preparation for a study of the combination of the three arms as that taught to the young aspirants from Sandhurst. Soldier-like habits, accuracy in correspondence, the art of leading men, are as well taught in the one arm as in the other ; while there is no young officer in the army so well placed for learning that greatest of all a staff officer's qualities, fearlessness of responsibility, as the subaltern of field-artillery, who has a really responsible charge of his division of a battery—men, horses, guns, and stores—and to whom his com-

manding officer looks for its correctness in every detail, for its instruction, and for its discipline. If the captain of Artillery has a comparatively irresponsible post during the presence of the major commanding a battery, he is constantly falling into command of the battery in the major's temporary absence ; while the major has in his battery, with its varied responsibilities, a complete fighting unit of his arm—a charge with which that devolving on a major of infantry cannot for a moment be compared. Such special instruction as it is considered necessary to impart as a training for the staff, is given to officers of all arms at the Staff College ; while it is manifestly easier for the passed student of the Staff College, if he is an artilleryman, to learn the duties of infantry and cavalry by being attached temporarily to those arms, than for the infantry or cavalry officer to learn the more complicated duties of artillery. As regards ability to grasp the theory of the working of the three arms, it may be remarked, in passing, that an artilleryman has written the standard text-book of the English language on the art of war ; an artilleryman was specially invited by the Council of the United Service Institution, four years ago, at an important period in the history of British tactics, to lecture on the modifications required in the tactics of the three arms ; an artilleryman is at the present moment superintending the instruction in tactics in all the garrisons of the United Kingdom ; and an artilleryman gained the Wellington Prize. Yet, from the practical application of tactics to troops of all arms, the officers of this corps are debarred. They are not allowed a voice on the staff except as regards their own arm ; and they are excluded from

the command of divisions in the field, or districts in time of peace.

For this unfortunate state of things the officers of the regiment have themselves to a certain extent to blame. They have tacitly acquiesced for far too long a time in an unreasoning rule. They have, instead of asking for equality with the rest of the army, and seeking comradeship with it, been far too exclusive, and clung too closely to special privileges. They have linked themselves to the Royal Engineers, a special technical body, with special rates of pay, and continue to call themselves the Ordnance Corps. Even within the last few years so great a mistake was committed as the endeavour to carry this exclusiveness and separation into social intercourse, by the founding of an "Artillery and Engineer Club" in London. They have called themselves, with the Engineers, "the scientific corps," a term which casts the unmerited reproach upon the rest of the army of being comparatively unscientific, while in reality we all know that very little technical science is required to make a good officer of field-artillery, the branch of the service which comes most in contact with the other arms; the science which is most required for this branch of the service being such as is comprised in leading men, understanding the treatment of horses, reading maps well, and comprehending the use of the features of ground in military operations—a science shared with infantry and cavalry. The technical knowledge of the material of field-artillery may be easily acquired in a few weeks by any intelligent man who will devote himself carefully to the task; while in perhaps the most important portion of artillery science, good and accurate shooting,

our field-artillery has not even the means of knowing whether it is good or bad.

So long as the Artillery attempts to keep up exclusiveness, and claims special privileges as one of the two "ordnance corps," so long will it be looked upon as a special branch of the service, and not be put in its true place as one of the three great fighting arms, of which none is greater or less than another.

But no present pretensions on the part of the Artillery to "specialism" would be sufficient to exclude its good men from the general staff, were it not for the determined prejudice against the corps of those in high authority. This prejudice may be directly traced to the fact that all those now, and for many years past, filling the highest posts in the army, were brought up under an old and extinct *régime*, in which the Artillery was, with the Engineers, separated from the rest of the army, and placed under the distinct government of the Master-General of the Ordnance. No one can read Wellington's Correspondence without seeing that this independence of the Commander-in-chief rankled in his breast. It bred a jealousy and a want of harmony between the Ordnance Corps and the rest of the army, which is visible in the records of the Peninsular War, and which may be traced in every line of Mercer's remarkable book on the Waterloo campaign. This jealous feeling continued as a tradition through the forty years of peace, during which the Duke of Cambridge and all those with whom he has surrounded himself grew up in the army under the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge. The great burden of work done in the Crimea by the Artillery seemed to break down this prejudice among the younger men of the army; but

it cropped up again in Lord Clyde's dislike to the arm, as shown during the Indian Mutiny. It was an arm which infantry generals did not understand ; they were dependent for their knowledge of how and where to use it on its own commander, and he was of a separate caste, owing to them and to the Commander-in-chief under whom they served only a temporary and divided allegiance. The abolition of the office of Master-General of the Ordnance, and the placing of the Artillery under the Commander-in-chief, should have destroyed this feeling—has done so, indeed, in the minds of the men who have grown up since that date ; but with the older officers on both sides it is not so. The Commander-in-chief still treats the Artillery as though it was a caste apart. The privileges which the arm had derived from its special position were taken away ; but those under whom it now came were not sufficiently large-minded to admit it to a share in the prizes of the army.

If any one be found bold enough to urge that the reservation of the command and two staff appointments at Woolwich for the Royal Artillery is sufficient reason for refusing to its officers employment in other districts, a complete answer is given by the fact that the command of the London district is always reserved for a general officer from the Guards, with a Guards' staff ; but that this has never been held as a reason for excluding the Guards from a large share of general officer's commands in the other districts, nor from employment in other districts on the adjutant and quartermaster-general's staffs. For some occult reason there is an objection to the employment of artillerymen, which extends even to personal staff. It is not long since

Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars was refused permission to employ a field-officer of Artillery as his military secretary at Gibraltar ; while at that moment a field-officer of the Guards was military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, just as another is now to the Commander-in-chief in Ireland.

The moment we reach India, where the touchstone of real service is applied to the army, where the troops are kept ready for action in the face of an ever-present danger, this unreasoning prejudice cannot hold its ground. There, where staff appointments and the commands of brigades are in the hands of the local authorities, we find a proportion of them given to the Artillery ; and even from the command of divisions, the gift of which rests in the hands of the governing body of the Horse Guards, Artillery are not systematically excluded, as they are from commands at home. The fact is thus proven that in this, as in other matters in the army, reforms will never be carried out till Secretaries of State for War have the courage to insist that the appointments and commands of the army at home shall not be given as the rewards of the favourites of royalty, but as the rewards for good and faithful service ; that the army shall not be kept up as a toy for princes, but as a great weapon of the State. That day is not far distant ; but, in the meantime, the profession on which hang the lives of English citizens and the honour of the English State, is the only one left in which, in the race for prizes, it does not by any means follow that the best man will win ; in which it rests in the hands of a single man to mar the fortunes of even so great a body as the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

We pass now to the subject of

promotion. Here, too, the same baneful influence may be found. It is no secret that the Duke of Cambridge decidedly opposed the creation of the rank of major in the Artillery. We have heard it said, on authority which seemed undeniably good, that he opposed an increase to this arm, which would have brought its numbers more into accordance with the needs of the service, and would have enabled some of those numerous blank spaces in the mobilisation tables published in the 'Army List' to be filled up, because it would increase the promotion in the Artillery. The reason given for refusing permission for a major of Artillery to be employed as military secretary to Sir Fenwick Williams was, that it would create a step, and promote a captain of Artillery to be major. The reason alleged for this opposition to promotion in the Artillery has been that the Artillery would thus supersede the line. But we have never heard that, during the many years throughout which the converse was the case, his Royal Highness ever interested himself to prevent the supersession of the Artillery by the rest of the army; or that at the present moment he shows any inclination to prevent the grievous supersession which the Royal Commission proposes to create. On the contrary, he made a statement which cannot have failed to influence the minds of the Royal Commissioners, that the Royal Artillery "have much better pay than the line"—a statement which we have shown to be in no way founded upon fact. Yet the Duke of Cambridge is Colonel-in-chief of the Royal Artillery; and if the friends of that regiment are compelled to appeal through the press for justice—a course which cannot but be painful to a body of high-minded officers—it is because

it fails to find support where it has the greatest right to look for it, in its own Colonel-in-chief.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Promotion and Retirement is a manly effort to solve a great problem, and to deal fairly with conflicting interests. Yet the Artillery suffers at its hands. Starting with the rule laid down that it was not to interfere with existing organisation, but to take that as it found it in the army, and make the best scheme it could upon that basis, the Commission thought fit to interfere with organisation in one case only, by recommending the abolition of the rank of regimental colonel in the Artillery and Engineers, and thus removing those regimental prizes which had partly reconciled the Artillery to their exclusion from employment on the general staff. And, as we have already stated, it proposed in every rank to make the promotion of the Artillery some years slower than that of both infantry and cavalry. Yet in its report it had said, "the rate of promotion should be as far as possible the same for all branches of the service, and we think that to maintain that equality should be an object kept constantly in view by the military authorities." That a preconceived notion existed that the Artillery had superseded the other arms is evident by the questions, Nos. 2561 and 2562, put by the Chairman to Sir John Adye; and even the figures given by that officer to show that "the Royal Artillery, as a rule, have been superseded by all branches of the army in every rank," seem to have been received with more or less of incredulity.

In one case only has the Commission exceeded its instructions by interfering with existing organisation. That case, as we have said,

is the removal of the regimental colonelcies of the Artillery and Engineers. In one case only has the Commission recommended a restriction upon the general principle of treating with impartiality the various branches of the service, and that is by suggesting that the number of Artillery officers appointed to the command of brigades in India should be limited. Yet we frankly admit that the Commission has reason on its side, and that the Artillery will have no cause for complaint if brigade commands are allotted to it and the other arms proportionately to their numbers in India.

That which we claim as regards promotion for the Royal Artillery is, that in any scheme which Mr Hardy may introduce to Parliament, the rate of promotion of this arm to the several ranks of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, shall be equal with that of the rest of the army. The rank of brevet colonel will then follow at the same rate as in the other arms: and, in order that complete justice for all bodies may be established, the separate lists of general officers of Artillery and Engineers should be abolished, and their numbers added to the total list; so that, when an officer becomes the senior colonel in the army, he should be promoted to be major-general on the general list, utterly irrespective of what arm he belongs to. There will then be no question of supersession by one arm of the others — no long string of Artillery colonels passed over daily by their juniors in the line, as the case is now; neither could the pendulum swing the other way, and a colonel of Artillery, simply because he belonged to that arm, jump over a number of colonels of the Guards and line. The same applies to the ranks of lieutenant-general and general.

We pray our readers to observe that we only seek for the Artillery equality with the rest of the army, and no superior or special privilege. And the right to this can scarcely be denied, when it is remembered that the aspirant to become an officer of Artillery has to receive a higher education before becoming a cadet, and to go through a longer and more expensive course of training as a cadet, than the aspirant for a commission in the cavalry, or infantry of the line, or Guards. Unless this equality be granted, what possible inducement can there be in the future to elect for this branch of the service, to go through these costly preliminaries, and to wait a year longer for a commission, as the longer education requires? Up to the year 1871 there was a strong inducement. The Artillery was a non-purchase corps. Now all the army is on the same footing. And it is not conceivable that the shrewd common-sense of John Bull will allow him to pay more for his son's education, and to keep him a year longer on his hands at his own cost, in order to put him into a regiment in which pay is no higher, promotion is much slower, from which the greater regimental prizes are being taken away, and which is excluded from all the great prizes of the army. One of two evil results must follow — a lowering of the standard of education for admission to the corps, or a lack of candidates fulfilling the existing conditions. The Royal Military Academy at Woolwich is fast becoming a great building. We once, at a reception at the Foreign Office, during Mr Gladstone's government, overheard a foreign diplomatist make the following caustic remark: "I notice that when a nation ceases to have a foreign policy, it builds a grand

foreign office." Let us hope that the building of a grand military college at Woolwich will not be the sign of our ceasing to have an artillery.

As regards the question of pay, we earnestly hope that the day is far distant when money will be the chief, or even an important, consideration in an officer's military career. We have no wish to see the pay of the officers of the army raised; and we merely touch on this side of the matter here in order to show that the Artillery officer has no advantage of any kind over his comrade in the line. We are going to suppose that our plea for equality of promotion is granted, and that Mr Hardy, admitting the grievous injustice of the proposed scheme, introduces a plan giving the same rate of promotion to the Artillery which the Commission recommends for the infantry. We will take the case of two brothers, the one a year older than the other. The elder brother is sent to Woolwich at sixteen and a half, after a costly education. He spends there the normal time of two years and a half, and gets his commission in the Artillery at nineteen. The younger brother, after a less expensive education, is sent to Sandhurst a year later, also at sixteen and a half, and gets his commission, after eighteen months' study, at eighteen. Thus on the same day they both enter the army. For eight years the gunner receives fourpence a-day more than his brother in the line. Then at the same time they both become captains. For six years in that rank the linesman gets sevenpence a-day more than the gunner. After fourteen years' service they both become majors. The linesman gets sixteen shillings a-day and forage for a horse, wherever he is; the gunner,

falling into command of a garrison battery at an out-of-the-way station, gets fourteen shillings and sixpence a-day, and eighteenpence command pay, but does not get forage. He goes on leave in the winter. For every day he is away from his battery he forfeits eighteenpence. Presently he is moved to a large station, and has to buy a horse, for which he draws forage. His battery is again detached, and he must sell his horse, or keep it at his own expense. After say five years, the linesman becomes senior major of his regiment, and his pay rises by £20 a-year. That of the gunner remains always the same; whenever he takes a fortnight's holiday, he is mulcted of eighteenpence a-day, and never knows how long he will be able to keep a horse at Government expense. Well, in due course they have both completed twenty-three years' service, and become lieutenant-colonels. The linesman gets command of a regiment, seventeen shillings a-day, and three shillings a-day command pay. The gunner gets command of two batteries, eighteen shillings a-day, and no command pay for the first three-fourths of his five years' command, for only one lieutenant-colonel of Artillery out of four receives command pay. Up to the day when, twenty-eight years' service completed, the two brothers are temporarily shelved as brevet colonels, which has had the best of it in mere money? Who can doubt, small as the difference is, that it is distinctly in favour of Benjamin the linesman, and that John the gunner has got no pecuniary advantage for his higher education and extra year of life? But how will the account stand, if the recommendations of the Commission are carried out, and John has only just become a captain when Benjamin becomes a

major, and is still a major while Benjamin has been for four years a lieutenant-colonel? Once again we ask, will John Bull, senior—knowing that Benjamin may get command of any of the home districts, may rise to be adjutant-general or quartermaster-general of the forces, and that John, by reason of being a gunner, is debarred from all this—ever be such a fool as to put John junior into the Artillery?*

We have said that the Artillery, in their regimental rank of colonel, have hitherto had an advantage which went far to reconcile them, and did perhaps more than reconcile that large body of men who do not look beyond purely regimental employment, to exclusion from the general staff and general officer's commands. Up to the day when the Report of the Royal Commission fell like a shell into the mess-room at Woolwich, every officer joining the Artillery had before him a steady prospect of remaining in the grade of lieutenant-colonel employed upon full pay, till he became in due course by seniority a regimental colonel, when his pay increased to £1, 6s. a-day, and remained at this, even if he were not employed actively. If actively employed in command of an Artillery district or brigade, he got good allowances as well. At any time after thirty years' service, he could retire upon £600 a-year; so that there was a certain provision upon which a man could live up to the end of his career. Now, the Report of the Commission proposes to abolish the rank of regimental colonel, to make the tenure of employ as a lieutenant-colonel for five years only, and at the end of that period to give an

officer his choice of remaining on half-pay (about £212 a-year), with the chance of future employment as a brevet colonel in command of a district or brigade, or of retiring altogether upon £450 a-year. There are advantages in this scheme. It will increase the flow of promotion up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel to a very great extent. It will enable the adjutant-general of Artillery, by a broad hint to any officer whose room is preferable to his company, that he is not likely to get further employment, to clear him off the list at once, on his five years' employ being over. But, on the other hand, it will act injuriously in one way. It will compel some men, whom the service can very ill afford to lose, to accept the £450 and retire, because they will be absolutely unable to support their families upon £212 a-year and their own small incomes, while waiting, perhaps years, for employment: for by this time an officer will be not far from fifty years of age, and have probably formed domestic ties. Thus it will tell against the poor man unfairly; but the Artillery will share this disadvantage in common with the rest of the army.

But there is a far greater drawback to the proposal that will specially affect the efficiency of the Artillery service. The half-pay list will become very large. Officers upon it will have to wait unemployed for perhaps several years before being appointed to a command. With small means, many of them will live abroad, or in the country, will forget their knowledge of artillery *matériel*, and will return to find things changed to such an extent that

* If any of our readers care to see the details of all these matters very clearly put into shape, we recommend them to read a temperate and sensible little pamphlet, published by Mitchell, called "A Plea for the Royal Artillery."

they will be ignorant of the very matters which they are appointed to superintend. Artillery *matériel* of fortresses advances now with rapid strides. Twenty years ago a smooth-bore 68-pounder marked the limit of size. To-day it is an 80-ton gun. Powder, fuses, shell, sights, everything has been changed in the same time. Nowadays guns are loaded by machinery; and the immense cost of the stores and appurtenances in one of the large Artillery district commands makes it highly to be condemned that they should be placed in charge of an officer who has not watched the growth of *matériel*, and has been for years away from all artillery duties.

Nevertheless, if it is decided to be in the interests of the country that these changes should be adopted, we know well that the officers of the Artillery will set themselves honestly and heartily to the task of carrying them out. But the recommendations of the Committee which tell in their favour should be carried out also. "There is no difficulty in saying that the different arms of the service should be treated with impartiality; that no boon or benefit should be accorded to the officers of one, which, under similar circumstances, is withheld from the others. That each arm or branch of the service should have, as far as practicable, an equal share of the honours, distinctions, emoluments, and other advantages of the service, is also a proposition not likely to be denied." So says the Report. Unfortunately, between saying that all the arms should be treated impartially, and treating them so, there is a wide gulf; and the theory of "share and share alike" has been practically denied by the Horse Guards authorities ever since the Artillery fell under their hands.

A general order has recently been

issued, reorganising the Royal Artillery. It recognises that the attempt to work the Royal Artillery by brigades, in the same way as battalions of infantry or regiments of cavalry, is unsuited to the requirements of the arm. It substitutes for this a system of district commands at home and abroad; but, in deference to prejudices in high places, it retains a certain number of brigade headquarters in the United Kingdom, with which batteries serving abroad will keep up a connection in the shape of reports and returns.

And now a word to the officers who are dissatisfied with this reorganisation. They are few in number, we believe, but they exist, and have made their voice heard. This change is the deliberate work of your own regimental officers, of those who know your corps well, who have served in it, and loved it all their lives—men who have thought this question out carefully, who have watched the old organisation, and seen its great defects, and who knew well even that which preceded it. You have said, some of you, that this is done in a hurry, and that the regiment should have had some opportunity of expressing an opinion upon it. It was not done in a hurry, but after careful and mature deliberation. It is not entirely the work of any one man, but embodies the ideas of several. Although your duty is to obey and accept without question, yet it may make the obedience more pleasant to know that your own brother officers devised this deliberately, and that there were the best of reasons for keeping it quiet till it was an accomplished fact. Even now the same cold shade which blights the prospects of Artillery officers has fallen on this, and nipped its completeness in the bud.

The tendency of this change is towards consolidating and drawing together the dear old regiment of Artillery that you all love, or ought to love. From the day of your being commissioned to the day of your retirement, you belong, body and (let us hope) soul, to the regiment. You may be in one brigade to-day, another to-morrow, another next year. Each transfer, each promotion, removed you from a brigade, but you always belong to the regiment. Surely it is enough to have your battery to care for while with it, and then the regiment. This change lessens the number of intermediate obstacles between you and the headquarters of the Artillery. Remember that the brigade organisation which you are now virtually getting rid of, was cumbrous in peace, and utterly useless in war. You are serving in or commanding a field-battery. If you go to a European war as part of an army corps, you will be one of three field-batteries serving together as the artillery of a division, or one of two serving with three batteries of horse artillery as the corps artillery of the corps. You belong to a horse brigade. When your turn comes for war, your battery will be detached with the cavalry brigade, or will be one of the three in the corps artillery. In any case, what becomes of your brigade? Your *esprit de corps* will be first, as it is bound to be, for your battery, next for the honour of the artillery. All you have to spare will be devoted to the glory of the division of which you are then an integral part, or of the corps whose artillery you are. Your brigade of artillery will be broken up, scattered to the winds, but you will fight for the honour of your battery and as a gunner, and will help to build up such fame for

the three arms united in your division as Wellington's Light Division earned, or the glorious "Fighting Fifth."

Remember, you battery officers, that this organisation into which you are now entering is transitional; that, as soon as the existing opposition is removed, the term brigade will disappear, and each battery will have its individuality unhampered, with nothing between it and the headquarters of the Artillery. In whatever district you may happen to be serving, you will come under the superior officers in command of districts and sub-districts; but the inevitable tendency of this change will be to remove the superfluity of these superior officers which now exists, and to give to those who remain their true duties as administrators — commanding, if at home, not only you, but the auxiliary artillery in the district, and having charge, at home or abroad, of all the *matériel* therein, and thus removing from them that temptation, which sheer want of occupation now induces, to interfere in the interior economy of the batteries under their command. To officers commanding batteries the change will give new life; while both to lieutenant-colonels and colonels there will be a new interest in their profession. It is true that all this is to come yet; but this change is a great step on the road. That hermaphroditic regimental organisation is about to disappear which, under the name of brigades of artillery, caused perpetual changes in the distribution of the batteries among the brigades, in order to carry out reliefs, which resulted in such absurdities as that which you may have seen in the distribution list, of two batteries at Bangalore, one having its headquarters at Kirkee, the other at Secunderabad; and of the brigade

whose headquarters are at Kirkee, having one of its batteries at Secunderabad, serving with the headquarters of another brigade. Now you will be free from all this sham. You will serve with your battery in a district under local command, corresponding nominally with headquarters permanently fixed at home; and even this last relic of prejudice will presently disappear, leaving nothing between you and your local commander on the one hand, and between you and the headquarters of the regiment on the other.

We are not going to take you back into the history of this change. The daily papers have done that already. The 'Saturday Review' has told you how the Duke of Wellington, even in the day when our possessions were but small compared with what they now are, and when Indian service was not part of the duty of the Royal Artillery, satisfied himself that "the service of artillery must from its nature be one of detachment," and was convinced that the plan of detaching headquarters of brigades (battalions they were then called) to various parts of the

world was unworkable. Depend upon it, that when you have tried this new organisation for a while, you will be satisfied that it is a great advance for the regiment.

This is not the place to enter into or criticise the minor details of a scheme of this nature. There may be faults of detail, which scarcely any organisation is without. If so, they can be set right by degrees. Two months still remain from the 1st of May before the scheme is to come into operation; and this time has wisely been left to allow not only of simultaneous commencement at home, in the colonies, and in India, but also to permit of inspection of the proposed machinery of action; so that any defects anticipated may be duly considered, and, if possible, remedied. It is for you, officers of Artillery, to submit any suggestions you may have to make to the fountain-head—to throw all your energies into making the new organisation work easily—and at this critical period of your history to show to the world at large the spectacle of a united regiment.

WHIST AT OUR CLUB.

AT our club, which is a most respectable club, a good deal of whist has been played during the last ten or twenty years. The time was when men used to meet together o' nights for the sake of cards and gambling. It was thus that Fox and his friends used to—I was going to say amuse themselves, but I fear that with them the diversion went beyond amusement. But with us at our club there is nothing of that kind. There are perhaps a dozen gentlemen, mostly well stricken in years, who, having not much else to do with their afternoons, meet together and kill the hours between lunch and dinner. I do not know that they could find a wiser expedient for relieving the tedium of their latter years. I have said that they have nothing to do with their afternoons. I doubt whether many of them have much to do with their mornings. Breakfast, the newspaper, perhaps a letter or two, with a little reading, carry them on to lunch and their glass of sherry. After that there may be a little walking, or perhaps some gentle exercise on an easy cob, a slight flutter of impatience, and then at length the hour of delight has come. Between three and four the party is assembled, and the delight is reached which, for us, makes easy the passage to the grave.

Every one knows how Talleyrand, the reputed father of all modern French good sayings, is supposed to have remarked that he who did not learn to play cards was preparing for himself a melancholy old age. In looking round at these bald, grey, wrinkled, and somewhat infirm companions of mine, who are gentlemen, and have, some of them, done something in the world, I am

often disposed to declare to myself that whoever said that saying spoke the truth. If we were not playing whist, what should we be doing? There comes a time of life when the work of life naturally ceases. The judge becomes deaf and resigns. The active civil servant is active no longer, and either takes a pension, or escapes early from his desk. The lawyer has made his fortune, or is forced to give way to newer men. The capacity for twelve hours of labour is at any rate gone. Books cannot be read for ever. If the mind would stand it—which it will not—the eyes would fail. Cricket, rowing, deer-stalking, even hunting and shooting, are all gone. The women will not let you make love to them—unless you are rich and a bachelor, and then the love-making is soon over. What else should an old gentleman do? If he can say his prayers all the time, or give himself up to continued meditation and the “labelling of his thoughts”—if he can dream Platonic Utopias, or theorise in his arm-chair on that still undiscovered “greatest good”—then he may sink down quietly without the assistance of a card-table. To some, but only to a few, can it be given to relieve the tedium of a *fainéant* existence by the consciousness of the dignity of a parliamentary bench. If you can become a legislator, you may get through your hours, uneasily indeed, but with the satisfaction of self-importance. But if none of these things suffice for you or be open to you, it will be well for you when you are old that you shall know something of the rules of whist and belong to such a club as ours.

I do not think that there is anything so much *provincially* in gambling. Some have indeed a keen eye to their money, but they lose rather in gambling themselves than in losing their amusement for nothing else in the morning of any point. One or two are persons invited up with the hope that the day may come when they shall make something, though the day never seems to come. Some are undoubtedly indifferent, taking and paying their shillings without a feeling. I do not think that there get so much amusement out of the proceeding as it ought to give. We have one old gentleman who evidently likes to pay. The point of making a trick is all the world to him; but though he has played cards for many years, he never seems quite to have reconciled himself to the idea of taking money out of another man's pocket.

We play *shilling points*. Any member of the club who comes into that room can join any table which is not yet full at shilling points. And, as a rule, this modest limit is preserved. If, now and again, two gentlemen choose to bet a sovereign, no complaint is made. The habit is distasteful to the majority; but a club is a club, and men like to feel themselves free. As long as the rules of the club are not broken, the copartners at the table cannot complain. In this way occasionally a little excitement is added; but I do not think that the life, the spirit, the noise, the evident vivacity, and the generally happy disposition of the room, depend upon the gambling. If it did, there would be no content; for I know no one who wins and no one who loses. In spite of these sovereign bets, which perhaps are becoming a little more frequent than they used to be, I do not think that in our club anybody is ever injured in the way of money.

They can afford to pay the stake they lose, and are none the better for what they win. It is not *therefore* that the excitement comes, and yet there is a great deal of excitement.

Excitement is a great step towards *iniquity*, particularly to those who are never sorry. Cæsar has put into the mouth of the master Antony an opinion which certainly was not his own. He makes Antony say that leisure—the doing of nothing—is the sweetest resource of old age. Old men have often said so: but foxes also have often said that grapes were sweet. Old men are as fond of activity, as much given to excitement, as young to keep themselves busy, and to have what we may call a full life, as their juniors; but these delights do not come easily to them.

The failure in our powers, which cautious nature prepares for us, affects our body, and perhaps unfortunately our minds, before it touches our wills. The lean and slippered pantaloon would be as full of wise instances as the justice, if he could get any one to hear him; and the justice would, but for shame, be as full of strange oaths, and as jealous in honour, if not as quick in quarrel, as the soldier. The old man likes excitement if he can find it; and they who frequent the next room to the whist-room at our club say that we have been successful in our search. Voices could not be so loud, contradiction so frequent, rebukes so rife—there could not be such rising storms, nor then such silent lulls, unless the occupation in hand were one on which those occupied were very much intent. The silence is as notable as the voices—and they are very notable; a dozen men could not be so suddenly and so awfully silent unless engaged on something which fills their very

souls with solicitude. And certainly no dozen men could make such a row—gentlemen too, old gentlemen, respectable old gentlemen—unless they were very much in earnest.

I think the charm in our club comes from the fact that no one plays very well, but that we know enough of the rules to talk about them and to think that we play in accordance with them. All the recognised treatises on the games are in the room. We have taken great care on that point; and our allusions to Clay, Cavendish, and the great professors, are so frequent as to make an unaccustomed bystander suppose that not one of us is ignorant of any one enunciated law. But the knowledge of laws and the practice of them are different things, especially when the practice has to be instantaneous, and when its efficacy depends on the memory of all that has gone before. Now I find that at our club everybody remembers his own cards, or, at any rate, those on which he has based his hopes of success, while no one remembers his partner's cards. But that latter is the special memory which his partner expects from him. Therefore there is often a diversity of opinion.

I take it for granted that the injustice of each is never apparent to himself—the injustice of always demanding from another exactly that trouble which the unjust player never takes himself. "Good——! I played you the eight of spades and you trumped it with the last trump, though you must have known that the seven was the only one left!" Then the enraged speaker tears his hair and looks around. Or perhaps he is of a saturnine nature—more severe, but less demonstrative. "Well, Dr Pintale, if you call that whist, I don't." Upon that the severe one purses his lips together and is silent, intend-

ing to impress upon the company around a conviction that Dr Pintale's capacity for whist is of such a nature that words would be altogether thrown away upon him. Dr Pintale for the moment is cowed. There is not a word to be said in excuse. No doubt he has thrown away a trick which a good player would have saved. He knows in his own heart that his dear friend Sir Nicholas Bobtail, the partner who has just so severely punished him, and who, in any other matter, would move heaven and earth to succour him, never remembers the sevens and eights himself. Sir Nicholas makes as many blunders as anybody in the club, but has a sharp way of snarling, which often saves him from the criticism of his friends. Poor Dr Pintale is meekness itself, till roused by exaggerated injuries, when sometimes he will say a word. "I do call that rather hard," continues Sir Nicholas, turning to one of his adversaries. "With that trick we should just have been out, and I haven't won a rubber this afternoon." Poor Pintale sits quiet and repentant, but patting his soft fat hands together under the table as the irritation rises to his gentle heart. "I wish you'd tell me why you did it, Dr Pintale?" asks Sir Nicholas, as though he really wanted information on the matter.

Pintale would not have minded it so much had he not been called "doctor." The doctor and Sir Nicholas have been friends for the last thirty years. For all these years they have been "Bobtail" and "Pintale" to each other, long before any decorative letters, any D.C.L. or K.C.B., had been appended to their names. Either would have been prepared to write an epitaph for the other, attributing to him all the virtues which can adorn a man, a friend, and a Christian. But

when you have petted up your penultimate best card, and have succeeded in extracting all the trumps except that happy remnant in your partner's hand; when all your manœuvres have been successful, and fortune has sat square upon your brow; when the delightful moment has come for showing to friends and foes how complete has been your strategy,—then to be crushed by the fatuous inattention of your own ally—that is too much for human friendship! It is as though one's own wife should turn against one in one's own profession. "I wonder why he did do it!" said Sir Nicholas, turning round to one of the expectant bystanders.

"I've seen you make the same mistake yourself fifty times," says the doctor, pressed beyond his bearing.

"That's a mere *tu quoque*," says the K.C.B.

"I've seen you do it a hundred times—two hundred times," rejoins the D.C.L., very red in the face. Then the door is opened, and somebody looks in from the passages; after which the matter is allowed to drop, the doctor having evidently become a little ashamed of himself.

The wonderful thing in whist is this,—that ignorance of any of those intricate rules by which the game is governed is regarded as so disgraceful that nobody will admit it; nor will any one allow that he is wanting in that perfect and prolonged practice without which no proficient in any art can bring his rules to bear at the moment in which they are wanted: and yet players generally would be ashamed to have it supposed that they had devoted to a mere game of cards so great a proportion of their intellect and their time as to have mastered these rules, and to have familiarised themselves with the practice. Who would not be ashamed to be known

as a first-class billiard-player, and to confess an intimacy so close with pockets, chalk, and ivory balls as to have left himself time for no more worthy pursuit! For to play billiards as billiards can be played requires the energy of a life. Not even will an ambitious man, or one who desires success in a profession, be anxious to be accounted among the grand chess-players of the day. The art of chess-playing, excellent as it is, does not lead to results great enough in themselves to justify the expenditure of labour and intelligence which is necessary for perfection. We may say the same of all those amusements which have by means of their own success so run over their original boundaries as to have become the subject of scientific study. Here and there a man has the leisure and the intellect, and in the absence of a higher ambition he devotes his life to elucidate a game. We admire his ingenuity, but we do not think very much of his career. There is something better to be done in the life of all of us than chess, or billiards, or whist. In regard to the two former, no one demands that others shall play well. But in whist it seems to be implied that if a man does not know and practise all the rules which have ever been invented, he ought to be ashamed of himself! This is carried so far at our club that every player is presumed to know all the rules—and to depart from them, not from inexperience, not from ignorance, not from temporary aberration of mind, but from some devilish malignity which has induced him at that moment to do evil that others might be tormented.

At our club the main rules are known. They are so frequently discussed that it is impossible that we should forget them. Clay and Cavendish are in our hands at every turn. With five trumps, the worst

among us would lead a trump. When we are weak ourselves, we do not force our partners. We know how to finesse a queen, and I think we generally count the trumps,—at any rate, early in the afternoon. There are laws the keeping of which does not require the player to travel much beyond the consideration of his own cards. But we have not arrived at the reading of our partners' hands, and hence chiefly come those angry words and fiery looks, which do upon the whole, I think, increase rather than diminish our enjoyment. If I throw away a card from a weak suit, it is certainly a grievous thing to have a low card in that very suit at once led to me, and to know that this has been done because my partner would not take the trouble to watch the card as it fell from my hand. The stormiest five minutes that I ever remember came from such a cause as this. Our Mr Polden—everybody knows old Dick Polden as one of the softest-hearted human beings that ever became a prey to begging-letter writers and weeping women—does not play very well himself. He is an eager, excitable man, whose mind never remains fixed long on the same thing, and who, I may say, almost invariably forgets to practise the care which he expects others to exercise on his behalf. I do not think that he is really choleric, but he has an unfortunate tone of voice and a trick of eyebrow which make a bystander think sometimes that he will very soon proceed to blows. Those who know him are aware that he is not himself conscious at these moments of exceeding the mildest forms of friendly remonstrance. He was playing not long since with Admiral Greene as his partner. The admiral is a very constant attendant at our club, and perhaps the best player that we have. He is generally a quiet man,

but he has a nasty habit of looking round and smiling when his partner makes an egregious blunder, which some of us dislike worse even than being objurgated. On this occasion Dick Polden had two strong suits in his hand, and one that was weak ; but, on the whole, he was playing what he considered a great game. He had called for trumps and had thrown away a card from his weak suit. We who were playing against him, I and poor dear Grimley—Sir Peter Grimley, who has since been taken away from us—knew well what Polden was about. At such moments he wriggles in his chair, raises his body a couple of inches in triumphant expectation, and tells the whole tale of his heart to those who watch him. How it was that such a player as the admiral should at such a moment have led from the discarded suit, none of us could understand. Grimley declared that it was intended as a rebuke to poor Polden's somewhat noisy anticipation. I never could believe that, as the admiral is fond of his money, which on this occasion he not only risked but lost. As soon as the peccant card showed itself on the table, Polden lost all control. "Good——!" he exclaimed, raising both his hands, quite indifferent to the fact that he was thus showing all his cards. "Polden," said the baronet, "that is not whist!"

It certainly was not whist. At the real whist clubs perfect silence is, I am told, preserved. Polden should have borne the blow like a Spartan, and have refrained from massacring the admiral till the deal was over. "Polden, that's not whist!"

"No," said Polden, very hotly—"no; certainly it is not whist. Of course he saw my heart; he couldn't but see it. Everybody knows that he sees everything. I wonder, Grimley, what you would have said if that had happened to you?"

"I should have sworn horribly; but it would have been inwardly, so that no one would have heard me," said Grimley.

"And what would he have said if I had done it to 'him'?" continued Polden. Perhaps of all forms of abuse that of addressing yourself to a third person, and of calling your sinning partner "he" or "him," is the most provoking. During all this time the game was going on, and the admiral had only smiled. At every new contortion of Polden's face the admiral smiled again; and as Polden became all contortions, so did the admiral become all smiles. At last the climax was reached. A queen from Polden's long suit of spades was taken by the king, and then his ace was trumped. All this misfortune, no doubt, had come from the admiral's blunder. Polden's case was one of great hardship. But when he flung down his cards, declaring that he couldn't play against three adversaries, and when his cards were therefore called, and when the admiral quietly showed that had they been kept up the game might have been saved,—then it was evident, even to Polden himself, that he had been in the wrong. And he was a man who could dare anything while hot passion gave him the consciousness of right, but who was cowed at once when a feeling that he was in fault had crept in upon him. When the proof had been made perfect that the game might have been saved, he passed his hand over his bald head, and sank back, tamed, upon his chair.

"No doubt," said the admiral, taking the two packs of cards under his two hands, so as to prevent the immediate continuation of the play—"no doubt I made a mistake with that heart."

"Let us say no more about it," said Polden.

"A few words, if you please.

We will wait half a minute, if you do not object, Sir Peter." For Grimley, knowing what was coming, had made an attempt to get at one of the packs, so as to lessen, by action, the strength of the admiral's coming attack. "I made a foolish mistake. But I do not think that that justified you in throwing your arms about like a demented windmill. I was driven by your words and actions and looks to think whether in kindness we ought not to speak to your friends." Had the admiral spoken with an angry tone there would have been nothing in it. We are so used to angry tones, and have become so conscious that they are to be regarded as merely an organ accompaniment to our generally pleasant music, that had the admiral condescended to be noisy, we should simply have been anxious to get hold of the cards and begin again. But his tranquillity afflicted us all, and absolutely quelled poor old Polden.

"You're making too much of it," said the baronet.

"Not at all," said the admiral. "I shall expect Mr Polden to apologise."

Apologise! that was more than any of us could stand. A crowd of men from the other tables had now congregated round us. Perhaps among us all Dick Polden was, perhaps, the most generally popular. Who but he would give up his right to a place to another player? Who but he would remain beyond his time to make up a rubber for others? Who but he would take the chair close to the fire if it were hot, or expose his shoulder to the window if it were cold? When did Polden willingly tread on any man's corn, or fail to soothe any man's vanity? When little subscriptions have had to be raised, who has ever known Polden to refuse his guinea? It was out of the question that he should be reduced to the ignominy of an

apology. And moreover, the very fact of an apology having been demanded and given would be evidence of a quarrel, and it had always been a point with us to declare that, though we were loud, we never quarrelled. We should have been ashamed of our excitability as respectable old gentlemen had we not always been able to assert that each loud enunciation had been simply an amusing incident of our game. When the admiral spoke of an apology, we all felt that he was ignorant of the very nature of the bond which united us. If we could not bear each other's ways without apologies, the whist must be given up. And from dear old Polden too, who at this moment was almost in tears! "I don't think that can be necessary," said Dr Absolom. Dr Absolom had once been one of the royal doctors, and is a man of authority. By dint of a commanding brow and a loud steady voice he has acquired a sort of influence over us. His whist is not good, but no one ventures to scold him much. "Perhaps, doctor, if you had played so and so," is the extent to which we go with him. "If I had, the event might perhaps have been different," he will reply, with dignity. The altercation with Dr Absolom is never carried beyond that.

"Perhaps, Dr Absolom, you did not hear the remarks which were made," said the angry admiral.

If I love any one, I love Polden. "I heard them," said I, "and they were very fierce. But I should have thought that we all understood Polden's ferocity by this time."

"Was I fierce?" asked Polden, piteously.

"I should think you were," said the baronet, "and so should I have been. But as for apologies, bless my soul! if we come to that we had better give it all up." Then there was a general acclamation that

nothing more was to be said about it, during which the admiral subsided. For the next day or two he was rather stiff in his manner to Mr Polden, but before the end of the week everything was right again. That, I think, was the nearest approach to a quarrel that we ever had, and a rumour of it, I fear, got through the club. But in answer to all questions, we have all of us been firm in our assertions that there was no quarrel.

That system of "calling" is, of all self-imposed torments, the most tormenting. Readers, no doubt, will understand what "calling" means. When you wish your partner to lead a trump, you play your cards from some other suit out of their proper course—throwing down, say, the ten on the first round, and the deuce on the second. Players, I think, are generally of opinion that it injures the game—and no doubt it does more harm than good if the partner who is called to does not see the call. But it has this advantage, that it gives an indifferent player a great facility for playing a game of his own, and of scolding his partner for not assisting him. It creates an equality. For though it may be difficult to observe a call, nothing can be easier than calling itself. "You didn't see my call," says the injured one afterwards—or very frequently not waiting till afterwards.

"Did you call?"

"Well, rather. It would have made two tricks' difference—that's all." Then the offending one, knowing that this must be an exaggeration, goes to work—not to defend himself, but to prove that at the outside one trick only would have been saved had he been attentive.

It seems to me that at our club one's partner never sees a call, but that it is very often seen by the adversaries. Therefore, at our club, if you are peculiarly anxious that

trumps should not be led, so that you may ruff this suit or the other, then is the time to call. You have two adversaries, but only one partner. If you know your man, you may perhaps be almost sure that he will be blind;—and in this way you stop your enemy from playing his game and get him to play yours.

"You have no right to look like that when you call," Sir Nicholas said the other day to Dr Pintale.

"I may look as I please," said the doctor.

"Certainly not. When you put down your second card in that way, and then look up at your partner, you might just as well say out loud what you want. I appeal to the table."

Dr Absolom and Mr Poser were playing. Mr Poser is a young man under fifty, who has come in among us I hardly know why, and who writes poetry, which I hope is better than his whist. He is an amusing man, and we rather like having a poet.

"My friend Dr Pintale is perhaps a little demonstrative," said Dr Absolom.

"Lesbia hath a calling eye," sang Mr Poser; "and some of us know for what he calleth."

Then it was presumed that the evidence had been adverse to Dr Pintale; and he was constrained to promise that he would henceforth keep his features in better order.

Mr Thompson's objection to the practice—a practice which he never could bring himself in the least to understand—was, I think, both true and picturesque. Mr Thompson is a clergyman, who, in former days, did the light work of a city parish, whose church has been now pulled down, and who therefore, feeling that his own clerical position has been, as it were, stolen from him, disports himself, very quietly, like a layman. It is he who is so greedy

of making tricks, and is so unwilling to take the money that he wins. He is an old man, of a sweet temperment, and much tinged with romance. "Why graft another thorn upon the rose?" said he—"and a sharper thorn than those with which nature has surrounded her?"

But in very truth it is the presence of the thorns which constitutes the delight of our whist. I used to think, when I would walk home from our club after a bout of scolding which had lasted the whole afternoon, that there was something in our eager words derogatory to the dignity of old age, and I have asked myself more than once whether it would not become me to abandon a pursuit which evidently could not be followed without hard words. For I was soon convinced that whist without scolding was altogether out of the question. But after a little I began to think that the exertation was in itself healthy. As a lot of boys on a playground together can hardly make too much noise as long as they do not fight, so in regard to old men, if they do not quarrel, why should they be restrained from that manifestation of interest which eager loud words evince? To sit and play whist dumb, or with a casual word about the fire, or the table, or the state of the atmosphere, would be so dull that men could only be kept to it by some desire of making money. Of that stain there is, I think, nothing at our club. And therefore, when I found how strong was the determination to silence the admiral when he talked about an apology—how resolute we all were that there should be no acknowledgment of the evidence of a quarrel—I reconciled myself to the noise, and took comfort in assuring myself that whist, as played at our club, is a wise resource for old gentlemen.

RAMBLES ROUND TRAVEL.

"STAT nominis umbra" may be applied to the greatest reputations of the past in a slightly different sense to that which induced Junius to take it for his motto. So far as their works are concerned, they have become little but shadows to the many who are fairly familiar with their names; and the writer and thinker who has left his mark on his age, is only popularly known to posterity by the chance utterance it has become the fashion to quote. Take Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St Albans, for example. He had won some little distinction in his day, in politics and philosophy, law, literature, and science. There are students who have read the *'Novum Organum,'* and the collected editions of his *Life and Works* are displayed on the shelves of many a library. But we are sure it would not be rash to assume, that to ninety-nine well-educated people in a hundred, Bacon is best known as a writer by the opening passage of his essay on travel. Happily for his lordship, if he cared for posthumous notoriety, it occurred to the compiler of *'The Handbook for Travellers on the Continent'* to introduce the sage to the world of tourists as a classical authority whose words carried weight. The passage has been freely pillaged from Murray by scores of shallow scribblers and essayists who have scrawled ephemeral sketches of their tours; and by this time everybody knows, or ought to know, that "travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience."

The apothegm was a pregnant one when the philosopher penned it; and, doubtless, to quote 'Sam

Slick,' "there is considerable truth in it still." But time and progress have been re-editing it with the rest of the essay in a fashion which the author could never have foreseen, had his genius been as imaginatively romantic as it was practical and severely exact. We flatter ourselves that we have worked for our share of the experience which should be acquired by the elder sort of travellers, and observation has taught us that, as a part of popular education, travel turned into touring has become far from what was contemplated by Bacon. That it should be so is neither the fault of the age nor of any set of individuals in particular. But the course of time has swept us along with it; as knowledge has been increased, facilities of communication have been multiplied; the indulgence of a privileged class has become the recreation or necessity of the many; and the pace of our busier life has been accelerated, till we have neither the time for deliberate reflection nor the taste for leisurely cultivation. We have no idea of being didactic, nor do we care to point a moral. But we are tempted to run through Bacon's essay, were it only to see how entirely it is out of date, applicable as it may have been to the age it was written for.

At least it has the merit of brevity, and must remain a model of lucid conciseness. Yet nothing the author ever published addressed itself to a more restricted circle. There were not many young men in England in a position to avail themselves of Bacon's counsels; and but few of them, to say nothing of their parents, were in the way of buying the publications of the day. The conversation at early London

dinner-parties turned upon anything rather than literature,—on the last court intrigue—the next court *fête*—brawls and balls, scandals, duels, the stage, and the bear-garden; and if it were a question of crossing the Channel and hazarding one's self in the unfamiliar world beyond it, there were few who either dared or cared to do it. Continental travel was an idle dream to any one who had not the *entrée* of the embassies. Why, the very first things which the mentor tells you are to be observed are “the courts of princes, especially when they give audiences to ambassadors.” That sort of fashionable life was all very well for a youth who was born with a golden spoon, and gifted in his cradle by beneficent fairies; who could set his foot on the ladder of court favour; who represented a great house, and bore a noble name; who had a father and friends to lend him a helping hand; who had a well-filled purse and ample credit; and who had parts and capabilities as well as ambition. Bacon did not write for the forefathers of the Browns, the Joneses, and the Robinsons immortalised by Leech so many years ago; still less for the classes several degrees below them. It was only now and again that the quiet old country families of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced a Raleigh or a Humphrey Gilbert. As a rule, the wealthy squire of the time spent his hereditary rents on the family acres; and had been trained in a patriotic horror of the foreigner, whose airs and graces he held in sovereign contempt. The ordinary town-bred noble aspired to bask in the sunshine of native majesty; and we can conceive the shudder that would have run through his veins at the bare idea of voluntary exile. There was the almost insurmountable difficulty of lan-

guage besides; and in those days the curse of the confusion of speech weighed as heavily as ever on international society. For “he that travelleth into a country before he have some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.” In the times of the reaction from Papal intolerance, when foreign-bred priests taught damnable doctrine and were plotting against the Protestant succession from their hiding-places in secret chambers, those strange tongues that were the speech of the Beast had gone singularly out of favour in Protestant circles. It can have been no easy matter to have found capable instructors, without laying one's self open to the perilous suspicion of being impregnated with heresy and treason by the Jesuits.

“That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well.” But only imagine the difficulty of filling so delicate a post! When our native statesmen of the highest position were so innocent of the Continent and its ways, how few people in the humbler ranks could possibly have acquired the necessary information? There were no travelled Fellows of the universities who hoped to arrive through bear-leading at snug livings or the episcopal lawn. There were no courier offices in Mount Street and Bury Street, where anxious fathers and tender mothers could count upon finding highly recommended candidates. Those who had graduated in the science of our foreign legations were far too valuable to be lightly parted with; and the chances were that any plausible individual who chanced to be open to a permanent engagement, smacked strongly of the versatile *chevalier d'industrie*.

But suppose those preliminary difficulties overcome, and some illustrious scion of the Cecils or the

Capels about to start on his travels from the family mansion in the Strand. If he went in conscientiously for the course of study recommended, we should be strongly tempted to set him down as a prig. For next to the courts of princes—where of course there would be plenty to attract the stranger, and keep him fluttering like a moth round a flaming candle—"the things to be seen and observed are . . . the courts of justice, where they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures when there are any; ship-pings and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities, armouries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, horses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers and the like; comedies such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and antiquities and rarities; and, to conclude, whatever is memorable in the places where they go." The programme is exhaustive enough, and of course such sights as the churches and their monuments are a *corvée* that must be necessarily imposed on the tourist of any period. Comedies frequented by persons of the better sort would be very certain to draw in every case; and as for the exercises of horsemanship and fencing, the commonest considerations of prudence would induce the adventurous visitor to patronise them. The walls and fortifications of the fenced cities would naturally have an attraction for gentlemen who might be said to be bred to the profession of arms; as also

would the shippings and havens in those days of universal capabilities, when courtiers like the chivalrous Earl of Essex were chosen for such expeditions as that of Cadiz. But as for the foreign courts of justice, and still more the ecclesiastical consistories, can we picture to ourselves a gay young gallant being marched off by his tutor or solemn servitor, to listen in a dingy hall to interminable pleadings, where justice was freely tempered by bribes?

Bacon, who, when little more than a boy, had gone abroad in the suite of the English ambassador to Paris, was just the youth, as we may well believe, to have carried his own precepts into practice. He wore an old head on his youthful shoulders; and had he not made the most of his time and opportunities, he would never have risen so fast, nor accumulated his treasures of learning. But with his rare knowledge of the world and his acquaintance with English society, he must have been painfully aware, while penning his counsels, that they were likely to fall on unheeding ears. Sit out dry debates in dismal law courts and listen to intricate judgments in solemn consistory indeed! Surely it was the last thing that the flowers of the *jeunesse dorée* in that frivolous and martial age would have dreamed of doing. The very costumes that were worn *de rigueur* would have seemed as much out of place in such grave company as a hawk among owls and bats, or a humming-bird in a flock of sparrows. Why, the travelling toilet of a young gentleman of the first fashion was as much a matter of absorbing consideration with him as with the heiress of some American shoddy millionaire, who is sailing on her virgin voyage from New York to Paris. Our friend's brain was full of richly fancied doublets and gaily slashed

hose, of plumed hats and brodered sword-belts. We can fancy him hurrying from the man-milliner to the goldsmith, studying the chasing of the sword-hilt, and devising the setting of the gems; taking profound counsel as to suits, showy, sombre, and serviceable, for riding, walking, lounging, and gracing the court festivities. It is true that a couple of considerations may have conspired to moderate his extravagance,—the difficulty of transporting his mails, and the superiority of the decorative artists of the French capital. But the contents of his anteroom on the eve of his departure would have thrown the collectors and connoisseurs of to-day into raptures; while the dreams of the fortunate owner and wearer were of those lighter conquests which the moral Bacon so slightly touches *à propos* of quarrels.

The young adventurer might be a *fat* and a *fop*; but he had need be something of a man as well. He ought to be fairly well inured to fatigue, and tolerably skilled with his weapons. If he made the journey, as some did, with horses of his own, it would have been wearisome beyond endurance to an imagination that was revelling already in the delights of the paradise to which he was bound. And it needed something of the *physique* and stamina of an Osbaldistone to ride post on the animals that were changed from stage to stage, generally jaded, and often half broken. In rain or in sunshine, in mud, in dust, or in snow, you had to set your face steadfastly towards your destination; for there was but small temptation to loiter on the road. Too often, indeed, whether you liked it or not, you might be indefinitely delayed at Dover or on the Channel. The gay raiment had lost something of its lustre, the rich

cloak was smirched and sadly crumpled, when the pallid traveller tottered ashore from the little craft in which he had been buffeted on the tides and currents. Then the inns left much to desire, even to gentlemen who were used to their luxury in the rough, and were consequently far less fastidious than their descendants. Those on the other side of the water, as we have every reason to believe, were inferior to the hostleries of Canterbury and Dover. As for the former place, though the age of miracles was past and pilgrimages had gone out of fashion, the tone of Chaucer's lusty cavalcade still lingered; while at the English seaport, speaking relatively, there was such a perpetual coming and going, such a free-handed outlay of travellers, either prostrated by sea-sickness, or made lavishly reckless by the prospect of it, as to anticipate the enterprise of a Mr Birmingham and the bustle of 'The Ship' or 'The Lord Warden.' But when you had passed over to the French side, we cannot help thinking there was a change. We know too well what the French provincial accommodation is at the present moment in the seats of prefectures and cities of some consideration, to believe in the rosy-coloured patriotic halo that has been thrown by French romance-writers over its past. That the dinners may have often been decent we are not prepared to deny—that the host may have been supple and insinuating, in contrast to his more churlish *confrères* of England, Germany, and the Low Countries, we are quite content to admit; but we are sure that oil and garlic still predominated most unpleasantly in the cookery, even beyond the limits of Gascony and Provence. By recollections that are but too fresh in our memories, we can conceive the character of

the domestic arrangements, with the odours that overpowered the senses of the visitor; while, as for those boasted cellars of wines that used to charm the traveller into temporary oblivion of his purpose, we have no faith in them whatever. In the time of Bacon the art of wine-making had made but little advance since the days of Bacchus. The finest sorts of the vine had not yet been selected and fostered by skilled experience. The peasants played the very mischief with the must, as they do still in Greece and on the slopes of Italy. Occasionally a fair growth yielded tolerable produce upon some sunny *coteau*, where it was carefully cherished and set aside for the palates of princes, prelates, and millionaires. But as for those *petits vins* of Touraine and Anjou, that, as we are informed, were so much in favour with the martial *bon vivant* of moderate means, we fancy that the best we can say of them is, that they might be appreciated by gentlemen who knew no better. In Picardy and Normandy, out of towns like Amiens and Rouen, you would only find, as a rule, the third-rate growth of the wine districts; cider, far later, was the great stand-by: and if our travellers sought to drown the troubles of the day in the joys of the evening wine-cup, in place of succeeding for the time, they would be assuring themselves of sorrows for the morning.

The walls of Paris must have been a joyful vision as the riders pricked towards them over the dusty plain. They had small trouble at the guarded gate; for they carried their nationality stamped on their faces. And whether Catholics or Huguenots were in the ascendant for the moment, the "kenspeckle" strangers could not withdraw themselves from the *surveillance* of the guardians of public security. Now-

adays, those who have never been lapped in cotton from the cradle, feel bored with a ten hours' journey, first-class, by express train and swift steamer. They find their nerves fretted by dancing attendance on the *douane* behind the doors of glass, and throw themselves impatiently into the *fiacre*, which flashes past lines of illuminated shop-fronts and across the bright blaze of the Boulevards, to deposit them in the court of a hotel, where their arrival has been announced by telegram. Then the advent of the illustrious young visitor, who possibly was to have his admission to the palace by the private staircase, ended, as it had begun, in sorrow and labour. His aching bones and chafed epidermis were jolted over the rough pavement, as his footsore steed ambled gingerly along. He threaded his way through a network of tortuous streets to the gloomy quarter near the Louvre, where he proposed to descend. He might congratulate himself on having created some sensation; for gallants, whose cloaks fell in studied drapery over the projecting hilts of their formidable rapiers, attracted by his travel-soiled appearance and the insular cut of his clothes, turned to criticise him with half-insulting glances. *Filles de joie*, who saw the sumptuousness of his garments, and scented the gold he carried in his purse, smiled on him like so many Jezebels from their upper casements. And, half-dazed, like an owl who has fluttered from the shadows into the sunshine, he found rest and refreshment, such as they were, in ill-lighted rooms, where a certain tawdry show took the place of modern comfort. There might be gilding, more or less tarnished, and *garde-robes* and buffets more or less quaintly carved; but the stiff-backed chairs, with their heavily embossed leather coverings, yielded small repose to his person

when he seated himself to be disencumbered of his riding-boots.

But he might enjoy the best that the city afforded to visitors who came well ballasted with bullion ; and when he presented his credentials, and reported himself at his embassy, he was launched at once in the gaieties of the Court. If he had the makings of an Admirable Crichton in him, he might aspire to become the fashion and the rage ; but the more brilliant his course, and the more high-flown his pretensions, the greater the embarrassments he had to surmount. Most probably he made acquaintance with Paris just after the change of dynasty. The illustrious Huguenot pervert was seated on the throne of the Valois, surrounded by suspicion and scarcely-stifled resentments, and provoking the fiercest animosities, social, political, and religious. Yet everything was smiling on the surface, and life went lightly in spite of all that. The chivalrous monarch who set the fashion, was the sworn worshipper of love and beauty, and had passed master as the *vert galant* both in public and private battle. Men were as susceptible on the point of honour as to the blandishments of beauty. A slight word, or the misconstruction of a look, meant a challenge. With a quick wit and a gallant bearing, a courtier's social success depended on his skill with the rapier. The fencing-master took the *pas* of the learned professors of the Sorbonne, and a feint or a fatal thrust in carte or tierce was a secret that fetched a fancy price. A quick eye and a supple wrist were gifts of providence to be carefully cultivated, and it was only when the courtiers had the measure of your sword, that you could abandon yourself pleasantly to the pursuit of *bonnes fortunes*.

It was to be hoped that the

noble traveller's father had counted the cost before he sent him abroad. If the youth was to do his family credit, it could only be by drawing freely on its revenues ; and many a fair manor in England was mortgaged in the course of a continental tour. Men speak of the extravagance of the Second Empire, and of the cost of an intimacy with the circle of the Tuileries, or of one of those autumn visits to Compiègne. Allowing for the increase of income since then, for the vast development of trade, and for changes in the value of money, we doubt whether the extravagances of the Imperial Court could compare with the expenditure of the Valois or Bourbons three hundred years before. Then the incessant variety of costume was just as indispensable to fashionable success. But then, flying in the face of the teachings of nature, that seldom, in her gayest ornithological arrangements, tricks out more than one bird of a pair, the male flaunted about in even finer plumage than the female, in palaces that kept continual carnival. The goldsmith, the tailor, and the armourer laid their heads together to turn out those resplendent mortals who dazzled the staring crowd. Where one half of society were little but adventurers, although they could make their proofs of nobility, and show their innumerable quarterings, and the other half were in embarrassments, whatever their means, naturally everybody became reckless. Money changed hands as lightly as at Baden or at Homburg in after times, and heavy play was the fashion and the habit. Moreover, unless they are sorely belied by contemporary memoirs, many a gentleman of good degree was skilful in correcting evil fortune, and the guileless stranger who fell into such hands was as closely clipped as a sheep by the shearer.

There were female as well as male adventurers; and syrens of the loftiest station made prey of the strangers they charmed. In those days, no one, from the highest to the lowest, had a notion of our modern sensitiveness in money matters. If a *grande dame*, "*de par la monde*," as Brantôme has it, set her capricious affections on some penniless aspirant who had his way to make, why, as a matter of course, she replenished his empty pockets, and gave him the means of setting off his personal advantages, and of bettering his fortunes at the play-table. It was as indispensable to her reputation that he should ruffle it with the best, as that her *laquais* should swagger in gorgeous liveries. But, on the other hand, if she encouraged the advances of a wealthy young islander, it was for him to prove himself deserving of her by his taste and boundless generosity. He sought to eclipse his rivals by his superior magnificence. He laid costly presents at her lovely feet. He prepared delicate and fanciful surprises for her; nay, he might win the privilege of entertaining her at sumptuous *petits soupers*, where some celebrated *chef* had condescended to excel himself; and which she repaid to him by dipping freely in his purse.

We have laid the scene of our traveller's sojourn in Paris, because Paris then was as much the centre of the gay world as it has ever been before or since. But it was much the same in point of expense, though the life might have been less brilliant, and the gaiety less animated, in the stately capitals of the princes of the house of Austria. The galleons of Cadiz and Corunna were carrying the wealth of the New World to Madrid; and the grandees of Spain might indulge in their natural love of magnificence, thanks to remittances from the mines of

Peru and Mexico. There was a splendid blending of show and substance in the grand entertainments of the Court of Brussels; for the fertile Low Countries were fast effacing the scars that had been left by the fierce wars of religion. There was little inducement, according to the tastes of the age, to exchange the pleasures of the town for the quiet of the country; although Bacon had already, as a boy of seventeen, made the tour of some of the provinces of France. For the love of scenery had not yet been developed; and as history was very much a matter of fanciful tradition and vague rumour, few people set great store by the charms of historical associations. Macaulay, when writing long afterwards of the state of the Scotch Highlands, remarks that one could care but little for natural beauties, when the barely marked path was beset by caterans, and a bed and a supper were subjects of vague speculation. We need hardly say that we do not borrow his language, but merely suggest his idea. On the Continent there were roads of a sort, but they had been constructed on purely practical considerations. They led from town to town; they avoided as far as possible the hills and the valleys: they opened up wide plains that were roughly scratched by the farmers, or *coteaux* covered by the vines which flourished in unpruned luxuriance. The feudal castle on the height scarcely attracted the attention of the traveller, unless perchance he carried an introduction to the *seigneur*. On the banks of "the castled Rhine," indeed, he might quicken his pace in well-grounded uneasiness, for robber barons had begun to resume that system of levying contributions which had laid them open centuries before to the high-handed justice of Rudolph of Hapsburg. And the

courts of the German electors and petty princes were anything but attractive to a man who had been brought up in the comparative comfort of London, and who had since been cultivating a taste for the refinements of Parisian cookery.

But we can best judge of the provincial accommodation of the Continent by drawing on a pair of seven league boots, and striding forward to the days of Arthur Young. Young made his memorable progresses through France and Italy on the very eve of the French Revolution, when the luxury of the few and the wretchedness of the many had been growing in nearly equal proportions. His expeditions, according to our modern notions, involved nearly as much effort and privation as a ride across Central Africa, and yet he knew or might have known nearly everybody, and was made hospitably welcome almost everywhere. He lands at Calais after "nine hours rolling at anchor." He is tolerably well-off at the venerable Hôtel Dessin, which has been so familiar to many of the present generation, and he only found one other house in France to equal it. Oddly enough, that other establishment was at Rennes in Brittany, which still perpetuates its old reputation in its very capital Hôtel Julien. He made his start from the coast, mounted on the faithful animal which was to be the companion of his slow pilgrimages; and the horse was worse off than the rider, since the stables were like "covered dunghills." He was struck by "houses decidedly better than English cottages," yet without a pane of glass in the windows. Even in Normandy and Picardy, which have always been comparatively well cultivated, the farming struck him as of the most primitive description; and the more vast the domain elsewhere, the more deplorable was

its condition. As we read the narrative of that shrewd observer, we feel it to be more of a mystery than ever how the great nobles should have found the means of supporting their enormous expenditure without precipitating the impending catastrophe; for territories like those of the Duke de Rochefoucauld and the Prince de Soubise showed the picturesque desolation of the Roman Campagna with its wild vegetation in place of crops.

As for the inns, in some respects you fared better in them than in those of England. There was greater variety in the repasts that were served according to the custom of the house: the desserts were inviting, and the wines were generally sounder than the port that was then the staple of the English cellars. But Young adds that "the master is commonly the cook, and the less you see of his cooking, the more likely you are to have a stomach for dinner." There was no parlour. You eat in a room with three or four beds. Its walls were white-washed, or covered with paper of various colours, or else with venerable tapestry that harboured swarms of vermin: the articles that did duty for furniture would have been broken up for firewood in England. The table was invariably a rude board stretched on cross-bars, which prevented your extending your legs, unless you took your seat at one of the ends. The windows fitted as badly as the doors: there were no bells; and it was just as unpleasantly evident that there were neither mops nor scrubbing-brushes in the establishment. The *garçon* as yet did not exist: you were everywhere waited upon by girls, which is no bad thing in itself; but in place of the "neat-handed Phyllis" one might have hoped for, these attendants are described in language almost identical with that which be

applies to the stables. When he thought of changing his manner of travel, and made a trial of the public machine or diligence, he expresses a fervent hope that that first journey in it may be his last. He is just as dissatisfied with the Italian vetturino; and his description of the company and cookery he met with on a water journey from Venice to Bologna is enough to send a shudder through one's diaphragm even now. Nothing can be more opposed to Rogers' romantic picture of a similar expedition in the same country. The only parallel we can recall to his sketch of the cook unfolding the greasy contents of a napkin for the benefit of those whose appetites were sufficiently robust, was what we have ourselves witnessed on a Spanish coasting-steamer, when we watched the *chef* at work on the rissoles, as we strove to dally in a heavy ground-swell with the oleaginous water that did duty for soup.

*Apr*opos to ground-swells and troubled waters, the hurricane that burst from France over Europe unsettled the continent for years for travelling, as for graver matters. The chance of such a haul as Napoleon made, when he swept the English sojourners in his dominions into his prisons, was not to be lightly hazarded a second time. So that journals such as that of Dr Reeve's stay in Vienna during the eventful period between Ulm and Austerlitz, which has just been edited and published by his son, are all the more curious from their extreme rarity. But with "the piping times" that followed the peace, the grand tour, *par excellence*, came into fashion. Twenty years of history, written in blood and fire, had excited and enlightened the English mind. And if Buonaparte embodied the genius of subversion and of destruction, to his credit it must be confessed that

he had constructed as well as demolished. In more senses than one he had followed close on the traces of the Roman conquerors. For himself, he had been the greatest of travellers, ancient and modern; and all over his ephemeral empire he had made it his policy to create and facilitate communications. In France and Germany, as in the plains of Italy, he had opened up those highroads that were really *routes impériales*. He had thrown his great highways over the Alps—those "paths of pleasure" for future tourists, that "glitter in many a broken link," as they climb the levelled gradients of the precipices or burrow out of sight beneath the long galleries. And the perpetual going and coming between his capital, his stationary camps, and the shifting headquarters of his armies, had done much for the improvement of hotel accommodation. Simple in his habits as he was himself, in spite of such amiable weaknesses as his passion for Chambertin, he was not displeased that his following, from the great dignitaries downwards, should lavish their lightly-gained wealth and set the fashion as sybarites. It was not every one of his marshals or magnates who was so scientific a gourmet as Cambacères; but the chiefs, and even the subalterns of the grand armies, practised the virtues of hospitality, and affected to be connoisseurs in cookery. The *chefs* attached to their *suites* became so many apostles of luxury, who disseminated the lights of the Parisian restaurants through remote provinces of the colossal empire. We can imagine no more severe schoolmasters than these brusque and overbearing military gentlemen, who stood no nonsense and admitted no excuses. The commander of a division billeted himself in an inn, or a special envoy from the army descended in post-

haste. In doing his utmost to satisfy his formidable guest, the French provincial host *se mettrait en quatre*, and the most stolid Teuton would pocket his pride and waive for the time his time-honoured prejudices. So when the French had been driven back within their natural boundaries, the continent had been prepared for the invasion of tourists. The disconsolate landlords of the deserted inns in an impoverished country eagerly welcomed the first forerunner of those troops of moneyed *milords* who were to turn the stream of a new Pactolus into their gaping pockets.

Thus the aristocratic period of travel may be said to have succeeded to the oligarchic. There was a voluptuous style of high-bred *insouciance* about it, and matters were managed with elegant deliberation. No more of forced marches in all weathers on a horse that might cast a shoe or founder. No more difficulties about forwarding even your lighter luggage, while you had not to bother your brain about cutting down your travelling wardrobe, so that it might be stowed away commodiously in your saddle-bags. Softly padded Long-Acre chariots or britzkas, hung upon well-balanced springs, combined ease and solidity with lightness. The travelling servant who carried the bag, dosed on the box before or in the rumble behind. The horses were brought out after a moderate delay, and if they were knotted to the vehicle by rope traces, and if the postilion was dressed rather for the stage than the road, yet you were carried over the ground at a tolerable pace. Then ladies had taken to touring likewise, and whole families were transported from place to place in a stately procession of various vehicles. There was the vast family coach, groaning under *impériales* and boxes, which accommodated the females of the

party in its capacious recesses. There was the private chariot of the head of the family, with the spare seat for a friend, a led captain, or a pet daughter. The son and heir, if he condescended to join the caravan, travelled in a light britzka of his own, and finally in the rear came the *fourgon*, packed with the superfluous luggage. The progress of such a company created sensation. Considering the extent of accommodation required, and the number of post-horses for the *attelage*, it was advisable to send an outrider in advance. Then the hostelry that was to be enriched by its patronage was all on the *qui vive*, when the postilions were heard cracking their whips or breathing a flourish on their horns, as it came rattling over the rough pavement of the narrow street. The scraping host was bending double in his doorway. The smiling hostess stood curtsying behind her husband's shoulder, and waiting-chambermaids, boots, and ostlers flaunted the insignia of their several callings. The frogged or furred courier in the cross-belts, carrying the money-bag and wine-gourd, marshalled the way indoors, as if the place belonged to him; the whole house was turned *dessus dessous*, and more unpretending visitors might go to the wall. The bill on the morrow, no doubt, was a long one, although nothing in those primitive days to what it might be at present. But the visitors had something like value for their money, even after their courier had claimed his commission. They might patriotically abuse the "foreign kickshaws," turn up their noses at the flavour of the garlic, or draw comparisons between port and the clarets or Rhine wines very considerably to the disadvantage of the latter. But seeing the *emprise* of the entire establishment, there could be no question that the

poor people were doing their best ; and after all, the visitors were generally of the great world, and incapable of making themselves disagreeable in such circumstances. So, on the whole, those early flights of tourists did their travelling everywhere upon greased wheels : their insular brusqueness of manner might occasionally give offence ; but it was admitted by the grateful entertainers that they were *braves gens* at bottom. And the characters they made for themselves proved for long a letter of credit to the troops of sharpers who followed in their train, doing their utmost, with much success, to bring the British name into disrepute.

But after all, the touring of these times was too much *en grande tenue* to be thoroughly enjoyable. People of some distinction travelled in a blaze of publicity, going from city to city with credentials which made it difficult for them to elude embarrassing observation, and follow the bent of their fancies. When Milord had been duly identified by the police, and had established himself at his inn in the apartments of honour, he became a personage whose movements were watched and commented upon. His antechamber was beset by applicants for his patronage, and the outgoings of "the Englishman" were followed and remarked upon. It is true that if he were travelling *en garçon* or even otherwise, society allowed him a generous licence. The influence of Paris was still in the ascendant. France set the fashions in public morality ; and these were the days of the gambling dens in the Palais Royal, interspersed with other establishments which happily have no precise counterparts nowadays, except possibly in the remote East or in Hamburg. A *roué* or a gay young "blood" might arrange his habits

as he pleased, or even go to the mischief with careless publicity, without exciting much comment or provoking scandal. But then, on the other hand, society expected the stranger it welcomed to keep to the towns, under the penalty of being ridiculed for insular eccentricity ; and he owed it to himself to perpetrate his follies in a wasp-waisted surtout and tight-strapped trousers. He had no such thing in his travelling wardrobe as a loose shooting coat or a flexible felt hat. Had he dreamed of anything so wildly romantic as a flirtation with the secluded beauties of nature, he would have risked being laid up with a chill, caught through his single-soled boots ; while the brambles would have made melancholy havoc with his flimsy town-made habiliments. But most of the picturesque scenes that are so eagerly run upon nowadays, were then as much in a *terra incognita* as the magnificent lake scenery of Central Africa ; more so, in fact, since no one had cared to come to polite society with an account of them, good, bad, or indifferent. He would have been indeed a daring explorer, who should have entangled himself in the chains of the Tyrolese Alps, or buried himself in the depths of the Pyrenean forests, on the chance of a shake-down of hay in a *châlet*, with a crust of black bread and a cup of goat's milk.

No : we take it that the golden age of travel was to be enjoyed somewhat later—say a generation ago, or rather more ; when science and enterprise, starting hand in hand, were beginning to popularise the use of the steam-engine. Before that, it was anything but a joke pledging yourself to the perpetration of a foreign journey. You embraced your sobbing family, as if you had been ordered off in the chain for Siberia, and set down your

admiring friends for souvenirs in the codicils you solemnly added to your testament. Having once committed yourself to a certain undertaking—however you might detest travel when you came to try it—you dared not draw back your foot without seriously compromising your character for firmness. Or if you had the singular courage to avow such irresolution, it was more depressing than ever to retrace those very same leagues that had bored you pretty nearly to death already. Even if you had got no further than the banks of the Rhone, fancy turning your horses' heads and driving back again, between those interminable lines of poplars, powdered with dust, and grown to pattern. And on the other hand, the touring in our own time is made far too easy and popular. It is not only that in the sands of the Nubian desert, or among the rivers that water the rose-gardens of Damascus, you may find yourself swamped in a company of the "personally conducted." After all, the world is wide enough for everybody, and its beauties and marvels ought not to be the monopoly of the few who fancy themselves best fitted to appreciate them. But now the anticipation of the most trivial incidents, and of the least-thrilling chance adventures, is reduced to a minimum. You know beforehand exactly what you have to expect; and the details of the guide-books as thoroughly forestall excitement, as if you were to begin a telling story at the end. To say nothing of your countrymen, whom you can never shake off, everywhere you are in the middle of that mixed multitude of intermediaries—*valets de place*, English-speaking waiters, show peasants, and made-up beggars—who are perpetually interposing themselves between you and the natives.

Of that blessed age of gold, in which it was the privilege of our fathers to live, and whose glimmering reflection fell faintly upon our own earlier path, Lever was one of the brilliant exponents. The veteran Cornelius O'Dowd had known the Continent in his time as well as any man, and he had made the most of it. Cornelius was the type of the refined man of the world, who learns to mingle the pleasures of soul and sense in happy proportions, where the former largely predominate. Nothing comes amiss to him—his pregnant and pointed remarks are worth disquisitions by duller men; he shows extraordinary versatility of appreciation. We can imagine him the hero of the wanderings and ponderings of his own Arthur O'Leary, though in Cornelius for a rough diamond we had a pure and polished gem. He has the gift of tongues, and the art of winning confidence in all classes on the shortest acquaintance. He has the cosmopolitan sympathies of Mr O'Leary; and in his case the aggressive angles of the Irishman's nationality have been rubbed down. He keeps his well-made coat upon his shoulders; he puts the shillelah he can handle in case of need, to its more peaceful purpose of a walking-stick; but he carries every one he fraternises with off their legs, with his hearty Irish *entrain*. His eye beams with humour and the spirit of good-fellowship; the turn of his lips and chin shows he will be an appreciative companion at table. Ten to one the host of his inn is an old acquaintance, for there are few roads he has not travelled repeatedly, and few of the leading European establishments of whose merits he cannot speak from experience. But if he comes as a stranger, he brings his own recommendation—there is no mistaking that he is "some-

body" whose approval it may be wise to conciliate. Arrange to join him at dinner, or sit next him at the *table d'hôte*, and you are charmed by the resources of his sparkling conversation. There are treasures of information, historical and political, architectural and artistic, whose extent and variety you only begin to realise when you have leisure to look back on the conversation later. For they were thrown off at the time with a suggestive lightness, or they came in themselves spontaneously and incidentally; for your acquaintance had those fine instincts of the practised *causeur* which warn him from the borders of boredom while he is yet a long way off. What a rush of anecdote and apt illustration! and it is not so much the knowledge of things as of men that charms and surprises you. Your *convive* seems to have known nearly everybody, and to have realised those other celebrities whom he has not chanced to come across. As for his memory, it is marvellous, although possibly his fancy may help it at need.

Now that was precisely the man to make travel a part of education for the life of the gay and busy world. He was always extending the circle of his acquaintances, and consequently of his sensibilities. He could while away hours in the art gallery with the tempered enjoyment of the cultivated connoisseur, instead of letting the first simple impression of beauty stale from sheer lack of knowledge and judgment. He read the story of the venerable church in the lines and form of the architecture. Such and such a name, painted on the corner of a village street, recalled such a campaign, and led him to trace the marching and countermarching of armies, or conjure up the camp of soldiers and courtiers who had once beleaguered the neighbouring

fortress. It would go hard but he found something to gratify one of his numerous specialties in the dullest of dull towns, seeing that quaint samples of unsophisticated human nature came to him as perfect treasure trove; and, at most, he could always have good company in his thoughts, or turn them to the profit of other people with his quickness of fancy and fluency of diction. Then after a suspicion of the *ennui* of imprisonment among bricks and mortar, he doubly enjoyed the country he delighted in, and great good fortune it was for him that his lines chanced to be cast in this particular period of his pilgrimage.

These were delightful times when you had not to go far afield for the adventures you might hope to find in France or the Low Countries; when you might stumble on something like a Monte Christo in the guise of a courier, or be picked up and carried off to a cheaply-rented *château*, where you tumbled incidentally into the heart of a romance. Possibly Mr O'Leary may have embellished his experiences; but at all events many things might happen to you which are out of the question now. You found yourself planted in some wretched village inn, with no immediate prospect of release. You were travelling as a bachelor and trusting to public conveyances; the diligence did not go by till midnight, and then it was even betting whether you found a place. It was your luck in the public room to make the acquaintance of some gentleman travelling post, who, struck by your brilliant social powers, impressed himself to relieve you from your dilemma. Thence an acquaintance that left its colour on your existence, like the romantic meeting of Sidonia with Coningsby. You were travelling in your carriage *en grand seigneur*. The wheel came

off in the solitude of some rural Eden, and you seem likely to be benighted in the virgin forests. Out of romance, nothing can well be more disagreeable than sharing the virtuous peasant's frugal meal, and seeking repose under his humble roof among the swarms of vermin who single you out for their attentions. But your good angel interposes in the shape of a countrywoman, a vision of beauty mounted on a shaggy pony of the country, who invites you in the name of her father to the neighbouring seigneurial hall. There you are made welcome as an honoured guest: assuredly in comparing notes you find common family friends as the hours fluttered by upon butterfly wings; and who could tell what was to come of it in the end, if you came to the maiden's bower heart free and susceptible?

Then as to the prospects of the *cuisine*, which, to be brutally candid, fill a great space in the thoughts of the better-nurtured order of travellers. Now, as we have remarked, the element of exciting uncertainty is to a considerable extent eliminated. You know the sort of table you may look for in the great caravanserais, where the regular tourist most does congregate. You know the class of inn that is to be avoided, or only fallen back upon in case of necessity. But then, seeing that the length of the posting journeys was regulated by the travellers' tastes or purses, there were an infinitely greater number of hostelries which were occasionally honoured by intelligent patrons. Any landlord might have his resources tested at any time by the arrival of guests most willing to pay, but evidently ready and able to criticise. If he had the legitimate ambition of his calling, he had ample encouragement to foster it; he made it his pride never to be taken unawares;

and the more rare his opportunities of distinguishing himself, the more inspiring he found them. You pulled up, we will say, in the *place* of some little market-town, before a two-storeyed building, half house, half cottage, "giving" on an old-fashioned garden on the one side, on a stable-yard encircled by galleries on the other. The first impression was discouraging; and second sights and sounds tended to disenchant you further. For though the great stone passages were scrupulously clean, there was a strong taint of the sewer and the stable hanging about the ill-ventilated house. But the cheery self-confidence of the white-aproned landlord went a long way towards reassuring you; and when you resigned yourself absolutely to his hands, you had no reason to regret it. The worst of it was, that you had some time to wait, for the movements of the household were provokingly deliberate, and the preparations had to begin at the very beginning. But the repast when it came proved worth the waiting for. If you were wise, you had it spread for you under the shade of the lime, between the trim-kept hedges, upon the ground among the old-fashioned flower-beds. And there were trout and cray-fish from the neighbouring brooks; and cutlets of the *chevreuil* from the surrounding forest, *à la poivrade*; and a fillet of something or other, and a *fricandeau* of veal *à la chicorée*,—till, utterly flabbergasted at the profusion of this table in the wilderness, in apprehension of an indigestion, you cried "Hold, enough!" And it was then that you were warned, only too late, of the partridge or the quail that, in company of the most delicate of salads, was to precede the cheese of the country with the varied dessert. You felt softened as well as gratified by so

agreeable a surprise. And on a smiling suggestion of the host you had sent him a second time to the cellar, and he had reappeared with a scented flask of velvety Burgundy swathed in its draperies of cobwebs, and delicately cradled in a basket. Rather a heady wine, perhaps—albeit its fires had been toned down by age—to settle down to so early in the day. But on the offer of so rare a chance, it was out of the question for the Epicurean pilgrim to stand too precisely on times and seasons; and possibly before the bottle was three parts emptied you were revolving plans for prolonging your sojourn. In that case, the fragrant coffee and the aromatic *chasse* carried the day in favour of the landlord in all human probability. The stay of so appreciative a connoisseur as you had shown yourself would be at once an encouragement and advertisement to the establishment; and you revelled in reflections of your social value as benefactor of the travellers who were to follow in your track.

It is all very well talking of the insular reserve of the English; and so far as our intercourse with foreigners is concerned, a great deal of nonsense has been written on the subject. Nineteen times out of twenty the reserve is to be explained by the Englishman's ignorance of Continental languages. It would be going to school with a vengeance if, in the intervals of violent exertion, you were always coaching yourself up in grammar and idioms; nor would it show either intelligence or decent manners were you perpetually compelling strangers to be your schoolmasters. The exertion of turning your brain into a dictionary or phrase-book is far more serious than is popularly supposed. Many a promising linguist starts briskly enough in the morn-

ing, in a free interchange of thoughts and civilities with the companions of his travel. Yet towards the evening they are apt to set him down as a capricious bear, because the greased wheels of his conversation have been gradually coming to a standstill. It is simply because the powers that are being exhausted by exertion refuse to respond to the swift drain upon them; and a rational man, who is travelling for his pleasure, feels it is high time he should repose and recruit himself. Test the matter another way. You go on board a steamer lying at anchor in harbour; the sea air and the sunshine make you cheery, and brilliant ideas come dancing up in your brain, and bubble forth brightly in pointed language. The German or Italian to whom you have been addressing yourself congratulates himself on the prospect of your agreeable company, and is already disabusing himself of his prepossessions against the English. But the winds get up and the waves grow disagreeable, and a few hours later you are a different being. The seat of sensation is being turned topsy-turvy, and the brain-nerves are becoming numbed or paralysed. The accents that the foreigner lets fall on your ear come to you painfully with no sort of meaning; and perforce, with your uncomfortable sensations, you take refuge in sorrowful silence. The simple reason is, that your friend of the morning is become unintelligible to you. If he cannot read and excuse your state by the signals hung out in your paling cheeks, of course he does you gross injustice; and should you address him again when nature has calmed herself, he curses internally your insular airs, and relapses into his most unfavourable opinion of your countrymen.

So to come back to our theme from this rambling digression, we

repeat that it is all very well talking of the insular reserve of English people; but before the Continent was brought within reach of the million, that notion of their reserve was a transparent fallacy. They easily fell into travelling friendships, though naturally snobbishness would occasionally assert itself, and people who were glad to know you abroad might ignore you civilly if they met you in Pall Mall. But now, beyond the chance courtesies of life, there is little to be gained by cementing the accidental contact of a couple of the fortuitous atoms who have condemned themselves to incessant circulation. Why should you raise a finger to break through the thin partition coating of hoarfrost that separates you from the pleasant-looking gentleman who sits smoking his cigar by your side, in the courtyard of the Hôtel du Nord at Cologne? For that hotel, as we take it, may be set down as about the most bustling social exchange in the whole network of Continental touring. Your neighbour may be going up the Rhine, *en route* for Switzerland. You propose to book yourself immediately by the evening express for Northern Germany; and what are the odds of your coming together again? If he should prove to be less pleasant than he looks, you trifle with your digestion for nothing. If he is all or more than your fancy paints him, the imminent separation gives you an unnecessary pang.

Of course any man who has travelled much and observantly, must pique himself on a quicker intelligence of his fellows than the people who have not enjoyed his advantages. He may have something of the "There by God's grace is the one maid for me" feeling, when he sets eyes on the central figure of an attractive group of females, and may feel it well worth his while

to make regular approaches, in the hope of shaping his plans by them! Or he may see at a glance or gather from a single observation that his *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table is a man worth knowing, though probably the acquaintance must be counted by minutes. But as a rule the people he meets seldom advertise themselves so conspicuously; and the odds are that they may be un congenial or even disreputable. There can be no reason why your tailor should not travel if he likes; and there is much to be said for any respectable tradesman without ideas or capacities beyond his calling, refreshing his faculties by changes of scene. If you hold aloof from him on the strength of your imaginary social superiority, you simply write yourself down as a snob. But the probability is that, in putting your mind to his, to borrow an expression of Johnson's, you are merely making an idle expenditure of your powers. Beyond the weather and the dishes, you have not an idea in common with him; and as to these last, his benighted ignorance will probably be clouded by British prejudices. We remember seeing a well-favoured, hearty-looking countryman of ours drop into the *Maison Dorée* at the hour of *déjeuner*, and embarrass the attentive waiters with a request for "a very nice bit of broiled ham and a muffin." There was no very serious social offence in the order, but its singular inappropriateness is significant of a class of good-humoured Philistines with whom one has very little in common. These are the people who come abroad—and America contributes even more of them than England—without having made the faintest preparation for the easiest lesson that travel ought to teach them. Scarce a ray of light filters in upon the outer darkness in which they

move and breathe. They are literally all abroad beyond the *salon* in their hotel, that has been half modelled after the English coffee-room; or the antechamber, where they are still at home among advertisements of pale ale and the English journals. The quaint forms of the medieval architecture are only suggestive of domestic inconveniences to them. The fantastically-shaped boats on the Flemish and Dutch canals are so many monstrosities that would be sights on the Thames, and as much out of date as the Bucentaur of the Doges. The solemn gloom of the churches dashes their spirits, although the pomp of the worship and the devotion of the worshippers alike provoke irrepressible hilarity. The duty of knocking off the galleries, although they gravely recognise it, quickly becomes an insupportable labour. The *Pietas* of Anthony Van Dyke are the skeleton of the Egyptian feasts; while their souls are shut to the sense of the moral as much as to the handling of the corpse-tints against the pallor of the linen draperies. They have as much of the sentiment of the shadows on a Rembrandt as of the bacon hanging in a farmhouse chimney. The virgins of a Raphael or an Andrea del Sarto are but the pale phantoms of a departed beauty, of which even they cannot help having a cloudy perception, but which must very speedily pall upon them, since they make no appeal to the senses. They have dismissed with a hasty glance the "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp; but the one bright spot in the dull routine of duties is some group by Rubens all newly restored, where the swelling Flemish forms are resplendent in brilliant flesh-tints. To the survey of a Holbein or a Ruysdael they may be more susceptible; for

fortunately there are few of all her children who are altogether deaf and blind to Nature. But they have no perception of her finer effects, or of those half-hidden charms she only coyly reveals to the adorers who have won her love and confidence; while, away in the Alps, the rosy tints of a sunrise on the untrodden snow are eclipsed by the blazing colours in the window of an advertising haberdasher, and the gloom of the gathering storm sets them shuddering and thinking of shelter.

After all, insensibility and ignorance and the absence of sympathy only bore you; but there are worse perils that beset the incautious traveller. It is true that the halcyon days of the impecunious adventurer are gone by. As Thackeray points out, it was the earlier Anglo-Bohemians, like the Rawdon Crawleys, who made the most profitable drafts on the credit that had been solidly established by English respectability; who could live like princes on the fat of the land, and leave the landlord some worthless boxes in security; who could fatten on such innocent victims as the Dodd family abroad, like Lord George Tiverton and the Gore Hamptons. Yet still the Continent offers opportunities that are not to be met with at home; and the difference is, that the race of *grand voleurs* have found degenerate successors in petty sharpers and footpads. You go abroad in the fulness of your primitive ignorance. You have laid to heart all you may have heard as to the folly and absurdity of English reserve. You resolve to be the man of the world from the beginning, and to make the most of the company you may meet on your travels. This is certain, that the people you had best avoid are sure to be the most insinuating and affable in their advan-

ces. You congratulate yourself on an acquaintance who is positively charming, and you cannot help taking him on his own recommendation, since you have no means of checking the accuracy of his statements. But as you are young and impressionable, you must be insensibly demoralised, since there is no touching pitch without defilement. At last you are more or less inoculated by the tone of your acquaintance and his "bad style." You get yourself shunned by people of greater knowledge of the world, who judge you by the company they see you keeping; unless, indeed, they should be charitable enough to give themselves the trouble of enlightening your innocence. And you may deem yourself fortunate if you do not suffer in purse; for your agreeable friend, who has been lavishing his sweetness on you, means to send you in a bill in one shape or another. As for Circes and Syrens, they are more common than ever, since they can come more lightly by the means of travel than penniless *vauriens* of the other sex. There are cities such as Bucharest, beyond the beaten tourist routes, where you look to find them in flights as a matter of course. But some of the most popular of the new Grand Hotels—those in the accessible capital of France for example—are become positive traps for the volatile and the unwary. Ladies keep their rooms there, and lounge gracefully in the *salons*, in toilets that have lost a little of their pristine freshness, sitting like spiders among the webs they spin. And once fairly entangled in their meshes, extrication may become next to impossible, should you chance to have so far compromised yourself as to lay yourself open to *chantage*. Accomplished actresses as many of these ladies are, the chaste luxury of

their occasional "gets-up" might well deceive the shrewdest of the uninitiated. We have seen a frail beauty of international notoriety courteously engaged in a discourse over the up-bringing of children, by the lady seated next her at the *table d'hôte*, a British matron of spotless fame, and no little social experience. To do her justice, the glib *Bohémienne* played the part of virtuous propriety to perfection; her *interlocutrice* rose from the table undeceived, leaving the sinner possibly to smart for her faults, when she thought of what she was, and of what she had just been mistaken for.

One danger of travel has been removed out of the way of the unwary, since Germany has suppressed its public gaming-tables. We do not allude so much as to the actual loss of money they caused, since the simpler sort of tourists seldom did more than scorch their fingers. But you might get attracted by their glitter, like birds of passage by a lighthouse; might fancy that you were making your *début* as a man of the world, when you were merely looking on at a carnival from the window; and at least you were living in the height of bad company, where you might form the most perilous intimacies at any moment. But as men will gamble when opportunity offers, the *venue* of the tables has merely been changed, and many so-called societies of gentlemen all over Europe exist in the reality as golden hells. We remember the time, and not so many years since, when certain clubs in the favourite haunts of the English, confined themselves to whist or a party at billiards. The ordinary points at the former game were a franc, and seldom, except at Rome, exceeded twice as much. Now napoleons in many places are the recognised club stakes, and these may be enlarged at the indiscretion of the players: while the

table for *baccarat*, or unlimited loo, opens the shortest of roads to the dogs for all comers. The taint of the beautiful Inferno at Monaco has spread to the clubs along the Cornice; and at Nice in especial, although such scandals are hushed up when possible, we hear repeatedly of almost fabulous sums that have been dropped by the unwary in a single night. In Paris a vigilant police makes occasional raids on the unlicensed establishments, where the stakes are limited by the means of the gamblers; but in the most fashionable Parisian clubs the high play is notorious, and many a man of family makes shipwreck of his future before he has well launched out on his voyage,—the fact being that you may be taken in and done for in these places on false pretences. A young man is proposed or introduced as a favour; and even the most careful parents see reason to congratulate themselves on his having found so agreeable a resort in such very eligible company. For in each of these *cercles* there is a double set, many a man being a member who never touches a card, nor dreams of dropping a coin on the play-table. But there is an abundance of princes, counts, and Englishmen of good reputation to act as decoy-ducks. An innocent youth who will play and pay is a guest to be made much of. It needs strong moral resolution on his part to set his face against the advances of a set who are the life of the local society. And even if his dormant covetousness is not awakened by seeing money so easily made, almost insensibly he abandons himself to the beginnings that may end in a dire catastrophe. However it may extend his knowledge of life, that is scarcely the sort of education that Lord Bacon had in his eye; but it is an education that young men of means and posi-

tion have every opportunity of benefiting by nowadays.

It is not only with respect to such changes for the worse that the veteran tourist feels strongly, and even foolishly, conservative. Much that has been wisely swept away by the course of modern improvement, or in political convulsions, remains endeared to his memory by his fondest associations. When you landed first in that world of wonders and novelties that lies beyond the Channel, it was with the *élan* and in the freshness that you have since been losing. Then the first ecstatic vision of the half-submerged pastures of Holland, enveloped in one of the customary country fogs, had something of the glow of the coastline of the land of the Pharaohs, as you have since seen it in a sunrise that shot the sky with bands of fire. There was sensation in everything, from the boots of the fishermen at Boulogne, and the towering caps of their wives, to the shape of the cups and the loaves on the breakfast-table. It might be a dreary spell of thirty or sixty hours on a stretch in the lumbering diligence, where the sun was to rise and set, and rise and set again, before you were emancipated from your rolling prison-van. How your legs did ache when you stepped out to stretch them, to the pricking of innumerable pins and needles! What a fearful atmosphere you had to breathe towards morning, when the windows had been hermetically sealed all night; when the unshaved foreigner on your right lay snoring uneasily on your shoulder, and the corpulent lady in the corner opposite had tumbled forward into your embrace! You remember all these miseries on cool reflection; but it is the picturesque incidents that are present to your recollection. The jangling teams, with their knotted-up tails, coming down the yard at

the Post Bureau ; the merry music of the bells, and the fantasias the postilion cracked on his whip, as he piloted you through the winding streets. The rush from the bitter outer air into the stove-warmed *salle-à-manger*, with its well-spread table. Or crossing the Alps into Italy, when you woke from your uneasy slumber to watch the snowy crests of the mountains, brightening to the first beams of the sun. The brisk walk up-hill among the patches of snow, and the mountain roses, and the beds of deep-blue gentians, that bloomed in the wilderness round the trickling fountains, as, following the lead of the bloused conductor, you cut the corners of the zigzags, by which the vehicle was slowly mounting. Or your first glimpse of the glorious land of Promise from the heights of the Splügen or Simplon, when you looked through the faint-blue golden haze on the picture of orchards and trellised vines, framed between the walls of rugged rock that were embossed with the tumbling cascades. Or better still, the swift descent in spring from the grim solitudes of the Sierra Morena, where you had been labouring among the snow-drifts, or through Iberian mud, into the semi-tropical atmosphere that lay simmering over the orange-groves of Cordova.

The map of Europe has been remodelled in many places, greatly to one's material comfort and convenience, and travelling arrangements all over the Continent are gradually becoming very much the same. Yet we confess to regretting these perpetual frontiers, working out and in like the pieces of a dissected map, where you were always being waylaid by gangs of official banditti, and beset by troops of importunate beggars. We liked those mixed handful of coins, smoothed by long friction out of knowledge of their

original semblance, though we did suffer so severely on the exchange. We liked the old-world practice of having to present yourself at the Post to make the contract for your travelling carriage in person ; and to receive those neat little packets of money for the *buono mano*, which had to be liberally supplemented out of your private purse. What could be more jovial than the time-honoured *vetturino* system, when you had filled the lumbering old rattletrap with a well-assorted party ; where the driver, like an oriental dragoman, undertook to do for you, and you fared neither the better nor the worse on that account ; where you dined all the same on the wild boar in the piquant berberry sauce, or the skeleton kid stuffed with fragrant herbs, or the queer-looking fishes from the Tyrrhene Sea, and such thrushes as Rogers immortalised at Terracina ? Strong in the consciousness of those *dura ilia* that are the gift of the gods to the young and healthy, we rang the changes on strange vintages, masquerading under famous classical names, and quaffed deep draughts of Formian and Falernian, without any thought of headaches in the morning.

Never again will the Eternal City be what it used to be, before a sacrilegious king and a constitutional assembly had set their brooms to work, sweeping away its cobwebs. The venerable Rome of the Church was a city altogether by itself, and you might fancy that there had been little change in its streets since the days when the Orsini made head against the Colonna. We doubt not that the modern *cives Romani* have reason to congratulate themselves on the recent reforms. But the more *blasé* the visitor, the more grateful was he for a singular city where he could breathe the

musty air of the middle ages, faintly flavoured by the odour of the charnel-house. If you came as a bachelor you dined in the bachelor's favourite hotel, in a hall where the low vaulted roof was raised upon massive pillars. You took your strolls abroad in those sombre shadows of the past that fell thick upon narrow streets, innocent of ventilation or drainage. It was a city of perpetual and suggestive contrast—of ecclesiastical pomp and popular squalor; where you lived among ruins and religious rites—in a round of balls and dinners and whist-parties; where you picnicked among the tombs of the forgotten dead, or in some desecrated temple of the departed religion. Even the mouldering walls were glorious in their decay, tapestried with masses of the tenderest green, or gorgeous in hanging clusters of wild flowers. You knocked up gay parties by moonlight to flirt in the gloomy galleries of the Colosseum, or trooped by the fitful glare of torches through the cold and solemn sculptures of the Vatican. Order and decorum reigned in the streets, yet you knew that Rome was a city of refuge for the criminals whose one virtue was devotion. And nowhere did the spring come with a fresher charm after the mingled gaiety and gloom of a winter of dissipation and sight-seeing. Yet, while the violets were flushing up all over the Campagna, you knew that the warmth was disengaging the malaria; and in the enchanting gardens of the Doria Pamphili villa, though they were freshened by the breezes from the Alban hills, the Roman fever lay lurking among the flower-beds, and must soon put the noble proprietors to flight.

Rome, with the course of the recent transformation there, is typical of the past that is vanishing everywhere. Such monuments of the

Church and the Pagans as St Peter's and the Colosseum, are likely to endure; and we fear that the malaria may long hold its own, though the Pope be only a tenant on sufferance. But the old *habitué*, when he is attracted by his former loves, is all abroad in the scenes that were so familiar. The autocratic guardians of the ancient ways are cooped up in the Vatican. The convents have been cleared out, and the beggars who used to gather at their gates for their daily dole have had to change their habits. Historic thoroughfares have been Haussmanised. The demons of demolition and reconstruction have been unchained among the palaces, and defy all power of exorcism. There are central Boards of Works, and Italian counterparts of our vestries, with all the complicated machinery of modern municipal administration. Radicalism and free-thinking are rampant in the *cafés*; and the *salons*, thrown open to ordinary visitors, are as those of a second-rate capital. You can come and go by train, in place of making elaborate preparations for posting; and instead of the old easy sociability, nine-tenths of the people in your hotel are there to-day and gone to-morrow. And as at Rome, so is it at Naples, Palermo, and everywhere else. *Eheu fugaces!* The very names of the hotels are being altered; and the Hotel Washington, the Hotel New York, the Grand Hotel des Etats Unis, tell of a mounting flood of incursion by the barbarians.

We have made our moan and indulged in our grumble, but we need not have a melancholy ending to our article. There are advantages in the changed state of things, and no one ought to be so ready to admit it as hard-working men of cultivated tastes. Formerly the journey to Italy was a formidable

matter, not to speak of the pilgrimages to the Isles of Greece, the Golden Horn, or the Cataracts of the Nile. And when once you had started, you felt somewhat like the costermonger's ass lured on by the bunch of carrots at the end of the shaft; and with fresh attractions succeeding each other stage after stage ahead of you, it was pain to loiter and remorse to turn back. Now you may make a dash to any part of Europe at the shortest notice, and, travelling simply to the sights you have set your heart upon, may turn the shortest holiday to the best account. And you have hope to cheer you, when duty calls you home; for if you care to repeat the excursion, you need but exercise patience for a year or so. The weariness of the old diligence weighed upon you the more that you felt it had to be experienced again and again. But now life has few things to offer more enjoyable than that luxurious sense of absolute independence, when, after a day or two of severe straightforward railway travelling, you joyously swing a knapsack to your shoulders and step out in the free air of the Alps. It seems but yesterday, and, indeed, it is little more, since you were grinding monotonously in the mill of routine and vexing your brain over science or politics; since you were walking Pall Mall in the most correct of costumes, and sit-

ting down at the familiar table of the club, which had come to sicken your soul in spite of its comforts. And now the mountain air is acting on the lungs and the brain like laughing gas. Already your tightening sinews respond to the sharpness of the stimulant. Cares and anxieties are left well behind, and you forget that they must "gather" with you again sooner or later; your appetite is in sympathy with your legs; your stomach is laughing at the idea of being discomfited by the most Spartan simplicity of fare; and the exercise and the exhilarating air will be worth all the sleeping-draughts in the world. You are beyond the reach of letters and telegrams; and if England was suddenly submerged in a cyclone, it might be eight-and-forty hours before you had to mourn for your family. Should your bent lie that way, you may hazard your neck among peaks and passes, untrodden till the other day by any feet but those of the Wandering Jew or the chamois. Or if you are less aspiring, you may lie among lonely pine-woods, your senses lulled in the dreamy elysium by the rushing of the waters and the hum of the bees. Steam must drive seclusion further a field; but it is pleasant to believe that in spite of progress, there will always be such pleasures in store for the jaded.

THE WAR-CALDRON.

DOUBLE, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 And, the hell-broth boiling over,
 We its elements discover.
 From the bottom springs to light
 Brain of wily Muscovite,
 And his hand, its gauntlet hid
 In the skin of peaceful kid,
 And his tongue of treachery
 Cancered with a chronic lie,
 And a flint-stone, shaped with art
 To the semblance of a heart.
 First stock, these, for broth of war
 Cooked in kitchen of the Czar.
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 Hissed from out that seething pot,
 Comes a whisper, " Trust him not !
 Murd'rous is the Islamite !
 SLAV, ERE SMITTEN, RISE AND SMITE ! "

After pause, the same voice, " Lo !
 Islamite ! the Christian foe
 Plots thy death this very hour ;
 STRIKE FOR LIFE, THEN ! CRUSH THE GIAOUR ! "

Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 Straightway from its lips of bale
 Burst all sounds of mortal wail—
 Shriek of woman, infant's cry,
 Strong man's shout of agony.
 Welt'ring, then, upon a flood,
 Mixed of lurid flame and blood,
 Lo ! the doomed, the dead, the dying ;
 Lo ! the chaser and the flying ;
 Lo ! the headsman's grisly knife ;
 Lo ! the shreds of comely life :
 Awful eyes in dying stare ;
 Hands lopped off in act of prayer ;
 Limbless trunk, and trunkless head :
 Beauty's flower dishonoured—
 All adown the ghastly spate,
 Whirled by murder, lust, and hate,
 Drunk with venom from the tongue
 That o'er the land Fear's poison flung.
 Lo ! the whisp'r's handiwork,
 Wrought on Christian and on Turk ;
 Lo ! th' ingredients, sleeping got,
 By " Holy Russia " for the pot.

Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 Next appear—farrago odd—
 Things of Mammon and of God ;
 Certain drops from Truth's clear well,
 Fouled with slime of nether Hell ;
 " Facts " from correspondent's maw,
 Cooked, but bloody, yet, and raw :
 Metempsychosis clearly seen
 In new Pythagorean Bean,
 Kenn'd (from frailer optics hidden)
 By microscopic eye of Liddon ;
 Gall of placeman, *ab agendo* ;
 Scream of doctrinaire, *crescendo* ;
 True and tender British heart
 Squeezed by demagogic art ;
 Stomach of a goody-good,
 Sickened with the smell of blood ;
 Liver of financing Jew ;
 Pound of flesh for " Bond " long due ;
 These, by Russia's charm of trouble,
 Make the hell-broth boil and bubble.
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !

Next a greedy Russian ear
 Stretched all foreign sounds to hear ;
 Smug Schouvaloff's juggling hand
 Waving fervid William's wand ;
 Damaged thorax of the latter,
 Strained all Russian views to flatter,
 With his goosequill polyglot,
 Swell th' ingredients of the pot.
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !

Cometh up, a sealed book,
 Bound in iron of doubtful look,
 Labelled with the legend, "'Ware
 Bismark's schemes! Within they are!"
 Next a weathercock, that shows
 How the Austrian weather goes—
 How, when winds from Wien set west,
 They take an eastward turn at Pesth.
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 And some shrivelled things appear—
 Pluck of Servian volunteer ;
 Palate without taste for fight ;
 Mask of Russian dropped in flight ;
 Turkish psæm sung to Allah—
 Bitter pill for Russ to swallow ;
 Oil to lubricate his throttle,
 Poured from diplomatic bottle ;

"Hobbles" to keep back the Turk
 From the finish of his work ;
 "Hatt" of Turk (who takes advice)—
 Wrapped in it, an ARMISTICE ;
 Ultimatum *ex-post-facto* ;
 Russian credit quite intact (Oh !).
 Quieter now the toil and trouble,
 Scarce the war-pot seems to bubble ;
 Diplomatic "*pan*" and "*attar*"
 Come in place of bloodier matter ;
 Now a Russian *billet-doux*,
 Which says to each, "All rests with you."
 "A friendly meeting might do good.
 It might. Who knows? *I'm* sick of blood ;"
 Then a British note, replying,
 "All the Powers with Russia vying
 In humanity's sweet work,
 Mean to harmonise the Turk.
 Therefore will we all at Pera
 (No great good in meeting nearer)
 Hold a concert. 'Twill be best ;
 For music soothes the savage breast.
 There, rehearsed, a little song
 To suit all voices, weak or strong—
 We'll teach our Turkish friend to chant it.
 Docile, he will do what's wanted.
 Thus affording guarantee
 Of future Turkish harmony."
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Europe's concert squeaks and bubbles.
 First that song of Ignatieff—
 "Set a knave to watch a thief ;"
 Chorus of the other Powers—
 "Suits your voice, too high for ours ;"
 Scroll of comic variations,
 In the styles of all the nations ;
 Turkish *bouffe*—"My constitution,"
 Quite beyond Turks' execution ;
 English song—"Yes, do ; but don't ;
 He *must*, yet needn't, if he won't ;"
 Then a spick and span new version
 Of the Russian hymn, "Coercion,"
 With some crotchets, dropped to win 'em,
 Then some quavers, then a minim,
 Writ on paper, torn by tricks
 From mangled deed of 'fifty-six ;
 Then a song which all can compass,
 Save the Turk, who makes a rumpus ;
 Last, the Turkish cavatina,
 Which split the Russian concertina.
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !

From its centre casting up
 Yankee cartridge, gun of Krupp ;
 Tons of Russian bounce and brag ;
 Half unfurled, the Prophet's flag ;
 Bulls and Bears, of every nation,
 Goring, roaring " Death ! Damnation ! "
 Armies swarming 'cross the Pruth ;
 Not one little word of truth ;
 Then a lull, half hope, half fear,
 And, with eyeballs red and blear,
 Oozes forth sleek Ignatieff,
 Whisp'ring, " War to us is grief ;
 But from oath there's no recoiling ;
 Czar has sworn—his blood is boiling—
 His great name is compromised ;
 Then, our troops are mobilised ;
 We've borne the last that honour may,
 In vain, my Lord. Oh ! by the way,
 Perhaps, if set in different key,
 The beastly Turk might fail to see
 The *motif* of *that* little song,
 And take and sing it ? Can't be wrong
 To hoodwink kite in such a cause ;
 Well, sing he must, or lose his claws ;
 For, as I said, we're compromised,
 And, zounds ! your Lordship, mobilised."

Soon from out the caldron pour
 Fresh editions of the " score "—
 Of that simple little lay,
 Which, somehow, doesn't seem to pay :
 England's version, with compression ;
 Russia's, with far more " expression ; "
 Then some six, in one connected,
 Labelled " Protocol selected : "
 Tacked to it an English thing—
 Duet for Turk and Russ to sing—
 Words, " Sure fighting is but folly,
 Let's *both* disarm, and *all* be jolly ; "
 Last the Russian Ariel-song,
 With symphony for Tartar gong,
 " Come unto our icy land,
 Turk ! and kiss your Master's hand."
 Double, double, toils and troubles !
 Burns the fire, the caldron bubbles !
 This last fuze for Turkish bomb,
 Meets it in the caldron's womb ;
 Europe, hushed in expectation,
 Waits the awful detonation ;
 Russia's waiting game is played ;
 Cozen'd world's last say is said :
 And now, since Turk *is* flesh and blood,
 Russia's charm proves firm and good.

L. W. M. L

THE PROTOCOL AND THE WAR.

THE two months which elapsed between Prince Gortschakoff's Circular of the 31st January and the signing of the London Protocol of the 31st March, were filled with hope more than with anxiety. In fact, during the second week of the latter month, whilst the terms of the Protocol only were under consideration, and before the question of disarmament was prominently brought forward, the public tone was almost jubilant. The 'Times' of the 17th of that month writes of General Ignatieff's mission being fully crowned with success, and that it was impossible to resist a feeling of surprise and admiration at the change which had been so suddenly wrought in the prospects of Europe.

It is worth while to recall the sentiment thus expressed, for it was very generally entertained, and there was much to support it. Looking back on the events which have occurred, it seems to us that this war between Russia and Turkey became inevitable, simply because it was impossible to undo the great crime of Russia in mobilising large forces, and massing them on the Turkish frontiers last autumn. That impolitic and wanton manœuvre, undertaken in obedience to the English agitation, necessitated the collection of perhaps equally vast forces within the Turkish frontiers—savage and fanatical troops, which it is impossible should be massed together for any purpose serviceable to civilisation, whether they are victorious, or beaten, or disbanded. It is easier for two nations like Turkey and Russia, burning with hereditary and religious animosity, to enter upon the fatal decline which leads to war, than afterwards

to retrace their steps in obedience to prudence and policy. The difficulties which attend the conclusion of an armistice are considerable, but they are nothing compared to that of concluding peace between two exasperated enemies after every preparation has been made, and after every act of hostility, short of open and declared war, has been resorted to by one of them, exhausting every form of intrigue and menace, and going even to the extent of undisguised but at the same time unofficial invasion. It is next to impossible to conclude a peace where the train of gunpowder is already laid, and any spark from the angry controversy which prevails is sufficient to ignite it.

The mobilisation was the direct result of that unprincipled agitation last autumn, which, having regard to the mischief created by it, is stained with worse than Bulgarian atrocity.

It will be remembered that early in the session Mr Gladstone was thrown into an uncontrollable passion by sundry comments made upon that agitation by Mr Chaplin. It was considered a very successful retort to complain that if certain pamphlets and speeches had had such a disastrous result, why did not Mr Chaplin come forward with his own speech and pamphlet and set matters straight? Upon another occasion it was very unfair that Sir H. Wolff, who had a charge to make, did not precede him in debate. Here is a passage from the speech of Mr Roebuck, a veteran politician, and one of the few orators still left in the House (April 13), which was loudly cheered by the House, but in reference to which Mr Gladstone, who had every op-

portunity of replying, preferred the silence of discretion, and for once displayed a singular self-command:—

“Why,” exclaimed Mr Roebuck, “did the members of the Opposition do this? Oh, they wanted good, kind, affectionate treatment for their Christian brethren! To my mind they had another motive. It appears to me they were animated not so much by a design to benefit the Christian subjects of the Porte as to injure their political opponents. No doubt at first the people of this country, being a generous and sympathetic people, were moved with horror at the massacres which had occurred; and when eloquent and violent men came forward and described those things in Homeric language and Homeric figures, it was believed that the doom of the Ministry was sealed. But the people of England, while a sympathetic and generous people, were a cautious, prudent, and honest people. They learnt that the matter before the Government was a very difficult one; they learnt that the Government had acted like honest men, like wise and prudent men, and true friends and rulers of their country. It was on that account that the storm they raised suddenly went down to a dead calm. It is now a calm, in spite of all the attempts to stir it up again. No wind follows the bellows-blowing.”

Those who entered into this disastrous agitation thought of nothing but the prospect of party gain to themselves, and yielded themselves without an effort to the temptation of lashing a temporary panic into a furious outcry against the Ministers. If they had stopped to think over the position, their common-sense would have told them that the objects of their denunciation could not be responsible, and must have been equally indignant with themselves. Nothing would serve their purpose but that the policy of England should be reversed at their bidding, and that as a necessary consequence the presence of a Liberal Cabinet should again be required. For that

purpose they were quite willing that all the momentous considerations which surrounded the most complicated problem of modern politics should be swamped in a popular outcry against some of the barbarities which are incident to this lamentable strife. They publicly invited that war of aggression which is now beginning (whether or not they have privately solicited it does not appear); they did it in defiance of their responsible leaders; they have never dared to vindicate their conduct in the House of Commons; and they have acquiesced in the policy of a Cabinet which has struggled to maintain that very treaty which on platforms they declared should be thrown to the winds. Public men in England have not incurred for years such grave responsibility as now rests upon those who, without knowledge or consideration, called in popular passion to reverse at a critical moment the matured policy of statesmen. For nothing is plainer than that both the belligerents would willingly have effected an arrangement, if the ball set a rolling last autumn could possibly have been stopped. When the effects of that agitation had died away—when Lord Beaconsfield had uttered his resolute speech at the Guildhall, and Prince Bismarck had pledged himself that the vital interests of Austria should not be assailed without Germany coming to the rescue—whether for those reasons, or for others less patent to the world, a marked change came over Russian policy. Notwithstanding the Moscow speech, and the preparation of all the machinery for reorganising the administration of Bulgaria by Russian officials in the name of English Liberalism, from the very beginning of last December the plan of occupation was suddenly dropped. Through- out the Conference Russia acqui-

esced in every refusal by the Turks, in every abatement of the demands proposed by the Powers. She abstained from every appearance of threat, from every manifestation of a wish for coercion or of any inclination towards war. Lord Salisbury's testimony upon that point has been perfectly explicit. Then came the rejection of the two points by the Turkish Government, and still no sign from Russia. It seems impossible to explain this by saying that dilatory negotiations were necessary because the season prevented hostilities. Pretext after pretext for war was deliberately thrown away. On the other hand, if Turkey resolved to maintain the position accorded to her by the Treaty of Paris, she was equally ready to admit the necessity for a thorough reform, and to establish institutions which should guarantee improvement. Midhat Pasha went so far as to say, that if at the end of a year Turkey had not satisfactorily proceeded in her endeavours to reform, he would agree to the establishment of an international commission. Everything pointed to a pacific adjustment of these disputes. There is nothing in the past history of Turkey, nothing in the proceedings of the Conference, nothing in the character of certain statesmen, to preclude the well-founded hope that if the Powers were willing by a consistent policy of watchfulness and pressure to aid the projected reforms, such assistance and co-operation, within the limits of what was due to the sovereignty and independence of the Sultan, would have been acceptable. And if the improvement of the subject populations were *bond fide* the object in view, or if the case had not been complicated by all the difficulties attending disarmament, and the angry passions resulting from menaced hostilities, the great Eastern

Question was in a fair way towards a provisional settlement.

Nor is there anything inconsistent with this view in Prince Gortschakoff's Circular of 31st January, and all the delays and negotiations which subsequently resulted. The Circular admitted that the difficulty was reduced to bringing the Turkish Government to rule the Christian subjects of the Sultan in a wise and humane manner. It invited the Cabinets to say what they proposed to do in order to reply to Turkish refusal of the measures proposed to it, and in order to insure the execution of their wishes. It said nothing about coercion, and nothing about the establishment of a commission which would take authority out of the hands of the Sultan. War seemed to be precluded in the minds of those whose only avowed object was to infuse wisdom and humanity into a neighbouring Government. That was the object in view according to the Circular. There was no suggestion of transferring the provinces to other government, or of overruling in any way the existing administration. The conditions of internal peace, and the projected reforms by the Sultan, were to be the subjects of debate.

No attempt was made to hurry the answer to this Circular. The British Government made no secret of their policy being strongly opposed to coercion; of their being favourable to Turkey having that year of grace for which Midhat Pasha stipulated, and showing in which direction her new institutions tended, and whether they promised an amelioration of the *status quo*. Eventually Russia suggested her own answer to her own Circular, and proposed to the Powers to sign an instrument which eventually took the shape of the celebrated London Protocol of the 31st March.

The idea with which Europe approached the consideration of this document was to provide Russia with that "golden bridge" of which we have heard so much—a means of retreat from that position which, after our autumn demonstrations of infatuation, she was induced in a moment to assume. Lord Derby's account of the matter (April 16) was: "The Russian Government asked us to sign a document of this nature, giving as their reason that they were anxious to disarm; but that it was impossible for them to do so, or to appear to retreat in the face of Turkey, unless they had something to show that in the action they took they had the support of Europe. The Russian Government asked us to sign this Protocol, so as to give them, as they said, an excuse for demobilisation." It was perfectly well known that England would undertake no entangling engagement of any kind, which might lead her against her wishes or her interests into measures of either coercing or defending Turkey. Nor would she sanction any departure from the Treaty of Paris. But *solely* in the interests of European peace, she was willing to sign any instrument, not incompatible with her avowed and consistent policy, that would facilitate that disarmament which she was assured would be effected. All through the Conference she had steadily refused to sign any international instrument of that kind. Any agreement between the plenipotentiaries at the preliminary Conference was subject to future discussion, and to the assent of the Turks. The Protocol of London is merely provisional: it becomes null and void in the absence of reciprocal disarmament between Russia and Turkey, and of peace being concluded between them. But that which cannot become null and void is the statement by Rus-

sia in a solemn instrument of this kind, of the demands which alone she is justified in making. It is unnecessary to say that not one of those demands, or all combined, are of such a character that their rejection by the Porte would constitute a *casus belli*. England would never have signed the Protocol if it contained any such demand. The idea of occupation is given up; so is that of guarantees; so is that of any kind of interference whatever with the proceedings of the Ottoman Government. Nothing of this kind is stated to be necessary for the pacification of the East. Whatever justification there may be of the past must be found in its results, as stated in the Protocol; whatever international measures may be deemed necessary for the future, so far as that future contemplates the better government of Turkish provinces, must be found within the four corners of the same document. As regards the past, the Powers accept as satisfactory results of their labours the Porte's acceptance of reforms, conditioned upon itself carrying them into execution, the Porte's Circular of 13th Feb. 1876, its declarations during the Conference and since through its representatives. They compliment the Porte upon its good intentions, its evident interest to carry them into effect; they believe that they have grounds for hoping that it will do so. Considering that the good government of the Christians has been for nearly two years the bone of contention, it must be admitted that Russia has thrown away in this Circular all right to say that any pretext for war has accrued to her from their present condition, or the immediate attitude of the Porte towards them. Setting aside any difficulties which arise out of disarmament, or which attend any attempt

to retrace the path of projected violence, this document expresses a formal acquiescence on the part of Russia in the general wish of Europe, that Turkey should be allowed to proceed unmolested in the new policy which she has inaugurated—the good intentions of which Russia admits—the energetic fulfilment of which Russia says she has grounds for hoping.

Nothing can render the position thus taken up null and void; the results of the past upon the Porte are described in terms which deprive the Czar of all pretext of war grounded upon the condition or immediate prospects of the Christians. It is precisely the same with regard to the admissions made in this Protocol as to the present duty of the Powers. It is plainly intimated that duty as well as policy compels them to abstain from hostilities, to grant to the Ottoman Government time and opportunity to achieve that task, the difficulties of which are plainly insurmountable by others. The pacification of the East is pronounced to be the one great object in view. The surest means of attaining it are declared to be the maintenance of the existing agreement between them, the joint affirmance of their common interest in the projected reforms, and future attention to the mode in which these are effected. They jointly agree to adjourn further consideration of the question until their hopes, which they believe are reasonably entertained, have been proved by the course of events to be fallacious. The extraordinary thing to be noted is, that Russia has deliberately, in the most solemn manner, put her hand to all this. It is therefore perfectly impossible for her to say that she goes to war because the condition of her neighbouring population is a scandal to Europe, and that there is no pros-

pect of its amendment at the hands of legitimate and established authority. It is also impossible to say that she resorts to separate action because agreement between the Powers is impossible. That agreement has been come to at her own instance, on her own assurance of an intention to disarm, and of an urgent need for some "tangible result as regards the improvement of the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey." The Protocol was asked for in so many words as "the most practical solution," the one "best fitted to secure the maintenance of a general peace," and "so to speak, terminate the incident." The Russian Government then took credit for its "moderate and conciliatory spirit," and remarked that they had proposed nothing which was incompatible with the principles on which English policy was based.

Nothing was said in this Protocol about the consent of Turkey; but the moment it was signed, an endeavour was made by the Russian Government to fix it with the character of an ultimatum. The manner in which it was presented to the Ottoman Government, the impracticable attitude of Montenegro, the very language of the declaration appended by the Russian ambassador to the Protocol, have all helped to neutralise the pacific tendencies of the London negotiations. The whole transaction is most remarkable. The Protocol evidently contemplates peace; and with the exception of the implied threat in the paragraph about carefully watching, by means of representatives and local agents, the execution of reforms—a task which it would be far better to accomplish efficiently and unobtrusively, than publicly to threaten—there was nothing in the Protocol to prevent successful mediation between the

Porte and Montenegro, or a general pacification of the provinces. But there was appended to the Protocol this exasperating declaration on the part of Russia:—

“If peace with Montenegro is concluded and the Porte accepts the advice of Europe, and shows itself ready to replace its forces on a peace footing, and seriously to undertake the reforms mentioned in the Protocol, let it send to St Petersburg a special envoy to treat of disarmament, to which his Majesty the Emperor would also on his part consent.

“If massacres similar to those which have occurred in Bulgaria (*qui ont ensanglanté la Bulgarie*) take place, this would necessarily put a stop to the measures of demobilisation.”

The whole object of the Protocol is frustrated by this declaration, which contains dictation, menace, and insult, asking at the same time for the despatch of a special envoy to St Petersburg to solicit disarmament. It is a most remarkable circumstance that the English Government should have signed the Protocol after such a declaration had been made. Perhaps the true explanation is that given in the ‘Observer,’ that the declarations were to be kept secret till after the presentation of the Protocol at Constantinople; but that the Italian Government objected. And whether war was inevitable or not, the advantage of pinning Russia to the statements in this Protocol is obvious. But the psychological part of the Eastern Question is all-important. It is referred to by Mr Kinglake (vol. i. p. 370) as converting Lord Stratford de Redcliffe’s scheme of pacification in 1853 into a “maddening note,” which the Vienna statesmen were justified in intercepting in its transit to the Czar. We have no doubt that to the minds of statesmen flushed with their great diplomatic victory at the Conference, and to the minds of a populace braced to

a mortal conflict, and inspired with the desperate ardour of fanaticism, the maddening declaration which was made to them rendered acceptance of the Protocol impossible. Nor is it very probable that, however much it may have been overlooked by the British Government, that inevitable result was unforeseen by the Cabinet and ambassador of the Czar.

Lord Derby’s account of the transaction is that it was made in order to prevent blame being thrown upon this country in the event of war; to provide an excuse for disarmament; to help in removing any obstacle in the way of peace. It must be judged of by reference to its aims. Either Russia or Turkey could render it nugatory; but at all events it cannot be said that the English Government failed in their duty to do their utmost to render peace possible, if the intending belligerents were willing to effect it. That either of them intended peace seems, to say the least, extremely doubtful. The author of the Russian declaration must have known that his words were sheer provocation. We are not inclined to the theory that there has been bad faith on the part of Russia so much as indecision. Peace and war counsels have alternately prevailed in the Czar’s Government; just as impracticable and conciliatory counsels have struggled for ascendancy at the Porte amongst statesmen who, come what will, are at any rate resolved to maintain their independence.

It is by no means clear that if the Russian declaration had been conceived in a more pacific spirit, and the whole subject had been mooted at Constantinople with more regard to the excited state of feeling there, the Turks might not have been, even at the last moment, induced to conclude a

peace. The long deliberations of the Sultan's Ministers showed indecision, and it was not without an effort that the rejection of the Protocol was insured. The Circular of the Ottoman Government affords internal evidence of conflicting counsels, in which the party of resistance ultimately succeeded. As the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' points out, the first half of it is conciliatory; the second, uncompromising; and the transition from one to the other is abrupt and unexplained. The first half noted, it is true, "the extraordinary armaments which have been proceeding for the last few months throughout Russia," which compelled the Porte to defensive measures, prevented the appeasement of the public mind, and brought about a state of things full of peril. But it notified that it would spare no effort to effect peace with Montenegro, "even at the price of certain sacrifices;" that it was ready to disband its defensive force as soon as Russia took measures with a similar view; that it would refuse no act of courtesy reciprocally required by diplomatic usages. The Circular then changes its tone. It alludes to the painful feeling produced by the Protocol, expresses astonishment at its statements, repels the suspicions cast, and declares that the Protocol must provoke the most legitimate protest on the part of the Imperial Government, and the most formal opposition. The proposal to supervise the execution of reforms, and to consult in case of failure, is denounced in terms which are altogether excessive at the hands of the Power which admitted a conference in its own capital, and discussed measures relating to its own administration from the preparation of which it was formally excluded. Finally, it denounces

attacks upon its dignity and its rights, measures of intimidation against which no consideration would arrest its determination to protest; and winds up with expressions of defiance which render peace impossible. The Powers are told, in so many words, that the only way to peace is through immediate and simultaneous disarmament, and that this result will not be brought about by persisting in imposing upon the Ottoman Empire sacrifices of right and honour to which it will not consent. It is a fine spirit, no doubt, if they can hold it; but an ounce of prudence would have been more to the purpose. The result of the whole business is, that diplomacy has deprived Russia of all existing ground of complaint in reference to the internal government of Turkey, and secured for Ottoman independence the full measure of respect to which, under all the circumstances, it is entitled, having regard to its position under the Treaty of Paris, and the position which it has itself taken up, from its acceptance of the Andrassy Note down to its reception of the plenipotentiaries. The war which is now inevitable solely results from the difficulties connected with Russian retreat from a projected invasion; and from certain ill-advised proceedings, whether from ill faith, ill temper, or ill management, taken with the avowed object of removing them.

Under such circumstances, diplomacy must stand aside. The last word may not have been spoken, but it will be as powerless to restrain the impending conflict as mediation between Prussia and France in the middle of July 1870 proved to be. All that remains for England to do is to consider her own position, and what is her policy and duty under the contingencies of a struggle which she has striven

to prevent, and which she believes to be so full of peril to the best interests of mankind. Is she, in the language of Mr Gladstone's pamphlet, to emulate the good deeds of Russia, and go to war against Turkey without any avowed object whatever? Or is she to follow Mr Gladstone's example when in office, and go to war against Russia in order to resist a policy of open violence and aggression? Or is there a third course, which will enable us to use our best endeavours to localise the strife and bring it to a speedy conclusion, preparing meanwhile to assert British interests in case the continuance of this war should at any moment bring them into jeopardy? We presume that every man, whose past displays of vehemence and impracticability do not preclude him from taking a dispassionate view of existing circumstances, will be in favour of the last alternative. Neither combatant is in a position to welcome a long war. The Powers will do all they can to shorten it; but if events necessitate English interference, we are at least as fitted to endure a succession of campaigns as either Russia or Turkey.

The debates in Parliament upon this Eastern Question, since our last number, have not succeeded in throwing any light upon the subject, though they disclose the utter disorganisation of the Liberal party. Upon Mr Fawcett's motion, which was the occasion for reproducing some of the confused extravagances with which the country is familiar, Lord Hartington gave the signal for its overthrow. The leader of the Opposition reminded his party that a very clear and distinct intimation had been given at the beginning of the session that the Ministry repudiated coercion, that he and his friends had their own reasons for not challenging that policy, and if

others were dissatisfied with it they should have challenged it earlier in the session. The authors of the agitation shrank from that course. They no doubt acted with prudence; but their abstention virtually admits that their proceedings during the autumn are without justification. Lord Hartington also pointed out that until the papers were published it was impossible for the Opposition to criticise the course of the negotiations; and for himself, he evidently repudiated all responsibility for the proceedings, and objected to the proper functions of Opposition being disturbed and its legitimate influence impaired. After the vacation, and when the Protocol, and all the papers connected with it which the Government thought right to produce, had been published, Lord Hartington moved for further papers, and made their non-production an excuse for not challenging the Ministerial policy. He endeavoured, however, to fix the Government with responsibility for the present state of European affairs. They had wished to wait till events had developed themselves; and their justification might be found in the conduct of other Powers, not disclosed, but could not be found in the papers published. He thought the Government had gone a very long way to restore to Russia the protectorate over the Christian population; but he expressed himself in terms which showed that he objected, as strongly as any of us, to such protectorate falling into her hands. He hinted at the difficulty of the other Powers joining in what are called speedy and effectual measures; but he insisted that the Protocol contemplated action, though it shrank from suggesting any immediate steps. He thought Lord Derby's declaration a departure from the common agree-

ment, and that it pointed to separate instead of concerted action, whereby it played into the hands of Turkey. He seemed to consider that that declaration was the cause of the objectionable Russian declaration. He ended by demanding a verbal explanation of a policy which appeared to him inexplicable; and by insisting that the only road to peace was to join Russia in her demands, and make Turkey feel that she must yield. His line of action appeared to be at the last moment to coquet with the policy of the agitators, and to imply that coercion should be resorted to while declining any responsibility in connection with it. As Mr Hardy observed, "He is somewhat vague on these subjects; and we never can come to a conclusion with the noble lord and his adherents." The explanation probably is, that they are alive to some of the difficulties connected with it, and have an invincible dislike to being themselves driven into a policy of coercion by their more outspoken and fanatical supporters, who, however, were pointedly silent during the discussion.

The same line of conduct was taken by Lord Granville (April 16). He also complained of deficient information. He objected to the omission of all mention of guarantees in the Protocol; but he repudiated the doctrine that the Protocol had destroyed the treaty of 1856. He rejoiced at the strong declaration as to diplomatic pressure being put upon the Porte; a part of the Protocol which, in our judgment, was likely to be most obnoxious to the Porte, and calculated to defeat the object in view. The practical application of pressure of this kind is, we think, rendered all the more difficult if it is preceded by a joint ostentatious threat before all Europe that you are going to apply it. He then

endeavoured to make, like Lord Hartington, a great point of the Protocol contemplating further action; but he used it, not as an argument for coercion, but in order to fix a charge of inconsistency upon the Government which had, in his opinion, rightly rejected the Berlin Memorandum, for doing the very same thing, before Russia had mobilised. The statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Russian declaration was made first, prevented a repetition of Lord Hartington's charge against the English declaration, that it had provoked Russia and placed in the hands of Turkey the power of breaking up the Protocol. His chief object, he concluded, was to obtain information. The speech was remarkable, in that it approached the subject of coercion far more cautiously even than Lord Hartington. His policy was that this country should be the promoter of, and not the obstacle to, the union of Europe. He declined to infer from the obstinacy of the Turks at the present moment that they would have opposed a similar resistance to united Europe, seriously and earnestly intent upon the pacification of the East. Nor, in his opinion, would joint occupation necessarily have raised those difficulties as to the division of the spoils which seemed to be apprehended.

It is obvious that a few cavils of this description against the policy pursued, which policy Lord Granville has often in terms approved and never formally questioned, is a very different thing from definitely adopting a policy of joint action with Russia. Though Lord Hartington approached more nearly to the views of his discontented supporters, neither he nor Lord Granville can be regarded in any other light than as distinctly declining the responsibility of formally inaugurating a coercive policy, or of

taking any steps which may range us upon the side of Russian aggression. The opinion of Lord Granville upon this question is entitled to the utmost weight; and no doubt the whole Whig party and the more experienced of the Liberal party, with one notable exception, will generally follow his lead. Lord Granville is the only statesman now living who held high office during the whole of the Crimean war, and during the events which immediately followed the peace. Throughout the whole of both of Lord Palmerston's administrations he was leader of the House of Lords; a position which most assuredly must have rendered him familiar, not merely with the course of foreign affairs, but with the spirit and character of Lord Palmerston's policy. When the memory of the latter statesman is appealed to by the agitators of to-day, it is right to remember that of all men living Lord Granville has the best right to represent Lord Palmerston; and he certainly has never invoked censure from that quarter upon the policy which has been recently pursued.

Lord Derby pointed out that the decision of Europe in this Protocol had not been followed by the submission of Turkey; and reiterated his opinion that the requirements of the Berlin Memorandum could not have been carried out without war. Nothing which Lord Granville had said rendered it necessary for him even to touch upon the subject of coercion. The motives of this country for joining in the Protocol were thus explained: "We were obliged to assume that when the Russian Government came and told us that they wanted an excuse for disarmament, we were bound to an expression of opinion, and it was obviously our duty to help them in removing any obstacle in the way of peace. In the event of our re-

fusing to take that course, it is quite certain that the whole responsibility and the whole blame would have been thrown upon this country."

Coercion is so utterly impracticable as a means of infusing wisdom and humanity into a Government that it is hardly worth discussion. The administration of a complex society like that in Turkey cannot be reformed off-hand, either by an international conference or an international commission working in spite of the established Government. You cannot overrule the paramount authority in any country until you have displaced it. While the Sultan's Ministry is in power to talk of coercing it is absurd. The Government of Turkey will not endure the substitution of foreign authority in place of its own, and there is no imaginable mode of coercing it into consent except by a war aimed at its existence. Coercion means war and nothing else, and that is directly contrary to the policy of the English Cabinet, which is, above all things, to maintain the general peace. The object of Russia is to annex these provinces to herself, and establish a purely Russian administration. The opinion of all competent observers is that the result will be most disadvantageous to the Slavs, whether Christian or Mohammedan. The notion that Russia is really bent on improving their condition, and is willing to undertake all the risks, expedition, and losses of war for that purpose, is ridiculous. Nor are any schemes of reform suggested by her at all likely to conduce to the lasting reorganisation of the Sultan's dominion. The hand of Russia has often been raised to foment intrigue and encourage disturbances; never in order to promote the well-being of the inhabitants, or the peace and tranquillity of the State.

The most efficacious measures of reform would have a better chance of thriving if Russian interference were extinguished, and the diplomatic pressure of friendly Powers alone were felt at Constantinople. We are reaping the fruits now of twenty years of culpable indifference and neglect, during which time our supervision of affairs has been diminished, and the demoralising agencies of our lavish investments have been sown broadcast over the country. Russian intrigue and policy have not been equally idle, and the consequence is, that the existence of the Ottoman Empire is twice, in less than a quarter of a century, threatened from without and from within in a manner which risks the peace of the whole world.

In the last number of the 'North American Review,' there is an interesting article on Christian policy in Turkey by (our old friend and contributor) Mr Laurence Oliphant, a man of considerable experience in Turkey. Examining the history of this question from a remote distance, free from the excitement which it necessarily occasions here, he concludes that Russian policy has been to avoid a crisis which might involve her in war with England, and to press a system of disintegration, by means of protectorate privileges, which is the safer and more economical mode employed by Christian nations for acquiring the territories of people professing other religions. Had England, he argues, maintained the position of adherence to the Treaty of Paris and of resistance to Russia, she could have insisted in return that the Porte should redress the grievances of the Christians. This policy having been swept away by a wave of sentiment, the Czar, as in 1854, finds himself encouraged by English

politicians to take up a position of menace from which it is difficult to escape. The autumn agitation, he continues, was based upon the fundamental fallacy that if Turkey was threatened by all Europe, she would yield, and no provision was made for the opposite contingency. No sooner did England begin to enforce the obnoxious demands of Russia, than the Muscovite began gracefully to waive them; and Germany and Austria finding England unexpectedly ranged with Russia, assumed an attitude at the Conference by no means in sympathy with those Powers. The policy of humanity ended in a diplomatic triumph for the ferocious and sanguinary Turk, whose meek submission to the will of Europe was regarded as a certainty. Germany, Austria, France, and Italy, utterly confounded by the novel turn given to affairs, waited the course of events. England forfeited the confidence of other nations for no purpose, who pointed to her conduct as a warning to themselves not to be arrested in the pursuit of their policy by powerful popular agitations. Mr Oliphant gives a rapid sketch of the local traditions of the question. There is the profound contempt which the Mohammedan feels for the Christian, in a moral point of view. Religious fanaticism is the platform from which he looks down upon Europe, regarding the Christian as a worshipper of material progress, not unmixed with religious scepticism. While he sees that Russian manoeuvres proceed from motives of mere self-interest, he finds nothing but hypocrisy in the plea of religious motives to cover political designs against his own system of government.* To those familiar with this inveterate conviction of Moham-

* The spectacle of a Protestant and Catholic nation in 1854, eagerly rushing to battle

medans, the notion of Turkey submitting to the will of Europe was a stupendous blunder.

Mr Oliphant further insists upon the necessity in all schemes of administration of making them applicable to the whole of the empire. The Turks have adhered to this principle from first to last, in the Conference and out of it. The

expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and the institution of a Christian Government, would mean that the remaining Mussulman population now comprising the dominant class must be transferred to the rule of the very classes who are at present their dependants, accustomed to be treated by them in an arbitrary and oppressive manner.* Unless re-

to protect Mohammedans against the onslaught of another Christian Power, and of one of those same nations in 1876, carried away by a burst of Christian sentiment so vehement that they outdo their old enemy in their anti-Mohammedan zeal, produces a profound scepticism in the Turkish mind as to the real motive which is animating its policy. When, in addition to this, Russia is found constituting herself the champion of the Slavonic race, and at the same time crushing the Slavs of Poland more cruelly than the Turk has crushed the Slavs of Bulgaria; when Jews are constrained to flee to the Mohammedan provinces of Turkey as an asylum from the persecutions to which they are subjected by the Christian Governments of Roumania and Servia, and the remonstrances of the Turkish Government that the latter State should grant to Catholic Christians and Jews the same civil rights that members of the Greek Church enjoy, were unavailing; when the Montenegrins, who are Christians, habitually cut off the lips and noses of the Turkish soldiers whom they capture in warfare; when there is abundant evidence that the insurrectionary propaganda, which is unceasingly active in Turkey, is mainly kept alive by the money and efforts of the Pan-Slavonic Christians, who, sometimes in the disguise of Turks, plunder and pillage their co-religionists, thus achieving the twofold object of enriching themselves and stimulating the hatred of the Christian against the Mussulman; when hordes of Russian volunteers in the uniform of the regular army pour into Turkish territory to swell the ranks of a rebel force, in open violation of international law as laid down by the Christian Powers at Geneva, without remonstrance on the part of those Powers; when petitions pour in on the Sultan from the Mohammedan populations of Russia, applying for protection against the persecution of the Czar;—when, in a word, the Turk's experience of Christian nations is that they are entirely unprincipled in the political combinations which they make against Turkey for their own interested ends—that they are in some instances as barbarous in warfare, in others as intolerant in religion, and in others as corrupt and oppressive in their internal administration, as they accuse him of being,—he arrives at a curious, but not altogether surprising conclusion. Strange as it may seem to us, many Mussulmans, especially among the religious classes at Constantinople, are firmly convinced that the Christian Powers are not religious Powers at all in the sense in which the Ottoman Power is religious; while their idea of individual Christians is that their only god is mammon—a notion principally derived from the extreme facility with which Christians in Turkey manage to transfer Mohammedan money into Christian pockets. Hence these fanatics have created for themselves the singular illusion, that the consistency and piety of the Turkish Government is a standing reproach to the Christian Powers; and that their real reason for wishing to expel the Mohammedans from Europe is not because the latter refuse to imitate the virtues of Christian nations, but because they altogether repudiate their vices.—*Vide* 'North American Review,' March-April 1877, p. 198.

* If we can imagine Ireland conterminous with a vast and powerful Celtic empire bitterly hostile to England, and constantly carrying on an active Pan-Celtic and Catholic propaganda among the Catholic peasantry, and finally combining with all other Catholic countries to insist that England should permit a foreign military occupation in Ireland to guarantee Home Rule and other reforms, the exact nature of which were specified—and further, threatening that in case of such reforms not being satisfactorily forced upon a bigoted Orange aristocracy, England might find herself at war with Catholic Europe—we may form some idea of the alternative now being presented to the Porte, and of the reason of the Porte's resolute resistance.—*Ibid.*, p. 201.

forms are made generally applicable, they are impossible, and if attempted would sow serious dissension in the empire—a circumstance which is well known to Russian statesmen, if not to English agitators. Concessions to Slav Christians would be stoutly resisted by the Greeks, who unite in forgetting Mussulman oppression in their hatred of their Christian fellow-sufferers. There are no less than eleven races hating each other on religious grounds within European Turkey. The newly aroused hatred of Russia, which fills the breast of the Servians, and which has thrown the latter on to the side of the Turk, has only increased the confusion. Turkish statesmen have been well advised in absolutely refusing any concessions which will tend to foster the animosities of either race or religion. Reforms, if they are to be worth anything, and not to disintegrate the empire, must be applicable to all races, all religions, and all provinces. It is very much to the credit of the Turkish Ministry that, standing alone as it has done for some time, it has consistently adhered to this doctrine.

What will come of this war, as far as the subject populations of Turkey are concerned, it is impossible to conjecture. Those who find consolation in the mere thought of Turkish overthrow have never enlightened us as to the ulterior objects in view. What next and next? The problem of government will, in that case, fall to other hands, and how will it be solved? The substitution of Russian supremacy will never be allowed without considerable wars; and if it were, it would be far more cruel and repressive than that of the Turk. If the power of the central Government be weakened without being destroyed, the disorder of the provinces will be proportionately intensified. Local

oppression and extortion will be increased; civil wars will take place in which the struggles will be furious, before the present relations of proprietors and serfs are inverted, and oppression will be increased which ever party wins. Then there is always the further risk of the war expanding into a great religious struggle between the Christian and the Moslem. Already there are indications of Mussulman excitement in Central Asia, and though some authorities deride the notion of a fanatical outburst amongst the Moham-medans of India, probably very few are really acquainted with the subject. At all events, this is an age in which crusading enterprise can be readily organised and conducted. If the fanatical spirit is as rampant as many believe, Turkey may be the scene of a gigantic struggle. And as long as this possibility exists, there will be reason to hope that the utmost efforts will be made by Europe to separate the combatants and to insure that this insane and unnecessary war may be terminated as speedily as possible.

The future immediately before us is undoubtedly very critical, and it becomes the public as well as statesmen to have a clear idea of the duty and policy of their country, so as to resist those appeals to prejudice and passion which recent experience shows are not precluded by Opposition tactics. The Liberal party have recently been admonished by their leader in the House of Lords (April 16), that "there is no graver responsibility than rests upon an Opposition in dealing with Foreign affairs. There are moments when they ought to give their warmest support even to a Government whose general principles they oppose. There are times so critical when, although they do not approve the exact course which the Government are taking,

it might be a greater evil to attack them." No doubt, Lord Granville was in these sentences defending his party from their inaction in the House of Commons. But if this passage warns them from precipitate conduct in Parliament, still more does it censure and deprecate factious interference with the executive by inflammatory speeches and pamphlets, of which all responsibility has subsequently to be evaded or disowned.

There will probably still be some delay before actual hostilities are commenced, and even then it may be long before any decisive result occurs. The command of the Danube is the first consideration; and although we are indirectly interested in that subject, as it bears upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, it is of far more immediate importance to Austria and Germany. It has never been suggested that any invasion of the Ottoman provinces in Asia will tend to ameliorate the condition of the Christians in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria; and this country must closely watch the course of events in that part of the world. But wherever the attack is made, it is clearly a war of aggression and nothing else; and unless Europe is absolutely powerless to enforce public law, it is an aggression which cannot in the end succeed. Although England is less directly concerned than the neighbouring Powers, her traditional policy, and her treaty rights and obligations, are closely involved. She is liable to be summoned to arms under the Tripartite Treaty of April 1856, and she has the right under that Treaty to demand that the joint and several guarantee of the Ottoman Empire shall be enforced. We cannot foresee to what uses that important Treaty may yet be put. Nor

can we forget that the interests of Russia are permanently opposed to those of Great Britain; that the national instincts of the two countries and their traditional policy render collision inevitable if any attempt is made by one or other of them to gain exclusive possession of the Straits. Every one knows (and no sophistry will obscure the knowledge) that the Russians in the Bosphorus would be a standing menace to the interests of this country; that a deadly war between the two nations would inevitably ensue, and that statesmanship would be powerless to avert it. It is easy to reverse the traditional policy of a whole nation in a leading article or a didactic treatise. But such productions, however smart, take no account of the popular passions, instincts, and tendencies which shape events, and which are impatient of control. Much that is said and written about an unworthy jealousy of Russia may sound very wise, and minister to the self-complacency of those who utter it. But that such jealousy exists and is deep-seated is thereby impliedly admitted. It may *ex hypothesi* be unfounded, but it will prove a powerful determining cause of events.

We have had one great example in Europe of overruling traditional policy in favour of dreamy and abstract ideas of advancing the welfare of humanity. The Buonapartists, from the heights of their Prusso-mania, looked with scorn upon the antiquated notions of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and the rest of the French statesmen who understood the force of international jealousies, and upheld the traditional policy of their country. Napoleon and his chosen friends turned a willing ear to the suggestions of Count Bismarck, who decanted on the benefits which would

result to France and mankind, if Prussia, better outlined and more powerful, became their unfailing ally. If, as the result of the new-fangled Napoleonic policy, a united Italy and a united Germany have arisen, and the interests of mankind have benefited, it must at the same time be admitted that the direst results to France and the dynasty were that one was committed to a sanguinary war which no statesman could have prevented, and that the other was conducted to irretrievable ruin. What is clear in the history of these transactions is, that the revival of French traditional policy brought ruin to the dynasty and gigantic disaster to France. But it may be doubted whether the self-surrender of French interests was necessary to the success of German and Italian unity, and whether that "embodiment of misunderstood incapacity," which at the time ruled French destiny, does not hold out by his fate, and by that of his empire, a warning for all time to those who prattle about reversing the traditional policy of their country in favour of advancing visionary, humanitarian schemes. Some of the Liberal party, in the prosecution of their unwise and unpatriotic manoeuvres, are conducting their own political fortunes to disaster. It remains to be seen whether they will have influence enough to involve their country in a like calamity. They are as fascinated by the Slavonic mission of the Czar in the Danubian principalities as ever Napoleon's ministers were with the "Piedmontese mission" of the Hohenzollerns. We hope that the "attentive neutrality" of England during the present war will not be rewarded by the sight of a Russian Sadowa in the heart of the Ottoman dominions; but that the necessary precautions will

be taken to enable this country to speak with determination and authority in case of any proposal to alter the distribution of territory and power in this important quarter of the globe. When war breaks out between Russia and Turkey, as seems to be perfectly certain, the two great objects of British policy—viz., peace and reform—will have been frustrated. It will be perfectly idle to talk of effecting reforms in the administration of a country which is called upon to fight for its existence. Twenty years ago, Lord John Russell talked of reforming Parliament and carrying on war with Russia at the same time; but he soon abandoned the attempt. And Russia, with all her zeal, can hardly complain if Turkish schemes prove abortive whilst a million of armed men on either side of the Danube are hurrying to an encounter. The paramount object must now be to localise the strife if possible, and if not, to be ready to strike in effectively and effectually for the maintenance of British interests the moment that these are imperilled. Our essential interests are concerned, if not in the maintenance of the existing Ottoman Government, at all events in the integrity of the existing Ottoman empire, which, whether Mussulman or Christian, must, before all things, be in neutral and friendly hands. It is very fine, no doubt, to denounce this as the gospel of selfishness, as Sir C. Dilke for instance did in the House of Commons. "British interests!" he exclaimed; "nothing but British interests!" He would only say, that if England was to appear before the other Powers in that light, "much as he disliked Russia, he would sooner be a Russian at the present time." It is impossible to suppose that such unworthy sentiments can be entertained by any

considerable section of the Liberal party, even in its present ruined and fallen condition. Mr Roebuck far more worthily represents the courage and patriotism which really exist in their breasts, but which is temporarily quelled by the exigencies of party strife. "If they go to war," exclaimed Mr Roebuck, "you may say what you like about Russian honesty and the honesty of Russian diplomacy, but I shall believe that it has been thoroughly dishonest. From the beginning to the end they have put forth pretence and not reality. I am not a prophet, but of this I am sure, that whatever may happen England will not see Turkey pass into the hands of Russia; Austria will not see it; Germany will not see it; Italy will not see it; and France will not see it." We have, in fact, heard enough about the condition of the Christian population. We have no doubt that, if peace had been preserved, the Powers were right in the hope which they expressed that the interests as well as the determination of the Porte were in favour of completing those reforms which they had satisfactorily and earnestly begun. The presence of Mr Layard at Constantinople was a guarantee that the whole influence of the British embassy would be used to encourage, to aid, and to enforce their completion. All care for the Christians must have been thrown to the winds by the Russians in their aggression, and by the Liberals who favour it. The attention of this country must now be directed to the measures which will enable it to interfere for the restoration of peace, and to repel any advance which may be inconsistent in its ultimate results with the maintenance of British empire and British interests. And when peace is ulti-

mately restored, this country must not shrink from sustained efforts to supervise and control the administration of the Porte by every means in its power consistent with the respect due to the sovereignty and independence of the Sultan, and in a manner which shall be uncompromising, friendly, and just.

It is of extreme importance at this juncture that the sympathies of the English public should not be perverted by the wanton rhetoric of Liberal journalists and speakers. A Parliamentary paper on the treatment of the members of the United Greek Church in Russia has recently been published. The horrors in Poland were not the exceptional incidents of a barbarous strife. They resulted from a cold-blooded policy, worthy of the Spanish Inquisition, to enforce uniformity of religious ritual, at the point of the sword, by deportation to Siberia, and by physical torture regardless of sex. It is deemed a fitting subject of complaint that this publication has the effect of discrediting Russia; in other words, whilst every form of sensational writing is resorted to in order to exaggerate Turkish cruelties in the midst of civil war, all evidence of Russian atrocities, committed in cold blood and from motives of policy, should be suppressed. Lord Derby explained that the publication was moved for in the House of Commons, and that no objection existed to the motion on public grounds. But the heroes of the party manœuvres of last autumn are silent. Instead of lashing themselves into a noble rage, they perceive that the disclosure tells against them in a party sense, and humanitarian sentiment is at once flung to the winds. It is of the utmost practical importance to recollect that the Russians seated in the Danubian provinces will be

an aggravation of the misery of their inhabitants; that, ever since the Servian war, whatever sympathy there was in favour of the Cossack has been replaced by bitter antipathy; and that the only chance which existing circumstances offer of improving the condition of Turkish subjects lies in the re-establishment of Turkish authority, and of the friendly influence and watchful supervision of Great Britain.

The recent election at Salford shows that the English people are rapidly recovering from any tendency to a Russo-mania which the manoeuvres of disappointed politicians may have temporarily created. It has come to be thoroughly understood that a policy of coercion means war; that certain Liberal demonstrations have rendered war inevitable, and tend to embroil us unnecessarily in it; and that the responsible leaders of that party, while in their hearts they disapprove it, have been obliged to temporise and coquet with it. And unfortunately the same party exigencies which lead our opponents to tamper with the integrity and independence of the Ottoman dominions, induce them also to give forth a very uncertain sound in reference to maintaining inviolate a still greater, and we hope more enduring, empire. The Home-Rule Confederation states that it contributed 1500 votes to the Liberal candidate; but in spite of this formidable assistance, the current of adverse opinion was strong enough to effect an increased Conservative majority. The policy of the Government prevails; increased confidence is reposed in it; and a strong anti-Russian feeling is excited at the prospect of unwarrantable invasion and aggression. We are confident that if the time should come when England's duty to herself requires that she should

draw the sword, we shall, with insignificant exceptions, present a united front. We do not pretend that, in the course of long and difficult negotiations, no mistakes have been made, and no opportunities lost. But the public generally recognises that the policy pursued has been worthily selected; that it is consistent with international good faith, with honourable endeavours to maintain peace, with the preservation of English honour and interests; and that the firmness and tenacity of purpose with which it has been adhered to through good report and ill report, more than counterbalance the shortcomings imputed to it, and have commanded the respect of Europe. And this conviction is strengthened when the policy is contrasted with the course adopted by the Opposition, with their divided counsels—their indisposition to defend in Parliament the culpable indiscretions of the recess—their half-hearted Russo-mania, which clamours for united action and shrinks from coercion—which applauds the “good deeds” of Russia and deprecates all damaging disclosures—which is ready that India should perish and Turkish authority be extinguished, but still faintly supports the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. And further, when it turns out that Liberals, in addition to their professed superiority to merely British interests, when compared with dreamy aspirations for the general welfare, are discovered to be equally superior to maintaining the integrity of British empire, and will support “inquiry” upon that subject in order to catch a few hundred votes, they succeed in stamping themselves and their policy as equally undeserving of support both at home and abroad. The Tory party has throughout the existence of

Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry steadily established itself in the public mind as a national and patriotic confederation; whilst its opponents, partly from inacquaintance with Opposition duties and party discipline, partly from an undue confidence in each succeeding outburst of popular passion, are steadily discrediting themselves as a disorganised and factious body, with-

out a policy, without leaders, and honeycombed with sedition. It is not for the public interest that the Opposition should be permanently weakened and discredited; but until the Liberal party succeeds in restoring discipline to its ranks, and in offering a considered policy to the country, its impotence for mischief in the critical times which are coming is not to be regretted.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XXIX.

"You infernal scoundrell!" roared Vizard, and took a stride towards Severne.

"No violence," said Ina Klosking, sternly: "it will be an insult to this lady, and me."

"Very well then," said Vizard, grimly, "I must wait till I catch him alone."

"Meantime, permit me to speak, sir," said Ina. "Believe me, I have a better right than even you."

"Then, pray, ask my sister why I find her on that villain's arm."

"I should not answer her," said Zoe, haughtily. "But my brother I will. Harrington, all this vulgar abuse confirms me in my choice: I take his arm, because I have accepted his hand. I am going into Bagley with him, to become his wife."

This announcement took away Vizard's breath for a moment, and Ina Klosking put in her word. "You cannot do that: pray be warned. He is leading you to infamy."

"Infamy! What! because he cannot give me a suit of sables? In-

famy! because we prefer virtuous poverty to vice and wealth?"

"No, young lady," said Ina, colouring faintly at the taunt; "but because you could only be his paramour—not his wife. He is married already."

At these words, spoken with that power Ina Klosking could always command, Zoe Vizard turned ashy pale. But she fought on bravely. "Married? It is false! To whom?"

"To me."

"I thought so. Now I know it is not true. He left you months before we ever knew him."

"Look at him. He does not say it is false."

Zoe turned on Severne, and at his face her own heart quaked. "Are you married to this lady?" she asked: and her eyes, dilated to their full size, searched his every feature.

"Not that I know of," said he, impudently.

"Is that the serious answer you expected, Miss Vizard?" said Ina, keenly: then to Severne, "you are

unwise to insult the woman on whom, from this day, you must depend for bread. Miss Vizard, to you I speak, and not to this shameless man. For your mother's sake do me justice. I have loved him dearly; but now I abhor him. Would I could break the tie that binds us, and give him to you, or to any lady, who would have him. But I cannot. And shall I hold my tongue, and let you be ruined and dishonoured? I am an older woman than you, and bound by gratitude to all your house. Dear lady, I have taxed my strength to save you. I feel that strength waning. Pray read this paper—and consent to save *yourself*."

"I will read it," said Rhoda Gale, interfering. "I know German. It is an authorised duplicate certifying the marriage of Edward Severne, of Willingham in Huntingdonshire, England, to Ina Ferris, daughter of Walter Ferris and Eva Klosking, of Zutzig, in Denmark. The marriage was solemnised at Berlin, and here are the signatures of several witnesses: Eva Klosking; Fraulein Graafe; Züg, the Capellmeister; Vicomte Meurice, French *attaché*; Count Hompesch, Bavarian plenipotentiary; Herr Formes."

Ina explained, in a voice that was now feeble, "I was a public character; my marriage was public: not like the clandestine union which is all he dared offer to this well-born lady."

"The Bavarian and French ministers are both in London," said Vizard, eagerly. "We can easily learn if these signatures are forged, like *your* acceptances."

But, if one shadow of doubt remained, Severne now removed it: he uttered a scream of agony, and fled, as if the demons of remorse and despair were spurring him with red-hot rowels.

"There, you little idiot," roared

Vizard; "does that open your eyes?"

"Oh, Mr Vizard," said Ina, reproachfully, "for pity's sake, think only of her youth, and what she has to suffer! I can do no more for her: I feel—so—faint."

Ashmead and Rhoda supported her into the carriage; Vizard, touched to the heart by Ina's appeal, held out his eloquent arms to his stricken sister, and she tottered to him, and clung to him, all limp and broken, and wishing she could sink out of the sight of all mankind. He put his strong arm round her, and, though his own heart was desolate and broken, he supported that broken flower of womanhood, and half led, half lifted her on, until he laid her on a sofa in Somerville Villa. Then, for the first time, he spoke to her. "We are both desolate now, my child. Let us love one another. I will be ten times tenderer to you than I ever have been." She gave a great sob, but she was past speaking.

Ina Klosking, Miss Gale, and Ashmead, returned in the carriage to Bagley. Half a mile out of the town, they found a man lying on the pathway, with his hat off, and white as a sheet. It was Edward Severne. He had run till he dropped.

Ashmead got down and examined him.

He came back to the carriage-door, looking white enough himself. "It is all over," said he; "the man is dead."

Miss Gale was out in a moment, and examined him. "No," said she. "The heart does not beat perceptibly; but he breathes. It is another of those seizures. Help me get him into the carriage."

This was done, and the driver ordered to go a foot's pace.

The stimulants Miss Gale had

brought for Ina Klosking were now applied to revive this malefactor; and both ladies actually ministered to him with compassionate faces. He was a villain; but he was superlatively handsome, and a feather might turn the scale of life or death.

The seizure, though really appalling to look at, did not last long. He revived a little in the carriage, and was taken, still insensible, but breathing hard, into a room in the railway hotel. When he was out of danger, Miss Gale felt Ina Klosking's pulse, and insisted on her going to Taddington by the next train, and leaving Severne to the care of Mr Ashmead.

Ina, who, in truth, was just then most unfit for any more trials, feebly consented, but not until she had given Ashmead some important instructions respecting her malefactor, and supplied him with funds. Miss Gale also instructed Ashmead how to proceed in case of a relapse, and provided him with materials.

The ladies took a train, which arrived soon after; and, being so fortunate as to get a lady's carriage all to themselves, they sat intertwined and rocking together, and Ina Klosking found relief at last in a copious flow of tears.

Rhoda got her to Hillstoke, cooked for her, nursed her, lighted fires, aired her bed, and these two friends slept together in each other's arms.

Ashmead had a hard time of it with Severne: he managed pretty well with him at first, because he stupefied him with brandy before he had come to his senses, and in that state got him into the next train. But, as the fumes wore off, and Severne realised his villany, his defeat, and his abject condition between the two women he had wronged, he suddenly uttered a yell, and made a spring at the window.

Ashmead caught him by his calves, and dragged him so powerfully down, that his face struck the floor hard, and his nose bled profusely. The hæmorrhage, and the blow, quieted him for a time, and then Ashmead gave him more brandy, and got him to the "Swan" in a half-lethargic lull. This faithful agent, and man of all work, took a private sitting-room with a double-bedded room adjoining it, and ordered a hot supper with champagne and madeira.

Severne lay on a sofa moaning.

The waiter stared. "Trouble!" whispered Ashmead, confidentially. "Take no notice. Supper as quick as possible."

By-and-by Severne started up, and began to rave and tear about the room, cursing his hard fate, and ended in a kind of hysterical fit. Ashmead, being provided by Miss Gale with salts and aromatic vinegar, &c., applied them, and ended by dashing a tumbler of water right into his face, which did him more good than chemistry.

Then he tried to awaken manhood in the fellow. "What are *you* howling about?" said he. "Why, you are the only sinner, and you are the least sufferer. Come, drop snivelling, and eat a bit. Trouble don't do on an empty stomach."

Severne said he would try; but begged the waiter might not be allowed to stare at a broken-hearted man.

"Broken fiddlestick!" said honest Joe.

Severne tried to eat, but could not. But he could drink, and said so.

Ashmead gave him champagne in tumblers, and that, on his empty stomach, set him raving, and saying life was hell to him now. But presently he fell to weeping bitterly. In which condition Ashmead forced

him to bed, and there he slept heavily. In the morning Ashmead sat by his bedside, and tried to bring him to reason. "Now, look here," said he, "you are a lucky fellow, if you will only see it. You have escaped bigamy and a jail, and, as a reward for your good conduct to your wife, and the many virtues you have exhibited in a short space of time, I am instructed by that lady to pay you twenty pounds every Saturday at twelve o'clock. It is only a thousand a-year: but don't you be down-hearted; I conclude she will raise your salary, as you advance. You must forge her name to a heavy cheque, rob a church, and abduct a school-girl or two—misses in their teens and wards of Chancery preferred—and she will make it thirty, no doubt;" and Joe looked very sour.

"That for her twenty pounds a-week!" cried this injured man. "She owes me two thousand pounds and more. She has been my enemy, and her own. The fool!—to go and peach! She had only to hold her tongue, and be Mrs Vizard, and then she would have had a rich husband, that adores her, and I should have had my darling, beautiful Zoe, the only woman I ever loved or ever shall."

"Oh," said Ashmead, "then you expected your wife to commit bigamy, and so make it smooth to you?"

"*Of course I did,*" was the worthy Severne's reply; "and so she would, if she had had a grain of

sense. See what a contrast now We are all unhappy—herself included,—and it is all her doing."

"Well, young man," said Ashmead, drawing a long breath "didn't I tell you, you are a lucky fellow? You have got £20 a-week and that blest boon, 'a conscience void of offence.' You are a happy man. Here's a strong cup of tea for you: just you drink it, and then get up, and take the train to the little village. There kindred spirit and fresh delights await you. You are not to adorn Barfordshire any longer—that is the order."

"Well, I'll go to London—but not without you."

"Me! What do you want of me?"

"You are a good fellow, and the only friend I have left. But for you, I should be dead, or mad. You have pulled me through."

"Through the window I did Lord, forgive me for it," said Joseph. "Well, I'll go up to town with you; but I can't be always tied to your tail. I haven't got £20 a-week. To be sure," he added, drily, "I haven't earned it. That is one comfort."

He telegraphed to Hillstoke, and took Severne up to London.

There the Bohemian very soon found he could live, and even derive some little enjoyment—from his vices—without Joseph Ashmead. He visited him punctually every Saturday, and conversed delightfully. If he came any other day, it was sure to be for an advance: he never got it.

CHAPTER XXX.

Fanny Dover was sent for directly to Somerville Villa; and three days after the distressing scene I have endeavoured to describe, Vizard brought his wrecked

sister home. Her condition was pitiable; and the moment he reached Vizard Court, he mounted his horse, and rode to Hillstoke to bring Miss Gale down to her.

There he found Ina Klosking, with her boxes at the door, waiting for the fly that was to take her away.

It was a sad interview. He thanked her deeply for her noble conduct to his sister, and then he could not help speaking of his own disappointment.

Mademoiselle Klosking, on this occasion, was simple, sad, and even tender, within prudent limits. She treated this as a parting for ever, and therefore made no secret of her esteem for him. "But," said she, "I hope one day to hear you have found a partner worthy of you. As for me, who am tied for life to one I despise, and can never love again, I shall seek my consolation in music, and, please God, in charitable actions."

He kissed her hand at parting, and gave her a long, long look of miserable regret, that tried her composure hard, and often recurred to her memory.

She went up to London; took a small suburban house; led a secluded life, and devoted herself to her art, making a particular study now of sacred music; she collected volumes of it, and did not disdain to buy it at book-stalls, or wherever she could find it.

Ashmead worked for her, and she made her first appearance in a new oratorio. Her songs proved a principal feature in the performance.

Events did not stand still in Barfordshire; but they were tame, compared with those I have lately related, and must be despatched in fewer words.

Aunt Maitland recovered unexpectedly from a severe illness, and was a softened woman: she sent Fanny off to keep Zoe company. That poor girl had a bitter time, and gave Doctress Gale great anxiety. She had no brain-fever, but seemed

quietly, insensibly, sinking into her grave. No appetite, and indeed was threatened with atrophy at one time. But she was so surrounded with loving-kindness that her shame diminished, her pride rose, and at last her agony was blunted, and only a pensive languor remained to show that she had been crushed, and could not be again the bright, proud, high-spirited beauty of Barfordshire.

For many months she never mentioned either Edward Severne, Ina Klosking, or Lord Uxmoor.

It was a long time before she went outside the gates of her own park. She seemed to hate the outer world.

Her first visit was to Miss Gale; that young lady was now very happy. She had her mother with her. Mrs Gale had defeated the tricky executor, and had come to England with a tidy little capital, saved out of the fire by her sagacity and spirit.

Mrs Gale's character has been partly revealed by her daughter. I have only to add she was a homely, well-read woman, of few words, but those few—grape-shot. Example—she said to Zoe, "Young lady, excuse an old woman's freedom, who might be your mother: the troubles of young folk have a deal of self in them; more than you could believe. Now just you try something to take you out of self, and you will be another creature."

"Ah," sighed Zoe, "would to heaven I could!"

"Oh," said Mrs Gale, "anybody with money can do it, and the world so full of real trouble. Now my girl tells me you are kind to the poor: why not do something like Rhoda is doing for this lord she is overseer, or goodness knows what, to?"

Rhoda (*defiantly*), "Viceroy."

"You have money, and your

brother will not refuse you a bit o' land. Why not build some of these new-fangled cottages, with fancy gardens, and dwarf palaces for a cow and a pig. Rhoda, child, if I was a poor woman, I could graze a cow in the lanes hereabouts, and feed a pig in the woods. Now you do that for the poor, Miss Vizard, and don't let my girl think for you. Breed your own ideas. That will divert you from self, my dear, and you will begin to find it—there—just as if a black cloud was clearing away from your mind, and letting your heart warm again."

Zoe caught at the idea, and that very day asked Vizard timidly, whether he would let her have some land to build a model cottage or two on?

Will it be believed that the good-natured Vizard made a wry face? "What! two proprietors in Islip?" For a moment or two he was all squire. But soon the brother con-

quered. "Well," said he, "I can't give you a fee-simple; I must think of my heirs: but I will hold a court, and grant you a copyhold; or I'll give you a ninety-nine years' lease at a peppercorn. There's a slip of three acres on the edge of the Green. You shall amuse yourself with that." He made it over to her directly, for a century, at ten shillings a-year; and, as he was her surviving trustee, he let her draw in advance on her ten thousand pounds.

Mapping out the ground with Rhoda, settling the gardens, and the miniature pastures, and planning the little houses and out-houses, and talking a great deal, compared with what she transacted, proved really a certain antidote to that lethargy of woe which oppressed her: and here, for a time, I must leave her, returning slowly to health of body, and some tranquillity of mind; but still subject to fits of shame, and gnawed by bitter regrets.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The reputation Mademoiselle Klosking gained in the new oratorio, aided by Ashmead's exertions, launched her in a walk of art that accorded with her sentiments.

She sang in the oratorio whenever it could be performed, and also sang select songs from it, and other sacred songs, at concerts.

She was engaged at a musical festival in the very cathedral town whose choir had been so consoling to her. She entered with great zeal into this engagement, and finding there was a general desire to introduce the leading chorister boy to the public in a duet, she surprised them all by offering to sing the second part with him, if he would rehearse it carefully with her at her lodgings. He was only too glad, as might be supposed. She found he had a love-

ly voice, but little physical culture. He read correctly, but did not even know the nature of the vocal instrument and its construction, which is that of a bagpipe. She taught him how to keep his lungs full in singing, yet not to gasp, and by this simple means enabled him to sing with more than twice the power he had ever exercised yet. She also taught him the swell, a figure of music he knew literally nothing about.

When, after singing a great solo, to salvos of applause, Mademoiselle Klosking took the second part with this urchin, the citizens and all the musical people who haunt a cathedral, were on the tiptoe of expectation. The boy amazed them, and the rich contralto that supported him, and rose and swelled with him in ravishing harmony, enchanted

them. The vast improvement in the boy's style did not escape the hundreds of persons who knew him, and this duet gave La Klosking a great personal popularity.

Her last song, by her own choice, was, "What though I trace" (Handel), and the majestic volume that rang through the echoing vault showed with what a generous spirit she had subdued that magnificent organ not to crush her juvenile partner in the preceding duet.

Amongst the persons present was Harrington Vizard. He had come there against his judgment; but he could not help it.

He had been cultivating a dull tranquillity, and was even beginning his old game of railing on women, as the great disturbers of male peace. At the sight of her, and the sound of her first notes, away went his tranquillity, and he loved her as ardently as ever. But, when she sang his mother's favourite, and the very roof rang, and three thousand souls were thrilled and lifted to heaven by that pure and noble strain, the rapture could not pass away from this one heart; while the ear ached at the cessation of her voice, the heart also ached, and pined, and yearned.

He ceased to resist. From that day he followed her about to her public performances all over the midland counties; and she soon became aware of his presence. She said nothing till Ashmead drew her attention; then, being compelled to notice it, she said it was a great pity. Surely he must have more important duties at home.

Ashmead wanted to recognise him, and put him into the best place vacant; but La Klosking said, "No; I will be more his friend than to lend him the least encouragement."

At the end of that tour she returned to London.

While she was there in her little suburban house, she received a visit from Mr Edward Severne. He came to throw himself at her feet, and beg forgiveness. She said she would try and forgive him. He then implored her to forget the past. She told him that was beyond her power. He persisted, and told her he had come to his senses; all his misconduct now seemed a hideous dream, and he found he had never really loved any one but her. So then he entreated her to try him once more; to give him back the treasure of her love.

She listened to him like a woman of marble. "Love where I despise!" said she. "Never. The day has gone by when these words can move me. Come to me for the means of enjoying yourself—gambling, drinking, and your other vices—and I shall indulge you. But do not profane the name of love. I forbid you ever to enter my door on that errand. I presume you want money. There is a hundred pounds. Take it; and keep out of my sight till you have wasted it."

He dashed the notes proudly down. She turned her back on him, and glided into another room.

When she returned he was gone, and the hundred pounds had managed to accompany him.

He went straight from her to Ashmead, and talked big. He would sue for restitution of conjugal rights.

"Don't do that, for my sake," said Ashmead. "She will fly the country like a bird, and live in some village on bread and milk."

"Oh, I would not do *you* an ill turn for the world," said the master of arts. "You have been a kind friend to me. You saved my life. It is embittered by remorse, and recollections of the happiness I have thrown away, and the heart I have wronged. No matter!"

This visit disturbed La Klosking,

and disposed her to leave London. She listened to a brilliant offer that was made her, through Ashmead, by the manager of the Italian Opera, who was organising a provincial tour. The tour was well advertised in advance, and the company opened to a grand house at Birmingham.

Mademoiselle Klosking had not been long on the stage, when she discovered her discarded husband in the stalls, looking the perfection of youthful beauty. The next minute she saw Vizard in a private box. Mr Severne applauded her loudly, and flung her a bouquet. Mr Vizard fixed his eyes on her, beaming with admiration, but made no public demonstration.

The same incident repeated itself every night she sang, and at every town.

At last she spoke about it to Ashmead, in the vague, suggestive way her sex excels in. "I presume you have observed the people in front?"

"Yes, madam. Two in particular."

"Could you not advise him to desist?"

"Which of 'em, madam?"

"Mr Vizard, of course. He is losing his time, and wasting sentiments it is cruel should be wasted."

Ashmead said he dared not take any liberty with Mr Vizard.

So the thing went on.

Severne made acquaintance with the manager, and obtained the *entrées* behind the scenes. He brought his wife a bouquet every night, and presented it to her with such reverence and grace, that she was obliged to take it and curtsy, or seem rude to the people about.

Then she wrote to Miss Gale, and begged her to come, if she could.

Miss Gale, who had all this time been writing her love-letters twice a-week, immediately appointed her mother viceroy, and went to her

friend. Ina Klosking explained the situation to her with a certain slight timidity and confusion not usual to her; and said, "Now, dear, you have more courage than the rest of us; and I know he has a great respect for you; and, indeed, Miss Dover told me he would quite obey you. Would it not be the act of a friend to advise him to cease this unhappy—what good can come of it? He neglects his own duties, and disturbs me in mine. I sometimes ask myself would it not be kinder of me to give up my business, or practise it elsewhere—Germany, or even Italy?"

"Does he call on you?"

"No."

"Does he write to you?"

"Oh no—I wish he would; because then I should be able to reply like a true friend, and send him away. Consider, dear, it is not like a nobody dangling after a public singer; that is common enough. We are all run after by idle men; even Signorina Zubetta, who has not much voice, nor appearance, and speaks a Genoese *patois* when she is not delivering a libretto. But for a gentleman of position, with a heart of gold, and the soul of an emperor, that he should waste his time and his feelings so, on a woman who can never be anything to him, it is pitiable."

"Well, but after all it is his business; and he is not a child: besides, remember he is really very fond of music. If I were you I'd look another way, and take no notice."

"But I cannot."

"Ah!—And why no, pray?"

"Because he always takes a box on my left hand, two from the stage. I can't think how he gets it at all the theatres. And then he fixes his eyes on me so, I cannot help stealing a look. He never applauds, nor throws me bouquets. He looks; oh, you cannot conceive how he

looks, and the strange effect it is beginning to produce on me!"

"He mesmerises you?"

"I know not; but it is a growing fascination." Oh, my dear physician, interfere. If it goes on, we shall be more wretched than ever." Then she enveloped Rhoda in her arms, and rested a hot cheek against hers.

"I see," said Rhoda. "You are afraid he will make you love him."

"I hope not. But artists are impressionable; and being looked at so, by one I esteem, night after night when my nerves are strung—*cela m'agace*;" and she gave a shiver, and then was a little hysterical; and that was very unlike her.

Rhoda kissed her, and said resolutely she would stop it.

"Not unkindly?"

"Oh no."

"You will not tell him it is offensive to me?"

"No."

"Pray do not give him unnecessary pain."

"No."

"He is not to be mortified."

"No."

"I shall miss him sadly."

"Shall you?"

"Naturally; especially at each new place. Only conceive:—one is always anxious on the stage; and it is one thing to come before a public all strangers, and nearly all poor judges; it is another to see, all ready for your first note, a noble face bright with intelligence and admiration—the face of a friend. Often that one face is the only one I allow myself to see. It hides the whole public."

"Then don't you be silly and send it away. I'll tell you the one fault of your character: you think too much of other people, and too little of yourself. Now that is contrary to the scheme of nature.

We are sent into the world to take care of number one.

"What?" said Ina; "are we to be all self-indulgence? Is there to be no principle, no womanly prudence, foresight, discretion? No: I feel the sacrifice; but no power shall hinder me from making it. If you cannot persuade him, I'll do like other singers. I will be ill, and quit the company."

"Don't do that," said Rhoda. "Now you have put on your iron look, it is no use arguing—I know that to my cost. There—I will talk to him. Only don't hurry me; let me take my opportunity."

This being understood, Ina would not part with her for the present, but took her to the theatre. She dismissed her dresser, at Rhoda's request, and Rhoda filled that office. So they could talk freely.

Rhoda had never been behind the scenes of a theatre before, and she went prying about, ignoring the music, for she was almost earless. Presently, whom should she encounter but Edward Severne? She started, and looked at him like a basilisk. He removed his hat, and drew back a step with a great air of respect and humility. She was shocked and indignant with Ina for letting him be about her. She followed her off the stage into her dressing-room, and took her to task. "I have seen Mr Severne here."

"He comes every night."

"And you allow him?"

"It is the manager."

"But he would not admit him, if you objected."

"I am afraid to do that."

"Why?"

"We should have an *esclandre*. I find he has had so much consideration for me as to tell no one our relation; and as he has never spoken to me, I do the most prudent thing I can, and take no

notice. Should he attempt to intrude himself on me, then it will be time to have him stopped in the hall, and I shall do it *coûte que coûte*. Ah, my dear friend, mine is a difficult and trying position."

After a very long wait, Ina went down and sang her principal song, with the usual bravas and thunders of applause. She was called on twice, and as she retired, Severne stepped forward, and, with a low, obsequious bow, handed her a beautiful bouquet. She took it with a stately curtsy, but never looked nor smiled. Rhoda saw that and wondered. She thought to herself, "That is carrying politeness a long way. To be sure, she is half a foreigner."

Having done his nightly homage, Severne left the theatre, and soon afterwards the performance concluded, and Ina took her friend home.

Ashmead was in the hall to show his patroness to her carriage—a duty he never failed in. Rhoda shook hands with him, and he said, "Delighted to see you here, miss. You will be a great comfort to her."

The two friends communed till two o'clock in the morning; but the limits of my tale forbid me to repeat what passed. Suffice it to say that Rhoda was fairly puzzled by the situation; but, having a great regard for Vizard, saw clearly enough that he ought to be sent back to Islip. She thought that perhaps the very sight of her would wound his pride, and, finding his mania discovered by a third person, he would go of his own accord: so she called on him.

My lord received her with friendly composure, and all his talk was about Islip. He did not condescend to explain his presence at Carlisle. He knew that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and left her to remonstrate. She

had hardly courage for that, and hoped it might be unnecessary.

She told Ina what she had done. But her visit was futile; at night there was Vizard in his box.

Next day the company opened in Manchester. Vizard was in his box there—Severne in front, till Ina's principal song. Then he came round and presented his bouquet. But this time he came up to Rhoda Gale, and asked her whether a penitent man might pay his respects to her in the morning.

She said she believed there were very few penitents in the world.

"I know one," said he.

"Well, I don't, then," said the virago. "But *you* can come, if you are not afraid."

Of course Ina Klosking knew of this appointment two minutes after it was made. She merely said, "Do not let him talk you over."

"He is not so likely to talk me over as you," said Rhoda.

"You are mistaken," was Ina's reply. "I am the one person he will never deceive again."

Rhoda Gale received his visit: he did not beat about the bush, nor fence at all. He declared at once what he came for. He said, "At the first sight of you, whom I have been so ungrateful to, I could not speak; but now I throw myself on your forgiveness. I think you must have seen that my ingratitude has never sat light on me."

"I have seen that you were terribly afraid of me," said she.

"I daresay I was. But I am not afraid of you now; and here, on my knees, I implore you to forgive my baseness, my ingratitude. Oh, Miss Gale, you don't know what it is to be madly in love; one has no principle, no right feeling, against a real passion: and I was madly in love with her. It was through fear of losing her I disowned my physician, my benefac-

trepreneur, who had saved my life. Miserable wretch! It was through fear of losing her that I behaved like a ruffian to my angel wife, and would have committed bigamy, and been a felon. What was all this but madness? You, who are so wise, will you not forgive me a crime that downright insanity was the cause of?"

"Humph! if I understand right, you wish me to forgive you for looking in my face, and saying to the woman who had saved your life, 'I don't know you'?"

"Yes—if you can. No: now you put it in plain words, I see it is not to be forgiven."

"You are mistaken. It was like a stab to my heart, and I cried bitterly over it."

"Then I deserve to be hanged, that is all."

"But, on consideration, I believe it is as much your nature to be wicked, as it is my angel Ina's to be good. So I forgive you that one thing, you charming villain." She held out her hand to him in proof of her good faith.

He threw himself on his knees directly, and kissed and mumbled her hand, and bedewed it with hysterical tears.

"Oh, don't do that," said she; "or I'm bound to give you a good kick. I hate she-men."

"Give me a moment," said he, "and I will be a man again."

He sat with his face in his hands, gulping a little.

"Come," said she, cocking her head like a keen jackdaw; "now let us have the real object of your visit."

"No, no," said he, inadvertently—"another time will do for that. I am content with your forgiveness. Now I can wait."

"What for?"

"Can you ask? Do you consider this a happy state of things?"

"Certainly not. But it can't be helped: and we have to thank you for it."

"It could be helped, in time. If you would persuade her to take the first step."

"What step?"

"Not to disown her husband. To let him at least be her friend—her penitent, humble friend. We are man and wife. If I were to say so publicly, she would admit it. In this respect at least I have been generous: will she not be generous too? What harm could it do her if we lived under the same roof, and I took her to the theatre, and fetched her home, and did little friendly offices for her?"

"And so got the thin edge of the wedge in, eh? Mr Severne, I decline all interference in a matter so delicate, and in favour of a person who would use her as ill as ever, if he once succeeded in recovering her affections."

So then she dismissed him peremptorily.

But, true to Vizard's interest, she called on him again, and, after a few preliminaries, let him know that Severne was every night behind the scenes.

A spasm crossed his face. "I am quite aware of that," said he. "But he is never admitted into her house."

"How do you know?"

"He is under constant surveillance."

"Spies?"

"No—thief-takers; all from Scotland Yard."

"And love brings men down to this. What is it for?"

"When I am sure of your co-operation, I will let you know my hopes."

"He doubts my friendship," said Rhoda, sorrowfully.

"No; only your discretion."

"I will be discreet."

"Well, then, sooner or later, he is sure to form some improper connection or other; and then I hope you will aid me in persuading her to divorce him."

"That is not so easy in this country. It is not like our Western States, where, the saying is, they give you five minutes at a railway station for di—vorce."

"You forget she is a German Protestant, and the marriage was in that country. It will be easy enough."

"Very well; dismiss it from your mind. She will never come before the public in that way. Nothing you nor I could urge would induce her."

Vizard replied, doggedly, "I will never despair, so long as she keeps him out of her house."

Rhoda told Ina Klosking this, and said, "Now it is in your own hands. You have only to let your charming villain into your house, and Mr Vizard will return to Islip."

Ina Klosking buried her face in her hands, and thought.

At night, Vizard in his box, as usual. Severne behind the scenes with his bouquet. But this night he stayed for the ballet, to see a French *danseuse* who had joined them. He was acquainted with her before, and had a sprightly conversation with her. In other words, he renewed an old flirtation.

The next opera night all went as usual. Vizard in the box, looking sadder than usual. Rhoda's good sense had not been entirely wasted. Severne, with his bouquet, and his grave humility, until the play ended, and La Klosking passed out into the hall. Her back was hardly turned, when Mdle. Lafontaine, dressed for the ballet, in a most spicy costume, danced up to her old friend, and slapped his face very softly with a rose, then sprang away, and stood on her defence.

"I'll have that rose," cried Severne.

"Nenni."

"And a kiss into the bargain."

"Jamais."

"C'est ce que nous verrons."

He chased her. She uttered a feigned "Ah!" and darted away. He followed her; she crossed the scene at the back, where it was dark, bounded over an open trap, which she saw just in time, but Severne, not seeing it, because she was between him and it, fell through it, and striking the mazarine, fell into the cellar, fifteen feet below the stage.

The screams of the dancer soon brought a crowd round the trap, and reached Mademoiselle Klosking just as she was going out to her carriage. "There!" she cried; "another accident!" and she came back, making sure it was some poor carpenter come to grief, as usual. On such occasions her purse was always ready.

They brought Severne up sensible, but moaning, and bleeding at the temple, and looking all streaky about the face.

They were going to take him to the infirmary; but Mademoiselle Klosking, with a face of angelic pity, said, "No; he bleeds, he bleeds. He must go to my house."

They stared a little; but it takes a good deal to astonish people in a theatre.

Severne was carried out, his head hastily bandaged, and he was lifted into La Klosking's carriage. One of the people of the theatre was directed to go on the box, and La Klosking and Ashmead supported him, and he was taken to her lodgings. She directed him to be laid on a couch, and a physician sent for, Miss Gale not having yet returned from Liverpool, whither she had gone to attend a lecture.

Ashmead went for the physician.

But almost at the door he met Miss Gale and Mr Vizard.

"Miss," said he, "you are wanted. There has been an accident. Mr Severne has fallen through a trap, and into the cellar."

"No bones broken?"

"Not he: he has only broken his head; and that will cost her a broken heart."

"Where is he?"

"Where I hoped never to see him again."

"What! in her house?" said Rhoda, and hurried off at once.

"Mr Ashmead," said Vizard, "a word with you."

"By all means, sir," said Ashmead, "as we go for the doctor. Dr Menteith has a great name. He lives close by your hotel, sir."

As they went, Vizard asked him what he meant by saying this incident would cost her a broken heart.

"Why, sir," said Ashmead, "he is on his good behaviour to get back; has been for months begging and praying just to be let live under the same roof. She has always refused. But some fellows have such luck. I don't say he fell down a trap on purpose; but he has done it, and no broken bones, but plenty of blood. That is the very thing to overcome a woman's feelings; and she is not proof against pity. He will have her again. Why, she is his nurse now; and see how that will work. We have a week's more business here; and, by bad luck, a dead fortnight, all along of Dublin falling through unexpectedly. He is as artful as Old Nick; he will spin out that broken head of his and make it last all the three weeks; and she will nurse him, and he will be weak, and grateful, and cry, and beg her pardon six times a-day; and

she is only a woman, after all; and they are man and wife, when all is done: the road is beaten. They will run upon it again, till his time is up to play the rogue as bad as ever."

"You torture me," said Vizard.

"I am afraid I do, sir; but I feel it my duty. Mr Vizard, you are a noble gentleman, and I am only what you see; but the humblest folk will have their likes and dislikes, and I have a great respect for you, sir. I can't tell you the mixture of things I feel when I see you in the same box every night. Of course I am her agent, and the house would not be complete without you; but as a man I am sorry—especially now that she has let him into her house. Take a humble friend's advice, sir, and cut it. Don't you come between any woman and her husband, especially a public lady. She will never be more to you than she is. She is a good woman, and he must keep gaining ground. He has got the pull. Rouse all your pride, sir, and your manhood, and you have got plenty of both, and cut it; don't look right nor left, but cut it—and forgive my presumption."

Vizard was greatly moved. "Give me your hand," he said; "you are a worthy man. I'll act on your advice, and never forget what I owe you. Stick to me like a leech, and see me off by the next train, for I am going to tear my heart out of my bosom."

Luckily there was a train in half an hour, and Ashmead saw him off; then went to supper. He did not return to Ina's lodgings. He did not want to see Severne nursed. He liked the fellow, too; but he saw through him clean; and he worshipped Ina Klosking.

CHAPTER XXXII.

At one o'clock next day, Ashmead received a note from Mademoiselle Klosking, saying, "Arrange with Mr X. to close my tour with Manchester. Pay the fortnight, if required." She was with the company at a month's notice on either side, you must understand.

Instead of going to the manager, he went at once, in utter dismay, to Mademoiselle Klosking, and there learned in substance what I must now briefly relate.

Miss Gale found Edward Severne deposited on a sofa. Ina was on her knees by his side, sponging his bleeding temple, with looks of gentle pity. Strange to say, the wound was in the same place as his wife's, but more contused, and no large vein was divided. Miss Gale soon stanch'd that. She asked him where his pain was. He said it was in his head and his back; and he cast a haggard, anxious look on her.

"Take my arm," said she. "Now, stand up."

He tried but could not, and said his legs were benumbed. Miss Gale looked grave.

"Lay him on my bed," said La Klosking. "That is better than these hard couches."

"You are right," said Miss Gale. "Ring for the servants. He must be moved gently."

He was carried in, and set upon the edge of the bed, and his coat and waistcoat taken off. Then he was laid gently down on the bed, and covered with a down quilt.

Doctress Gale then requested Ina to leave the room, while she questioned the patient.

Ina retired.

In a moment or two Miss Gale came out to her softly.

At sight of her face, La Klosking

said, "Oh dear; it is more serious than we thought."

"Very serious."

"Poor Edward!"

"Collect all your courage, for I cannot lie, either to patient or friend."

"And you are right," said La Klosking, trembling. "I see he is in danger."

"Worse than that. Where there's danger there is hope; here there is none. HE IS A DEAD MAN!"

"Oh no! no!"

"He has broken his back, and nothing can save him. His lower limbs have already lost sensation; death will creep over the rest. Do not disturb your mind with idle hopes. You have two things to thank God for—that you took him into your own house, and that he will die easily. Indeed, were he to suffer, I should stupefy him at once, for nothing can *hurt* him."

Ina Klosking turned faint, and her knees gave way under her. Rhoda ministered to her; and whilst she was so employed, Dr Menteith was announced. He was shown in to the patient, and the accident described to him. He questioned the patient, and examined him alone.

He then came out, and said he would draw a prescription. He did so.

"Doctor," said La Klosking, "tell me the truth. It cannot be worse than I fear."

"Madam," said the doctor, "medicine can do nothing for him. The spinal cord is divided. Give him anything he fancies, and my prescription if he suffers pain, not otherwise. Shall I send you a nurse?"

"No," said Mademoiselle Klosking, "we will nurse him night and day."

He retired, and the friends entered on their sad duties.

When Severne saw them both by his bedside, with earnest looks of pity, he said, "Do not worry yourselves; I'm booked for the long journey. Ah, well, I shall die where I ought to have lived, and might have, if I had not been a fool."

Ina wept bitterly.

They nursed him night and day. He suffered little, and when he did, Miss Gale stupefied the pain at once; for, as she truly said, "nothing can hurt him." Vitality gradually retired to his head, and lingered there a whole day. But, to his last moment, the art of pleasing never abandoned him. Instead of worrying for this or that every moment, he showed in this desperate condition singular patience and well-bred fortitude. He checked his wife's tears; assured her it was all for the best, and that he was reconciled to the inevitable. "I have had a happier time than I deserve," said he; "and now I have a painless death, nursed by two sweet women. My only regret is that I shall not be able to repay your devotion, Ina, nor become worthy of your friendship, Miss Gale."

He died without fear, it being his conviction that he should return after death to the precise condition in which he was before birth; and when they begged him to see a clergyman, he said, "Pray do not give yourselves or him that trouble. I can melt back into the universe without his assistance."

He even died content; for this polished Bohemian had often foreseen that, if he lived long, he should die miserably.

But the main feature of his end was his extraordinary politeness. He paid Miss Gale compliments just as if he was at his ease on a sofa: and scarce an hour before his decease he said, faintly, "I declare—I have been so busy—dying—I have forgotten to send my kind regards to good Mr Ashmead. Pray tell him I did not forget his kindness to me."

He just ceased to live, so quiet was his death, and a smile rested on his dead features, and they were as beautiful as ever.

So ended a fair, pernicious creature, endowed too richly with the art of pleasing, and quite devoid of principle. Few bad men knew right so well, and went so wrong.

Ina buried her face for hours on his bed, and kissed his cold features and hand. She had told him before he died she would recall all her resolutions, if he would live. But he was gone. Death buries a man's many faults, and his few virtues rise again. She mourned him sincerely, and would not be comforted: she purchased a burying-place for ever, and laid him in it: then she took her aching heart far away, and was lost to the public and to all her English friends.

The faithful Rhoda accompanied her half-way to London; then returned to her own duties in Barfordshire.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I must now retrograde a little, to relate something rather curious, and I hope not uninteresting.

Zoe Vizard had been for some time acting on Mrs Gale's advice;

building, planning for the good of the poor, and going out of herself more and more. She compared notes constantly with Miss Gale, and conceived a friendship for her.

It had been a long time coming, because at first she disliked Miss Gale's manners very much. But that lady had nursed her tenderly, and now advised her; and Zoe, who could not do anything by halves, became devoted to her.

As she warmed to her good work, she gave signs of clearer judgment. She never mentioned Severne; but she no longer absolutely avoided Ina Klosking's name; and one day she spoke of her as a high-principled woman: for which the Gale kissed her on the spot.

One name she often uttered, and always with regret and self-reproach—Lord Uxmoor's. I think that, now she was herself building and planning for the permanent improvement of the poor, she felt the tie of a kindred sentiment. Uxmoor was her predecessor in this good work too; and would have been her associate, if she had not been so blind. This thought struck deep in her. Her mind ran more and more on Uxmoor, his manliness, his courage in her defence, and his gentlemanly fortitude and bravery in leaving her, without a word, at her request. Running over all these, she often blushed with shame, and her eyes filled with sorrow at thinking of how she had treated him, and lost him for ever by not deserving him.

She even made oblique and timid inquiries; but could learn nothing of him, except that he sent periodical remittances to Miss Gale, for managing his improvements. These, however, came in through a country agent from a town agent, and left no clue.

But one fine day, with no warning except to his own people, Lord Uxmoor came home; and the next day rode to Hillstoke to talk matters over with Miss Gale. He was fortunate enough to find her at home. He thanked her for the

zeal and enthusiasm she had shown, and the progress his works had made under her supervision.

He was going away without even mentioning the Vizard family.

But the crafty Gale detained him. "Going to Vizard Court?" said she.

"No," said he, very drily.

"Ah, I understand; but perhaps you would not mind going with me as far as Islip. There is something there I wish you to see."

"Humph! Is it anything very particular? Because——"

"It is. Three cottages rising, with little flower-gardens in front; square plots behind, and arrangements for breeding calves, with other ingenious novelties. A new head come into our business, my lord."

"You have converted Vizard? I thought you would. He is a satirical fellow; but he will listen to reason."

"No; it is not Mr Vizard: indeed it is no convert of mine. It is an independent enthusiast. But I really believe your work at home had some hand in firing her enthusiasm."

"A lady! Do I know her?"

"You may. I suppose you know everybody in Barfordshire. Will you come? Do!"

"Of course I will come, Miss Gale. Please tell one of your people to walk my horse down after us."

She had her hat on in a moment, and walked him down to Islip.

Her tongue was not idle on the road. "You don't ask after the people," said she. "There's poor Miss Vizard. She had a sad illness. We were almost afraid we should lose her."

"Heaven forbid!" said Uxmoor, startled by this sudden news.

"Mademoiselle Klosking got quite well: and, oh! what do you think!

Mr Severne turned out to be her husband."

"What is that?" shouted Uxmoor, and stopped dead short. "Mr Severne a married man!"

"Yes; and Mademoiselle Klossing a married woman."

"You amaze me. Why, that Mr Severne was paying his attentions to Miss Vizard."

"So I used to fancy," said Rhoda, carelessly. "But, you see, it came out he was married, and so of course she packed him off with a flea in his ear."

"Did she?—When was that?"

"Let me see, it was the 17th of October."

"Why, that was the very day I left England."

"How odd! Why did you not stay another week? Gentlemen are so impatient. Never mind, that is an old story now. Here we are: those are the cottages. The workmen are at dinner. Ten to one the enthusiast is there: this is her time. You stay here; I'll go and see." She went off on tiptoe, and peeped and pried here and there, like a young witch. Presently she took a few steps towards him, with her finger mysteriously to her lips, and beckoned him. He entered into the pantomime—she seemed so earnest in it—and came to her softly.

"Do just take a peep in at that opening for a door," said she, "then you'll see her; her back is turned. She is lovely; only, you know, she has been ill, and I don't think she is very happy."

Uxmoor thought this peeping at enthusiasts rather an odd proceeding, but Miss Gale had primed his curiosity, and he felt naturally proud of a female pupil. He stepped up lightly, looked in at the door, and, to his amazement, saw Zoe Vizard sitting on a carpenter's bench, with her lovely head in the

sun's rays. He started, then gazed, then devoured her with his eyes.

What! was this his pupil?

How gentle and sad she seemed! All his stoicism melted at the sight of her. She sat in a sweet pensive attitude, pale and drooping, but, to his fancy, lovelier than ever. She gave a little sigh. His heart yearned. She took out a letter, read it slowly, and said, softly and slowly, "Poor fel-low!" He thought he recognised his own handwriting, and could stand no more. He rushed in, and was going to speak to her; but she screamed, and no conjuror every made a card disappear quicker than she did that letter, as she bounded away like a deer, and stood, blushing scarlet, and palpitating all over.

Uxmoor was ashamed of his *brusquerie*.

"What a brute I am, to frighten you like this!" said he. "Pray forgive me; but the sight of you, after all these weary months—and you said 'Poor fellow!'"

"Did I?" said Zoe, faintly, looking scared.

"Yes, sweet Zoe; and you were reading a letter."

No reply.

"I thought the poor fellow might be myself. Not that I am to be pitied, if you think of me still."

"I do, then—very often. Oh, Lord Uxmoor, I want to go down on my knees to you."

"That is odd, now; for it is exactly what I should like to do to you."

"What for? It is I who have behaved so ill."

"Never mind that; I love you."

"But you mustn't. You must love some worthy person."

"Oh, you leave that to me. I have no other intention. But may I just see whose letter you were reading?"

"Oh, pray don't ask me."

"I insist on knowing."

"I will not tell you. There it is." She gave it to him with a guilty air, and hid her face.

"Dear Zoe, suppose I was to repeat the offer I made here?"

"I advise you not," said she, all in a flurry.

"Why?"

"Because—because—I might say 'Yes.'"

"Well, then, I'll take my chance once more. Zoe, will you try and love me?"

"Try? I believe I do love you, or nearly. I think of you very often."

"Then you will do something to make me happy."

"Anything; everything."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, that I will," said Zoe, almost impetuously; "and then," with a grand look of conscious beauty, "I can *make* you forgive me."

Uxmoor, on this, caught her in his arms, and kissed her with such

fire that she uttered a little stifled cry of alarm; but it was soon followed by a sigh of complacency, and she sank, resistless, on his manly breast.

So, after two sieges, he carried that fair citadel by assault.

Then let not the manly heart despair, nor take a mere brace of "Noes" from any woman. Nothing short of three negatives is serious.

They walked out arm in arm, and very close to each other; and he left her, solemnly engaged.

Leaving this pair to the delights of courtship, and growing affection on Zoe's side,—for a warm attachment of the noblest kind did grow, by degrees, out of her penitence and esteem, and desire to repair her fault,—I must now take up the other thread of this narrative, and apologise for having inverted the order of events; for it was, in reality, several days after this happy scene, that Mademoiselle Klosking sent for Miss Gale.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Vizard, then, with Ashmead, returned home in despair; and Zoe, now happy in her own mind, was all tenderness and sisterly consolation. They opened their hearts to each other, and she showed her wish to repay the debt she owed him. How far she might have succeeded, in time, will never be known. For he had hardly been home a week, when Miss Gale returned, all in black, and told him Severne was dead and buried.

He was startled, and even shocked, remembering old times; but it was not in human nature he should be sorry. Not to be indecorously glad at so opportune an exit, was all that could be expected from him.

When she had given him the details, his first question was, "How did she bear it?"

"She is terribly cut up—more than one would think possible; for she was ice and marble to him, before he was hurt to death."

"Where is she?"

"Gone to London. She will write to me, I suppose—poor dear. But one must give her time."

From that hour Vizard was in a state of excitement, hoping to hear from Ina Klosking, or about her; but unwilling, from delicacy, to hurry matters.

At last he became impatient, and wrote to Ashmead, whose address he had, and said, frankly, he had a delicacy in intruding on Mademoi-

selle Klosking, in her grief. Yet his own feelings would not allow him to seem to neglect her. Would Mr Ashmead, then, tell him where she was, as she had not written to any one in Barfordshire,—not even to her tried friend, Miss Gale.

He received an answer by return of post:—

“DEAR SIR,—I am grieved to tell you that Mademoiselle Klosking has retired from public life. She wrote to me, three weeks ago, from Dover, requesting me to accept, as a token of her esteem, the surplus money I hold in hand for her—I always drew her salary—and bidding me farewell. The sum included her profits by Psalmody, minus her expenses, and was so large it could never have been intended as a mere recognition of my humble services; and I think I have seldom felt so down-hearted as on receiving this princely donation. It has enabled me to take better offices, and it may be the foundation of a little fortune; but I feel that I have lost the truly great lady who has made a man of me. Sir, the relish is gone for my occupation. I can never be so happy as I was in working the interests of that great genius, whose voice made our leading sopranis sound like whistles, and who honoured me with her friendship. Sir, she was not like other leading ladies. She never bragged, never spoke ill of any one; and *you* can testify to her virtue and her discretion.

“I am truly sorry to learn from you that she has written to no one in Barfordshire. I saw, by her letter to me, she had left the stage; but her dropping you all looks as if she had left the world. I do hope she has not been so mad as to go into one of those cursed convents.

“Mr Vizard, I will now write to friends in all the Continental towns

where there is good music. She will not be able to keep away from that long. I will also send photographs; and hope we may hear something. If not, perhaps a *judicious advertisement* might remind her that she is inflicting pain upon persons to whom she is dear.—I am, sir, your obliged and grateful servant,
JOSEPH ASHMEAD.”

Here was a blow. I really believe Vizard felt this more deeply than all his other disappointments.

He brooded over it for a day or two; and then, as he thought Miss Gale a very ill-used person, though not, of course, so ill-used as himself, he took her Ashmead's letter.

“This is nice,” said she. “There—I must give up loving women. Besides, they throw me over the moment a man comes, if it happens to be the right one.”

“Unnatural creatures!” said Vizard.

“Ungrateful, at all events.”

“Do you think she has gone into a convent?”

“Not she. In the first place, she is a Protestant; and, in the second, she is not a fool.”

“I will advertise.”

“The idea!”

“Do you think I am going to sit down with my hands before me, and lose her for ever?”

“No, indeed; I don't think you are that sort of man at all, ha! ha!”

“Oh, Miss Gale, pity me. Tell me how to find her. That Fanny Dover says women are only enigmas to men, they understand one another.”

“What!” said Rhoda, turning swiftly on him; “does that little chit pretend to read my noble Ina?”

“If she cannot, perhaps you can; you are so shrewd. Do tell me, what does it all mean?”

“It means nothing at all, I dare-

say ; only a woman's impulse. They are such geese at times, every one of them."

"Oh, if I did but know what country she is in, I would ransack it!"

"Hum!—countries are biggish places."

"I don't care."

"What will you give me to tell you where she is at this moment?"

"All I have in the world."

"That is sufficient. Well, then, first assign me your estates; then fetch me an ordnance map of creation, and I will put my finger on her."

"You little mocking fiend, you!"

"I am not. I'm a tall, beneficent angel; and I'll tell you where she is—for nothing. Keep your land: who wants it?—it is only a bother."

"For pity's sake, don't trifle with me."

"I never will, where your heart is interested. She is at Zutzig."

"Ah, you good girl! She has written to you."

"Not a line, the monster! And I'll serve her out. I'll teach her to play hide-and-seek with Gale, M.D."

"Zutzig!" said Vizard; "how can you know?"

"What does *that* matter? Well—yes—I will reveal the mental process. First of all, she has gone to her mother."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh dear, dear, dear! Because that is where every daughter goes in trouble. I should—she *has*. Fancy you not seeing that! Why, Fanny Dover would have told you that much in a moment. But now you will have to thank *my* mother for teaching me Attention, the parent of Memory. Pray, sir, who were the witnesses to that abominable marriage of hers?"

"I remember two, Baron Hompesch——"

"No, Count Hompesch."

"And Count Meurice."

"Viscount. What! have you forgotten Herr Formes, Fraulein Graafe, Züg the Capellmeister, and her very mother? Come now, whose daughter is she?"

"I forget, I'm sure."

"Walter Ferris and Eva Klosking, of Zutzig, in Denmark. Pack—start for Copenhagen. Consult an ordnance map there. Find out Zutzig. Go to Zutzig, and you have got her. It is some hole in a wilderness, and she can't escape."

"You clever little angel! I'll be there in three days. Do you really think I shall succeed?"

"Your own fault if you don't. She has run into a *cul de sac* through being too clever; and, besides, women sometimes run away just to be caught, and hide on purpose to be found. I should not wonder if she has said to herself, 'He will find me if he loves me so very, very much—I'll try him.'"

"Not a word more, angelic Fox," said Vizard; "I'm off to Zutzig."

He went out on fire. She opened the window, and screeched after him, "Everything is fair after her behaviour to me. Take her a book of those spiritual songs she is so fond of. 'Johnny comes marching home' is worth the lot, I reckon."

Away went Vizard; found Copenhagen with ease; Zutzig with difficulty, being a small village. But once there, he soon found the farmhouse of Eva Klosking. He drove up to the door. A Danish labourer came out from the stable directly; and a buxom girl, with pale golden hair, opened the door. These two seized his luggage, and conveyed it into the house, and the hired vehicle to the stable. Vizard thought it must be an inn.

The girl bubbled melodious

sounds, and ran off and brought a sweet, venerable dame. Vizard recognised Eva Klosking at once.

The old lady said, "Few strangers come here—are you not English?"

"Yes, madam."

"It is Mr Vizard—is it not?"

"Yes, madam."

"Ah, sir, my daughter will welcome you, but not more heartily than I do. My child has told me all she owes to you"—then in Danish, "God bless the hour you come under this roof."

Vizard's heart beat tumultuously, wondering how Ina Klosking would receive him. The servant had told her a tall stranger was come. She knew in a moment who it was; so she had the advantage of being prepared.

She came to him, her cheeks dyed with blushes, and gave him both hands. "You here!" said she; "oh happy day! Mother, he must have the south chamber. I will go and prepare it for him. Tecla!—Tecla!"—and she was all hostess. She committed him to her mother, whilst she and the servant went up-stairs.

He felt discomfited a little. He wanted to know, all in a moment, whether she would love him.

However, Danish hospitality has its good side. He soon found out he might live the rest of his days there if he chose.

He soon got her alone, and said, "You knew I should find you, cruel one."

"How could I dream of such a thing?" said she, blushing.

"Oh, Love is a detective. You said to yourself, 'If he loves me as I ought to be loved, he will search Europe for me; but he will find me.'"

"Oh, then it was not to be at peace and rest on my mother's bosom I came here—it was to give

you the trouble of running after me. Oh fie!"

"You are right. I am a vain fool."

"No, that you are not. After all, how do I know all that was in my heart? [Ahem!] Be sure of this, you are very welcome. I must go and see about your dinner."

In that Danish farmhouse life was very primitive. Eva Klosking, and both her daughters, helped the two female servants, or directed them, in every department. So Ina, who was on her defence, had many excuses for escaping Vizard, when he pressed her too hotly. But at last she was obliged to say, "Oh, pray, my friend, we are in Denmark: here widows are expected to be discreet."

"But that is no reason why the English fellows who adore them, should be discreet."

"Perhaps not; but then the Danish lady runs away."

Which she did.

But, after the bustle of the first day, he had so many opportunities. He walked with her, sat with her while she worked, and hung over her, entranced, while she sang. He produced the book from Vizard Court, without warning, and she screamed with delight at sight of it, and caught his hand in both hers, and kissed it. She revelled in those sweet strains which had comforted her in affliction: and oh, the eyes she turned on him after singing any song in this particular book. Those tender glances thrilled him to the very marrow.

To tell the honest truth, his arrival was a godsend to Ina Klosking. When she first came home to her native place, and laid her head on her mother's bosom, she was in Elysium. The house, the wood-fires, the cooing doves, the bleating calves, the primitive life, the recollections of childhood, all

were balm to her, and she felt like ending her days there. But, as the days rolled on, came a sense of monotony, and excessive tranquillity. She was on the verge of *ennui* when Vizard broke in upon her.

From that moment there was no stagnation. He made life very pleasant to her; only her delicacy took the alarm at his open declarations—she thought them so premature.

At last he said to her, one day, "I begin to fear you will never love me as I love you."

"Who knows?" said she. "Time works wonders."

"I wonder," said he, "whether you will ever marry any other man?"

Ina was shocked at that. "Oh, my friend, how could I—unless," said she, with a sly side-glance, "you consented?"

"Consent? I'd massacre him."

Ina turned towards him. "You asked my hand at a time when you thought me—I don't know what you thought,—that is a thing no woman could forget. And now you have come all this way for me. I am yours, if you can wait for me."

He caught her in his arms. She disengaged herself gently, and her hand rested an unnecessary moment on his shoulder. "Is that how you understand 'waiting'?" said she, with a blush, but an indulgent smile.

"What is the use waiting?"

"It is a matter of propriety."

"How long are we to wait?"

"Only a few months. My friend, it is like a boy, to be too impatient. Alas! would you marry me in my widow's cap?"

"Of course I would. Now, Ina, love, a widow who has been two years separated from her husband!"

"Certainly, that makes a difference—in one's own mind. But one

must respect the opinion of the world. Dear friend, it is of you think, though I speak of myself."

"You are an angel. Take your own time. After all, what does matter? I don't leave Zutzig without you."

Ina's pink tint and sparkling eyes betrayed anything but horror at that insane resolution. However, she felt it her duty to say that it was unfortunate she should always be the person to distract him from his home duties.

"Oh, never mind them," said this single-hearted lover. "I have appointed Miss Gale viceroy."

However, one day he had a letter from Zoe, telling him that Lady Uxmoor was now urging her to name the day; but she had declined to do that, not knowing when it might suit him to be at Vizard Court. "But, dearest," said she, "mind, you are not to hurry home for me. I am very happy I am, and I hope you will soon be as happy, love. She is a noble woman."

The latter part of this letter tempted Vizard to show it to Ina. He soon found his mistake. She kissed it, and ordered him off. He remonstrated. She put on, for the first time in Denmark, her married look, and said, "You will lessen my esteem if you are cruel to your sister. Let her name the wedding day at once; and you must be the to give her away, and bless her union, with a brother's love."

He submitted, but a little suddenly, and said it was very hard.

He wrote to his sister, accordingly, and she named the day, and Vizard settled to start for home and be in time.

As to the proprieties, he had instructed Miss Maitland and Fanny Dover, and given them and La Gale *carte blanche*. It was to be a magnificent wedding.

This being excitement, Fanny Dover was in paradise. Moreover, a rosy-cheeked curate had taken the place of the venerable vicar, and Miss Dover's threat to flirt out the stigma of a nun was executed with promptitude, zeal, pertinacity, and the dexterity that comes of practice. When the day came for his leaving Zutzig, Vizard was dejected. "Who knows when we may meet again?" said he.

Ina consoled him. "Do not be sad, dear friend. You are doing your duty; and as you do it partly to please me, I ought to try and reward you; ought I not?" And she gave him a strange look.

"I advise you not to press that question," said he.

At the very hour of parting, Ina's eyes were moist with tenderness, but there was a smile on her face very expressive; yet he could not make out what it meant. She did not cry. He thought that hard. It was his opinion that women could always cry. She might have done the usual thing just to gratify him.

He reached home in good time: and played the grand seigneur—nobody could do it better when driven to it—to do honour to his sister. She was a peerless bride: she stood superior with ebon locks and coal-black eyes, encircled by six bridesmaids—all picked blondes. The bevy, with that glorious figure in the middle, seemed one glorious and rare flower.

After the wedding, the breakfast; and then the travelling-carriage—the four liveried postilions bedecked with favours.

But the bride wept on Vizard's neck; and a light seemed to leave the house when she was gone. The carriages kept driving away one after another till four o'clock; and then Vizard sat disconsolate in his study, and felt very lonely.

Yet a thing no bigger than a leaf

sufficed to drive away this sombre mood, a piece of amber-coloured paper scribbled on with a pencil—a telegram from Ashmead: "Good news: lost sheep turned up. Is now with her mother at Claridge's Hotel."

Then Vizard was in raptures. Now he understood Ina's composure, and the half-sly look she had given him, and her dry eyes at parting, and other things. He tore up to London directly, with a telegram flying ahead: burst in upon her, and had her in his arms in a moment, before her mother. She fenced no longer, but owned he had gained her love, as he had deserved it in every way.

She consented to be married that week in London; only she asked for a Continental tour, before entering Vizard Court as his wife: but she did not stipulate even for that; she only asked it submissively, as one whose duty it now was to obey, not dictate.

They were married in St George's Church very quietly, by special licence. Then they saw her mother off, and crossed to Calais. They spent two happy months together on the Continent, and returned to London.

But Vizard was too old-fashioned, and too proud of his wife, to sneak into Vizard Court with her. He did not make it a county matter; but he gave the village such a *fête* as had not been seen for many a day. The preparations were intrusted to Mr Ashmead, at Ina's request. "He will be sure to make it theatrical," she said; "but perhaps the simple villagers will admire that, and it will amuse you and me, love; and the poor dear old Thing will be in his glory—I hope he will not drink too much."

Ashmead was indeed in his glory. Nothing had been seen in a play that he did not electrify Islip with,

and the surrounding villages. He pasted large posters on walls and barn-doors, and his small bills curled round the patriarchs of the forest and the roadside trees, and blistered the gate-posts.

The day came. A soapy-pole, with a leg of mutton on high for the successful climber; races in sacks; short blindfold races with wheelbarrows; pig with a greasy tail, to be won by him who could catch him and shoulder him, without touching any other part of him; bowls of treacle for the boys to duck heads in and fish out coins; skittles, nine-pins, aunt Sally, &c., &c., &c.

But what astonished the villagers most was a May-pole, with long ribbons, about which ballet-girls, undisguised as Highlanders, danced, and wound and unwound the party-coloured streamers, to the merry fiddle, and then danced reels upon a platform, then returned to their little tent: but out again and danced hornpipes undisguised as Jacky Tars.

Beer flowed from a sturdy regiment of barrels. "The Court" kitchen and the village bakehouse kept pouring forth meats, baked, boiled, and roast; there was a pile of loaves like a haystack; and they roasted an ox whole on the green; and when they found they were burning him raw, they fetched the butcher like sensible fellows, and dismembered the giant, and so roasted him reasonably.

In the midst of the revelling and feasting, Vizard and Mrs Vizard were driven into Islip village, in the family coach with four horses, streaming with ribbons.

They drove round the green, bowing and smiling in answer to the acclamations and blessings of the poor, and then to Vizard Court. The great doors flew open. The servants, male and female, lined the hall on both sides, and received her,

bowing and curtsaying low, on the very spot where she had nearly met her death. Her husband took her hand and conducted her in state to her own apartment.

It was open house to all, that joyful day; and at night magnificent fireworks on the sweep, seen from the drawing-room by Mrs Vizard, Miss Maitland, Miss Gale, Miss Dover and the rosy-cheeked curate, whom she had tied to her apron-strings.

At two in the morning, Mr Harris showed Mr Ashmead to his couch. Both gentlemen went up the stairs a little graver than any of our modern judges, and firm as a rock; but their firmness resembled that of a roof rather than a wall; for these dignities as they went made one inverted V—so, A.

It is time the Woman-Hater drew to a close, for the woman-hater is spoilt. He begins sarcastic speeches, from force of habit, but stops short in the middle. He is a very happy man, and owes it to a woman, and knows it. He adores her; and to love well is to be happy. But, besides that, she watches over his happiness and his good with that unobtrusive but minute vigilance which belongs to her sex, and is often misapplied, but not so very often as cynics say. Even the honest friendship between him and the remarkable woman he calls his "virago," gives him many a pleasant hour. He is still a humorist, though cured of his fling at the fair sex. His last tolerable hit was at the monosyllabic names of the immortal composers his wife had disinterred in his library. Says he to parson Denison, hot from Oxford, "They remind me of the Oxford poets in the last century:—

"Alma novem celebres genuit Rhedycins
Poetas.
Bubb, Stubb, Grubb, Crabbe, Trappe,
Brome, Carey, Tickell, Evans."

As for Ina Vizard, La Klosking no longer, she has stepped into her new place with her native dignity, seamliness, and composure. At first, a few county ladies put their little heads together, and prepared to give themselves airs; but the beauty, dignity, and enchanting grace of Mrs Vizard swept this little faction away like small dust. Her perfect courtesy, her mild but deep dislike of all feminine backbiting, her dead silence about the absent, except when she can speak kindly—these rare traits have forced, by degrees, the esteem and confidence of her own sex. As for the men, they accepted her at once with enthusiasm. She and Lady Uxmoor are the acknowledged belles of the county. Lady Uxmoor's face is the most admired; but Mrs Vizard comes next—and her satin shoulders, statuesque bust and arms, and exquisite hand, turn the scale with some. But when she speaks, she charms; and when she sings, all competition dies.

She is faithful to music, and especially to sacred music. She is not very fond of singing at parties, and sometimes gives offence by declining. Music sets fools talking, because it excites them, and then their folly comes out by the road nature has provided. But when Mrs Vizard has to sing in one key, and people talk in five other keys, that gives this artist such physical pain that she often declines, merely to escape it. It does not much mortify her vanity, she has so little.

She always sings in church, and sings out, too, when she is there; and plays the harmonium. She trains the villagers—girls, boys, and adults—with untiring good-humour and patience.

Amongst her pupils are two fine voices: Tom Wilder, a grand bass,—and the rosy-cheeked curate, a greater rarity still, a genuine counter-tenor.

These two can both read music tolerably; but the curate used to sing everything, however full of joy, with a pathetic whine, for which Vizard chaffed him in vain; but Mrs Vizard *persuaded* him out of it, where argument and satire failed.

People come far and near to hear the hymns at Islip Church, sung in full harmony—trebles, tenor, counter-tenor, and bass.

A trait—she allows nothing to be sung in church unrehearsed. The rehearsals are on Saturday night, and never shirked, such is the respect for “Our Dame.” To be sure, “Our Dame” fills the stomachs and wets the whistles of her faithful choir on Saturday nights.

On Sunday night there are performances of sacred music in the great dining-hall. But these are rather more ambitious than those in the village church. The performers meet on that happy footing of *camaraderie* the fine arts create, the superior respect shown to Mrs Vizard being mainly paid to her as the greater musician. They attack anthems and services; and a trio, by the parson, the blacksmith, and “Our Dame,” is really an extraordinary treat, owing to the great beauty of the voices. It is also piquant to hear the female singer constantly six, and often ten, notes below the male counter-tenor; but then comes Wilder with his diapa-son, and the harmony is noble; the more so that Mrs Vizard rehearses her pupils in the swell—a figure too little practised in music, and nowhere carried out as she does it.

One night the organist of Barford was there. They sang Kent's service in F, and Mrs Vizard still admired it. She and the parson swelled in the duet—“To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,” &c. Organist approved the execution, but said the composition was a meagre thing, quite out of date.

"We have much finer things now by learned men of the day."

"Ah," said she, "bring me one."

So, next Sunday, he brought her a learned composition, and played it to her, preliminary to their singing it. But she declined it on the spot. "What!" said she. "Mr X., would you compare this meaningless stuff with Kent in F? Why, in Kent, the dominant sentiment of each composition is admirably preserved. His 'Magnificat' is lofty jubilation, with a free onward rush. His 'Dimittis' is divine repose after life's fever. But this poor pedant's 'Magnificat' begins with a mere crash, and then falls into the pathetic—an excellent thing in its place, but not in a song of triumph. As to his 'Dimittis,' it simply defies the words. This is no Christian sunset. It is not good old Simeon gently declining to his rest, content to close those eyes which had seen the world's salvation. This is a tempest, and all the windows rattling, and the great Napoleon dying, amidst the fury of the elements, with 'tête d'armée!' on his dying lips, and 'battle' in his expiring soul. No, sir; if the learned Englishmen of this day can do nothing nearer the mark than DOLEFUL MAGNIFICATS and STORMY NUNC DIMITTISES, I shall stand faithful to poor dead Kent, and his fellows—they were my solace in sickness and sore trouble."

In accordance with these views of vocal music, and desirous to expand its sphere, Mrs Vizard has just offered handsome prizes in the county for the best service, in which the dominant sentiment of the words shall be as well preserved as in Kent's despised service; and another prize to whoever can set any famous short secular poem, or poetical passage (not in ballad metre), to good and appropriate music.

This has elicited several pieces.

The composers have tried their hands on Dryden's Ode; on the meeting of Hector and Andromache (Pope's 'Homer'); on two short poems of Tennyson; &c., &c.

But it is only the beginning of a good thing. The pieces are under consideration. But Vizard says the competitors are triflers. *He* shall set Mr Arnold's version of "Hero and Leander" to the harp, and sing it himself. This, he intimates, will silence competition, and prove an era. I think so too, if his music should *happen* to equal the lines in value. But I hardly think it will, because the said Vizard, though he has taste and ear, does not know one note from another. So I hope "Hero and Leander" will fall into abler hands; and, in any case, I trust Mrs Vizard will succeed in her worthy desire to enlarge, very greatly, the sphere and the nobility of vocal music. It is a desire worthy of this remarkable character, of whom I now take my leave with regret.

I must own that regret is caused in part by my fear that I may not have done her all the justice I desired.

I have long felt and regretted that many able female writers are doing much to perpetuate the petty vices of a sex, which, after all, is at present but half educated, by devoting three thick volumes to such empty women as Biography, though a lower art than Fiction, would not waste three pages on. They plead truth and fidelity to nature. "We write the average woman, for the average woman to read," say they. But they are not consistent; for the average woman is under five feet, and rather ugly. Now these paltry women are all beautiful—*καλὰι τι μεγάλαι τε*, as Homer hath it.

Fiction has just as much right to select large female souls as Biography or Painting has; and to pick out a selfish, shallow, illiterate

creature, with nothing but beauty, and bestow three enormous volumes on her, is to make a perverse selection, beauty being, after all, rarer in women than wit, sense, and goodness. It is as false and ignoble in art, as to marry a pretty face without heart and brains is silly in conduct.

Besides, it gives the female reader a low model instead of a high one, and so does her a little harm; whereas a writer ought to do good—or try, at all events.

Having all this in my mind, and remembering how many noble women have shone like stars in every age and every land, and feeling sure that, as civilisation advances, such women will become far more common, I have tried to look ahead and paint La Klosking.

But such portraiture is difficult. It is writing a statue.

“Qui mihi non credit faciat licet ipse periculum,
Mox fuerit studiis æquior ille meis.”

Harrington Vizard, Esq., caught Miss Fanny Dover on the top round but one of the steps in his library. She looked down, pinkish, and said she was searching for “Tillotson’s Sermons.”

“What on earth can you want of them?”

“To improve my mind, to be sure,” said the minx.

Vizard said, “Now you stay there, miss—don’t you move;” and he sent for Ina. She came directly, and he said, “Things have come to a climax. My lady is hunting for ‘Tillotson’s Sermons.’ Poor Denison!” (that was the rosy curate’s name.)

“Well,” said Fanny, turning red, “I told you I *should*. Why should I be good any longer? All the sick are cured one way or other, and I am myself again.”

“Humph!” said Vizard. “Un-

fortunately for your little plans of conduct, the heads of this establishment, here present, have sat in secret committee, and your wings are to be clipped—by order of Council.”

“La!” said Fanny, pertly.

Vizard imposed silence with a lordly wave. “It is a laughable thing; but this divine is in earnest. He has revealed his hopes and fears to me.”

“Then he is a great baby,” said Fanny, coming down the steps. “No, no; we are both too poor.” And she vented a little sigh.

“Not you. The vicar has written to vacate. Now I don’t like you much, because you never make me laugh: but I’m awfully fond of Denison; and, if you will marry my dear Denison, you shall have the vicarage—it is a fat one.”

“Oh, cousin!”

“And,” said Mrs Vizard, “he permits me to furnish it for you. You and I will make it ‘a bijou.’”

Fanny kissed them both impetuously, then said she would have a little cry. No sooner said than done. In due course she was Mrs Denison, and broke a solemn vow that she never would teach girls St Matthew.

Like coquettes in general, who have had their fling at the proper time, she makes a pretty good wife; but she has one fault—she is too hard upon girls who flirt.

Mr Ashmead flourishes. Besides his agency he sometimes treats for a new piece, collects a little company, and tours the provincial theatres. He always plays them a week at Taddington, and with perfect gravity loses six pounds per night. Then he has a “Bespeak,” Vizard or Uxmooor turn about. There is a line of carriages; the snobs crowd in to see the gentry. Vizard pays £20 for his box, and takes £20 worth of tickets, and

Joseph is in his glory, and stays behind the company to go to Islip Church next day, and spend a happy night at the Court. After that he says he feels *good* for three or four days.

Mrs Gale now leases the Hill-stoke farm of Vizard, and does pretty well. She breeds a great many sheep and cattle. The high ground and sheltering woods suit them. She makes a little money every year, and gets a very good house for nothing.

Doctress Gale is still all eyes, and notices everything. She studies hard, and practises a little. They tried to keep her out of the Taddington infirmary: but she went almost crying to Vizard, and he exploded with wrath. He consulted Lord Uxmoor, and between them the infirmary was threatened with the withdrawal of eighty annual subscriptions if they persisted. The managers caved directly, and Doctress Gale is a steady visitor.

A few mothers are coming to their senses, and sending for her to their unmarried daughters. This is the main source of her professional income. She has, however, taken one enormous fee from a *bon vivant*, whose life she saved by esculents. She told him, at once, he was beyond the reach of medicine, and she could do nothing for him unless he chose to live in her house, and eat and drink only what she should give him. He had a horror of dying, though he had lived so well; so he submitted, and she did actually cure that one glutton. But she says she will never do it again. "After forty years of made dishes they ought to be content to die; it is bare justice," quoth Rhoda Gale, M.D.

An apothecary in Barford threatened to indict this Gallic physician. But the other medical men dissuaded him, partly from liberal-

ity, partly from discretion: the fine would have been paid by public subscription twenty times over, and nothing gained but obloquy. The doctress would never have yielded.

She visits, and prescribes, and laughs at the law, as love is said to laugh at locksmiths.

To be sure, in this country, a law is no law, when it has no foundation in justice, morality, or public policy.

Happy in her position, and in her friends, she now reviews past events with the candour of a mind that loves truth sincerely. She went into Vizard's study one day, folded her arms, and delivered herself as follows: "I guess there's something I ought to say to *you*. When I told you about our treatment at Edinburgh, the wound still bled, and I did not measure my words as I ought, professing science. Now I feel a call to say that the Edinburgh school was, after all, more liberal to us than any other in Great Britain or Ireland. The others closed the door in our faces. This school opened it half. At first there was a liberal spirit: but the friends of justice got frightened, and the unionists stronger. We were overpowered at every turn. But what I omitted to impress on you is, that when we were defeated, it was always by very small majorities. That was so even with the opinions of the judges, which have been delivered since I told you my tale. There were six jurists, and only seven pettifoggers. It was so all through. Now, for practical purposes, the act of a majority is the act of a body. It must be so; it is the way of the world: but when an accurate person comes to describe a business, and deal with the character of a whole university, she is not to call the larger half the whole, and make the matter worse

than it was. That is not scientific. Science *discriminates*."

I am not sorry the doctress offered this little explanation; it accords with her sober mind and her veneration of truth. But I could have dispensed with it for one. In Britain, when we are hurt, we howl; and the deuce is in it if the weak may not howl when the strong overpower them by the arts of the weak.

Should that part of my tale rouse any honest sympathy with this Englishwoman who can legally prescribe, consult, and take fees, in France, but not in England, though she could eclipse at a public examination nine-tenths of those who can, it may be as well to inform them that, even while her narrative was in the press, our Government declared it would do something for the relief of medical women, but would sleep upon it.

This is, on the whole, encouraging. But still, where there is no stimulus of faction or personal interest to urge a measure, but only such "unconsidered trifles" as public justice and public policy, there are always two great dangers: 1. that the sleep may know no waking; 2. that after too long a sleep the British legislator may jump out of bed, all in a hurry, and do the work ineffectually—for nothing leads oftener to reckless haste than long delay.

I hope, then, that a few of my influential readers will be vigilant, and challenge a full discussion by the whole mind of Parliament, so that no temporary, pettifogging half-measure may slip into a thin house—like a weasel into an empty barn—and so obstruct for many years legislation upon durable principle. The thing lies in a nutshell. The Legislature has been entrapped. It never intended to outlaw women in the matter. The persons who

have outlawed them are all subjects, and the engines of outlawry have been "certificates of attendance on lectures," and "public examinations." By closing the lecture-room and the examination-hall to all women—learned or unlearned—a clique has outlawed a population, under the letter, not the spirit, of a badly-written statute. But it is for the three estates of the British realm to leave off scribbling statutes, and learn to write them, and to bridle the egotism of cliques, and respect the nation. The present form of government exists on that understanding, and so must all forms of government in England. And it is so easy. It only wants a little singleness of mind and common-sense. Years ago certificates of attendance on various lectures were reasonably demanded. They were a slight presumptive evidence of proficiency, and had a supplementary value, because the public examinations were so loose and inadequate; but once establish a stiff, searching, sufficient, incorruptible, public examination, and then to have passed that examination is not presumptive but demonstrative proof of proficiency, and swallows up all minor and merely presumptive proofs.

There is nothing much stupider than Anachronism. What avail certificates of lectures in our day? either the *knowledge* obtained at the lectures enables the pupil to pass the great examination, or it does not. If it does, the certificate is superfluous; if it does not, the certificate is illusory.

What the British legislator, if for once he would rise to be a law-giver, should do, and that quickly, is to throw open the medical schools to all *persons* for matriculation. To throw open all hospitals and infirmaries to matriculated students, without respect of sex, as they are

already open, by shameless partiality and transparent greed, to unmatriculated women, provided they confine their ambition to the most repulsive and unfeminine part of Medicine, the nursing of both sexes, and laying out of corpses.

Both the above rights, as independent of sex as other natural rights, should be expressly protected by "mandamus," and "suit for damages." The lecturers to be compelled to lecture to mixed classes, or to give separate lectures to matriculated women for half fees, whichever those lecturers prefer. Before this clause all difficulties would melt, like hail in the dog-days. Male modesty is a purely imaginary article, set up for a trade purpose, and will give way to justice the moment it costs the proprietors fifty per cent. I know my own sex from hair to heel, and will take my Bible oath of *that*.

Of the foreign matriculated student, British or European, nothing should be demanded but the one thing, which matters one straw—viz., infallible proofs of proficiency in anatomy, surgery, medicine, and its collaterals, under public examination. This, which is the only real safeguard, and the only necessary safeguard to the *public*, and the only one *the public* asks, should be placed, in some degree, under *the sure control of Government* without respect of cities; and much greater vigilance exercised than ever has been yet. Why, under the system which excludes learned women, male dunces have been personated by able students, and so diplomas stolen again and again. The student, male or female, should have power to compel the examiners, by mandamus and other stringent remedies, to examine at fit times and seasons. In all the *paper-work* of these examinations, the name, and of course the sex, of the

student should be concealed from the examiners. There is a very simple way of doing it.

Should a law be passed on this broad and simple basis, that law will stand immortal, with pettifogging acts falling all around, according to the custom of the country. The larger half of the population will no longer be unconstitutionally juggled, under cover of law, out of their right to take their secret ailments to a skilled physician of their own sex, and compelled to go, blushing, writhing, and, after all, concealing and fibbing, to a male physician; the picked few no longer robbed of their right to science, reputation, and Bread.

The good effect on the whole mind of woman would be incalculable. Great prizes of study and genius offered to the able few have always a salutary and wonderful operation on the many who never gain them. It would be great and glad tidings to our whole female youth to say, "You *need* not be frivolous idlers; you *need* not give the colts fifty yards start for the Derby—I mean, you need not waste three hours of the short working day in dressing and undressing, and combing your hair. You need not throw away the very seed-time of life on music, though you are unmusical to the backbone; nor yet on your three "C's"—croquet, croquet, and coquetry: for Civilisation and sound Law have opened to you one great, noble, and difficult profession with three branches, two of which Nature intended you for. The path is arduous, but flowers grow beside it, and the prize is great."

I say that this prize, and frequent intercourse with those superior women who have won it, would leaven the whole sex with higher views of life than enter their heads at present; would raise their self-

respect, and set thousands of them to study the great and noble things that are in Medicine, and connected with it, instead of childish things.

Is there really one manly heart that would grudge this boon to a sex which is the nurse and benefactress of every man in his tender and most precarious years?

Realise the hard condition of women. Amongst barbarians their lot is unmix'd misery; with us their condition is better, but not what it ought to be, because we are but half civilised, and so their lot is still very unhappy compared with ours.

And we are so unreasonable. We men cannot go straight ten yards without *rewards* as well as punishments. Yet we could govern our women by punishments alone. They are eternally tempted to folly, yet snubbed the moment they would be wise. A million shops spread their nets, and entice them by their direst foible. Their very mothers—for want of medical knowledge in the sex—clasp the fatal, idiotic corset on their growing bodies, though thin as a lath. So the girl grows up, crippled in the ribs and lungs by her own mother; and her life, too, is in stays—cabined, cribbed, confined: unless she can paint, or act, or write novels, every path of honourable ambition is clos-

ed to her. We treat her as we do our private soldiers—the lash, but no promotion; and our private soldiers are the scum of Europe for that very reason, and no other.

I say that to open the study and practice of Medicine to women-folk, under the infallible safeguard of a stiff public examination, will be to rise in respect for human rights to the level of European nations, who do not brag about just freedom half as loud as we do; and to respect the constitutional rights of many million citizens, who all pay the taxes like men, and by the contract with the State implied in that payment, buy the clear human right they have yet to go down on their knees for. But it will also import into medical science a new and less theoretical, but cautious, teachable, observant kind of intellect; it will give the larger half of the nation an honourable ambition, and an honourable pursuit, towards which their hearts and instincts are bent by Nature herself; it will tend to elevate this whole sex, and its young children, male as well as female, and so will advance the civilisation of the world, which in ages past, in our own day, and in all time, bath, and doth, and will, keep step exactly with the progress of women towards mental equality with men.

A FEATHER.

"DROP me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun :"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee
Fresh from the purer air :"
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbled in the tremulous light ;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather !" but while I cry,
Lo ! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
Were a gift of little worth ;
For oh ! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth !

J. R. S.

SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A FAIR head meekly bowed,
A shy glance coming after,
Voices not over loud,
And a low sweet laughter :
So is the story told
Up in the cottage old
Under the smoky rafter.

A fair maid flushing red
With an unknown feeling,
But shamed to bow her head
For all her lover's kneeling :
So is the story told
Down 'mid the white and gold
Under the painted ceiling.

J. R. S.

THISBE.

1.

SHE lives in the smoky city,
 Low down by the railway line ;
 But she asks for no man's pity,
 Nor cares for verse of mine.

2.

She's moving hither and thither,
 And often her work is hard ;
 But sometimes in fine weather
 She rests a bit in the yard.

3.

With the empty pail behind her,
 She leans her arms on the wall,
 And hopes that there he'll find her,
 Her lover, strong and tall.

4.

Up in the air above her,
 The great trains outward go ;
 And many a lass and her lover
 May journey to Jericho.

5.

But when he stoops from his doorway,
 And leans his arms on the wall,
 The world would be in a poor way
 If that were not best of all.

J. R. S.

THREE HOUSES.

THREE houses all alike, all piteous
 With winking windows and a mid-day gloom,
 All choked with London fog, and hideous
 With monster sideboard in the dining-room :
 Alike, yet all unlike as blight and bloom.
 For the first holds fair lady Gwendoline,
 Whom I have never seen ;
 The second bonnie Kate,
 Whom I nor love nor hate ;
 But the third house holds in its heart for me
 My little Dorothy.

My lady, dost thou bind thy bright brown hair,
 Or dost thou steal adown the noiseless stair ?
 Love, thou art in the house, and gazing there
 I turn to thee.

J. R. S.

TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE marvellous way in which Africa has been explored during the last twenty years is scarcely less extraordinary than the underlying fact, that a continent so great and possessing such immense resources should have been reserved, as a *terra incognita* in its central regions, for the travellers of our own generation. Within a century and a half almost the whole of North America has been explored, swept over, and occupied by the expanding races of Northern Europe; South America has been occupied, in great part, by offshoots of the Latin race; and yet Africa, with not greatly inferior possibilities of development, has been reserved for its own singular people and for a few adventurous explorers. It is not difficult, however, to explain how such, in the circumstances, should have been the case. The great deserts of the northern portion of Africa, its unhealthy coast-line, and thick tropical vegetation on both sides of the equator, and on both sides of the continent, together with the scanty vegetation and the Kaffir tribes of its long southern horn, presented most formidable obstacles to even an acquaintance with its elevated, temperate, and productive central regions. A quarter of a century ago our maps of Africa were almost an entire blank from ten degrees of north latitude to the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of the coast-line, the valley of the Niger, and the central northern region. In some of our maps traces remained of older knowledge and of more recent Portuguese exploration. Livingstone's Lake Nyassa appeared as "Nassa," and Tanganyika occupied an enormous, but

quite indefinite, space as "Lake Uniamosi;" but these maps were exceptions rather than the rule, and the most important parts of Central Africa were either left entirely blank, or were filled up with great deserts, *montes luna*, and figures of lions and dragons.

There was, no doubt, plenty of ancient knowledge to have taught us better. Ptolemy appears to have known a good deal about the geography of Central Africa; and even the unadventurous Hindu had contrived to get a rough idea of the great African lake-region; but somehow or other all this older information had fallen back out of sight. A better fate might have been expected for the Portuguese explorations, which had advanced very far into the interior of Africa, and to points which it has been an achievement, on the part of Livingstone and Cameron, to reach within the last few years; but these explorations commanded no general attention, and scarcely affected the general European knowledge of the continent. If you spoke about African exploration, the minds of the listeners at once reverted to the journeys of Bruce and Park, which had become sort of household words, though in a very different way. Bruce was scarcely believed in as a narrator of facts; but he was accepted as a sort of gigantic liar, whose achievements in that way were worthy of respect. An old Scotch lady who knew him well assured us that even in the society in which he was welcome, his African stories were never believed, though the credibility of them has since been abundantly established. Park's quiet, beautiful pictures of Africa met with a dif-

ferent reception, and were unhesitatingly accepted, and became so popular in their abbreviated form, that few visitors to Scotland drive up the valley of the Yarrow without looking with kindly interest upon the cottage where he was born. Bruce's discoveries were the more important, because he had traced up the Blue Nile to its fountains among the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the White Nile, the real Upper Nile, remained entirely unknown; and the progress of exploration for many years after Park's time was confined to points in the great west shoulder of Africa accessible from the Mediterranean coast or from the coast of Guinea.

Such a state of matters was incompatible with our modern energy and means for exploration. Some time before twenty years ago the unknown regions of Africa began again to attract attention, and various attacks were made upon them from various quarters. The most important of these was, unquestionably, the expedition subsidised by the British Government, of Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, which started from Tripoli in 1849. The two former of these travellers did not live to return, and an affecting account has been given of Richardson, when he was dying, lying on the sand and calling on his far-distant wife. Dr Barth's five ponderous volumes recording the results of this expedition are probably the dullest narrative of a great journey which has ever been presented to the world. Without going conscientiously through them, it is difficult to realise how absolutely leaden they are, and what their effect might be upon even the strongest mind. As to heaviness they almost rise to a kind of sublimity; but the journey they describe was a very wonderful

one, extending over twenty-four degrees of latitude from north to south, and including a visit to the dangerous and then almost fabulous city of Timbuctoo, and to Kano, the great commercial emporium of North-Central Africa. Timbuctoo had been visited before by Park, and again by Major Laing; but neither of these travellers lived to describe it, being murdered on their way back. Lake Tchad had been reached before by Clapperton and Denham, but Dr Barth examined it thoroughly, and by coming on it from the north, he thus struck the route of explorers from the south-west; while also, on an excursion into the province of Bagirmi to the south-east of Lake Tchad, he approached Darfur, and thus nearly struck the route of explorers like Werne starting from the Nile valley. It was an enormous journey this which Dr Barth accomplished, and it threw much light on Africa, but not beneath the twelfth degree of north latitude. He established the important fact that the whole of Central Africa lying between the western border of Bagirmi and Timbuctoo was neither desert nor mountainous, but an elevated fertile plain affording many products; but he did not touch the most important and interesting region.

Voyages which had been made up the Niger and its eastern continuations the Chadda and Binue, by Allen, Laird, Oldfield, and Baikie, had discovered a water-way towards the heart of North-Central Africa, but nothing more was accomplished in that direction. Elsewhere on the west coast the pestiferous forests and wild tribes confined our knowledge to an extremely narrow coast-line except where some great river afforded an inlet, and in the southern regions where adventurous unscientific Portuguese traders had pushed far into the interior.

The valley of the Congo especially had attracted notice, and about 1816 Captain Tuckey had passed up it some way beyond the great Yellala Falls, or in all about two hundred miles from the coast; but there had been no further travel in that direction, and our settlements on the west of Africa were much more devoted to, and fitted for, a coast trade than interior exploration.

In other directions, however, there were indications of progress in African travel. The Nile, instead of the Niger and the Congo, began once more to excite the attention of geographers. Bruce had, indeed, discovered the source of the Blue Nile; but the source and course of the more important White Nile remained quite unknown. More than one expedition was sent out by Mehemet Ali and his successors for the exploration of that river, but they did not advance far enough to solve, or even to throw light upon, the great problem; and, being to a large extent slave-hunting expeditions, they rather complicated matters, and did not improve the prospects of future travellers. No less than three Egyptian expeditions were sent up about the year 1840; and Roman Catholic missionaries established themselves in 1849 at Gondokoro, about five degrees from the equator, or in north latitude $4^{\circ} 54' 5''$, and nearly about half that distance from the northern end of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. Quite a large number of private travellers—such as Brun, Malzac, Rollet, Miani, and Werne—took advantage of the Egyptian advances to try to push up to the sources of the White Nile; but their advance to any important point was prevented, owing to the nature of the country, the martial character of the native tribes, the animosity excited by the Egyptians, and the unsettled state caused by slave-hunting which the Egyp-

tians set in motion, and which extended far beyond the points which they themselves held. Captain Speke, in the last chapter of his 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' has given a graphic description of the brutal conduct of the Egyptians at their advanced posts in the upper Nile valley, and so has Colonel Grant. Something must be allowed to the martial and savage character of the negroes in that part of Africa; but Speke managed to pass through them, and so did Sir Samuel and Lady Baker afterwards; and it is chiefly owing to the Egyptians that this door into the lake region remained absolutely closed, and that it is even now again closed, notwithstanding all the humane efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and of Colonel Gordon, when in the employ of the Khedive, to arrange that northern frontier. It is worthy of special notice, however, that the lake region was approached so closely from that quarter long ago, without being reached, and, indeed, without the lakes being even heard of except by Brun. The observations of these travellers may not have been always accurate; but there seems no reason to doubt that Herr Kloblecher, of the Gondokoro Mission, M. d'Arnaud, in the Egyptian employ, Werne, and Miani, got in this direction nearly to the third degree of north latitude, or about 220 miles distant from the Victoria, and about 90 from the Albert Nyanza, but they discovered nothing beyond the uninteresting points they attained. Speke, indeed, at the Geographical Society, spoke of them as having got within 50 miles of the lakes; but that is only a rough way of stating how nearly they approached to his own discoveries, and is evidently not intended to be a geographical statement of the distance.

The source of the Nile was de-

timed to be reached from an entirely different quarter—from the then almost unknown east coast; but there, and also from the southward, a good deal of preparatory exploration went on before the commencement of the grand season of African travel. Especial notice in this respect is due to the work of Dr Krapf, and his associates, the Rev. Messrs Rebmann and Erhardt, of what has been called the Mombas Mission—a name which, for our general purpose, quite sufficiently indicates its locality. These reverend pioneers have hardly had sufficient justice done them by secular travellers; but there is no doubt that they did a good deal to prepare the way for the grand achievements which were to follow their humbler efforts—especially in preparing grammars and dictionaries of the African dialects; in learning the modes of travel and exchange; in proving personally that it was not impossible to advance into the interior some way from the coast; in discovering the snow mountains, Kenia and Kilimandjaro; in collecting a vast mass of information in regard to the interior; and in spreading amongst East Africans an idea of the white man, as just and humane, and very different from the Arab and half-caste slave-hunters. Commander Cameron found a knowledge of Kisahueli sufficient to take him across the African continent; but it was Dr Krapf who reduced that language (besides several other African dialects) to grammar and dictionary; and we need not say how arduous such a task is, with a purely spoken language and the aid of savages only. Dr Krapf established himself near Mombas, on the east coast, about four degrees south of the equator, so far back as 1844, and he and his associates made long journeys into the interior. Unfortunately, their geographical knowledge was not sufficient for

original scientific observations, and their maps required not a little correction; but still they made a beginning, and, from native accounts, gave us information as to the existence of “Lake Uniamesi” or Tanganyika, which, however, they set down as of altogether gigantic proportions. Commander Cameron has got great credit for his courage and the amount of physical sufferings he endured—though in these respects he cannot, and (we doubt not) would not himself, claim any superiority to the great African explorers; but Dr Krapf had one experience, which was really more frightful than anything which Cameron or any of the other African travellers had to endure except M. Maizan. On his second journey to Ukumbani, he was attacked by robbers, lost all he had, was separated from his attendants and guides, and travelled homewards alone and unarmed for some days till he reached a friendly tribe, concealing himself during the day, walking by night and subsisting on such raw grain and fruits as he could stealthily pick up. Fancy a poor old German missionary doing this in a country not only occupied by wild savages, but intersected by muddy water-courses full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and covered with forests and thick jungle full of lions, rhinoceroses, elephants, wild buffaloes, leopards, and hyenas! This was really enough to have turned any man mad; but “praise and thanks be to God” was the excellent Dr Krapf’s response for this crowning mercy and manifestation of the divine favour; and he was particularly pleased to find that though his gun was broken so as to be useless for firing, yet the barrels of it could be turned into water-bottles by corking their muzzles “with bits of rag cut off my trousers,” and that the water tasted delicious “in spite of the

gunpowder flavour imparted to it by the barrels."

Mombas is the best port for starting for the snowy mountains of Eastern Africa; but Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, is the point of departure for the lakes, and an attempt was made in 1845, to enter that then wholly unknown region, by M. Maizan, a young French naval officer, who had made great preparations for the journey. He only succeeded in penetrating three days' march from the coast, and met with a dreadful fate, being seized by an African chief Mazungera, tied up to a tree and disjoined, despite his groans and cries. Maizan had given no cause for this hideous barbarity, and he appears not even to have had arms about him when he was seized. The event was ascribed chiefly to the jealousy of the Arab traders, who worked upon the ignorance and superstitions of the Africans, and to the fact that the unfortunate Frenchman injudiciously carried articles with him, such as a gilt knob to his tent-pole, which were supposed to be of enormous value. His death was certainly not an encouragement to future travellers; but it was a most useful warning, and so went some way to secure the opening up of the lake regions. Especially it taught the necessity of conciliating the Arabs, and of the traveller always having a revolver handy. Reckless as the savage sometimes is of his own life, he will never attempt to seize a European who has a revolver in hand. African travel is sometimes thoughtlessly spoken of as if it were a very light and safe thing, which almost any one might undertake; but events such as this which befell M. Maizan, point to a very different conclusion. In East Africa alone, since the death of Maizan, we have had the murder of Dr

Roscher, who made an independent discovery of Lake Nyassa nearly about the same time that Livingstone first visited it, and who was killed on his way back to the coast; the murder of Von der Decken and his companions, who had long been travelling in the country between the coast and the great snowy mountains; the murder of Mr Thornton, the sportsman; the suicide of Dr Dillon, Commander Cameron's companion, from the delirium of intolerable disease; the deaths of Dr Livingstone, and his nephew Mr Moffat, from disease; the loss of about half-a-dozen members of the University Mission on the river Shiré; and the deaths, from whatever cause, of several Europeans who accompanied Mr Stanley into Africa. Well might Colonel Chaillé Long speak of Africa's poisoned arrows and its poisoned air, and exclaim, when he started from Cairo as the chief of Colonel Gordon's staff, "Central Africa, with all its seductive fields of allurements to the adventurous, could not but be regarded as a bourne from which but few travellers returned, — a path of glory which led but to the grave," and by an extremely unpleasant route.

While these perilous and only partially successful attempts upon Central Africa were being made from the east coast, one of the greatest of African travellers was slowly advancing from the south, and preparing himself for his great work. In the employment of the London Missionary Society, Livingstone established himself, soon after his leaving England in 1840, in Central-Southern Africa, about the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude, with general instructions from his Society to pay special attention to the regions lying to the north. These instructions he acted upon fully, both in letter and in spirit.

He had none of the brilliant dash or the prodigious knowledge of some other explorers; but though he advanced slowly, he did so with marvellous persistence, ingratiating himself with the natives, and losing no opportunity of acquiring the scientific and other knowledge which is required in an explorative traveller. To the last this was Dr Livingstone's style of travel; he always moved slowly, allowing his reputation to precede him, familiarising himself with native customs, and creeping, as it were, from point to point. Cautiously pursuing this course, he in time achieved grand results; and probably no other African traveller (unless, perhaps, Mungo Park) ever so loved the uncomely and unfortunate people of the dark continent. It stands to their credit that they seem instinctively to have felt and appreciated this affection. No other great African traveller has gone over such an extent of ground with such slender means, with so little defence, and meeting with so little dangerous opposition. When provoked beyond endurance, he reminded himself that "our grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden:" but the only occasions on which he even threatened with his revolver were when, on one of his earlier journeys, a chief called Kanaka attempted to take one of his attendants as a slave; and when, on one of his last journeys, he witnessed a brutal massacre by Arab slave-hunters of unoffending villagers, including women and children. Yet his courage was of the highest order; and Mr Stanley was led to conclude from his demeanour when they were threatened with an attack, that he had literally no fear.

Commander Cameron has mentioned that when he reached the west coast his health was drunk, "to the honour of the first Euro-

pean who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west"—and this is literally true; but long before his day Livingstone had succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from west to east, which was quite as difficult an achievement. Starting from St Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, a considerable way north from Benguella, where Cameron came out, Livingstone came out at the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast, a considerable way farther south than Bagomayo where Cameron went in. We shall afterwards point out where the lines of these two journeys intersect, and compare them with each other; but meanwhile it is well to note that, so far back as the years 1855-56, Livingstone did cross the African continent within the tropic of Capricorn; that at one point of his journey, far in the interior, he approached within a few degrees of the equator; and that his missionary travels and researches, which were published in 1857, threw a flood of light upon the whole interior of the continent of Africa. It is almost unnecessary to say that we do not refer to this matter in order to detract in the slightest from the great achievement of Commander Cameron; but only in order to point out what the great lines of African exploration have been, and what are really the achievements which will stand the test of time, and obtain such immortal honour as human civilisation has it in its power to bestow.

It may thus be seen, to sum up generally, how our knowledge of Central Africa stood twenty years ago, when the great period of exploration began. The knowledge of the Greeks, the older Arabs, and the Hindus had been lost sight of. The unscientific journeys of the Portuguese traders had attracted no

attention, and established no interesting or important facts. Explorations from the west coast had ceased. Barth had penetrated from the north to within twelve degrees of the equator, and established the existence of an immense fertile zone lying beyond the great desert of the Sahara. Explorations up the White Nile had nearly approached the lake region of Central Africa, but had entirely failed to reach it, or even to collect knowledge of its existence. Explorations, attended with great danger and difficulty, had begun on the east coast; and Livingstone had advanced far from the south, gaining much knowledge of the interior of Africa, which at the time was commonly supposed to be occupied by great deserts.

The great era of modern African travel commenced with the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa by Captain Richard Burton and Captain Hanning Speke. They started from the coast of Africa opposite Zanzibar, and discovered the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, the latter being more especially the discovery of Captain Speke, who made a solitary excursion to it, while his companion remained at Kazeh in Unyanyembe, collecting information and making preparations for their return journey. It was a great exploration, looking alike at the results gained and the tremendous difficulties in the way. As to the splendour of the results, we have only to remember that the head-waters of both the Nile and the Congo were discovered on this expedition, for it was on it that Speke first visited Lake Victoria Nyanza; and notwithstanding Mr Stanley's curious theory, there can be little doubt that Lake Tanganyika is the great head-water of the Congo, though Lake Bangweolo has also some claim to the distinction.

We have already briefly indicated how great were the obstacles to entering Africa from the east coast, how speedy and dreadful was the fate of M. Maizan, who first attempted to penetrate the interior from Bagomayo; and, if time allowed, it might be easy to show how enormous was the force of the slaveholding, slave-hunting, commercial and other interests opposed to exploration of Africa from the east quarter. And yet the most formidable source of opposition afforded the only possible highway from the coast to the interior, then the only feasible, direct route into the heart of Africa. The sovereignty of Zanzibar was an obstacle, shoot from that of the Imam of Muscat; and the Arabs of Zanzibar knew about the great lakes, the paths to them, and the means of conveyance. Slave-dealers and slave-hunters as they all were, were not all wholly corrupt, and were not all wholly vile. In the purer Arabs there was something left of the loftier feeling of the deserts of Arabia—of the now almost lost influence which was contested with Charles Martel in the battle of Tours, and enlightened the thick ecclesiastical gloom of the early middle ages of Europe with some knowledge of the elements of physical science.

At the time we write of there was only one European who could have turned this Arab element to account in breaking through what at that time appeared to be the impenetrable shell of Central Africa. This was Captain Richard L. Burton, who had not only wandered frequently in Sind in native disguise but had even visited Medinah and Mecca, the sacred cities of Mohammedanism, disguised as a native-born oriental Islamite, and thoroughly acquainted with the language, character, and customs of the Arabs, besides possessing an exceptional capacity for acquiring

languages, and, as Mr Winwood Reade has remarked, an unusual combination of a most powerful brain and body. Commander Cameron—who, even at this day, had such painful experience of the route to Tanganyika, on which he lost two of his European companions, and nearly perished himself—has said that Burton's 'Lake Regions of Central Africa' is "a work which, for minuteness of detail, must ever stand foremost among books of descriptive geography;" and Mr Stanley well speaks of him as "the illustrious Burton." Captain Burton has the merit of having seen that Central Africa could be best approached from the east coast, and of accomplishing that, with Speke's aid, in spite of most formidable difficulties.

But the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa was not the only result of Burton's expedition of 1857-59. He has, unquestionably, the glory of having discovered the lake region, in so far as it was a discovery of modern times, and not a mere re-echo of ancient knowledge, and of the unscientific travels of Arab and Portuguese slave-hunters; just as Speke has the glory of being the modern discoverer of the source of the Nile. The Egyptian expeditions, and the efforts of private travellers up the Nile valley, had entirely failed to reach this lake region, or even to bring word of it. Dr Livingstone did not discover Lake Nyassa until the end of 1858; and Dr Roscher, who had proceeded almost directly to it from the east coast, discovered it a little after. The Mombas missionaries got extremely vague accounts of the lake region; but they did not even approach it, being cut off from it, even at their furthest points of exploration (which were not very far in the interior) by great snowy mountains.

Speke's journey in 1858 from Kazeih to Lake Victoria Nyanza, opened up an entirely new district of Africa, and, succeeded as it was by his longer exploration in company with Captain, now Colonel, Grant, finally resolved the problem of the sources of the Nile. On reaching this new lake, it flashed upon him, almost by inspiration, that he had reached the great source of the Nile; but the inspiration was that of a geographer and traveller who understood the country over which he had passed, and saw that he was on a new watershed. The mere journey itself proved that he possessed explorative powers of the highest order, and that, though deficient in some respects, he was able, like Dryden's Alexander, to conquer men if not their languages. His powers in these respects were displayed in a still more splendid manner, when, in his great journey of 1860-61-63, in company with Grant, he returned to Lake Victoria Nyanza, travelled round its western shore, saw the White Nile issuing from its northern extremity, learned of the existence of Lake Albert Nyanza under the name of the Luta Nsige, and pursued the valley of the Nile until he triumphantly emerged at Gondokoro, after having passed through a vast extent of new country, and managed to deal with some of the most powerful and dangerous princes to be found in all Africa. Indeed, had Speke not possessed the most extraordinary powers for dealing with savages and managing his attendants, he could never have made that great journey: and though he was far from being good at expressing his reasons for the faith that was in him, he had an immense power of forming right conclusions; and, in this case, these conclusions have all been firmly

established by later exploration. Victoria Nyanza is one immense lake, and not a series of small lakes and overflowed swamps, as at one time there was some reason to suspect. Mr Stanley's extensive voyages upon Victoria Nyanza have set that question at rest, though it is true there are separate small lakes in its immediate vicinity. Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir, the head-water, of the Nile, though the river from it enters the northern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, which Speke first in a manner discovered, and which Baker first visited—and though the small lake Alexandra, which Mr Stanley claims to have discovered, is a feeder of the great Victoria. There is now no manner of doubt that Lake Victoria Nyanza is an enormous lake, the largest in Africa, and the great source and head-water of the Nile; but, as regards Speke, that is only the verification of a special great discovery, and proof of his truthfulness as a traveller and of his wonderful geographical judgment and instinct. Even had it turned out otherwise, if Tanganyika or Bangweolo had turned out to be the head-water of the Nile, Captain Speke would still have had the great glory of having been the first to pass from East Africa near the equator to the sources of the Nile, and from thence down its valley into Egypt, or from the southern to the northern hemisphere within the watershed of the Nile. We could not desire all the great African travellers to be exactly like one another, and in order that they should differ, it is necessarily implied that the one should have powers and advantages which the other does not possess—or, to put it otherwise, that the one shall have defects which the other has not. The discoverer of the source of the Nile was very different from his great

compeers; he had greater dash and simple direct power than any of them: and no finer proof can be found of the impression which he made in Central Africa, than the fact that every one who has since gone up to Lake Victoria Nyanza—Baker, Linant, Long, and Stanley—has been welcomed by the savage chiefs on the ground of being "Specky's brother."

In his discovery of the source of the Nile, Speke had a most able coadjutor in Captain James Augustus Grant, an Indian officer of genuine and unpretentious character, but singularly well fitted for the work of exploration which devolved upon him. His reputation, in that respect, may not have had full justice done to it by a portion of the public, owing to the generous manner in which he has kept himself in the background, giving Speke all the praise of having discovered the source of the Nile; but his own share in the enterprise was no small one. During a large portion of this arduous journey he was separated from his companion, having to bring up a separate portion of the expedition, being laid up by severe illness, or being sent on in front while Speke made a detour. Even when entirely lame he managed to push on alone, and showed great tact in managing the savage and greedy chiefs with whom he had to deal. His 'Walk across Africa,' in which he has recorded his personal experiences of this great journey, is a most interesting volume, full of information as to the new and strange people whose countries he traversed; and as to the botany and meteorology of these countries it is especially valuable, giving us an intelligible account of the products of Central Africa, and the modes of living of the people. In that respect he is superior to every other African traveller. In reading his unpretend-

ing but most valuable pages, we are enabled really to understand the life of the people whom he describes, the character of their country, and the conditions of their existence.

The great supplement to Captain Speke's discoveries was afforded by Sir Samuel Baker, who, along with his heroic wife, in 1863 moved up the Upper Nile route which Speke had just descended, though not altogether on the same line; passed safely through the territories of several savage chiefs; struck the great lake Luta Nsige, which he named Albert Nyanza; coasted along it for sixty miles, and discovered that the Nile issuing from Victoria Nyanza falls into it, close to its northern extremity and issues out of it towards the north. This was a great gain to African geography, and explained some curious matters which Speke did not see his way to understand, but upon which he was careful to avoid premature theorising. Baker's journey was also very interesting as proving that, under certain protecting conditions, even a European lady might penetrate into the centre of Africa. His succeeding journeys, when he was made a Pasha, and appointed Governor of the Upper Nile province of Egypt, have added little to our geographical knowledge of Africa, though a good deal to our ethnological. They have aided in dispelling some illusions both as to the exalted character of the savage negro and as to the real meaning and effects of the philanthropic efforts of the Egyptian Government to occupy and civilise new provinces. Some discredit and great distrust were brought upon Sir Samuel Baker by his doings as an Egyptian Pasha; but the apparently similar results of Colonel Gordon's Pashaship show that the blame rests not so much directly upon the man as upon the

position in which the man places himself.

Meanwhile, Livingstone had not been idle. The account of his travels, published in 1857, had brought him so much repute in England, that in 1858 he returned to the Zambesi as her Majesty's Consul to the Portuguese province there. Ample funds had been placed at his disposal for further exploration, a river-steamboat, and European associates. In this way Livingstone did not distinguish himself so much as he had done before, and did afterwards, as a solitary traveller. Perhaps he expected too much from his companions, who could hardly be expected to equal him in explorative and African enthusiasm; perhaps they were not well selected for the particular purpose. But in the end of 1858 the veteran traveller, striking to the north of the Zambesi, discovered the minor lake Shirwa, and from that proceeded a few miles farther north to the great lake Nyassa, which had not been visited except by Portuguese traders. As we have mentioned, Dr Roscher, a German *savant* who had for some time been working away as an explorer in East Africa, made an independent discovery of Nyassa very shortly after this, starting from the coast nearly opposite Zanzibar, thus pursuing a very difficult and dangerous course; but, unfortunately, he was murdered on his return journey, and the narrative of his exploration has been almost entirely lost. Colonel Grant, before starting on his great journey, had the satisfaction of witnessing, and almost directing, the execution of two of Roscher's murderers.

These discoveries of Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone completed, speaking generally, our knowledge of the great African lakes which drain into the Mediterranean

and the Indian Ocean. They had also disclosed the existence of Lake Tanganyika, which, there is every probability, is the head-water of the Congo, which drains into the Atlantic, and is part of a lacustrine region that lies between the watersheds of the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, and which, considering where its outlet is, lies wonderfully close to the east coast of Africa. There remained to be accomplished the further examination of this central lake region, which has since been achieved by Dr Livingstone and Commander Cameron.

The interest thus excited in Africa led to some small explorations on the west coast, interesting enough in themselves, but of no great importance, and throwing little or no light on the interior of the continent. M. Paul du Chaillu examined regions not far from the coast, between the equator and the Congo, which were chiefly remarkable as being the habitat of the gorilla, which was supposed at one time to supply the missing link between man and the monkey. Captain Burton availed himself of his position as British Consul at Fernando Po, to run over the whole west coast of Africa, touching off its peculiarities, and those of its people, in various books, with his extraordinary knowledge, and in his usual sardonic manner. He explored the Cameroons mountain, went to Abeokuta, was Commissioner to Dahomey, visited the gorilla country, ascended the Congo up to the Yellala Falls, and gathered an immense mass of interesting information in regard to West Africa, but seems to have made no attempt to attack the interior of the continent from that side. Mr Winwood Reade, also, paid two visits to Western Africa, and presented the English public with many very curious facts and graphic descrip-

tions. Sir Garnet Wolseley's little war, and advance upon Coomassie, also did something to direct attention to that part of the world. The advance, however, in regard to West Africa, was not so much in the way of new exploration as in that of bringing the skill of trained observers and accomplished *littérateurs* to bear on the fauna of the country, including the aboriginal negro. Hitherto it can hardly be said that the centre of Africa has been reached from the portion of the west coast most contiguous to it. There has been no exploration to speak of from that line, so great are the difficulties, and chiefly the climatic difficulties, though it is evident that the most formidable of these latter extend only a short way inland. It is only south of the Congo that we come upon a coast land which does not present almost impenetrable forests and a deadly miasma. Livingstone and the Portuguese who entered, or rather approached, Central Africa from the west coast, had always to avoid the climatic, though not the geographic, tropical region, until they got far inland upon the elevated central plateau.

In pointing out what had now been achieved, we have rather anticipated not so much actual results as the verification of these results. There still remained a reasonable doubt as to whether Tanganyika might not be the head source of the Nile; as to whether, on the contrary, it drained into Lake Nyassa; as to whether it drained anywhere at all; and, in general, as to the whole water-system of Central Africa. In order to solve these problems and continue his great system (for such it might be called) Dr Livingstone again entered Africa, and this time alone, in 1866. His funds were rather inadequate for his purpose, and would have been

wholly inadequate but for £1000 which were subscribed for him, at the last moment, by the citizens of Bombay, from which place he proceeded to the east coast of Africa. From this—his last and grandest exploration, which extended over nearly seven years—Dr Livingstone was fated never to return; but it was a splendid achievement, and promises eventually to be of incalculable importance to Africa.

Dr Livingstone started by a new route for Lake Nyassa, leaving the east coast a little north of the mouth of the Rovuma river, and about the tenth parallel of south latitude; and he desired to have at once struck the north end of Lake Nyassa; but the state of the country, desolated by slave-hunting carried on under the indirect (though, no doubt, as regards the home government, the unconscious) support of Portuguese authority, found him drawn towards the south, and compelled him to turn on his old tracks and go round the south end of Nyassa. This was a great disappointment to him; but it led him into regions where his explorative powers could be turned to better account than if he had at once struck the north end of Nyassa; turned immediately on Tanganyika, and followed out his intense desire of examining the sources of the Nile, which had already been determined sufficiently for all immediate purposes. The result of this detour was that Livingstone struck upon Lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, the river Lu-alaba, and the great lacustrine region which lies to the west of Tanganyika, and along with that lake constitute the head-waters of the Congo—the great highway into the centre of Africa. We need say little about the further journeyings of this great traveller, of the vast extent of unknown

regions which he explored, of the uncertainty which for so long hung over his fate, of his relief by Mr Stanley when his fortunes were at the lowest, and when, supposing himself to have been forgotten and forsaken by the civilised world, he seems to have quietly made up his mind to sit still and die in Ujiji. What a wonderful lifting of the clouds, what a wonderful change in the dreary sad outlook it must have been, when Mr Stanley burst in upon him with news that he was still valued, still cared for, and that American enterprise had come to aid and encourage him! On this occasion even the fighting reporter becomes pious, recognises the hand of an overruling Providence, and almost rivals the simple Suabian theology of Dr Krapf.

A hundred chances might have prevented Mr Stanley from meeting Dr Livingstone: he had no idea where Livingstone was until he almost stumbled upon him; he went straight on blindly, merely following (with certain necessary detours) the route, which had been twice traversed before, from the coast to Lake Tanganyika; yet he went direct to his aim like an arrow from its bow, which, however, was only an incidental achievement, and is hardly a warrant for his wandering about Africa for unnumbered years, groping into the creeks of lakes and civilising the negroes by means of explosive shells.

While we can sympathise with Livingstone when he was relieved by Mr Stanley, and with Stanley when he relieved Livingstone, we cannot but feel regret that the great, calm, unpretending African traveller did not, in his last days, know the full value of his explorations. Livingstone had not even the consolation of Moses of seeing the promised land toward which he had wandered and endured for thirty

years. In these his last explorations the idea occupied his mind that he was discovering the ultimate sources of the Nile, the Fountains of Herodotus, and, in general, something new and decisive in regard to the old "Father of floods." It will be in the recollection of all how painful to him was the suspicion that he might be really working at the sources of the Congo, and not at those of "the glorious old Nile;" and the homely way in which he expressed his dislike at the idea of running the risk of becoming "black man's meat" for anything less, geographically speaking, than the sources of the Nile. It was, no doubt, one of those illusions which keep men up to their work, and so was one of those tricks of nature which Schopenhauer has so severely stigmatised; but it was hardly to be expected in so good and sensible a man. However, there it was; and in the painful state of uncertainty which thus arose Livingstone died, on the southern shore of his own lake, Bangweolo, his last thoughts and prayers being for the dark continent which he so much loved. What a consolation would it have been for him had he perceived that his discovery of the sources of the Congo was really a far more important matter than anything he could have done in regard to the sources of the Nile, and was the commencement of opening up a highway for civilisation into the heart of Africa!

While Livingstone was thus completing his great life-work, another intrepid explorer was working towards the sources of the Congo, and visiting an entirely new region of Africa. Dr Georg Schweinfurth, the German botanist, supported by the Berlin "Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels," turned his attention to the equatorial districts traversed by the west-

ern affluents of the Upper Nile. Werne and others had done something in that direction; but Schweinfurth, in his expedition of 1868-70, advanced far beyond these travellers, and entered upon what, in every sense, was entirely virgin ground. Keeping always to the westward of the Nile, and advancing beyond the watershed of its tributaries to rivers which either join the Congo or drain into Lake Tchad, he got to a parallel of latitude nearly corresponding with the northern end of Lake Albert Nyanza. He was well entitled to call the record of his travels 'The Heart of Africa,' because he really reached the heart of the African continent as no one has done either before or since. In the before unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo, which was his farthest point of exploration, Schweinfurth was to the west of the great lake system of Central Africa, and thus advanced into that vast unknown region which lies directly between it and the west coast. He was fortunate in hitting upon a region and a time when he had the aid of Egyptian traders suiting themselves to the necessities and wants of African chiefs, without everything having been thrown into confusion by the conquering ambition of the Egyptian Government on the one hand, and its attempt, on the other, to meet the European demand for putting down the slave trade. Something, also, may be granted to Dr Schweinfurth's reputation as a botanist, which was a particularly harmless one, and was very gratifying to the *quidnuncs* of that portion of Africa who are not less bent than the similar class of men in civilised countries to find a satisfactory explanation of anything which appears to them extraordinary. Dr Schweinfurth's habit of going into the jungle, examining leaves, and pulling up plants, while

his negro attendants took every opportunity of having a sleep, was very naturally explained by the supposition (as he had come from vegetationless regions, of which the negroes had some idea from the few of their number who had seen the sandy deserts of Nubia) that he was an enormous and abnormal "eater of leaves." The Niam-Niam, and the strange Negro-Semitic people of Monbuttoo, could quite sympathise with this weakness. They themselves were cannibals, and were quite conscious that their weakness in that respect was looked upon with a pardonable disgust by the Egyptian traders, by the Nubian soldiers, and by some surrounding tribes accompanying these traders. Even Munza, the aristocratic and really self-contained king of Monbuttoo, who, according to rumour, required a young child every day to supply him with tender food, acknowledged that he kept anthropophagism in the background when he was visited by Dr Schweinfurth. Colonel Long also mentions that, when he made a later visit to the Niam-Niam, which Schweinfurth passed through on his way to Monbuttoo, his Niam-Niam auxiliaries, after a battle with an opposing tribe, had the delicacy to encamp some distance off in order to carry out their culinary operations. It may thus be understood how Dr Schweinfurth's supposed weakness for the vegetable kingdom was quite a passport of protection for him. It was an abnormal appetite to be sympathised with; and probably was largely availed of by all his attendants for his protection and for their own.

Though they are cannibals, like the Fans of the west coast, whom they greatly resemble, the Niam-Niam and the people of Monbuttoo appear to be out of sight the most civilised and humane of the primi-

tive savage tribes of Africa; and this goes to support the idea that cannibalism, like slavery, is one of the means which lead up to civilisation. It can easily be understood how anthropophagism may give an exceptional advantage to a savage or semi-savage tribe, by increasing the supply of cheap food and by decreasing the number of unproductive people. It is interesting to notice that among the Niam-Niam and Monbuttoos, human fat seems to occupy a place very similar to that which *gänsefett* does in German cookery; and that persons who find themselves getting corpulent in that region become uneasy and alarmed for their own safety, which must be a very powerful incentive to keeping up muscular vigour with consequent health and strength. This is very horrible to contemplate: but modern scientific observation has to do with facts, not fictions; and there are many things much more revolting and much more dreadful involved in the basis and conditions of sentient existence in so far as we are acquainted with it.

Geographically, Dr Schweinfurth did not determine the most important problem which he had to deal with—namely, whether the rivers he came across drained into the Congo or into Lake Tchad. One of them at least, supposed to be the Welle, was a very large stream. It flowed westward, and, there could be little doubt, took its rise in the Blue Mountains, rising to the west of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. In his explorations, Dr Schweinfurth approached Barth's explorations from the north-west; and though his book is interesting, it is, unfortunately, rather heavy, confused, not very well put together, far too long, and is wanting in that subordination of particulars to generals which even the ordinary German scientific

mind is usually so well able to supply.

We may now turn to the explorations in the lake regions which have been lately made from the Nile valley by Colonel Gordon's officers, in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt. In 1874, Col. Chaillé Long, the chief of Gordon's staff, advanced from Gondokoro to Lake Victoria Nyanza, paying a visit to King Mtesa, whom Speke first introduced to the civilised world. Colonel Long suffered much from climate, as well as from the savage opposition of native tribes, and he writes of the country and of its people in the most condemnatory manner; but he does not seem to have had a sufficient *entourage*, and he too pointedly brings out the moral that Central Africa is a place fitted only for native Egyptian troops. On by far the greater part of his short excursion Dr Schweinfurth enjoyed perfect health, and Speke and Grant did not find the rainy climate of the lake regions to be at all so bad as it has been represented by Colonel Long. The contributions to geography afforded by the latter traveller are, that he personally determined a very small portion of the Nile's course between the great lakes and Gondokoro — the portion between Urondogani and Mrooli — which neither Speke nor Baker had gone over; and that he discovered, on that line, an insignificant body of water, about twenty miles long, which he has called Lake Ibrahim, which is about north latitude $1^{\circ} 30'$, and which, he seems to think, gives him a claim to be considered one of the discoverers of the Nile sources. He claims to have been the first explorer of the whole portion of the Nile between Urondogani and Kamma Falls; but Speke had gone over the part between Mrooli and the Falls. Colonel Long also made an ex-

cursion to the west of the Nile into the country of the Niam-Niam; but he has added little to the information which Schweinfurth had given us before in regard to these (for Africa) really refined cannibals. The most extraordinary thing about his expedition is, that in summing up his results he claims as one of them (Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People, p. 306) that "M'Tsé (Mtesa), King of Uganda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject; and his country, rich in ivory, and populous, created the southern limit of Egypt." But when we turn to his account of his interviews with the king we find nothing whatever to justify such a conclusion, but something quite the contrary. He says nothing whatever of having broached the subject of submission to Egypt to King Mtesa; and the probability is, that had he done so he would have been immediately beheaded. According even to his own account, the speech he made (in Arabic) to Mtesa (p. 106) was as follows:—"O M'Tsé, great king of Africa, I have come in the name of the great Sultan at Cairo to present you his gracious salutations. The world has heard of a great African king, and my august sovereign, in sending me to him, wishes me thus to express his kindly friendship and interest for one for whom he wishes only continued health and greatness." This is quite incompatible with the assumption of having added this particular king to the list of Egyptian tributaries; and it is absurd to suppose that a powerful and proud African potentate, who had never bowed to a superior, would consent to, or for a moment entertain, such a proposal, made by a half-dead Egyptian officer, accompanied by a couple of soldiers. Yet it is noticeable that for this

achievement the Khedive paid Colonel Long the most flattering compliments, and gave him promotion and decorations.

Another expedition to Lake Victoria Nyanza was made in 1875 by M. Ernest Linant, also one of Gordon's officers, who met Mr Stanley at the court of Mtesa, and brought back letters from that traveller; but he does not seem himself to have obtained any new geographical results, and on his return he was massacred, along with thirty-six soldiers, actually within sight of Colonel Gordon's headquarters, and new capital of the province, at Bedden, only fifteen miles distant from Gondokoro, which does not say much for the progress which had then been made in pacifying the country. After punishing the tribe guilty of this act, Colonel Gordon himself advanced as far as Mrooli, and attacked the chief Keba Rega, who had always shown himself hostile to the Egyptians. The result of this was that—as officially stated by Cherif Pasha, the Egyptian Foreign Minister—a rival of Keba Rega “a été appelé à lui succéder comme représentant du Gouvernement du Khédive.” Keba Rega is better known as Kamrasi, who behaved so badly to Speke, and wanted Lady Baker to be left with him; so it is gratifying to learn that he has at last been cast out on the cold world: but this does not justify the assumption that Mtesa is a vassal, and that the whole lake region has been annexed by a power itself tributary, insolvent, which manages its old territory so ill, and which uses one or two high-class Englishmen, such as Baker and Gordon, as mere warming-pans for itself and its negroid officers. Military posts have also been established by Colonel Gordon (though apparently not personally) at Uron-dogani, at a spot not far from the

Ripon Falls and Lake Victoria Nyanza, and at Makungo, on the shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, near the mouth of the Somerset river. Certainly Colonel Gordon has not been idle; and Cherif Pasha, in his summing up of the results which Gordon has achieved, goes on to make the following remarkable statement: “Ainsi est accomplie l'annexion à l'Egypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert, qui, avec leur affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pasha prépare jusqu'à présent.” This is one of the most gigantic annexations on record, even though the most of it as yet has been done only by stroke of pen. If some nations are now afraid to annex the smallest portion of territory, it is evident that some other nations can still do huge conveyances of that kind. Colonel Gordon has left that portion of “Egyptian” territory, and, so far as we are aware, there are no Englishmen now employed by Egypt in and near that African lake region which Englishmen have discovered, and which, it would even seem, Englishmen have conquered. The Romans were advised not to attempt the Ethiopic portion of the Nile valley, and they drew back from the enterprise; but it has been undertaken in our day by “the great Sultan at Cairo.”

Signor Gessi, another of Gordon's agents, succeeded last year in achieving a performance of the same kind in regard to Albert Nyanza. He got up to that lake with a small steamer and two iron life-boats, and established a so-called military station at Makungo, as we have already mentioned. On this occasion, according to Colonel Gordon's telegram to the Geographical Society, they hoisted the Egyptian flag “on the banks of Lake Albert,

in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives; and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive, and the princes his sons, and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the Khedival Government." This style of announcement is quite Scriptural in its brevity, reminding one of the dealings of Israel with the Canaanites; and there is a fine largeness of grasp in the phrase "all those regions and their inhabitants."

Signor Gessi, however, did something for geography in this region which he so summarily annexed. He managed, in his iron life-boats (we do not hear anything about the steamer), to reach the northern end of Albert Nyanza, and determined it to be a lake 190 miles in length, with an average breadth of 50 miles, but was not able to make an entire circuit of the shore. At the south end the water is very shallow, and the lake is succeeded by great forests. On the west there are high mountains and great forests, presenting almost impenetrable obstacles to travellers. On the east a river empties itself into the lake; but its current is so strong that navigation of it would be dangerous. There is not much new information here; but Baker's accounts are confirmed as well as a little added to,—and it is interesting to notice that, as Colonel Gordon remarks, "Speke, from native report, put Lake Albert in nearly the same position, and about the same size, as Gessi found it." The rapid river coming from the east is rather a curious phenomenon, for it cannot be the Somerset Nile which is referred to.

We must not altogether pass over the independent travels, for they can hardly as yet be called fresh explorations, of Mr Henry Stan-

ley. That gentleman's discovery of Livingstone brought him so much *éclat* with a large portion of the public that he was sent back into Central Africa, supported by the combined funds of a New York and a London newspaper. He was thus enabled to take an English-built boat from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, and he made a detailed survey of that lake, fully supporting Speke's estimate of its magnitude and importance. M. Linant met him at the court of Mtesa, in Uganda, where he was very well received by that king, whom he claims to have half converted to Christianity. Mr Stanley's own Christianity appears to be of a rather martial order. On his journey to Lake Victoria, and when navigating that great inland sea, he had many severe conflicts with the natives, killing and wounding great numbers of them by aid of our modern firearms. Even according to his own showing (and he is not likely to be an unfavourable reporter of his own conduct) he exercised quite unnecessary severity in dealing with the people of the country, and has done almost as much as the Egyptians to make the neighbourhood of Victoria Nyanza most dangerous for future travellers.

Mr Stanley, like Colonel Long with Lake Ibrahim, also claims to be a discoverer of the sources of the Nile. He has discovered an "Alexandra Nile," and a small lake on a higher level than the great Victoria Nyanza, which smaller body of water he proposes to call Lake Alexandra, in honour of the Princess of Wales. We know about the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and even the Somerset Nile and the Giraffe Nile may be allowed to pass; but the line must be drawn somewhere, otherwise we shall have as many Niles as there are streams running into the Nyanza lakes.

This "Alexandra Nile" was crossed by Speke and Grant when they were journeying round Lake Victoria, and they call it the Kitangule; but it did not seem to strike them as a very important though a noticeable river. Mr Stanley does not appear even to have reached this new lake; and it is from native information and "the lie of the country" that he sets it down in his rough map, which was received in this country a few weeks ago, as about forty miles long and thirty in breadth. This is far too sensational geography, and the name of the Kitangule river and lake had better be retained, after the example of the first discoverers of the river.

It was expected that, after his examination of the above-mentioned lake, Mr Stanley, who was at Mtesa's in 1875, would have taken his boat over to the Albert Nyanza and explored that partially unknown lake. This was clearly the most interesting field of exploration before him, and it was even said that he was going to push his perilous way from that latter lake into the unknown regions lying to the west of it, to determine the course of the Congo, and to emerge triumphantly at the west coast. Instead of doing so, however, Mr Stanley, for reasons which do not appear, returned to his old friend Lake Tanganyika, which he had already partially navigated in company with Dr Livingstone, and which is already better known to us than any of the other great African lakes, thanks to the explorations of Burton and Speke, Livingstone and Commander Cameron. Here the bold navigator, from his letters just received, claims to have made another great discovery, and one even more wonderful than that of Lake Alexandra; but we shall deal with that in connection with Commander Cameron's discoveries.

Leaving Mr Stanley to continue his travels, and just noticing the ascent, in 1871, by the Rev. Mr New of the Mombas Mission, of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, which had before been reached (though not ascended to the snow-line) by Baron von der Decken, we now come to the last great African exploration—that of Commander Cameron. This great journey has been fully described in Cameron's work, which has just been published, entitled 'Across Africa;' and, alike from the extent, danger, and novelty of the journey and the results achieved, it gives him a place among the greater African explorers, such as Bruce, Park, Barth, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone.

The circumstances in which Commander Cameron started were peculiar, and must be in the remembrance of many readers. The first Livingstone Search Expedition from England was sent out in 1872 under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, and proved a great disappointment; for, ere it had well started from the east coast of Africa, Mr Stanley met it with the news that he had already seen and relieved Dr Livingstone; and owing to some misrepresentation of Livingstone's wishes, or some misconception of them, Lieutenant Dawson withdrew from any attempt to carry out the object of the expedition, and his example was afterwards followed by its succeeding leaders, Lieutenant Henn and Mr New. This was extremely unfortunate and provoking, because Dr Livingstone continued to be in need of aid, as his failing health, and his death soon after, abundantly proved; and because the expedition had been fitted out in a very thorough manner at great expense. To repair this *fiasco* a second expedition was despatched from London in the end of 1872, under Lieutenant

Cameron of the Royal Navy, who was a novice in inland African travel, but who had acclimatised himself by three years of surveying work on the east coast of Africa, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Kisahueli language, which, of all the African dialects, is the most useful to the traveller moving to the centre of the continent from the east coast, and which Livingstone had found of essential service almost wherever he went. Cameron was accompanied from the outset by an old friend, Dr W. E. Dillon, R.N.; and he was afterwards joined, as volunteers, by Lieutenant Murphy, R.N., and Mr Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold off his inheritance in Natal, and intended to devote all he possessed to the assistance of his great relative.

Starting from Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, on the usual route for Lake Tanganyika, this expedition met with even more than the usual difficulties and climatic dangers, and soon was deprived of three out of its four Englishmen. Poor Moffat died of fever close to the coast, almost at the same time as his uncle expired by Lake Bangweolo. The expenses of the route were found to have so greatly increased beyond what they were when Burton and Speke first traversed it, that Cameron could get only twenty natives for a *doti* where Burton got sixty-four. Lieutenant Cameron had the advantage of having with him the experienced "Bombay," a Seedy who had been in responsible positions on all the three preceding expeditions into the lake region from the east coast; but we are sorry to observe that this distinguished traveller had not improved with years and renown. Burton had given him the highest character for honesty, even saying, in his sardonic way, of a dis-

tinguished British officer and consul, that "Bombay's honest black face appeared beautiful by comparison." Speke and Grant found him very useful on their great journey, and bestowed on him high praise, though they also pointed out his defects; but Stanley suffered some loss from relying on his trustworthiness, and Cameron found him all but useless, and was much provoked by his indifference and insolence. Something of the same falling off is often visible in Alpine guides, English butlers, and many other classes of people who are not negroes; nor is it only in Africa that the not unreasonable idea prevails that when a man becomes unfit for the work which has gained his reputation, his experience and past labours should elevate him into an easier position.

On reaching his first great stage in Unyanyembe, about 450 miles from the coast, Lieutenant Cameron was most kindly received by Said ibn Salim, the Governor of the Arab settlement, who had accompanied Burton, and Speke and Grant, on a portion of their journeys, and who, we are glad to learn, "cherished an affectionate memory for his former masters, and was very kind to us for their sakes; not only lending the house, but giving us a supply of milk morning and evening, and constantly sending presents of fowls, eggs, and goats." In this unhealthy place they were detained for several months, owing to the difficulty of obtaining porters, and from the direct route to Ujiji being closed by Mirambo, a native chief, who had formerly been a great friend of the Arab traders, and had shown much generosity in giving them credit when in difficulties, but had been turned into a bitter enemy by their repudiation of their engagements. Commander Cameron writes of this chief as if he were a new phenomenon; but Mr Stanley

had before described the position of Mirambo, and the unsettled state into which he had thrown the country. By aiding the Arabs in fighting Mirambo, Stanley committed a great and uncalled-for mistake. It identified white travellers with Arab crimes. The Arabs, or half-castes, whom he joined for this purpose, deserted him at a critical moment, occasioned the death of some of his people, and nearly caused him to lose his own life.

The sufferings endured by all the members of the expedition in this region show that previous accounts of the effects of its fever were not at all exaggerated; and they had also the misery of being nearly blinded by ophthalmia. When in this wretched condition, a letter arrived from Livingstone's servant, Jacob Wainwright, announcing the Doctor's death, and that he and Chumah and Susi were close at hand with the dead body. A few days after the body arrived, and it remained to be determined what was to be done with the expedition. Lieutenant Murphy resigned his position, and announced his determination of returning to the east coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was completed. Dillon was desirous to go on; but he was so ill that he also resolved to return. Cameron at this time was nearly blind with ophthalmia, almost unable to walk from pains in his back; and fever, which was still hanging about him, had reduced him to a skeleton, and to a weight little over seven stone. Nevertheless, in these desperate circumstances, he determined to go on, in order to secure a box of books which Livingstone had left at Ujiji and had referred to anxiously with his dying breath, and also to follow up the great traveller's explorations. It was a heroic determination, and was justified by the splendid result.

He had a terrible warning immediately after starting; but even that did not deter him. He had only started when he learned that Dillon had destroyed himself; and he made the next march in an almost unconscious state. Strong must have been the internal impulse which drove him across Africa.

For the next two years Cameron was alone, so far as Europeans were concerned, and for the most part upon entirely new ground. On reaching Tanganyika he set to work to sail round that mysterious lake, and did so round its larger half—that is to say, from Ujiji, on its east coast and on the fifth parallel of south latitude, to the southern end of the lake, and up the west coast to a point not far from opposite Ujiji. Burton and Speke had left that portion of the lake almost unexamined, and Livingstone had gone round the greater portion of it, but chiefly by land, so that Cameron's was really the first survey of the larger part of the lake upon the lake itself.

Of much interesting information which Cameron gathered in regard to Tanganyika, we shall only refer to his discovery of its outlet. This question as to an outlet had caused a great deal of curious surmise. When Burton and Speke visited its northern end they came to the conclusion that the river Lusize was an affluent, but they could not sufficiently determine the point; and afterwards Burton inclined to the opinion that it was an effluent, and connected Tanganyika with the Nile. That idea was disproved by the examination of the Rusize in 1871; but then Livingstone found that the streams ran into it at the south end also, so that it had no connection with Lake Nyanza. No stream, it was well known, issued from its eastern side, towards the Indian Ocean; and Livingstone

sought, entirely without success, to find any effluent on its western side. Hence he inclined to the opinion that there must be a subterranean outlet for this immense lake, connecting it with the Lualaba river and series of lakes, which he believed to be the headquarters of the Nile, but which there is now scarcely a doubt are those of the Congo. It is no wonder Livingstone came to this conclusion about a subterranean outlet; and it is still far from improbable that there may be such an outlet among its limestone rocks, notwithstanding Cameron's discovery and Mr Stanley's ingenious but absurd supposition that Tanganyika is a lake which has not yet got filled up. Livingstone's objection to the notion that this lake has no outlet is, that if such a body of deep water were relieved only by evaporation, the deposit of saline matter in it would long since have made it a salt lake—there being no other instance in the world of a large, deep, fresh-water lake without an outlet, and there is a great deal of saline matter in the country round it. Lake Tchad, indeed, there is reason to believe, has no outlet, and it is fresh water; but then it is not so much a deep-water lake as an immense shallow lagoon, held within bounds by the surface which it exposes to evaporation, and kept fresh by the absorption of the ground, which is a kind of outlet. In the extremely salt Dead Sea, it is worthy of notice that the amount of river-water poured into it is extremely small. But whether a subterranean outlet exists or not, Livingstone detected the part of the coast where there might be a superterranean exit in Tanganyika. Commander Cameron saw that there was a break in the mountains of the western shore where such an outlet was likely to be, and, from such examination as he was able to

bestow upon it, came to the conclusion that the Lukuga river was that outlet. Livingstone had noticed the same break, and had suggested that the Logumba river, which appears to be the same as Cameron's Lukuga, or at least is close to it, was an outlet; and he also opined that there might be some other outlets farther north on the same coast. Unfortunately, Commander Cameron's examination of the Lukuga was not an altogether conclusive one. This part of the coast was between, and some distance from, the great trade-routes to the west, so that the Arabs knew nothing about it or about the river. A local chief declared that his people often travelled for more than a month along its banks until it fell into the Lualaba; but local chiefs appear to say anything on such points. The African traveller cannot always pursue the exact path he wishes, though he may continue in the direction, and Cameron was prevented from descending (or ascending) this river; but he went four or five miles into it, until progress was rendered impossible by dense masses of *floating* vegetation. There was neither open water nor solid land; but he found in this large river, six hundred yards broad and three fathoms deep, an outward current from the lake of one knot and a half, sufficient to drive his boat well into the edge of the vegetation; and on various points of his journey afterwards, he obtained corroborative evidence that this Lukuga river flows into the Lualaba.

So far everything seems quite clear and satisfactory; but Mr Stanley suddenly appears at this outlet, labouring under the painful burden that something new and extraordinary must be found to justify his wandering about in Africa for years with unlimited funds. His discovery is, that Lake

Tanganyika has not yet been filled up, that it is a young and rising lake, and that Cameron "was both right and wrong,"—the Lukuga is not an outlet of the lake, but it is going to be, when Tanganyika has risen up to the height of its great destiny. We must give Mr Stanley credit for his ingenuity in this matter, and all the more that it will be exceedingly difficult to prove that he is not right in his wonderful supposition. However satisfactorily it may be proved afterwards that Tanganyika has an outlet in the Lukuga, it will still remain open for Mr Stanley to assert that it had no such outlet up to the period of his great discovery; and really there is some reason for being thankful that so ingenious a mind should have been relegated to the (comparatively) uninteresting and innocuous region of African geography. It is alarming to contemplate what might have been the results had it been let loose on the more practically important affairs of European or American politics!

But, to look at the matter scientifically, there are many reasons for supposing that Commander Cameron is right in regard to this subject. We should much more readily trust the observations and judgment of a practical and scientific sailor in regard to whether the Lukuga is an affluent or an effluent, than those of a wandering American reporter. The supposition that Lake Tanganyika has not yet filled up to its level, is wholly incompatible with our knowledge of that lake and of the geology of Central Africa. Had its basin been a creation of post-tertiary times, it might possibly (though by no means probably) be now in process of being filled up to the brim. But Tanganyika dates far back in the geological ages—to a period represented not by hundreds of

thousands but by millions, and perhaps hundreds of millions, of years. The rainfall upon it is itself enormous. Besides the rainfall, there are the rivers which run into it, and of these Cameron says ('Across Africa,' ii. 304), "I found no less than *ninety-six rivers*, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake which I surveyed." The drainage of an immense rainy area flows into Tanganyika, and the country round it "was like a huge sponge full of water." Commander Cameron further came to the conclusion that this lake was "fed by springs in its bed in addition to the numerous rivers and torrents." Considering these facts, it is extremely difficult to believe that Tanganyika is a lake in process of being filled up. The enormous rainfall and flow of streams into it could hardly be arrested to any extent by evaporation under skies so often cloudy, and would serve to fill up the basin in a few centuries. It is hardly credible that such excellent geologists as Livingstone and Burton could have examined the shores of Tanganyika without perceiving traces of its chasm having been recently formed if such had been the case. Sir Samuel Baker says ('Albert Nyanza,' ii. 317) that Central Africa is composed of granitic and sandstone rocks, which do not appear to have been submerged, or to have undergone any volcanic or aqueous changes, and have been affected only by time "working through countless ages, . . . no geological change having occurred in ages long anterior to man." One of the greatest of geologists, Sir Roderick Murchison, said, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society of the 23d May 1864—

"In former addresses I suggested that the interior mass and central por-

tions of Africa, constituting a great plateau, occupied by lakes and marshes, from which the waters escaped by cracks or depressions in the subtending older rocks, had been in that position during an enormously long period. I have recently been enabled, through the apposite discovery of Dr Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, not only to fortify my conjecture of 1852, but greatly to extend the inferences concerning the long period of time during which the central parts of Africa have remained in their present condition."

One of the chief grounds for this conclusion is the absence of all eruptive rocks which could have been thrown up since the tertiary rocks began to form.

Had Mr Stanley taken these considerations into account, or had he possessed more knowledge of science, he would probably have never brought forward his fanciful hypothesis. What seems to have misled him was the fact that the volume of water in Tanganyika has been increasing of late years. This had been observed by both Livingstone and Cameron; but they had too much knowledge and judgment to jump to the conclusion that Tanganyika was a lake not yet filled up. The inhabitants on its shores date this increase from after the visits of white men, and ascribe it to these visits. There is also evidence that Tanganyika has been before at a much higher level. In brief, its level alters considerably, and the cause is not far to seek. Subterranean passages (sometimes blocked up by falling pieces of rock) may have something to do with it; but another cause is much more apparent. The vast masses of floating vegetation which there are

in this, as in the other Central African lakes, -are quite sufficient to choke up the outlets either periodically or for long irregular seasons.*

Unable, from various circumstances, to trace down the Lukuga river, Commander Cameron moved westward from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba river, the farthest point which Livingstone had reached in his last great explorations. His desire was to float down this river to the Congo as it is already known to us, and so emerge on the west coast of Africa, but scarcity of means and local difficulties prevented him from carrying out this design. The disappointment was exceedingly great to our traveller; and it is so to his readers also; because, before him, and almost inviting his footsteps, lay the immense unknown regions lying between Nyangwe and the western sea, including the mysterious Lake Sankorra and the great valley of the Congo. There was no help for it; but the interest of the journey which Cameron might have achieved, had circumstances been more favourable, detracts from the interest of that which it remained for him to achieve, and where he had to descend so far to the south as to cross the previous lines of exploration.

Nyangwe had been visited before by Livingstone; and from thence Cameron had to strike almost directly south to Lake Kassali, between the 8th and 9th parallels of south latitude. All this was entirely new ground; but, having after this to strike still further south, though now also in a westerly direction, he crossed the line of exploration of Dr Lacerda in 1798, and

*. Colonel Long says of Lake Ibrahim, "The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *Pistia stratiotes*, and detached islands of papyrus, rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert, and thence to the north."

of Livingstone's early journey across Africa. Lacerda went up from the east coast as far as Kabebe, a place about S. lat. 8°, and long. 23°, and lying between Cameron's route and the great valley of the Congo and the Lake Sankorra. Livingstone, again, in his journeys of 1855-56, crossed Cameron's route at Katema about 12° 30' S. lat., and 21° long., and went as far north as Kabango, about nine degrees south of the equator. We also notice that in 1796 Pereira reached a point on the twelfth degree of south latitude, and the twenty-fourth of east longitude. Hence, as an exploration, Cameron's journey is not so new as some might think; but still, from Nyangwe it was over almost entirely new ground, though crossed at points by Livingstone's and Lacerda's routes. His laborious determination of positions by astronomical observations has been of immense service to our knowledge of Africa. He has also determined the heights along his route, so as to be able to present in his map a most interesting section of the country, displaying at a glance the elevations from sea to sea. He has exposed the villainies of the slave-trade, still carried on by negroid Portuguese; and he managed so well with the natives as to open, not shut, the way for future travellers. And though the literary excellences of his narrative are not of a very striking character, yet they are charming in their way, the details being very clearly presented, and there being throughout an unobtrusive tinge of humour and almost poetic feeling.

We have now indicated the great explorations which have penetrated and lit up the darkness of the African continent. A very fair general idea has been obtained of what that continent is, of what it is capable of being made, and of the people by whom it is occupied at present.

The most important facts which all this discovery has brought to light are the existence in Central Africa of great lakes and great navigable rivers, and innumerable smaller rivers, many of which are also navigable—the existence of a fertile soil and of an elevated region, with, in many parts, a temperate climate. These facts obviously point out the existence of a vast region in Central Africa where, by means of the introduction and judicious employment of the members of the more civilised races of the world, there may be a new field for the development of humanity. As to the people of these regions, much is to be hoped for. It is quite clear, from the accounts of all the great travellers, that the more we get away from the miasmatic swamps of the coast-lands, and from the absolutely ruinous effects of slave-hunting—whether Arab, Portuguese, or Egyptian—the more do we find a half-savage, but also half-civilised, people, with many fine and attractive qualities. The truth seems to lie between Dr Livingstone's extreme affection for them, and Colonel Long's horror of their naked deformities. It seems clear that in the African (speaking generally) there are qualities of much promise. He has a larger, more exuberant *physique* than any other of the savage or semi-civilised races. His inconsequence and fancifulness are those of the undeveloped human being, and are not stereotyped in his nature as in that of the ordinary Hindu. If we take his stage of development into account, we find a remarkable amount of common-sense. In this respect he approaches the Chinaman; but he has more affection and sentiment. He has not that hardness of nature which gives such a metallic sound to the Chinese voice, and that square-skulled immobility which

prevents the Chinaman even under the most favourable circumstances from approaching with other races, or departing from the lines of his civilised civilisation. There is good hope that the African may improve rapidly under more favourable circumstances than those in which he is at present involved.

The history of that dark continent so far as known to us presents an awful tragedy, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its primitive people to whom Mungo Park, Livingston, Grant, Schweinfurth, and Cameron have borne witness. It is impossible not to think of the unnumbered ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing beyond the elements of art and science and even of language: from within, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living trembling bodies of a hundred of his young wives: from without, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilisation, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns over vast regions. The bounty of Nature has provided for them such abundance that they continue to exist despite all the cruel conditions of that existence. But they are arrested at a position, not so much between heaven and earth, as between earth and hell. There is an old touch, a tertiary or pre-tertiary touch about them, affiliating them with the ancient hippopotamus and the

crocodile: but there is also a touch of a sensitiveness and of an affection as keen as any to which the more civilised races have attained. This has exposed them to a torture which the crocodile and the hippopotamus do not know; but it has been insufficient to elevate them to a position of order and happiness. Surely here is a case where the introduction of European civilisation would be most justifiable, and might well repay the cost. But if that is to be done at all, it should be done effectually,—not as in India, to the great loss of the agents of civilisation, and in the fostering of a weak native conceit, in itself incapable of developing or even retaining the benefits which have been conferred upon the country,—not as in America, to the extermination of the aborigines. In the interests of England, the African continent might be made really to correct the balance of the Old World, and enable us to keep in front of such expanding nations as Germany and Russia. Then, perhaps, it might be given us, in the evening of our days, to wander meditatively on the shore of Tanganyika, that mighty Ulleswater of Africa, or of Lake Nyassa, its softer Windermere. It does not seem at all likely at present that England will undertake such a work, but Germany has of late displayed some distinct symptoms of being inclined to do so. But however that may be, it is to Englishmen belongs the glory of having first penetrated into the centre of tropical Africa, and of having achieved there a series of grand individual explorations which has no parallel in the history of the human race.

PAULINE.—PART V.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XVII.—LITTLE THINGS PUT TOGETHER.

“*Les absens ont toujours tort.*”

THE day of departure came at length, and, with a throb of delight, Pauline hailed it as a day of release.

Much, of course, was said about intercourse for the future; rides and drives were planned, and invitations were properly given and accepted.

This would, however, tone down with time; nothing definite was fixed upon; and she had, at all events, the satisfaction of hoping that she might never again be compelled to pass so long a period under the same roof with people whose tastes and feelings were so out of harmony with her own.

For Charlotte alone could she entertain some regard. Charlotte was sincere, and Charlotte had been kind to her.

Minnie was too entirely the reflection of those around her at the moment, to be worth notice; Dot was her mother's child; and that mother was—Mrs Jermyn.

Of Mr Jermyn, she could only feel that he had been unfortunate in his choice of a wife, but that, for no reason, was he entitled to be fortunate.

He was inferior in person and in manners, whilst his attainments were purely professional. He wore a civil smile, made a deferential bow, and said the rudest things without being in the least aware he was doing so.

The near neighbourhood of such connections, Pauline decided, must ever be a drawback to the Grange.

Had they been mere acquaintances, the distance—four miles—would have been sufficient to pre-

vent too frequent intrusion; but it was evident that in the present instance it was to be accounted little of.

Mrs Wyndham's relations must be considered, in a manner, hers. She must be subject, as her aunt would be, to early calls, interruptions at odd hours, and the other penalties of unceremoniousness between two families. There would be incessant notes, arrangements for meeting, and for going into public in company. She foresaw, with a blush of mortification, that she might have again to follow Mrs Jermyn into a room, and wait for her carriage, on Mr Jermyn's arm.

Charlotte would kiss her, pull her aside, and whisper; Mrs Jermyn would tap her with her fan, and beckon her up, to know with whom she had been talking.

All this she had smarted under already; and the chance of its recurrence was the only alloy in the pleasure with which she seated herself by her aunt's side, and looked back upon the cluster of faces around the hall-door.

“Well, they have been very good and kind,” commented Mrs Wyndham, as the carriage rolled away, amid the vociferous “Good-byes” of the party on the doorstep. “And whatever little faults we might find, Pauline, we will keep to ourselves. We have shared their hospitality, we have partaken of their ‘salt,’ you know; that, will be sufficient for you; for me, they are relations of my dear husband, and in that light alone I will look upon them.”

Pauline was astonished and rebuked.

"They are gone!" cried Charlotte, coming back to the drawing-room. "Gone! And good luck go with them! She is not a bad sort of girl, that Pauline. I have forgiven her defrauding me of Little Fennel, and Dolly, and all her other sins; she has expiated them by going to live with Aunt Camilla!"

Mrs Jermyn, who had been airily waving her hand, and sending kisses after the retreating carriage, smiled no more directly it was out of sight, and replied to her daughter's tirade in a natural and cross voice. "Expiated! Nonsense! I don't know what you mean. The girl has fallen on her feet, if ever any one did."

"Humph!" said Charlotte. "That is the sort of fall in which one breaks the legs. When I fall on my feet, may all my bones be whole!"

"Going to a charming place like the Grange," continued her mother. "And Aunt Camilla making so much of her already! Quite as if she were her own daughter!"

"That's what I said," observed her husband with complacency. "I told them they would be taken for mother and daughter wherever they went."

"Did you say it to Camilla? or to Pauline?"

"To both. I said it to them as they were going away."

"Just what she would dislike of all things," muttered Mrs Jermyn, under her breath.

"Dislike it? Why should she dislike it? You said yourself this minute, that she treated her like a daughter."

"And here is Charlotte thinks it would be a hardship to be so treated," replied his wife, aware that it would be useless to enter

into explanations, and returning to the main point. "With every luxury at her command, a poor homeless girl——"

"You would not like it yourself, mamma. At least, I daresay *you* would, but *I* should not. And as for Pauline, she hates it like poison."

"So she *says*."

"Says? No; she is not likely to say a thing like that. I could not even tempt her to much smaller confidences. But any one with half an eye can see it for themselves. You must, mamma, if you did not choose to be blind."

"But, oh," continued Charlotte, amusement lighting up her countenance, "what a pair they are! How could you, even *you*, mamma, say that they suited one another! There they sat last night on the sofa, side by side. Aunt Camilla was smirking and smiling, and trying to get Pauline to tell her she was young and pretty. *You* tell her so, mamma, every hour of the day; but Pauline—you have no idea how well she did it, or rather *did not* do it. She kept the little aunt in perfect good-humour, and yet she never told a single fib! Says Aunt Camilla, 'My dear, what a pretty hat! What a becoming hat! You look like an old picture—exactly like an old picture! One of the La Sartes come to life again! *Our* ancestors, you know, Pauline. The resemblance is quite remarkable—*quite*.' And so on. Says Pauline, in her slow, soft voice, 'I am glad you like it, Aunt Camilla.' Evidently she would have worn a pie-dish on her head with equal contentment. But this did not suit the aunt at all, for the upshot of it was, that she wanted to be told it would become *her*. You must know that although part of her great and sudden attachment to Pauline consists in the belief that she is about

to introduce to the world another Gunning, she has by no means made up her mind to sink gracefully into the background herself. Indeed she means to shine all the more, 'with the mild magic of reflected light.'"

"I daresay Pauline was very rude and unkind about it. Young people never seem to think that older ones can have any feelings on such subjects at all."

"They went off together arm in arm afterwards, so I don't think the feelings can have been lacerated to any great extent," said Charlotte. "My belief is, that they will shake together, in spite of everything, and Aunt Camilla will claim her half of every young man who finds his way over to the Grange."

"There is one young man who will find his way there, and that ere long, or I am mistaken," observed Mrs Jermyn.

"One *little* man would be more to the purpose, if you mean Little Fennel," replied Charlotte. "Minnie," as her sister entered, "mamma thinks Little Fennel was hit hard. And so I daresay he was, for though I was his first love, I have never pretended to be his only one. He is not constant; 'pon my word, now, he isn't. But then one can't be expected to be constant, when there's no return, can one?"

"Oh, don't begin in that stupid way," said Minnie; "there's no fun in it. What were you going to say?"

"To say? When?"

"When I came in. You were going to tell me something——"

"About Little Fennel. I was going to tell you that mamma said he——"

"I never mentioned Mr Fennel, Charlotte."

"Oh, did you not? Who was it, then? Dolly? I knew it was all up with Dolly directly I saw him

come into the room; but he was not allowed to usurp her, I can tell you. As for the beauty herself, I don't think she wished to be troubled with either of them."

"Nor was I thinking of either of them," said her mother.

"No? Well, I have come to an end of my guesses; you must tell me."

"I think I know," said the quieter Minnie. "Mr Blundell?"

"Mr Blundell! What are you both dreaming of?" cried Charlotte, as her mother's smile showed that the right name had been spoken. "What put him into your heads? Because she did not like to hear him spoken against behind his back? You don't know that girl at all. She has not the wits to stand up for herself, but she would not let any one else be attacked, and keep quiet. It *is* a shame, too. I hate to hear the absent maligned, and given no chance of telling their version of the story; it seems so mean. You might have known it was just the very thing to make Pauline fire up."

"It *seemed* to be, indeed."

"I call that unfair," exclaimed Charlotte, still further roused to generosity of feeling by her mother's sneer. "Now you are turning upon her, mamma. She did not say a word that she might not have said for anybody—not a single word. And as for poor Ralph Blundell, I always feel inclined to take his part, for the very same reason. I believe the only cause of all the outcry against both the brothers, was, that they were better born and better looking than the rest of their neighbours, and that they looked down upon the whole of us."

"They could not well look down on Sir John and Lady Finch," said her mother, angrily.

"Oh, Sir John is an old-fashioned old stick, who wants everybody to

be as fusty and musty as he is himself. He will have some trouble in cutting Dolly's pretty curls to his strait-laced pattern. Dolly hankers after the fun at Blundellsaye."

"His father will be very foolish if he gives in to him," retorted her mother. "No son of mine should consort with Ralph Blundell, if I could help it."

"My dear mother, for two reasons your determination will never be put to the test. Firstly, because you have no son; and secondly, because, if you had a hundred, Monseigneur Ralph would never deign to take notice of one of them."

"Do be quiet for a single minute, Charlotte," said Minnie. "You talk on, and on, and no one else can get in a word. Mamma, what made you say that about Pauline?"

"What made you guess what I was going to say?"

"Oh," replied Minnie, astutely, "because I had heard you say it before."

"To whom?"

"To Aunt Camilla. I heard you hinting about him. I wanted to know how you took up the idea at first."

"Little things put together," replied her mother, rather hastily, as a little thing in the shape of Dot entered. "Nothing in particular, I assure you. Now we have been idling here long enough. Come, Dot, and hold this skein of worsted for me."

She was not to be entrapped into further communications; and with an uneasy sensation of something wrong, she was aware, for the first time, that she would prefer none being made by any one else.

Charlotte's burst of indignation she could not face.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SIR JOHN FINCH.

"He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only."

It may have been observed that Mrs Jermyn, whenever she had an opportunity of introducing the names of Sir John and Lady Finch into her conversation, did not fail to take advantage of it.

As usually happens in such cases, where the acquaintanceship is assumed, on one side, to be especially close, her real knowledge of them was slight.

She had no true perception into the character or habits of either; but she had their visiting-cards on her table, she could describe the interior of their mansion-house, and she could command a bow when their carriage passed hers in the village.

On this foundation she romanced

at large to her less fortunate acquaintance; for the Jermyns, although occasionally admitted to the neighbouring country-houses, could not be said to be intimate at any, but lived chiefly in a small world of their own, composed of the occupants of villas and river-side cottages, of which a considerable number clustered round the hamlet at their gates.

By these they were admired, envied, and imitated.

To them would Mrs Jermyn lay down the law, fearless of correction; and her favourite topic was seldom far from her lips.

Sir John's "little ways" were alluded to, and his "old-fashioned foibles" apologetically for, in a way

that, could he have heard it, would have brought some of them strongly to the front.

Lady Finch's "unfortunate shyness" was likewise tenderly dealt with. She was really more to be pitied than any one else. It wore off entirely, *entirely*, when alone with her friends. People called her proud, but such an appellation was, she need hardly assure them, *altogether undeserved*. She was a sweet woman.

Even in allowing such little shortcomings, Mrs Jermyn would appear to have a struggle with herself. She could not but be partial, be blind to anything amiss in such friends. Their interests, she owned, were hers. She called on all to participate in their anxieties, demanded elation for their successes, mournfully claimed sympathy for their bereavements.

Tit-bits of gossip concerning their "kind neighbours at the Hall" must always, she felt, have a superior interest to any other subject, for the little coterie of which she had constituted herself the queen.

"Nice quiet folks, like ourselves," she would thus describe them. "Such stay-at-homes! Sir John never *can* be brought to go anywhere. Lady Finch assures me she exhausts herself in vain. 'Do, dear Mrs Jermyn, try *your* persuasive powers,' she said to me the other night—we were dining there, you know; she began to me directly after dinner about it: 'Sir John may listen to *you*,' she was good enough to say. She, poor thing, is quite tired of the Hall, and would like to have a few weeks abroad. I sympathised with her entirely. It is hard on a wife, and such a *devoted* wife too, not to be *considered* more. Men, however, never *are* considerate. Sir John, dear good man, is a most excellent husband, to be sure, but he is like the rest in that respect. *My* persuasive powers in-

deed!" bridling. "What could I say to that? I could only reply, 'Indeed, my dear Lady Finch, I am not vain enough to imagine that where *your* persuasive powers have failed, *mine* would succeed.' She laughed at me, but we understand each other perfectly. Sir John is always most agreeable, most *attentive*; but I hope I know better than to *misinterpret* that politeness which is one of the distinguishing marks of people of rank. Poor dear Mrs Wyndham is perhaps a *little* apt to take such civilities as *personal* distinctions. My sister-in-law is a most *amiable* creature, but (to confidential ears) wanting, without doubt, in discretion, in *judgment*. She will, however, be the greatest possible addition to the neighbourhood, and *we* will take care that she is not suffered to make herself ridiculous."

On this point the orator would become diffuse, not to say prosy; for although the glory of the Grange had become in a manner dimmed by the residence of Pauline therein, when not in her actual presence, Mrs Jermyn still enjoyed much satisfaction from recounting details of the *ménage*, and enumerating the servants, the horses, the carriages, and the visitors of Mrs Wyndham.

The Finches had called, of course. They had called among the very *first*. So thoughtful—so like themselves.

Mrs Jermyn, however, did not know to whom she was ascribing honour.

Dolly Finch had not only instigated his parents to the visit, but he had accompanied them.

He had been loud in his praises afterwards. What charming people they were! What a delightful house it was to go to! Mrs Wyndham so friendly, so easy! Such a nice, well-mannered woman!

"Why are there not more like

her!" cried the young man, enthusiastically. "Usually if there is one thing in the world I hate more than another, it is to make a call. You give up your afternoon, and you ride four or five miles, and you have to get down and open half-a-dozen gates if you go up by a side entrance—besides the nuisance of the door-bell at the end—and all you get for your pains is a pair of cold fingers, and a seat on the ottoman, in the worst part of the whole room to get away from."

"Humph!" returned his father, drily. "It seems to me there was another part of the room, very far from the ottoman, which you found still worse to get away from to-day. I found no difficulty in getting away from the ottoman, but I thought you were never coming out of that *corner*. And as for the house, it is all one abominable draught. I have been shivering ever since I came out of it."

"You were shivering before you went, sir; you complained of it this morning. You have caught cold, standing about in the farm-yard yesterday."

"It was not the farmyard; there was nothing in the farmyard to give me cold. It was those hot, unwholesome rooms——"

"Unwholesome? They were delicious. The scent of the flowers——"

"I tell you it was *that* made me ill; I know it was. Nasty sickly atmosphere—enough to poison any human being! And every time the door opened, a gale blew along the ground, and froze one's feet till they were like stones. I would not live in that house if I were paid for it."

Dolly differed from him entirely. He liked the place and everything about it.

His mother agreed with him. Yes, Mrs Wyndham was agreeable—

certainly agreeable, kind, and friendly. Good-looking too.

Dolly thought her uncommonly good-looking. A little bit made up, you know, but what of that! Miss La Sarte is not made up, at all events. She is—ah—rather handsome, is she not?

Not rather—very. A lovely girl. So graceful, so retiring! Such a contrast to those awkward Miss Jermyns! Lady Finch protests that she cannot imagine how they come to belong to the same race.

Hereupon Dolly grows quite excited. There is no relationship, none of any sort. Mrs Wyndham had made a low sort of marriage, and had got a lot of money, and her husband was dead, and there was no more to be said about it. But with Miss La Sarte, the Jermyns have nothing to do; Miss La Sarte belongs to a good old family.

He is so intelligible, and so deeply in earnest, that Sir John's two grey eyebrows come to the front, and make a dead point.

Beauty, birth, and money! He thinks it might do.

He will not say more of the discomforts he has undergone; and if that invitation Mrs Wyndham talked about should come, it must certainly be accepted, even if he should slip out of the engagement afterwards.

There proved to be some cause for the latter provision.

The next day he sat in his great arm-chair by the fire, in all the dignity of sickness.

Slippers encased his feet, a dressing-gown buttoned to his chin, and a shawl overspread his shoulders. His grey locks of hair, instead of curling crisply round each temple as was their wont, were brushed straight. They had not been plunged into water that morning, nor had his beard been trimmed.

He was really unwell, and unnaturally docile and meek.

By mid-day Lady Finch sent for the doctor.

He allowed that she had done right. Perhaps the doctor could do him some little good. He was ill—he was exceedingly ill. Headache, and a nasty depression. He didn't know where. Everywhere. Then he closed his hand and beat his breast sorrowfully, "Pain! pain! pain!"

"I told you you had got a cold, sir," said Dolly, smiling, but not undutifully. "You never would have made such a fuss about those rooms, if there had not been something the matter with you. You don't care what a room is like, as a rule."

"I daresay you are right," mildly rejoined the invalid. "This attack was coming upon me, and that must have been why I felt out of sorts altogether; I ought never to have been out of doors; I know I ought not. What the doctor will say to me——"

"Oh, you'll be all right again in a day or two. You have only to take some gruel, and that sort of thing. What's this?" as a servant entered with a tray.

"Your soup, Sir John," said the man, arranging it by his side.

"My soup? Eh? I didn't order any soup. What am I to do with it? Who sent it?" demanded his master, eyeing the basin, but without ill-will. "I don't know that I want that soup," he continued, irresolutely.

"The best thing in the world for a cold," said Dolly. "And uncommonly good it smells, too. Heigh-ho! I wish it was dinner-time."

"Do you? Perhaps I may take a little; a mouthful or two. What made you say it was good? I don't know that it's good. I don't like eating soup at this hour; it is just

some of Custard's nonsense, sending it," breaking some bread into the bowl as he spoke.

"Don't have it, if you don't want it," said Dolly, whose appetite had been sharpened by a long ride in the cold air. "If you are going to send it down again, give it to me. I'll soon make short work of it."

His evident partiality was as stimulating as a good sauce; more so, indeed, to Sir John, who hated sauces, as he hated everything that was not solid, substantial, and John Bull to the core.

"Oh, I suppose I had better take it," replied he, lifting a spoonful with an air of resignation. "When one is weak and ill as I am, it sets one up a little. I wonder that Dr Tyndall has not come yet! He should not have been so long in coming, when I sent for him. Did he know it was for *me*, Anne?" to his wife, who entered.

"Oh, how comfortable you look, my dear!" cried she, disregarding him. "I am so glad to see you can enjoy your soup. Custard told me she had ordered it for you."

"Humph! I'm playing with it a little." Sir John hung his head, and almost blushed for the relish he had evinced.

"I knew it was that Custard," he continued. "As if I am to be cured by anything *she* can do! If I were on my deathbed she would concoct some trash of a jelly, and imagine nothing more could be needed! The only person who might do me some little good is Dr Tyndall, and he keeps away. Send for a doctor, and you have as good a chance of getting a policeman when he's wanted."

"He has sent a message just now, to say that he had been called away, but will look in here this evening," said Lady Finch.

"*This evening! That's not when I want him. Am I to wait all that*

time to know what is the matter with me? Till this evening, indeed! Till he has been round the parish, and attended to every whippersnapper in it. And how am I to tell what to do for myself, or what to send for, or—or anything? Dr Tyndall can have no idea how ill I am. That fool of a Thomas has given the wrong message——”

“Thomas was out with me,” observed Dolly.

“William, then. One of them. He has been idling away his time in the alehouse——”

“He has not had time to idle, if he has been to Hexley and back.”

“I tell you he has. He has made a mess of it somehow. Who saw him? Who received the answer?”

Lady Finch vouched for the authenticity of the answer. She had met the butler on his way to deliver it, and had cross-examined him. The groom who had ridden to Hexley, had met the doctor's gig leaving the village, and had received the message from Dr Tyndall's own lips.

“And what does ‘this evening’ mean, I should like to know?” muttered the invalid, relapsing into testiness. “It may mean any time. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock. It is too bad” (with rising sharpness) “of Dr Tyndall to put me off with ‘this evening.’”

Eight o'clock Lady Finch pronounced to be the fated hour. Dr Tyndall was rarely out after eight o'clock. He probably intended to take Finch Hall on his way home.

Sir John humped, grunted, and fretted as he listened to her.

Three hours still to wait! Three mortal hours, in which there was nothing to be done but sit, sit, sit, and listen to the clock ticking! He did not want any more of the newspaper. He never went to sleep at that hour. He spurned every overture made to him.

“Three hours! And I haven't eaten a thing to-day! You needn't laugh,”—to Dolly. “I tell you I have not. Nothing but that abominable soup; and why I took it, I can't think. Messes at all hours of the day are enough to give one a fever. I feel much worse than I did, I can assure you. I wish I had thrown that soup out of the window.”

“You do not look well, indeed,” sympathised his wife.

“Well? I tell you I'm *very* ill. I can't get any one of you to understand how ill I am. If a proper account had been sent of me by William, that doctor could never have had the face to put me off with ‘this evening.’”

“Oh come, sir,” said Dolly, “you are getting round, or you would not be so lively. You were altogether too mild and tearful just now; I was growing really alarmed. You must be a long way better——”

“I tell you I'm *not* better!”

Dolly spread his hands, and pulled a face.

“I'm *not* better,” continued his father, angrily. “You are just making a fool of me. None of you have any feeling.”

“Dolly, be quiet,” said his mother. “Your father is very uncomfortable and feverish.”

“Uncomfortable! Is that all you call it?”

“I said feverish, dear. And since you dislike so much waiting for Dr Tyndall, let us send over to R. for Dr Bell. Thomas can ride over at once. Shall I ring?”

“No, no.” He would not have Dr Bell; he disliked strangers; and, twenty to one, Dr Bell would be off on some wild-geese chase too. It was not worth while sending, for he should not see him if he came. Dr Tyndall understood his constitution. It was too bad of

Dr Tyndall not to have obeyed his summons sooner; but still he would wait for Dr Tyndall, and none other would he have.

The suggestion had done its part, however. It had given him something to think and speak about. He was now willing to lie back in his chair again, and pat his hands softly together, and discuss the probable cause of the doctor's delay.

Was there any one ill in the neighbourhood? Had he been sent for, to any distance? Had he gone to London?

The groom attested that he had not gone to London. He had driven off in the opposite direction: he had no luggage, and—Sir John was in the act of listening, and the butler was in the act of delivering the message, when the door-bell rang, with a sharp, authoritative demand.

"Dr Tyndall's ring, Sir John," said the man, with a smile; and in a few moments afterwards, Dr Tyndall walked in.

Finding that he should have to be out again that night, he had come, on second thoughts, to Finch Hall first. He was sorry to hear that Sir John was unwell. What was the matter? Cold? Bilious attack?

The patient gave himself little airs.

Well, no. He did not think he was bilious. His liver might perhaps be a little affected. Dr Tyndall would remember how very ill he had been from his liver some years before. He thought he felt something of the same sort this time, only worse. What were the exact symptoms of liver complaint?

The doctor restrained his countenance, and mentioned several.

"And I have no appetite," continued the invalid. "I thought I had a little just now, but it's gone. They gave me some nasty soup, that took it all away again."

"You took the soup?"

"I took it—yes, a little. I wish now, I had let it alone. You don't approve of such rubbish I am sure, Dr Tyndall? These women," contemptuously, "they have no sense; they are made up of fiddle-faddle crotchets."

At the end of a quarter of an hour he was more composed; he had been dictated to, sympathised with, and prescribed for.

All was going on satisfactorily, when, as ill luck would have it, the visitor rose.

"You are not going yet!" cried Sir John, from the depths of his arm-chair. "You have hardly come in! Do you mean to say you can't sit down for five minutes?" He was hurt, and a sense of desertion stole over him. "Can't you stay and have some dinner?" he continued, almost plaintively. "Let your carriage go, and we will send you home."

But Dr Tyndall arrested the order.

It must be owned that he had a certain pleasure in saying "No;" that he felt all the importance of being hurried from one great house to another, as he announced that "home" was not his destination; he had been summoned to Blundellsaye.

It was this visit which he had feared would detain him until the evening. He had been actually on his way there, when Sir John's messenger overtook him, and it was not until after it was too late to recall the man, that it had occurred to him to alter the arrangement.

Sir John inquired, still with something of the peevishness of an injured man, which of the madcaps had sent for him.

The doctor was unable to say. In fact—with a little irritability—no proper message had been despatched.

He had met the drag, with a party in it, near the station, and a footman had jumped down and run

after him, with a request that he would go up to the house at once.

Not having the pleasure of Mr Ralph Blundell's acquaintance, he had not looked into the carriage. Some one had bawled out to the man that they would be late for the train, and they had rattled off before he could understand clearly what was required of him.

Nevertheless, he must go, and with a motion of his hand he put aside further entreaties. They had to yield; and a dull evening, unenlivened by his cheerful chat, was endured by all.

It was late ere the doctor left Blundellsaye that night, and he was there again betimes on the following morning. On his way he was overtaken by Mrs Jermyn and her daughter, who were driving over to spend a few days at the Grange. The ladies pulled up, and he was consulted about Dot's second teeth, and the illness of a servant.

Then the waggonette took the lead, for the day was raw, and the doctor had enclosed himself in his brougham, which could not keep pace with the lighter vehicle. Also, he had halts to make, at one house and another. He made his bow, and they drove on.

"You have *indeed* been well received, my dear Camilla," began Mrs Jermyn after luncheon, during which full accounts of the past fortnight's doings had been given and hearkened to. "You are now fairly established as one of *ourselves*. But I said how it would be. It is the *siege*, you know, the siege that was prognosticated."

"Come along with me," said Charlotte to Pauline. "Mamma and Aunt Camilla like to palaver to each other with nobody by, to listen or interfere with them. They will '*dear*,' and '*quite*,' and '*so*,' as happily as possible, for the next two hours. Now tell me all you have got to tell. What have you been about since you came? How do you get on together? And has she sent for the hat, yet?"

Pauline could not choose but smile.

"You have no idea how kind she is, Charlotte; nor how little silly she can be, when—when we are quite alone."

"When mamma is not with her? Eh? I daresay. And so you are not absolutely bored to death, yet? You poor soul! I do pity you. And what says the Little Fennel to it all? And did Dolly come with the Finches?"

"Dolly? Oh yes," said Pauline, dreamily. "I wonder who is ill, in this direction? Aunt Camilla allows Dr Tyndall to drive through the grounds, as he used to do before she came, if he has to go that way; and this is the second time he has passed up the Long Avenue to-day."

"I can tell you," said Charlotte, with an odd look in her face. "Mamma would say you would not thank me, but of course that's nonsense. Only I know," she added, looking, with an assumption of entire carelessness, the other way, "that it is not pleasant hearing of anything happening to—to one's brother's friends. Mr Blundell has got typhoid fever."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE DOCTOR'S CARRIAGE.

"For it is with feelings as with waters,
The shallow murmur, and the deep are dumb."

"Mamma, you were wrong altogether!" cried Charlotte, after-

wards. "She did not care a straw. She said, 'Indeed! I am sorry,'

and then walked to her wardrobe, and took out her shawl, as composedly as I should have done. I forestalled you with the intelligence, in case the effect might be too much for your tender heart; but I might have saved myself the trouble. Mr Blundell has no chief mourner—at present, at all events. Are you going out?”

“No, indeed! not on such a day. It would bring my neuralgia back again directly. I shall stay with your aunt, and you can take a walk with Pauline.”

“We are going to drive,” said Charlotte. “Aunt Camilla wants some shopping done in Hexley, and we are going in the pony-carriage. There it is, coming out of the stables. What a smart little turnout! Look, mamma! that is surely a new kind of carriage; I don’t think I have seen one like it before.”

“Who is going to drive?”

“Pauline, of course. This is *her* carriage. Aunt Camilla never goes out in it.”

“It is quite absurd the way your aunt spoils Pauline,” cried Mrs Jermyn. “I hear she is getting down an Erard grand piano on purpose for her. And she is to have masters in the spring. It is really quite—quite ridiculous. A poor dependent girl! an absolute pauper! Most unsuitable, when she may have to earn her own bread——”

“Not she!”

“You can’t tell; it is quite possible. Accustoming her to all this luxury is no kindness. It—oh, come in, come in, my dear,” in answer to a tap at the door. “Come in, Pauline; so you and Charlotte are going to have a little drive together. If you want Charlotte to drive, she is not at all nervous, and perhaps rather more accustomed to ponies than you are——”

“Would Charlotte like to drive?” said Pauline.

“Of course she would,” said Charlotte, readily—“and so would Pauline; so you drive one way and I the other, and we shall both be happy. As for my being accustomed to ponies,” she confided on their way down-stairs, “that is one of mamma’s little flights. I have never driven anything in my life but our old Tommy, who can by no means be started, unless some one runs in front of him all the way down the drive. But as I dearly like to handle the reins, and as you have got such a sweet little rat of a thing to take along, I can’t find it in my heart to refuse the polite invitation. We look picturesque, don’t we? you in your scarlet shawl, and I in my blue cloak? Something nice and bright to look at on this deplorable day. Don’t you wear gloves?”

“Of course,” said Pauline, absently.

“Where are they, then? Why, I declare you thought they were on your hands! Your wits are wool-gathering, I think, or you are dreaming of some one far away. ‘Over the hills and far away.’ Let me see! Who can it be?”

“You had better drive first, Charlotte. Roger is apt to pull, coming home.”

“Then you must wake up if you are going to hold him in, my dear. Where is the button for this apron?” Lower, “We don’t need a man, do we?”

“Not when there are two of us. I have one when I go alone. What are you waiting for?”

“He has gone for umbrellas. Not that there is the slightest chance of rain, but, however, they do no harm. Now, shall I set off?”

They had not started many minutes when Pauline uttered a low ejaculation.

"What is it?" inquired Charlotte.

"The doctor's carriage coming back. Don't you think — we might——"

"What?"

"Nothing. Don't drive quite so fast, Charlotte. Don't let us be in his way. Let him overtake us while the road is broad enough for his brougham to pass. It takes up some room."

"We need not be in his way," said Charlotte. "We could run away from his old rumble-tumble easily. I can hardly hold the pony in, as it is. Get on, Roger."

"Give me the reins. I forgot that he had been in the stables the whole of yesterday. Of course he is too fresh for you."

She attempted to take them, but Charlotte laughed, and held them fast.

"No, no—none of that. If he pulls when he is coming home, and if he is too fresh for me when he is going out, I shan't get much driving between the two. Hie, Roger! That is the proper pace to take. There, you see, the carriage is not even in sight behind us."

Pauline said not a word.

A few minutes later they came in sight of the lodge.

"Oh, I wonder how the baby is to-day!" cried Miss La Sarte. "There is such a dear little baby here, Charlotte—only a week old; and I am to be godmother. I must look after my baby. It was not quite well when I was down on Tuesday. Stop, and let me ask how it is."

"We can ask when we come back," said Charlotte. "Would that not do as well, as the gate is open now?"

"Oh, you can pull up just outside," said Pauline, readily. "There is plenty of room beyond for the carriage to pass. Besides, now that I think of it, we might need to call

in the doctor; it would be a loss to lose the opportunity, when he is actually passing the door. I ask him to wait one moment to see."

The idea, which, in all trials had only that moment flashed upon her, made Pauline look almost bright.

"Just stop for a moment, Charlotte, and I will jump down."

"Why should you jump down? Call to some one to come. There must be some woman or girl to look after the house. The Oh! Will you come here for a moment?" calling herself to a friend who ran hastily out, perceiving might be wanted.

"How is baby?" inquired another lady.

"Oh, baby is as well as can be, miss, mother says. It was a tight bottle, as you sent down, that did her all the good. She has never had no return of nothink."

"And the pain is quite gone?"

"Oh yes, miss. She is asleep now. I have got her in the kitchen to let mother have a bit of sleep too. Would you please to come in?"

"No, no—not to-day; not there is no need. But there is Tyndall, you see, close behind. You are *sure* your mother would not like him just to see the baby?"

"Oh, he couldn't see nothing, miss. And mother said yesterday as no baby could be better than she is now, and——"

"Then we had better go on," said Miss Jermyn, raising the reins, "we shall be in the way again. How heavy the roads are this afternoon! If I had taken Tommy out, he would have crawled at a foot's pace, but this plucky little creature mind nothing. Look, Pauline! Is that a fine lurid light upon Bluddell's eye? Ah, poor Ralph Bluddell! Who would have thought this was to be the end of him!"

Trot, trot, trot, along the muddy highway, and the doctor's brougham still rolls behind.

He had not turned, as Pauline had feared he would, in the opposite direction. He was going, as they were, to the village.

"Where shall we stop, first?" inquired Charlotte.

"At the chemist's," boldly rejoined her companion. "Drive straight there."

"The chemist's? That is at the other end. We shall have to clatter all down the street first. Never mind, I like it. On such an afternoon it is something even to go to a chemist's; shopping in Hexley is absolute dissipation. What a splendid road this is! I like a great, broad road, with walls on each side, and not a hill anywhere to check our speed. I do like to go fast. My heart sinks at the sight of our long rising ground outside the hamlet. We are expected to get out and walk up, in hot weather. Oh, Pauline, look at the river! How like a sheet of glass it lies! And those unearthly phantoms rising out of the mist—are those the poplars? What a ghostly landscape! And to crown it all, that passing-bell."

"That *passing-bell*!"

"It is not one, you know; it only sounds like it. It is for afternoon service."

"Afternoon service!" repeated Pauline, turning two helpless eyes on her companion. "What afternoon service?"

"You are rather addle-pated to-day, my dear; excuse the polite remark. We always have afternoon services in Advent, and so I suppose have you. Yes, I know they have, at Hexley."

"Yes, certainly, I remember."

"And now for the chemist's. Caudle? Is not that the man? We send over to him now and

then, as mamma thinks his medicines are fresher than our little man's at Pipton. Softly over the bridge, Roger. *Now*, Pauline, look at the poplars. Look over your shoulder. I say! there's that old pill-box close to our heels again! It may pass now, for aught I care. There he goes, and gone to our chemist too! What is to be done? We must go somewhere else. To the library?"

"No, no—never mind the carriage," said Pauline, sharply. "What does it matter? We can pull up behind it. We cannot expect to have the shops all to ourselves."

"But he will keep you such a long time," remonstrated Charlotte. "He will have all sorts of prescriptions to be made up, and potions to be mixed. Caudle cannot attend to you both."

"I shan't keep him a moment." Pauline put her hand upon the reins. "No need to draw in, I can get out here."

And, scarcely waiting till the wheels stopped, she jumped out, and disappeared into the shop, Dr Tyndall himself holding the door open for her.

She had caught him at last.

"How do you do?"

But the doctor drew back.

"I think, Miss La Sarte, I won't come very near you, if you please. I have just come from a fever patient; and although it is not an infectious kind—still—allow me to wait outside while you are being attended to."

"Pray don't," said the poor girl, desperately. But he had closed the door.

Her purchase was made in a moment—a box of lozenges—and she came out again.

"Is your patient very ill, Dr Tyndall?" putting the change given by the shopman into her purse, with great deliberation.

"Typhoid fever," said he, concisely.

"Mr Blundell, is it not?"

"Yes, Mr Ralph Blundell. He is very ill, Miss La Sarte."

She closed the purse, and looked him full in the face.

"I used to know Mr Blundell; he was a friend of my brother, who would be sorry—tell me," said she, suddenly, with a catch of her breath, "have you given up hope?"

"Given up hope? By no means. We shall make a fight of it, I can tell you; but—ah—" with an unavoidable inflection of enjoyment, "it is a bad case. You know Mr Ralph? He has not led the best kind of life to bring him through a fever. He has been fast, you know—fast. And he is not as young as he once was, and every year tells. Added to all this, the stupid fellow has been going about for the last fortnight with the fever upon him, and without permitting anything to be done for it. I was not sent for till last night. I ought to have been with him ten days ago. This is a growing, creeping mischief; and of course, at the first, it is not unusual for people to be wholly unaware of their state; but such neglect as this, I never met with before. It was shameful, monstrous; and so I told them. They ought to have sent in spite of him. A sick man's orders ought to be looked upon as so much waste breath. However, all that *can* be done, now—— Allow me to hand you in."

She was not going to get in, she would walk to the next shop. She detained him, however, for a few moments, under a pretext so plausible, that it was spoken fearlessly, eagerly.

"Dr Tyndall, you will have to go often to Blundellsaye, of course. Shall I tell our lodge-keeper to leave the gates open at night? My aunt would be vexed if you had to

go round by the road; but unless I give orders, you may find some difficulty in rousing anybody. They wait up, on the evenings that we go out."

"Thank you—thank you. Yes, I may have to go through at all hours, and it saves my horses a good mile and a half taking that short cut. I am detaining you; Miss Jermyn is making signs."

"Shall I say you will pass through to-night?" With her back turned on Charlotte, she could affect not to perceive the signs. For this once, Charlotte should not balk her.

"To-night? Well, no; I think not to-night," replied the doctor, thoughtfully. "I have been already there twice, and we have got a good nurse. The crisis will not be yet. The thing is to keep him quiet and keep up his strength. He will have need of it all by-and-by. Mrs Wyndham quite well!"

"Quite, thank you. She is not out to-day."

"Ah! Not a day for her either. But you young ladies mind nothing—I see you out in all weathers. I tell my daughter I wish she would take a lesson. Good morning."

He turned from her rather hastily. Two horsemen, whose appearance seemed to indicate that they were returning from a fruitless run, were dejectedly traversing the village at a foot's pace.

To one of these the doctor signalled; and having made his bow to Miss La Sarte, he ran out into the street. The elder of the pair reined up, Major Soames, who vied with Dr Tyndall in his spring flower-beds; and they now held an animated discussion on the possibility of obtaining some Dutch tulip-roots which the doctor had an inkling were to be had cheap.

"They did excellently with the Thomsons last year," he said.

"You never saw a finer show. How is your soil for tulips?"

"Good, moderately good. But I mean to improve it. I fancy it is, if anything, too light. Did Thomson have a good show? What were the varieties?"

"Chiefly Couleur Pouceau; magnificent blossoms. Oh, Mr Finch, will you kindly say to Sir John _____"

But Dolly had passed on, and drawn up beside the pavement; at the moment, he was bending from his horse in close conversation with a lady who stood upon it.

Dr Tyndall looked blankly round, and plunged anew into the congenial dialogue. His message to Sir John was not half so important to him as the culture of his tulips.

Meanwhile Dolly, with a happy face, was doing his best.

"Good morning," he said, cheerily; "do you patronise Caudle's?"

"For lozenges. Will you have some?" Miss La Sarte fumbled with the string of her pocket. "Will you have one, Charlotte?"

Charlotte put out her hand, keeping her eye on Roger all the while.

Then the box was held up, and Dolly was a long time over his selection.

"You are sure they won't burn?" he said. "My mother gets hold of some of those long red things that look awfully good in the box, and they are the greatest shams. You take a handful, and when you have had them in your mouth half a minute, the tears are running down your cheeks. By the way, my governor is ill. I think I'll take him some."

He made no motion of going in search of them, however. He dalled with his reins, patted his horse's neck, and thought of something more to say.

"Coming to the Hunt ball, Miss La Sarte?"

She was not sure; her aunt had spoken of it.

She must come; it was to be one of the best they had had for many years. He was beginning to expatiate, when she interrupted him in a motherly fashion.

"Do you know that you are very hoarse? Have you caught cold too?"

"I have got what the doctor calls 'a throat,'" replied he.

"And what are you doing for it?"

"Oh, nothing. I shall dance it off to-morrow at R. You are not going there, of course? With us it is a call of duty; we are always let in for it."

"You seem to me to have a very good excuse; but you are coming up to us to-night? Go and ask Dr Tyndall's leave, or we shan't receive you."

"Eh?" said Dolly, opening his eyes.

"There he is! go and speak to him," continued Pauline, excitedly.

"When there are so many dangerous complaints going about you ought to take care. He will tell you himself how ill some of his patients are. A sore throat ought not to be trifled with."

"I'll do it, to please you."

His face beamed. "Only, whatever he says, you know, you'll see me to-night all the same."

Pauline turned to go.

"Nice little pony," observed Dolly, still keeping alongside.

"He will trot as fast as your horse will," said Charlotte, who had with difficulty kept the creature quiet for so long.

"Well, I daresay," replied the horseman. "Are you going home, now? Let us have a trotting match."

Major Soames has wheeled off as he speaks, and the little doctor is pattering back over the stones.

Miss La Sarte turns round involuntarily, and sees the shop-door open and close after him. Then she replies to Dolly's suggestion imperiously.

"No, no; we have a thousand things to do first, and we have no more time to waste. Charlotte, please go on to Library, take this list, and get the books changed. They are under the seat. I will walk there, when I have handed this note in at that red house over there. Good-bye, Mr Finch. Pray" (with an effort at archness), "pray don't forget your promise."

"Eh? my promise?" said Dolly, stupidly.

"He is in there," continued Pauline, wishing Charlotte were not by, that she might speak more plainly. "We are not going to have you" (Charlotte moved on) "following poor Mr Blundell's example. *Ask how he is.*"

The words had the ring of a command. They were spoken—she had determined that they should be spoken. Though terrified at her own audacity, she waited not for any answer, but walked with rapid steps across the street.

Once on the other side, however, she paused and glanced back. Dr Tyndall stood by Dolly, and she was so far content.

"What did he say to you?" she inquired in the evening.

"Eh? What about?" said he.

"Your cold, of course."

"Oh, my cold is gone; that brown thing cured it. You must give me another after dinner, though, if they are all as good. The doctor was telling me about poor Ralph Blundell."

So she had hoped, and for this she had manœuvred. Her woman's wit had prompted her to hold him in parley until the other was at liberty, and then, with her Parthian shot, she had flown.

"I rode up at once to ask after him," continued Dolly; "that was how I came to miss you, I suppose. I thought Miss Jermyn and I were to have had that match we spoke about."

"Miss Jermyn would have been delighted," said Charlotte, overhearing him. "And she would have backed Roger for anything you liked to name. You have no idea of the pace we took on the way home."

He laughed. "Come, it would be rather a joke; we'll have it. Will you put him into training? And when shall it come off?"

They were wandering from the point, and Pauline sighed for patience—that weary patience which may indeed help to bear, but which is itself almost intolerable to be borne.

She was appealed to by the disputants.

Would she not stand up for Roger, her own Roger, the best little Roger in the world? Charlotte was in her element, equal to any repartee, conversant with every sporting term. She was vaunting in extravagant terms the pony's beauty, swiftness, and amiability of temper; and Dolly, who lived more in the stable than in the house, was entering, *con amore*, into the discussion.

He was surprised but not displeased at the lukewarmness of Pauline.

"Hang it! I'm not clever, and that sort of thing," thought the poor boy. "I can get on very well with girls that chaff and talk humbug; but when that won't go down I don't know what to say. I don't like them any the better for it; this one is worth a hundred of all the rest put together: and I hope that *my* Lady Finch—if ever there is one—won't go in for horses, and that. And slang's odious."

The last observation was called forth by the use of some cant term which Charlotte had recently picked up. It was one which, in all probability, half the ladies in the county would have used, and which, up to the present time, would have

been passed by, unnoticed, by Dolly. But, at the moment it assailed his ears, two great, pure, penetrating eyes were turned upon his, and then and there his heart fell down dead before them.

CHAPTER XX.—“CRIES AS IF HER HEART WOULD BREAK.”

It seemed to Pauline that they fell to talking about Blundell quite naturally after this.

“I rode over to Blundellsaye, as I told you,” said Dolly. “Of course I did not go in—there would have been no good in that; but I just paid him the attention,” he added, with a little air of pomposity, “becoming the future head of the house.”

“Would he hear that you had been there?”

“Oh, of course. Well, I don’t know.”

“Is he so ill, then?”

“They think he is rather in for it.”

“I am awfully sorry for poor Blundell,” broke out Dolly, after a pause. There had been another controversy at the Hall—he was full of his own opinion, and burning to confide it to impartial ears.

“The people here are such a prejudiced lot,” he continued; “you wouldn’t believe the way they go on about him. They have got hold of the idea that because he plays rather high, and bets a little, and—and that sort of thing—that he is all that’s bad. The one half of them cut him. My governor won’t have him at the house. Now, I don’t go in with it at all. He has lots of money, and why shouldn’t he do what he likes with his own? Everybody says he is as straightforward and honourable as a fellow can be; and he’s the best-hearted and kindest one you can find, if he’s only let alone. They say he

has a temper, and that; but who cares for a temper? *That’s* not what people mind. It’s just because he has got a bad name—and my governor’s at the bottom of it.”

“Is he?” said she, faintly.

“Oh, by Jove! yes. You ought to have heard how he went on just now, when he was told where I had been. Of course he wasn’t going to say anything to *me*,” said the young man, with immense dignity; “it was my mother who told me afterwards. Of course he would never attempt to interfere with what I choose to do,” continued Dolly, secretly cherishing the remembrance of that *amende honorable* which had been made after the first battle; “of course he knows better than that. But he would as soon think of riding into the river as going over himself. My mother quite goes in with me.”

“Does she?” cried Pauline.

“She thinks it’s a shame—just as I do. My mother hates to hear people run down for nothing; and when I tell her what hard lines it is for Blundell, she quite understands.”

As indeed she did, for no one was more son-ridden than was Lady Finch. Her daughters had married almost immediately upon their emancipation from the schoolroom; and Dolly was her youngest, her spoilt darling, her Benjamin. To him she fondly deferred on all occasions; with him she took counsel on matters whereon most

wives dutifully seek advice from their lords. He dictated to her, his principal subject, with perfect ease and engaging frankness; she admired, applauded, and echoed the words.

Pauline, with a great burst of gratitude for the womanly tenderness, and more, for the womanly powers of discernment which she fancied had been revealed, turned to her companion—

"I honour your mother," she said.

"Oh, well, she is awfully good," replied he, rather astonished. "By the way, she wants to know when you are coming over to see her. You were to look at some flowers, or something, weren't you?"

"Yes, certainly. We will arrange with my aunt before you go. But what I meant was, about—about what you were saying just now. It is such a cruel thing to take up false reports, especially when they are, as they nearly always are, ill-natured and——"

"Oh, you mean about Blundell," said Dolly, shrewdly. "Yes, that's what I say. It's all for nothing. Well, I won't exactly say for *nothing*. He was an awfully wild fellow, as a young fellow; but fellows change, you know. People hark back to what he was years ago, and bring it all up against him now."

"But he may have changed since then."

"That's what I say. Of course he may."

"Do you think," said Pauline, "he has?"

"Well, I don't know. I daresay. I don't know much about him. You see, when he left—that's about two years ago—I was at Oxford; and so, of course, I wasn't much down here, for we were always off somewhere in the summer, and at Christmas I had a lot of places to go to. My mother used to make a fuss

to have me at home, so I always came down for some part of the time, and we used to meet them; there were two of them then, you know—there was a brother who was drowned afterwards. They were always out with the hounds, and that was pretty much all we ever saw of them. They were always civil, and it's disagreeable not to be on good terms with your neighbours. By the way, how conveniently you are placed here for people dropping in. You mustn't be surprised," with a little nervous exploring laugh, "to see me sometimes. I am often passing."

"We shall always be glad," replied Pauline, conventionally. "My aunt is rather fond of having people dropping in."

"She won't turn me away, then. Please ask her not, for I'm coming soon. I shall ride over to Blundells every day this week."

No one could have been kinder than Pauline was to Dolly, after this.

She thought him the nicest, the brightest, the handsomest of boys. She smiled upon him, chatted with him, humoured him in a thousand unconsciously attractive ways.

She reminded him of his promise. Would he be sure to fulfil it? Would he come in to amuse them when he passed that way?

They were often very dull, very stupid. They wanted waking up. People ought to see more of each other, to hear more about each other, to avoid being wrapt up in their own interests.

The words were words of wisdom, but they were curiously at variance with the look of the girl who spoke them. The restless eye, the agitated air struck Dolly, and, alas! she misinterpreted their meaning.

Come! Of course he would come. Was he likely to forget? He would come the very next day.

Miss La Sarte met him in the porch. "And how is Mr Blundell?"

He had forgotten to inquire. He had meant to go up that very afternoon. By Jove, he had! and he had forgotten. "You see," he explained apologetically, "when you asked me here it all went out of my head."

Here was a blow. That visit on which she had been counting suddenly changed into a penance, her envoy into an ordinary mortal. Worse than all, it was *her* request, *her* renewed invitation, *that*, with which she had sought to strengthen her hold upon him, which had wrought the mischief.

Perforce she had to entertain her guest, had to listen to his prattle, force herself to find topics, and make the weary moments pass.

She had brought it upon herself; she would not complain—in fact, she could not.

Mrs Wyndham was greatly pleased with the young man, and surveyed her niece, on his departure, with new complacency.

"You look extremely well to-day, my love. Of late you have been pale—rather, if anything, too pale; but this afternoon your cheeks have quite a colour. It is well that there is no one by to suggest a *reason*—is it not, my dear? Charlotte, you know,—Charlotte, who is so *quick-sighted*, and makes such very—such *odd* remarks at times; and my sister-in-law—it is just as well they were not here. I pressed them to stay, I did *indeed*; but they expect some friends to-night. Who they were, I did not hear; did you? Some of their own little set, I fancy, or Selina would have been sure to say. But, as it turned out, nothing could have been more lucky."

If one of Pauline's emissaries

turned out faithless, others served her better.

At the lodge, daily inquiries were made when the doctor passed through, and the answers were reported word for word. They were simple, and invariably the same. "No change." On the seventh day she herself contrived to meet the carriage in the avenue.

"A few grapes for Mrs Tyndall, and my aunt hopes she is better? They are very poor ones, but the best we have."

"Thank you—thank you; very kind, I'm sure. Mrs Tyndall is getting on well, and no fresh attack. I wish I could say as much for the patient I have just left."

"Mr Blundell? How is he?"

"It is life or death to-day, Miss La Sarte. I shall tell you to-morrow how he is, or there will be nothing more to tell. Good morning."

She crept slowly home.

"Pauline, my love, I really *cannot* allow you to walk back and forward in that damp avenue a whole afternoon. I was watching you from my room, and wondering if you would *ever* come in. I thought of sending to you. Wetherell could have taken the grapes, or you could have left them at the lodge. Did you meet the carriage?"

She had met the carriage.

"And he seemed pleased? And how is Mrs Tyndall?"

"He seemed very much pleased, and Mrs Tyndall is better."

"But you must not do it again, my love. In this weather there is *nothing* worse for one than moping up and down in a damp, woody place like that. You look quite white. You have got a chill already."

No, no—she had no chill; she was well—quite well.

"Then do keep more to the open ground in future," persisted her aunt. "And now there are one or

two little things that I want you to do for me. Quite little matters; they won't take you many minutes. There is this head-dress—it is frightful, positively *frightful*! Just look at that feather! Imagine it sticking out above my ear like that! And Wetherell can't see it. She has unpicked it twice already, and each time it is made up worse than before. A single touch would put it to rights. Any one with a grain of taste could do it. I could, myself, only I want to lie down and take a little rest this afternoon, that I may be fresh for the evening. You don't care for needlework, I know, but this only needs *taste*, and your taste, Pauline, is always good. That is why I have come to you. As to the work, it will be *nothing*, as you see. Just to unpick this ruffle—it is far too full—and lay it on flat; and a touch is wanted at the side. There is something wrong, something heavy-looking about it altogether. I can't wear a mountain on my head, can I? It would look ridiculous above my little face.

"Then, these notes. That one is an invitation: that's easy; we'll go. But this is rather tiresome, because it is about a servant who left me some time ago, and I don't know *what* character to give her. She did not suit *me*, but then she was excellent in her way. I should be sorry if she did not get the place; but I don't think she ought to have applied to me, so long afterwards.

"Just let them know that, dear Pauline, and make up the best sort of character you can. Quite *honest*, you know, and *sober*; and be sure you say she *had* a kitchenmaid.

"Then this wool: I want it matched at Helbronn's. Dear me! where is the wool? It was in my hand two minutes ago, and I have been nowhere but in the drawing-room and conservatory! Just find

it, love, and say I will have two skeins more, or whatever you think is wanted to finish my cushion. You know the cushion? It is in the work-basket, if you would like to take a peep at it.

"And, Pauline, one thing more. I am so glad I remembered: the plants—the plants for the dining-room table; would you choose them yourself this time? Burrows sent in such a shabby set last dinner-party we had, that I was quite vexed. When one *has* the plants, you know—good plants—it is ridiculous. I am particularly anxious about the dinner-table looking well. By the way, what do you wear to-night, my love?"

"To-night?" moaned the poor girl.

"Yes, to-night. Make yourself very bright and pretty, for there will be many eyes on the watch. Your amber crape? It would blend with my satin nicely; and you would have the head-dress ready in time. Shall it be the crape?"

Was it luxury such as this that Mrs Jermyn had pictured?

The head-dress is finished; the notes have been written; and the plants changed.

And, "You dear, good creature!" cries the aunt, "you shall do one more thing for me, and then you must run to dress, for it is getting near the time. It is only to find my keys, Pauline, for where they are gone I *cannot* imagine. They were in my hand a little while ago, and I *must* have them if I am to wear my pearls to-night. Have you any pearls, love? If you have, put them on. Let us be as like each other as a fair and a dark person *can* be. Ah! I am many years older than you, Pauline—I am indeed. But then, you know, we blondes never look our ages as you brunettes do. We cannot look old if we would. As Colonel Graf-

ton said to me—oh, you clever child, you have found the keys already! Now you shall see my pearls. But what a long face you have got to-night, my dear! I know: you want to be off to your own toilet. Run away then, and try to be down before any one comes."

But the guests are already at the door.

Mrs Wyndham shrieks, "It is not time! It is not nearly half-past seven! It is a mistake!"

Some one must have arrived by accident. Wetherell must fly, and find out who it is. "Fly, good Wetherell, fly!"

It is Sir John and Lady Finch; and neither Sir John nor his watch knows what it is to go wrong in the matter of punctuality.

Nor, indeed, does Sir John's cook dare go wrong, either. It is as much as her place is worth, to have the dinner two minutes behind the hour, by the great clock in the hall.

Her master arranges his walk up and down the long drawing-room, so as to bring him to the door the moment the gong has ceased to sound; then there is just time left for him to swoop off his lady, and reach it again, as it is opened for their exit.

Mrs Wyndham knows nothing of this; but she does know that the Finches are not people to be treated uncourteously. She must get down somehow, before Lady Finch's wraps are disentangled, and she has joined her gentlemen in the hall.

"And I must go down by myself," cries the hostess, fretfully. "I did hope you would have been

ready, Pauline, though it is not your fault, poor dear. But I am not half dressed, and I *do* so dislike to be hurried. One moment, child—do look: is this ribbon becoming? or shall I wear the pearls alone? Untie the ribbon, Wetherell, quick! Now, clasp the pearls! No, I don't like that; I think I will have the ribbon. Run off, dear, run off, and be down as soon as ever you can!"

The party is assembled ere Pauline is ready.

Accordingly, every eye is fixed upon her as she slowly enters, in her clouds of amber, the fairest, finest, saddest-hearted woman present.

Oh, what a mockery is this glistening raiment, and the flash of these lustrous gems!

How ghastly in her eyes is this brilliantly-lit-up saloon, with its rustle, and chatter, and mirth!

He may be dying as she speaks! He may be dying as she walks along the floor! He may be dying as she takes her place at the table!

Any one of these trivial moments of her life may be to him that supreme moment of existence when the soul passes into the visible presence of its Maker!

Do you think that she can eat, and drink, and smile, and laugh, with this before her eyes?

Miss La Sarte is tired, very tired; she is not hungry; her head aches. Some one says, suddenly, "Poor Blundell's gone by this time, I suppose!" and the room becomes unbearably hot.

She escapes, and rushing to her chamber, alone and in the dark, cries as if her heart would break.

HOW I CAUGHT MY FIRST SALMON: A CANADIAN SKETCH.

DEAR N.,—If you can tear yourself away from the Washington belles, I shall be very glad if you will pay me a long visit at Burnlands, and I will try and put you in the way to become a real fisherman.—Yours truly,

G. S.

Now, was an offer of this kind acceptable or not?

To consider the question mathematically, let the three following postulates be granted, as mankind's old enemy Euclid would have said:

Let it be granted that the place of my temporary sojourn was Washington, U.S.

Let it be granted that the thermometer stood at 100° in the sun, for there was no shade for it to stand in, and that the air had become so thoroughly baked through that the nights were hotter than the days: further that the Washington belles alluded to by S. had ceded their places to half-a-dozen perspiring Beckys and Dinahs of an undoubted age—who were the sole representatives of Mother Eve in the American metropolis; and last and pleasantest assumption, let it be granted that I, spoilt child of fortune, happened to have £50 loose at my bankers.

The veriest dolt that ever blundered across the Pons Asinorum can divine the nature of the reply I returned to my Montreal friend's kind invitation, and can picture to himself the glee with which on July 1st I embarked on the New York and Washington Air Line on my way to the country of the Canucks. The humours(?) of American travel have been so often described by abler pens than mine, that I shall not attempt to reproduce their details—more especially

as a residence in the States of some years has stripped the gloss of romance off the main features of "voyaging," viz., candy-eating and expectoration. I will therefore draw a veil—a very necessary precaution during summer travelling in America—over the incidents of the journey northwards; and, merely raising it from time to time to decline "dime" novels, veteran oysters, and cheap *sucrerie*, will beg the reader to rejoin me in the hospitable mansion of a Canadian friend, washed, clothed, and in my right mind. Here my host and I discuss cigars and claret-punch, salmon and sherry-cobblers; and the upshot of our deliberations is the purchase by myself of a ticket on one of the steamers that run daily between Montreal and Quebec. On the following morning I accordingly embark thereon, and have the luck to fall in with the usual *agrémens* of American travel—viz., several pretty young ladies, without incumbrances; by which term I mean parents, *bien entendu*, not children. I have the additional good fortune—for it is, alas! daily becoming rarer, even on the Mississippi—to witness an explosion. Another steamer has presumed to race with the "City of —," and our boiler has entered its protest against such audacity. Canadians being a slower-going race than their neighbours of the U.S., none of our party are killed or even injured, with the exception of a young English tourist recently imported—to judge from his toilet, regardless of expense—who leaps overboard promptly to shun the scalding water, and comes in in consequence for a disagreeable amount of cold. However, he is fished out, "not

dead, but very wet,"—the ladies cease praying and the gentlemen swearing—or, by the way, was the reverse the case?—and we await in patience the arrival of a tow-boat. Whilst so doing I have leisure to moralise over the philosophy of the river *habitués*. When the explosion occurred, a young bride, quitting her husband's arm, rushed up to an old priest with whom I had been chatting, and exclaimed, "Priez, mon père, mais priez donc pour nous—nous mourons tous!" The good Padre evinced no inclination to comply with this request, and merely replied, "Courage, mon enfant! ça arrive tous les jours; il n'y a pas de danger." Thus speaking he would have renewed his conversation with me, had my stoicism been quite equal to the occasion.

However, the accident delayed us many hours, and we had to pass the night on board our dilapidated vessel, and it was broad daylight when we came in sight of Quebec, the most picturesque town on the Western continent. I need not dwell on the beauties of Quebec. To many of your readers they are familiar. To those who have not visited our great colony I will only say: Imagine an old French town rising with an almost startling abruptness on the left bank of a broad deep stream, a stream such as America alone can boast of. For miles along the banks of the St Lawrence the traveller has seen nothing but wooden shanties, standing amongst semi-cultivated fields. When, too, as in my case, the eye has been fatigued for months by the monotonous regularity of American cities, resembling, with their rectangular and equidistant streets, one of those children's puzzles fitted in piece by piece, and stowed away safely at night in a cardboard box,—then,

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I say, the voyager coming suddenly on the glittering tin roofs and narrow streets of Quebec, and hearing the *patois* of its inhabitants, may be pardoned in supposing for a moment that some merciful enchanter has spared him the pangs of sea-sickness, and has conveyed him with a stroke of the wand to one of those quaint old Norman or Breton towns, whose picturesque squalor still successfully defies the efforts of the sanitary reformer.

Fortunately for me, the Allan steamer was on the point of leaving for England; and through the courtesy of one of the proprietors of the line I was offered a passage on her down the river as far as Father Point, the spot at which the pilot hands over the charge of the vessel to the regular authorities. By a great piece of good fortune, my host lived within a few miles of the Point; for I can assure my untravelled readers that at the time of which I write—some three or four years only back—when once you wandered from the regular beaten tracks between city and city, locomotion was difficult, and it was very rarely that the traveller could get within hail of his destination by such commodious means as an ocean steamer; and it was therefore with feelings of much complacency that I commenced the descent of the St Lawrence—a complacency by no means lessened by the discovery of several friends on board, and carried to an even higher pitch by the recollection of my La Rochefoucauld, and the application of his celebrated aphorism to the probable difference that would exist in our sensations forty-eight hours later.

Down, still down, the gradually broadening river. First we catch a glimpse of the silver streak which marks the Montmorency Falls, the highest in Canada. Down past

3 B

Three Rivers, Murray Bay, Cacouna—the fashionable Montreal watering-place; down past the tempting-looking entrance to the Saguenay—name dear to the lovers of the picturesque as well as to the votaries of Izaak Walton; down the river still, through wooded hills, through low-lying banks—there is a monotony about the scenery—holloa! I am getting sleepy. I

"Sorry to lose you, Mr N., but here we are at Father Point," says a voice in my ear; and I am aroused from a most delightful doze by Captain Brown's hearty voice and shake of the shoulder. Good heavens! where am I? The night is pitch-dark, the hour 1 A.M. Water, water everywhere. I don't believe it is Father Point. Brown can't tell in the dark. Dash it! I'll go on to England sooner than budge. If I don't actually say all this, at all events these ideas pass rapidly through my brain. However, "needs must" is the rule on board ship. My traps are slung over the side into a little boat that I begin to descry alongside, and, with an adieu to Captain B.—not half so cordial as it would have been had he let me sleep on—I scramble down the side of the Polynesian, and in a few minutes find myself on shore. My traps are hastily stowed away into a "buckboard"—a species of light cart used by the inhabitants of Lower Canada—and a drive of twenty minutes brings me to Mr S.'s hospitable mansion; by which high-sounding term, gentle readers, you must understand a small frame-house, originally a farm, but which had been done up and slightly enlarged by my entertainer, to serve as his headquarters during the fishing season.

Regular hours are unknown in these latitudes, especially on Satur-

day night. People sleep when they like, eat when (and as much as) they like, and rise at the same equally convenient hour. So my kind hostess had taken the trouble to sit up for me, and, after giving me a warm welcome and a cold supper, left me to complete the slumber Captain Brown had so unkindly interrupted.

There being no Episcopalian church within a hundred miles of Burnlands, our religious exercises were scant on the Sabbath. S., as behoved a *paterfamilias*, read prayers to his domestics, in which duty his amiable daughter most ably assisted him; and I can recommend to any English country host who is anxious to see his guests at morning prayers to allow the young ladies of his establishment to take a prominent part in their conduct. There was an intensity in the manner in which Mdlle. declaimed the words "miserable sinners" at the embarrassed coachman, her *vis-à-vis*, that made me feel assured she had detected the wriggling and blushing Jehu greasing the horses' oats or selling their allowance of corn. But fearful of coming in for a share of these personalities, I absorbed myself in prayers for the success of our salmon-fishing on the morrow. Battledore and shuttlecock with the ladies, and a walk with S. round his farm, filled up the day; and the next morning, at an early hour, I found myself, seated with S. in his buckboard, jogging along behind one of those unsurpassable Canadian ponies, whom I will back for endurance against any corresponding quantity of steel and iron. Cob-shaped, about 14.3 in height, these little beasts will go at the rate of seven miles an hour for a whole day, with no other refreshment than a mouthful of hay at the mid-day halt, and occasional go-downs of

water at the little brooks that from time to time traverse the road. They never require the whip; the voice guides a good pony entirely. You hear the driver exclaiming, in his Canadian *patois*, "Ma(r)che, donc, Dandy! ma(r)che, donc, mon brave!" or, if Dandy appear refractory, "Ma(r)che, Dandy! ma(r)che, vilaine bête! ma(r)che, paresseuse!"

Thanks to these objurgations, we proceeded successfully, though, our steed being lame, we *only* drove him fifty miles the first day, halting for the night at a French hotel, not, I must own, of the pretensions of the Bristol or Louvre, but, notwithstanding, an establishment where, by dint of using your own knives and forks, and provisions, and by sleeping in your ulster on a chair, very tolerable accommodation was procurable. Nevertheless we did not linger at Madame Brochu's, and at an early hour next morning, "En route, Dandy" was the cry; and a further drive of twenty-five miles through half-cleared, half-burnt woods parallel to the line of the Intercolonial Railway, then in process of construction, brought us to S's. camp, which was picturesquely situated on the banks of the small river Causapsal, a tributary of my host's river the Metapediac.

Dandy was indulged with a good night's rest; and I may note, *en passant*, that the game little beast completed, on the following day, the whole seventy-five miles' return journey to Burnlands, arriving there, I was subsequently informed, as fresh as paint.

S. and I proceeded to inspect the camp and its occupants, who deserve a few lines of description.

First and foremost Peter presents himself. Peter, an old French *habitant*, *valet de chambre*, bedmaker, tent-pitcher, camp-keeper, and odd-job man in general, with an irrepressible tongue and a taste

for stimulants, but a most good-tempered and willing old fellow.

Next came four Indians for poling our canoes, under the headship of a dry old chief named Nowell. A colony of these Indians live in a small village down the Ristigooche river, and hire themselves out to sportsmen during the fishery season.

Last but not least appeared Angus the cook — also a French Canadian *habitant* — and who in every respect may be described as a "very plain" disciple of Soyer. I beg pardon, his language should not come under this category. Anxious to atone for his culinary deficiencies by the fluency of his excuses, Angus had formed the laudable idea of making himself proficient in the native tongue of the Milords his employers. But English teachers being scarce in the backwoods where he spent the greater part of his life as a trapper, he found himself compelled to resort for instruction to the navvies who were at that time engaged on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. From them he acquired a stock of phrases which he employed with more zeal than understanding. At least it appeared to me redundant to say, as he invariably did, "By heavens, you fellows! why don't you come to dinner?" or, "D—n it, you fellows, tea's ready!" Angus had no idea of giving offence or taking a liberty, but solemnly assured me he knew that was the usual style of speaking in England; and he utterly repudiated my suggestion that he should adopt some such forms as, "Messieurs, le dîner est prêt," or "Le thé est servi."

After S. had tried his luck ineffectually the next morning in the pools near the camp, he proposed that we should make an expedition up the Causapsal, and try some salmon-pools thirteen or fourteen

miles higher up. A keg of salt pork, a little tea, and a big whisky-flask were accordingly wrapped up in a waterproof sheet; and with this simple baggage we started. S. stowed himself away in one canoe, I embarked in another; and after the difficulties attendant on the stowage of too much leg had been surmounted, old Nowell, the principal Indian, gave the sign, and we started on our upward journey.

A more picturesque voyage it would be difficult to conceive. Our route lay entirely through a virgin forest in the full pride of its summer beauty. Countless maple-trees fringed the banks of the river, which ran (broken here and there into small rapids by the black rocks which projected their heads above the stream), a "silver streak" that would have delighted the heart of the distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer. Not a trace of human life was discernible,—no ugly shanties, or half-cleared fields with the stumps of *quondam* monarchs of the forest sticking mournfully out of the ground, as though entering their silent protest against the desecration of their domain. The axe has not yet penetrated here; and the only visible signs of life were occasional trout leaping at the flies, or a hawk perched on a distant bough, expectant of his prey.

There are many easier tasks in life than a hard day's poling of a canoe against a strong current, and I was not surprised to find old Nowell pretty well played out by the evening. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, even when the beast is an Indian; so we called a halt, hauled the canoes ashore, and commenced our preparations for the night. S. was elected cook, the Indians camp-builders, and I as the greenhorn had to content myself with the position of odd-job man. My prin-

cipal task was to collect bundles of the loose cedar-boughs that littered the ground, to form sleeping-couches for the night; and I may observe, *en passant*, that a softer couch never did man sleep on. Whilst engaged in this duty, I had full opportunity to observe the wonderful ingenuity with which the Indians, after felling a few trees, and running up a shed similar to those in use in this country for stowing away farm-waggon, "skinned" one or two large trees, removing the whole of their bark without a fracture, and spreading it, a dew-defying roof, over our heads. A large fire had been kindled in the meantime at the foot of the shed, and I proceeded to proffer my assistance to the cook, whose whole soul was intent on certain experiments connected with our frying-pan, the upshot of which was to add a new and gratifying aroma to the varied odours of the forest.

There is nothing like a day's work in the open air to facilitate the demolition of pork chops; and the number of times I asked S. for more would have taken Mr Bumble's breath away. Tobacco followed as a matter of course, and was supplemented by the least taste in life to keep all quiet within. The propriety of turning in for the night was then mooted, and the toilet question discussed—dress or undress. By a majority of two *deshabille* was voted. But start not, ladies; the sole distinction in the backwoods between full and evening dress, consists in the presence or absence of boots—we Sybarites resolving to dispense with them. Accordingly we wrapped our waterproof blankets round us, pillowed our heads on our knapsacks, thrust our feet into the burning logs, and slept the sleep of the just. Towards midnight, however, I awoke to replenish the fire; and

seldom have I so deeply regretted my inability to transfer to canvas the scene that presented itself to my eyes. Not a breath of wind stirred amongst the maple and cedar boughs. On three sides of us the forest stretched dark and ghost-like in its stillness, save where the flicker of our camp-fire fitfully illuminated its recesses. At our feet flowed the Causapscah, with a soothing ripple very provocative of slumber. About twenty paces from us our four Indians were grouped around their fire. From time to time one of them would lean back against the tree beneath which he sat and doze off for a few minutes, after which he would resume his pipe and his conversation with his comrades apparently quite refreshed. A modern Indian's only chance of looking picturesque nowadays is by firelight; but seen under this aspect in a Canadian forest at midnight they have still a vestige of Fenimore Cooperism clinging to their shabby habiliments. I lay for half an hour watching the scene, but sleep ultimately prevailed; and the next thing I remember is feebly protesting against the unnatural doctrine propounded by S., that 5 A.M. was the proper hour to rise.

A hasty dip in the river qualified me for a breakfast corresponding in quantity and quality to the preceding night's supper; and an hour's canoeing brought us to one of S.'s favourite pools, where he confidently reckoned on securing a fish or two. Our lines were quickly unreeled; and after balancing myself with great difficulty in my canoe, I gave my line a wild swing, and made my first overture to the unsuspecting salmon of the Causapscah.

The scientific fisherman may perhaps by this time have begun to suspect that the writer of this sketch is no born Izaak Walton, and will perhaps be ill-natured enough to

sympathise with the maledictions invoked on my head by my companion, when the heavy plash of my enormous and brilliantly-coloured fly on the water scared away more than once from his hook an epicurean salmon on the point of yielding to the allurements of a "Jock Scot." For myself, I must own that I commenced to blame the vaulting ambition that had led me to aspire from a float, worm, and a perch, to a reel, fly, and a salmon; and after thrashing the unpropitious stream for the best part of an hour, I laid down my rod, rubbed my aching arms, and dived for my cigar-case. But I had to do with an enthusiast. The clamour raised by my comrade at such unsportsman-like conduct, his awful threat of publishing to his female belongings this instance of English weakness, roused me to a final effort of despair, and with a mighty heave I succeeded in landing my fly in a promising ripple. The fates were at length propitious. A slight twitch, which was not caused by the current, thrilled through my arm, and a congratulating shout from S. announced that I had hooked my first fish. Now was the time for me to show that an angler, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. With a refreshing disregard of the *convenances* of the piscatorial art, I reeled up my line at railroad pace; and before the astonished 4-pound grilse had time to consider where he would run, he was being dragged out of the water bodily, with as little consideration as would have been shown to a roach. Fortunately old Nowell was ready with the gaff, and relieved my taut line of the responsibility of lifting the prize by main force into the canoe; and my victim was through his agency deposited at my feet. For a moment exultation at my prowess overpowered all other sentiments. Then, reviving

to the consideration of mundane affairs, I looked modestly round for applause. Never was man so disappointed. S. reclined in the stern of his canoe with an absolutely stupefied expression of horror on his features. He reminded me of the celebrated American mule-driver, who, when *all* his mules bolted on one occasion, instead of surpassing his usual profane eloquence as had been expected, looked after them with the remark, "He hadn't words to do justice to the occasion."

Silently did my host motion to me for my rod ; silently did he proceed to divest it of its line ; with equal taciturnity did he replace it by what appeared to me a mere thread ; without a word did he replace the deadly implement in my hand ; then he cast a pitying glance at the defunct grilse, and, the sight proving too much even for his iron nerves, remarked, "Good heavens ! that I should have lived to see a salmon killed like that ! Do you call that fishing ? or do you think you catch a salmon like a shark ?" With this limited amount of praise, he lit his short pipe, and appeared to meditate on the depravity of human nature in general.

I confess I felt small. At S. himself I dared not look ; my eyes travelled furtively towards old Nowell, who, with the stoicism of his race, had relapsed into meditation, presumably over the delights of fire-water. Nevertheless, a guilty conscience whispered to me that it might be that he was regretting the ancient glories of his tribe, and might be thinking how small a loss would be entailed upon humanity were he to take the scalp of such a tailor as myself. Thus in gloomy silence we continued our upward journey.

But youthful spirits are seldom permanently depressed ; and even my outraged mentor, after he had

finished his pipe and refreshed himself in moderation out of a flask almost equalling the murdered fish in weight, relaxed the severity of his features, and entered into minute details as to the course to be observed should another fish intrust itself to my care. Throughout the remainder of the forenoon, however, we fished unsuccessfully, though gradually nearing the best pool in the river. Towards mid-day a war-whoop from S. announced the discovery of no less a treasure than a bed of wild onions, which did—I certainly must own they did—give a decided relish to our salt pork and doughy bread. After consuming the last root we re-embarked, and three hours' further poling brought us to S.'s favourite pool, which, however, for some time proved blank. But *Salmo ferox* is an individual of sportsmanlike instincts, and whilst declining to bite himself, he delegated the task to a myriad of sand flies, black flies, red flies, mosquitoes, &c., who, as the day declined, surrounded our canoes and assailed their occupants. Nowell was too nasty (at least I imagine so, for I didn't try) for even a mosquito to tackle ; and S.'s skin was, he philosophically informed me, impervious to any creature that flies. But my case was different ; and I wish my worst enemy no greater harm than an hour's exposure at sunset on the pool of which I am writing. After half an hour's torture, my "remains" turned to my host and remarked, "I'm going ashore ; I can stand this no longer." "Nonsense," is the unsympathetic reply ; "you should take no notice of them." Take no notice of them!!!! I really feel unable to answer S., and, in despair, make a last cast down the stream. A sullen splash follows close to my fly. "By Jove, you've a rise, N. ! wait a minute or two, and cast again." I do wait a

minute or two, and, like the tailor in the fairy tale, devote the fleeting moments to summary vengeance on some scores of my winged tormentors. "Seven at a blow," indeed—that was all very well for the mythological snip; but my motto might have stood at a far higher figure. "Now's your time; cast in the same place, and let your fly float a minute or two." I obey orders, and deposit my fly with tolerable accuracy in the spot indicated. Again an electric shock seems to run up my sleeve. I strike, and am conscious that I have a fish fairly hooked. But this is at most but half the battle; he evidently intends to part company, and sets off full tilt down the stream, compelling me to pay out line with reckless prodigality. There is a moment's pause. I have already learned the danger of too slack a line, and reel up hard all. "Look out!" cries S., as a silver body springs high out of the water. The artful beggar means to snap the taut line, as he comes down heavily on the stream. But I have profited by instructions; the point of my rod is lowered, and the danger averted. Off goes my friend in a second rush down stream; a second time does he jump, and a second time does a similar policy baffle his efforts to escape. A few short dashes hither and thither succeed, but his strength appears to me to be already failing, and I venture to give him a little of the butt of my rod, which has hitherto been inartistically and uncomfortably jammed against my own stomach. The fish resents the donation, however, by another rush and another jump, but with no more success than before, and he is now evidently nearly done for. Luckily he is well hooked in the upper jaw, and, taking advantage of his exhaustion, I "coerce" him, as Gladstone would a Turk, and turning his head up stream, I

commence the process of "drowning" him. The end is now very near; for though he makes one or two game efforts, his strength is gone, and I am able gradually to draw him to the side of the canoe. Old Nowell, over eager, makes a dash with the gaff and misses him; the fish makes a last dart and is off. Shall I lose him? No; he stops, and I reel him in again. Nowell's hand is steadier this time; there is a dash, a splash, and a clean-run 14-pound salmon is added to the occupants of the canoe.

As I rest my aching arms I receive the congratulations of my comrade, of which, on this occasion, he is liberal, and whilst S. takes up his rod again to try his luck, I become again painfully aware of the presence of many winged spectators of my prowess, and ignominiously bolt for the bank—collect a quantity of brush and green wood—build a circle of fire, and, protected by the dense smoke of the damp logs, bid defiance to my persecutors, and await S.'s ultimate triumphant return with a fish over thirty pounds in weight.

Days spent in salmon-fishing resemble each other so closely, that it is not my desire to weary the reader by a minute description of a fortnight's visit to the backwoods. I will close this sketch with a few words of advice to any one who may thereby be tempted to try his hand at the fascinating pursuit of salmon-fishing. I assume that he knows, or has means of obtaining an introduction to, one or two Canadians or others, lessees of salmon-streams in the Dominion. Amongst our hospitable brethren on the other side the Atlantic, the proverb *Ex uno disce omnes*, or rather *nosce*, prevails; and the traveller, if a gentleman, is sure, when once launched, to be able to obtain fishing invitations to his heart's content. Tent-

room he is pretty sure of—all he will require are stout boots, a water-proof blanket, and the smallest possible knapsack to stow away indispensables. The meaning of the latter word should be carefully studied by the travelling Piscator—for he will find the warmth of his welcome increase in proportion as the amount of his *impedimenta* diminishes. He must remember that a night in the woods is always cool—so he should not be misled by the heat of Montreal or Quebec into thinking no warm clothing necessary; but should take a warm flannel shirt or two, and dress in some such stuff as Canadian tweeds, which, combining lightness with warmth, make an excellent costume for the backwoods. Lastly, the traveller must be able to rough it in the matter of food. I forewarn him he may have to live for days on salt pork eked out with such fish as he may catch for himself; or if this diet disgusts him, he must take preliminary lessons from a chameleon. In

this sort of life, as in most others, a cheery spirit has a great pull; for as the 'Times' rarely penetrates to these regions, the sojourners in camp must depend on each other's mental resources for amusement round the evening's camp-fire.

Lastly, *crede experto*, the traveller who thinks of crossing the Atlantic in a misogynistic spirit will do well to stay at home and not expose himself to the inevitable defeat that awaits those who deny the fascinations of the daughters of Columbia and the Dominion. But I venture to think, in conclusion, that any angler who is not daunted by the probabilities above indicated, and who is fortunate enough to find himself on a fine June morning on the bank of a good Canadian salmon-river, will return to England so much enraptured with this species of Transatlantic sport, that he will not regret the few minutes he may have wasted over the adventures of his most obedient, humble servant,

VOYAGEUR.

LORD DERBY'S DESPATCH AND THE DEBATE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer attributes the war between Turkey and Russia to the deplorable obstinacy of the former and the deplorable impatience of the latter. It may not be inaccurate to add, that the Russian declaration appended to the Protocol, and the presence of the Russian army on the Turkish frontier, were responsible both for the one and for the other. At all events, that is the common-sense view of the position. The Protocol of 31st March expressed the will of united Europe, that Turkey should have time to proceed upon her new career of reform, that the Powers for the present were satisfied, and would be content to watch. The will of united Europe is often vaunted as supreme; and those who have nothing to do either with effecting that union or with attempting to wield its united influence, reiterate the wonderful achievements which they would have effected by its aid. The Protocol was another instance of that "organised impotence of Europe" frequently repeated during the last twelve years.

Contrast it with the Imperial manifesto of the 24th April. So far from Russia supposing for a moment that she owed any deference to the united will of Europe, of which she had herself sought an express declaration, she publicly declared that war, or independent action (whichever it may be called), was a foregone conclusion from the date of the Moscow speech. By the Protocol united Europe meant peace, but Russia used it to bring on at once the war for which every preparation had already been made. She calmly announced herself, through the Circular of Prince

Gortschakoff, as the representative of the interests of Europe in taking that step. United Europe was distinctly in favour of recognising "the good intentions of the Porte," approving the policy which it had accepted, and urging its execution. If disappointed, she engaged to consider in common the means to be adopted; but in three weeks' time war was declared, in spite of her wishes and in mockery of her Protocol.

Lord Derby's despatch expressed the "deep regret" with which the British Government regarded this step. It declared that Prince Gortschakoff's statement and conclusions did not justify the course adopted. The object of the Protocol was to enable Russia to abstain from this step. Though the ministers of Turkey had rejected it, their consent was not asked or required by it; and they had again affirmed their intention of carrying into execution the reforms which it contemplated. The Protocol required no fresh guarantees, and the despatch argued that all its avowed objects were within reach of accomplishment. It declared that the pressure of the Russian army had constituted a material obstacle to internal pacification and reform; and that its entrance on Turkish soil would not tend to improve the condition of the Christian population. Not merely had Russia no right to say that her action was in accordance with the sentiments and interests of Europe; it was a breach of the Treaty of Paris, a violation of the Treaty of 1871—an endeavour to liberate herself from treaty obligations, without the consent of the contracting parties. It was impossible to foresee the consequences of such an act; but it was

not one which could have the concurrence or approval of the British Government.

The great debate in the House of Commons followed immediately after the publication of this despatch. Even assuming that there were expressions in a different tone used to Turkey during the Conference and pending the negotiations which it was hoped would result in peace, still it must be admitted by every one that there is no ambiguity in the terms of the despatch. It means that in the opinion of the British Government Russia is an aggressor; and that if Turkey, with her misgovernment and wrong-doing, is not to be pitied, Europe at any rate has just cause for complaint.

The despatch was published in the London newspapers on the very morning that the debate began. It had been preceded by a proclamation of neutrality, in which, as has been frequently pointed out, the neutral resolve is not expressly extended to the future. In 1870 the declaration of that year contained a firm promise of abstention altogether. That is omitted in the present case. That omission, the terms of the despatch, and the declarations of three leading Cabinet Ministers, to which we shall advert presently, and which were made during the debate, must be borne in mind in estimating the true effect of the resolution which, by an overpowering majority of the House of Commons, decided that the Ministry should not be embarrassed in their policy,—at all events, unless the Opposition were prepared to formulate an alternative line of action. Great ingenuity has been devoted to the detection of possible indications of change of tone or policy on the part of the English Government during the various vicissitudes of these long negotiations. One side says that you may trace in those

changes the action of healthy Opposition influence. The other side says that the aim of English policy has been steadily directed, but circumstances have from time to time varied the means to be adopted. The dispute is not of the first order of importance; and on the breaking out of war it ceases to be of any practical interest. If the Ministry were not to be censured for the past, the decisive issue before Parliament, related to the attitude which the Government had taken up in consequence of the breaking out of war. The presence of war had swept diplomacy from the field, and entirely changed the situation. The Ministers had announced their policy, and expressed their opinion upon the situation in a manner as clear and decided as words could make it. The House of Commons has peremptorily refused to embarrass them; it has ratified the policy which they have adopted. It remains for journalists to estimate its significance, and to contrast it with the course adopted by the Opposition.

The country is distinctly indebted to Mr Gladstone for the debate which he raised. It was absolutely essential that the position of England in the present complication of European affairs should be clearly ascertained; and there is no known method of clearing it up half so efficacious as parliamentary discussion. Moreover, the debate, though frequently sneered at, was in our humble judgment worthy of the occasion. It was spirited and outspoken. The conduct of Russia, of Turkey, of the Ministry, and of the autumnal agitators—all received good hard knocks; and the total outcome is, to register the neutrality of the Government, to confirm their decision not to go to war against our ancient ally—not to pull the chestnuts out of the fire a second

time for the benefit of the Germanic powers, but to resolutely maintain the much-decried British interests, and intimate our willingness to share in the defence of the common interests of Europe. The men who in their hearts disapprove of that decision are few. The Liberal party were loyal to their leaders, but not half their votes would be recorded for the purpose of materially altering our present policy.

As regards the significance in the councils of Europe of this debate and division, the primary importance must be attached to the speeches of the three Cabinet Ministers who took part in it, and on the faith of whose declarations and promises, coupled with the antecedent despatch of Lord Derby, and the proclamation of neutrality, the votes of the majority were obtained. A careful comparison of these discloses none of the ambiguity of which Mr Gladstone complains. "War having broken out," said Mr Cross—who was the first to declare the policy of the Government, upon the same evening on which Mr Gladstone made his, under all the circumstances, magnificent effort of physical and intellectual power—"the landmarks of the policy of the British Government are as clear as they were before,—they have nothing to do with the war. Great Britain has declared absolute and strict neutrality. All its efforts must clearly be to localise the war, to reduce its area to a minimum." Then, with regard to what are the British interests which can possibly be drawn into this war, and in reference to which so much needless alarm has been expressed, both on one side and the other, the Home Secretary continued :—

"There is the Suez Canal, in which not only England, but the whole world, is seriously concerned. Why the Suez Canal should be attacked by Russia in

any shape, I cannot imagine. Whether attacked by Russia or by Turkey, that is a question not only of English but of European interest. It is the road from the West to the East of the world. Take another place in which not simply England but the world is interested; I mean Egypt. Well, what am I to say about the treaties as to the Straits of the Dardanelles and the possession of Constantinople? Is it necessary for carrying on the war between Russia and Turkey, and for the protection of the Christians in Turkey, that Constantinople should be either attacked, approached, or occupied? I say, No. These are questions which no country in Europe could regard with indifference; and when I mention them, I hope they are so remote that they will not practically arise."

He then referred to the Emperor's protestations to Lord Augustus Loftus last November, and proceeded :

"If the Emperor keeps his word thus solemnly pledged, British interests will not be concerned; but a victorious army is a difficult thing to deal with, and a country once aroused is not always so easily quieted. All I can say is, that, as far as her Majesty's Government are concerned, they sincerely trust that no action of Russia will ever require them to protect those interests which lie outside of this war; but if those interests should be affected, of course it cannot be expected that either Europe or England will not interfere to protect them."

The neutrality, therefore, of the Government, is clearly not one which is benevolent to Russia. However strict it may be, it avowedly contemplates the possibility of action in the contingency of our interests being assailed by Russia, and it absolutely negatives the proposal to interfere by force of arms with Turkey. Lord John Manners put the issue awaiting the decision of the House in the distinctest form upon a subsequent evening. He referred to the policy of the resolutions as "a policy of coercive

interference in the wake of Russia with the internal concerns of Turkey;" and that policy, as we know, was emphatically repudiated. He also described the policy of the Government as "the policy of respecting the treaties to which they were parties; the policy of struggling to maintain European peace; and the policy of vindicating, by peaceful means if possible—God grant they may be peaceful to the end of the chapter—but by any means, if necessary, the essential interests, rights, honours, and integrity of this great empire." This latter was the policy which was deliberately adopted by the House, which we believe to be approved by the vast majority of the people, and which is as straightforward and unambiguous as words can make it.

Then came the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the close of the debate, which reiterated and enforced the broad distinction between the Ministerial and Gladstonite lines of policy, and still further marked out the course which England is pursuing. From first to last since last autumn Mr Gladstone had always urged coercion, while the Government had steadily refused it. They had not succeeded, it is true, in maintaining peace between Russia and Turkey; but he abstained from asking how far that failure was due to the conduct of the autumn agitators. He demanded that their policy should be tried by a standard of international right or wrong whether it was one that they ought to have pursued. Looking to treaties and to our past relations to Turkey, we were bound to abstain, and had abstained, in our dealings with her, from all unnecessary use of harsh, violent, and cruel language. We were bound, he continued, to try and put that unhappy country into a better train of government. It

was an experiment worth trying, to give Turkey time to effect those improvements in her constitution which had been pointed out to her. He attributed the war to the deplorable obstinacy of Turkey, and to the deplorable impatience of Russia. These two countries accordingly entered into a conflict which they must carry on as they can. "We mean to stand neutral in the struggle, upon a footing of strict neutrality." It is not a neutrality which trusts that the Turkish empire may be broken up, or which openly aims at its dismemberment. With regard to Mr Cross's sketch of what, in a general way, may be considered to be specially the interests of England, he added that, "there are interests which we have in common with most other nations, and there are interests which may be considered more peculiar to ourselves." As regards the former, there was no reason why we should put ourselves forward to fight for them alone. The freedom of trade and navigation in those parts of the world were matters of common interest. "There are many matters which are of interest to Europe generally; and I think we may feel confident that those nations which have a closer interest than ourselves, will take care at the time they may find most convenient to themselves to protect their interests. If called upon, we shall not be found wanting in taking our part with those having common objects with us."

As regards the latter—i. e., the interests peculiar to ourselves—"our road to India, whatever that road may be, is of great importance to us." The direct line to India must not be blocked or stopped. "We attach very great interest to the vigilant protection of the Suez Canal, and to Egypt itself in a minor though important degree." The strict neutrality of the

Government will therefore be tempered in this way. "We desire to watch over the interests of England, and in the maintenance of these objects we desire to be vigilant and at the same time not to be over-hasty. Care must be taken to keep everything in our eyes, to watch and to see everything; to act, but not prematurely, so as not to provoke a contest by unwise or hasty conduct on our part." The experience of 1853-4 has obviously been utilised in two ways. In the past, warned by the errors of that unhappy period, the Ministry have succeeded in avoiding any of those entangling engagements which would again fetter our freedom of action. In the future it is distinctly notified to foreign powers, in language which recalls Mr Disraeli's Mansion-House speech of 1875, that however important our interests in South Eastern Europe may be, they are not so direct and immediate as those of others, and although we will bear our part in maintaining them, we decline alone to bear the brunt of doing so unnecessarily, or for the protection of those who shrink from their vindication. Our own immediate and exclusive interests lie outside the probable course of this war. The possession of Constantinople and the Straits, we may be sure, will not be changed without a formidable struggle, in which Great Britain will have to bear an important part.

So much for the policy and atti-

tude of England in reference to this war, as far as we can ascertain it from the responsible Ministers. Foreign nations, however, as well as ourselves, must read the decision of the majority by the light of Opposition procedure with respect to it if its significance is to be accurately measured. Though a rival policy was not put to the vote, it was propounded with all the authority which belongs to Mr Gladstone's name and eloquence, and more than that, it was fully discussed. We do not propose to treat the resolutions or the debate in a party spirit. The issue is too important, for the alternative policy of war against Turkey is undoubtedly being urged throughout the country with great eloquence and force, and it is as well to understand that the Ministerial majority of 131 does not half represent the immense preponderance of opinion against a course of action so violent and unjust. Mr Gladstone and others vehemently condemned the ambiguity of their opponents' policy; but, in truth, their followers were only rallied to a division by means of a temporary and somewhat clumsy adjustment of their own differences, and by the deliberate ambiguity of the tactics adopted.

It is impossible that Russia or any other Power can be misled as to the real impotence of those politicians in England who sincerely desire war against Turkey. Mr Gladstone's Resolutions* pointed

* "1. That this House finds just cause of dissatisfaction and complaint in the conduct of the Ottoman Porte with regard to the Despatch written by the Earl of Derby on the 21st day of September 1876, and relating to the massacres in Bulgaria.

"2. That, until such conduct shall have been essentially changed, and guarantees on behalf of the subject populations, other than the promises or ostensible measures of the Porte, shall have been provided, that Government will be deemed by this House to have lost all claim to receive either the material or the moral support of the British Crown.

"3. That, in the midst of the complications which exist and the war which has actually begun, this House earnestly desires the influence of the British Crown in the counsels of Europe to be employed with a view to the early and effectual development of local liberty and practical self-government in the disturbed Provinces of Turkey,

vaguely and with studied ambiguity in that direction. The third affirmed that the controversy between Turkey and her revolted subjects was of more importance than the controversy between Turkey and Russia. The fourth contemplated a policy of joint coercion. But on the evening of the very day on which the publication of Lord Derby's despatch showed that the policy of the Government was diametrically opposed to it, these resolutions were practically withdrawn. The state of opinion on the Opposition benches, and not merely the exigencies, but the continued existence of the Liberal party, necessitated their withdrawal. It is in vain to talk of the 300, we know not what number of, meetings which had been held to support them. What can they know about foreign politics, especially in reference to this complicated problem? According to Mr Gladstone, the tone of the resolutions which they passed had waxed warmer and warmer, as might have been expected; and very few of them in the end were content with neutrality. According to Mr Cross, they, as well as Mr Gladstone, had all shirked the answer to the vital question—"Are you prepared to go to war against Turkey as an ally of Russia?" Be that as it may, Mr Gladstone showed his sense of the value of their support by throwing overboard the Re-

solutions which had won their applause, and that at the very moment when Lord Derby's despatch emphatically challenged him to proceed. In the whole course of this Eastern Question there has been no act of any prominent English statesman more ambiguous, uncertain, and infirm of purpose. The reasons for it, no doubt, were obvious. The result, however, remains that Mr Gladstone cannot offer, in contrast to the Government and the Conservative party, a policy which he can openly and constitutionally maintain, or which Liberals will agree to support. It is in vain to challenge a Ministry for ambiguous language and uncertain conduct during an extended period, whilst circumstances have materially varied, if the challenger at the last moment changes his own front, places his own words in marked contrast to his acts, and betrays the most divided sentiments on the benches behind him. We are not referring to this in order to assert a party triumph, but for the purpose of showing that the policy which we believe to be right has beaten its competitor clean out of the field, that the majority of 131 inadequately represents its success, and that foreign countries have now no excuse for mistaking the attitude of this country.

The more emphatically Mr Gladstone put his case before the House, the more decisive its rejection ap-

by putting an end to the oppression which they now suffer, without the imposition upon them of any other foreign dominion.

"4. That, bearing in mind the wise and honourable policy of this country in the Protocol of April 1826, and the Treaty of July 1827, with respect to Greece, this House furthermore earnestly desires that the influence of the British Crown may be addressed to promoting the concert of the European Powers in exacting from the Ottoman Porte, by their united authority, such changes in the government of Turkey as they may deem to be necessary for the purposes of humanity and justice, for effectual defence against intrigue, and for the peace of the world."

The fifth Resolution simply combined the others in the form of an Address, and was as follows:—

"5. That an humble Address, setting forth the prayer of this House according to the tenor of the foregoing Resolutions, be prepared and presented to her Majesty."

appears, by reason both of the adverse criticism of his own colleagues and his own voluntary withdrawal of his Resolutions. "I know no chapter," he said, "in the history of our foreign politics since the Peace of Vienna such as that of the last eight months." The Conference became a farce, because Lord Salisbury was thwarted by Sir H. Elliot, and because "like the power behind the throne in other days there was somewhere or other a power behind Lord Salisbury which determined that he should not succeed." Turkey, moreover, he again complained, was informed by England that in no circumstances would England enforce the decisions of the Conference, or recognise their enforcement by others; and for that Lord Beaconsfield had been thanked by the Turks. The English Government had been the evil genius of Europe. The mission of Mr Layard was part and parcel of the same policy. He was "by far the most able, and by far the furthest-going advocate of the Government of Turkey whom I have ever known to sit on these benches." The Government, moreover, had never disclaimed moral support to Turkey; but by sending the fleet to Besika Bay they had prevented from pouring into the field those who would have multiplied the number of Turkish rebellious subjects.

Besides being the evil genius of Europe, another strong ground of attack was put forward, another excellent reason for not shrinking from the challenge which he had sounded. There had been conflicting declarations on the part of the Government, and since the Conference there had been a most distinct retrogression in the policy of the Government. Lord Carnarvon had said that the agitation had strengthened the hands of the Government;

Lord Derby had recently observed that the sentiment was a got-up sentiment, in effect most mischievous. Lord Derby, moreover, in his despatch, published that day, declared that there was still hope of satisfactory relief to the subjects of the Porte, because Turkey had promised reforms. Some members of the Cabinet considered that the presence of the Russian armaments cut off the hopes of the Conference; Lord Salisbury considered that in them lay the only hope of inducing Turkey to acquiesce in its conclusions. Lord Derby's despatch was charged with moral support to Turkey, and therefore Mr Gladstone's second resolution, which was never put to the vote, proposed that Turkey had lost all claim to moral as well as material support.

Another powerful reason for not submitting to the practical withdrawal of his resolutions was this. The press, he declared, was preparing the public mind for war in support of Turkey under pretext of British interests. Nothing, however, was wanted but right conduct on the part of the Government to give the greatest dignity as well as the greatest security to the people of this country. Instead of that they allowed a single Power to vindicate the great cause in the East, to make itself the organ of the collective will of Europe. The only resource was for the Government to show themselves ready to enter into some honourable combination in order to remedy the evil.

Coming to his resolutions he said that Lord Derby's despatch of September 21 ought to be torn into shreds, or the Government should go further in their own vindication. "We need," he exclaimed, "entertain no fear at all that the action of Russia will endanger British interests. Russia is not mad enough to touch British interests." But

the policy of the Government, he insisted, tended extravagantly to facilitate the execution of Russia's most selfish aims, to enhance her interest and power by infusing into the minds of the Christian populations that she is their only ally.

With regard to the third Resolution, he declared that the Eastern Question could not be satisfactorily closed except by united action. The policy of 1826 and 1827 was a wise and just policy, but had not the approval of the West End of London. Then, by the Crimean War, we had abolished Russia's power of interference. We had interfered to save Turkey in that war from impending defeat; consequently, he argued, we are not entitled now to give her moral assistance against the nation which attempts to carry into effect the judgment of united Europe. He entirely adhered himself to the whole of his Resolutions. He deeply deplored the use of the rude, irregular efforts to which he had been driven to influence the foreign policy of the country. He regarded them in every case, except the case of necessity, as vicious and bad. The error of the Government and their supporters was, that they addressed their minds only to the controversy between Russia and Turkey, and not to that deeper and more important controversy between Turkey and her revolted subjects.

It is fair to say that Mr Gladstone's line of action is perfectly consistent. What it was in September 1876, when peace might have been effected, that it remains in May 1877, when war has been declared. What we wish to point out is, not merely that his policy is emphatically condemned by his own party, which compelled the abandonment of the Resolutions, but that he himself has contributed

to that overthrow by consenting to that abandonment, and by virtually throwing overboard, as of no value, the support of those boisterous meetings which were convened in his aid. He declares that his endeavours to regulate the policy of the Government will not cease with the debate; and that the majority of the country is with him. But the usages of the constitution require that a policy should be first submitted to parliament, and that then the appeal should be made to the country. Mr Gladstone has distinctly, after that most public challenge contained in Lord Derby's despatch, declined to submit his policy to the House of Commons. In deference to his party, he allowed judgment to go against him by default. The continuance of abortive efforts of that kind may serve to impede the Government, perplex the country, and ruin his party, but they can never even contribute to the success of a policy. A still more crushing defeat than was experienced has been avoided, but it was by tactics, conscious or unconscious, which must inevitably take out of his cause and his movement whatever life they ever possessed.

Look, for example, at the effect of such efforts, notwithstanding the eloquence with which they are enforced, upon the conduct of supporters. Who that remembers Mr Lowe's violent speeches at Croydon and elsewhere during the recess, and the letter to the 'Times,' in which, if we recollect rightly, he called for the impeachment of Ministers for pursuing a policy condemned by the country without calling Parliament together, — who that remembers those outbursts of autumnal vigour could fail to be amused by the exceeding tameness of his somewhat carping criticisms. Mr Fawcett, on the other hand, who may divide with Mr Gladstone the credit of consis-

tency, hit the true blot in opposition tactics. Those tactics deprive the minority of 223 of any sort of significance, as indicating real opposition to the policy of the Government. Referring to Lord Derby's despatch, which Mr Gladstone had strenuously condemned, Mr Fawcett pointed out that Mr Childers had characterised it as one of the most violent and provoking declarations that had ever been issued by an English Government, and Sir William Harcourt had styled it insolent and insulting. "He wished to put a question to the occupants of the front Opposition bench. It was, why, if they thought that Lord Derby's despatch was ill-timed, violent, provoking, insolent, insulting, and dangerous, they did not bring these strong expressions of opinion to some practical test, and give the party which they led an opportunity of voting upon the question?" The only answer that could have been given was, that these were individual, and; to some extent, irresponsible invectives and accusations. The Opposition, as a party, could not be rallied in condemnation of the policy of the Government.

Lord Hartington, who followed Mr Fawcett in debate, never even alluded to Lord Derby's despatch, far less answered the question which was put to him. On the contrary, though he was in favour of the first two resolutions, he distinctly declared that the chief charge against the Government was not that their policy was wrong in direction, but that it had been ambiguous, at one time appearing to point one way, and at another time in another way. The only interpretation to be placed upon this is, that a majority of the Opposition approve Lord Derby's despatch, and the declaration of policy which had been previously made in debate by Mr Cross and Lord John Manners. Upon the

past conduct of the Ministry, even down to the date of the Protocol, Lord Hartington indulged in some sharp criticisms, but with these we have nothing now to do. He endeavoured to tone down and minimise the extent of his disagreement with Mr Gladstone in regard to future policy which involved responsibility, by adopting his reproaches in regard to the past. Differences on matters of practical importance were atoned for by harmless acquiescence in retrospective censure. But, as regards the future policy, we can detect no material variation from that of the Government. With regard to Mr Gladstone's third and fourth resolutions, he objected to them that they contemplated the employment of force. Last September, he said, Europe might have intervened with force, and without bringing about war, and Turkey, he believed, would have made no resistance, and no violent measures would have been necessary. But now that war has broken out, he could see no prospect of that combination among the Powers of Europe which was at one time possible. "The Government have adopted and proposed a policy of strict neutrality. I believe that the country will support them in that policy." But he added, "Sooner or later in the present case you will be called upon to interfere." He expressly stated that he did not quarrel with the definition of British interests given by Mr Cross, but he objected to contending against the struggling nationalities of Turkey in order to restore sap and vigour to the lifeless trunk of Ottoman government.

So also with regard to the speech of Mr Forster, earlier in the debate. It was in unison with that of the rival and successful candidate for the leadership of the party. He expressed extreme satisfaction with

Mr Cross's declaration of absolute neutrality, and his enumeration of British interests. He objected to the fourth resolution, that it would have been understood by Russia, by Turkey, and by Europe to have been a declaration by the House of Commons that Russia ought to be assisted in this war, and that it would have been in effect a breach of neutrality. It implied that "we ask Europe to assist Russia in exacting reforms in Turkey." Such an appeal to Europe he objected to make while the war was going on. So also with the third resolution. It attempted to pledge the House to a particular policy at the close of the war. He apparently considered that the Russian declaration of war put an end to the Liberal policy of coercion. The European concert for purposes of coercion was the only mode of coercion which he had favoured. He admitted that there would have been great danger attending it, but believed that the Porte would have yielded. He also made the important admission that although the controversy between Turkey and her revolted subjects most excited our sympathies, Mr Gladstone, in his opinion, was wrong in thinking it deeper and more important than the controversy between Russia and Turkey. These two speeches are of the first importance in estimating the true significance of the division, and the real character of the nominal opposition to the policy of the Government.

Mr Goschen, another important member of the late Cabinet, was of the same way of thinking. He pointed with satisfaction to the speech of the Home Secretary, and hoped that the debate would modify the sense in which one side was supposed to be pro-Turkish and the other pro-Russian. "We might say we would observe absolute neutrality, but we could not wash our

hands of the matter, and it would be absolutely necessary that England should deal with it more or less in the future." One of his difficulties in voting for the third and fourth resolutions would have been that sufficient was not known of the conflicts of European interests to enable one to judge whether such concerted action as they contemplated would have been possible or practicable. "We might desire it, but it might be impossible to procure it." He insisted that the direction in which the force of Germany might be employed was an unknown fact, the subject of alarm and anxiety. "To her Majesty's Government must be left the responsibility of securing concerted action, as they alone could know if it was possible; but they could be kept up to the mark by being reminded that, without concerted action, it was impossible to solve the question."

It is quite clear that, however much the Liberal party may a few months ago have been inclined to coquet with a policy of coercion (and very feeble coquetting it was!), that is now a dream of the past. In presence of war the great majority of them will have nothing to say in favour of the aggressor. Russia has elected to take independent action, has contemplated it all along, and it is worse than idle to talk any longer of the European concert. Whatever concert there has been, has been designedly and violently put an end to. A war has been commenced which may involve the vital interests of several nations, and which is sure to be desperate and sanguinary. It is little short of political madness to attempt to draw England into it on the side of Russia, and for purposes which would arouse the suspicion and perhaps the hostility of all Europe.

At all events, the Government

have succeeded in putting broadly and intelligibly before Europe the wide difference between their policy and such an attempt. Mr Gladstone has always muddled this Eastern Question, for he has always been of two minds with regard to it. He approved the Russian protectorate of the Greek Christians, and in 1854 he went to war to abolish it. He applauded Lord Palmerston for originating the Sebastopol expedition, and then denounced his Government for not abandoning the siege. As Mr Cross remarked, his conscience was not easy on the subject of the Crimean war, and he was always trying to invent some excuse for it. He went into it in a half-hearted way, declaring that the cost of it must be defrayed by the current taxes—proposing, in one instance, not merely the cost of an expedition, but by the same vote the cost of its return. He left Lord Palmerston's Ministry in the thick of the struggle, one of his last acts being to decline to vindicate his own policy against the powerful assaults of Mr Bright, and shortly afterwards went into strenuous opposition to it. Fortunately for England, he ceased to be at the head of affairs before this question was raised. Happily for the Liberal party, its fortunes were removed from his guidance six months before the troubles in Herzegovina. The disruption of 1792 would in that case have been repeated. It is a less disaster for that party that, while its organisation is seriously shattered by the conduct of a leader, whose speeches at a momentous crisis mean one thing, and whose parliamentary action means another, nevertheless it is not dissolved.

It seems almost ridiculous that a statesman of Mr Gladstone's antecedents in reference to the Eastern Question, at the moment in vehement opposition to the Government,

yet shaping his conduct so as to vote with Lord Hartington and others who think the direction of their policy right, should come forward as the censor of ambiguous language and conduct. His case was, that the course of the Government was so incurably bad that it necessitated an admittedly vicious system of opposition out of doors. Yet in the House he declines to bring his accusation to the test of a division, and he does so in order that he may record his vote alongside of those who practically approved the policy of the Cabinet. Whatever ambiguities he may detect or expose in the thousands of despatches and speeches which have been made by the other side, nothing can possibly approach in indecision and ambiguity his own course at the very crisis of the whole business. The Ministers absolutely revelled in stating and restating in the plainest and most unmistakable terms the very policy to which he was opposed. Still he withdrew his resolutions and voted with Lord Hartington, who declared that the country would support that policy. If he declined to challenge Lord Derby's despatch, there was Mr Cross's declaration that disarmament by Turkey was impossible, because the attitude of Russia excited the apprehension and fanaticism of the Mussulman population of Turkey, and prevented internal pacification and reform. The Home Secretary charged Russia that, although the Protocol held out to Turkey that time would be allowed her, yet immediately after it had been signed Russia threw it at her, and held it to her head as though it were a loaded pistol, and required her at once to reply to it. Russia was not acting in behalf of Europe, but, on the contrary, had prevented united European action. The whole of this was in direct opposition to Mr

Gladstone's most recently declared sentiments. But he shrank from the challenge. He differed from Lord Hartington in thinking that the time had passed when the attempt to settle this matter by the authority of Europe could have successfully been made. "I see no evidence which brings me to that conclusion." He declared himself unalterably attached to his abandoned fourth resolution, which contemplated coercion by united Europe. No settlement, he added, could be satisfactory unless it was effected by the threat of united Europe. There has not been a united Europe, but it was because the Government had prevented it. If Turkey were to refuse a fair arrangement, "then the Powers of Europe, by establishing that naval cordon of which I have spoken, would bring this war to an end in a fortnight."

It must be significant to the whole of Europe, not merely that the House of Commons refuses to entertain any such resolutions, but that no responsible statesman can be found who will persist in the attempt to submit them to its notice. The latest result, therefore, of the debate is, that the moderation and good sense of both sides of the House uphold the policy of Lord Derby's despatch, and of the declarations made by Mr Cross, Lord J. Manners, and Sir Stafford Northcote. According to Lord Derby's speech made on the same evening on which the division occurred, the Ministry is in constant confidential intercourse with the Austrian Government. The conservative force

of Europe, strongly backed up by England, will, we trust, be sufficient to set limits to this struggle, and in the end restrain the lawlessness of this unprincipled aggression. It is not for the advantage of Europe that its public law should be openly set at naught and violated. It is not for the advantage of the populations of Turkey, notwithstanding that Russian designs are patronised by English Radicals, that their lands and homes should be devastated by war, with no other prospect before them but that of changing probably for the worse the domination to which they are subject. In the meantime England is strictly neutral; but it is a neutrality which condemns the aggressor, and which recognises that the Turkish army is the advanced-guard of many interests which are common to Europe, and of some which ultimately concern the integrity of the British empire. As respects those interests which are exclusively Turkish, Turkey is left by her own misdeeds and the decision of Europe to fight it out by herself; but no sophistry and no outbursts of indignant declamation can conceal from the Ministers at Constantinople that they have it in their power not merely to evoke a religious war, but the power in the last resort (which, it is fair to say, they have shown no inclination to exercise) to betray that principle of the neutrality of the Straits and Constantinople of which they are the guardians, or else insist upon its adequate protection by those who are so deeply interested in its maintenance.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.

WAR is a reality. The torch which was so long brandished before the eyes of Europe has been at last applied, and a conflagration set blazing of which no man may dare to predict the end. A Power, notorious for annexing territory, carries fire and sword into a neighbour's country, philanthropy on her lips, it may be with far other motives at her heart. Can such a proceeding excite any feeling save horror and dismay?

Yes; we have been so surfeited with horror while the event was pending, our apprehensions and indignation have been for so long wrought upon, such a sickness of heart has followed the repeated deferring of hope, that the declaration of war has brought a positive relief. We brace our minds to a certain calamity; but the suspense of impending evil is without the comfort even of moral resistance. And, if it be a lessening of trouble that war exists instead of the dread of war, we may expect a further remission of care when the scope and objects of the war become clearly defined. Commerce, it is thought, will be less paralysed by existing than by impending hostilities. It is only too cruelly true that war is a fearful consumer. Invention is stimulated in times of strife. The minds of nations become less grovelling in hearing of the clang of arms, and under a sense of danger; and in the train of war come ever occasions for pity and benevolence to exercise their gentle influence. Small compensations these for the misery which strife entails; but as we cannot avert the calamity, let us accept every good result of it. We Britons are happily free from the guilt of this vile contest, and may hon-

estly participate in all its sweeter uses.

The guiltlessness which we claim for ourselves in this quarrel we must in justice accord to the other nations of Europe, the aggressor only excepted. They, one and all, would, we believe, have gladly averted the evil *if it had been convenient for them to do so*. Germany has been suspected of not altogether disliking the turn which things have taken, and certainly her expressions of a contrary feeling have been faint; but there is not positive evidence on which to condemn her, and in the present state of our knowledge we are bound to credit her with peaceful desires. Indeed we believe in a thoroughly honest preference of peace all round. The failing has not been in an individual nation; yet collectively the nations have not preserved quiet as they might. A word from them all would have kept Russia from action; but that word was not spoken. Doubtless there was a very plain, if not a very satisfactory, reason for this. The balance of power, as we are fond of calling it, had been so exquisitely adjusted in Europe, that no nation could think of stirring, lest equilibrium should be destroyed and chaos ensue. The poise was as delicate as of that building which was thrown to the ground by a sparrow perching on one of its pinnacles. The reciprocation of attraction and repulsion kept the system in a dead-lock. If nations had thought more of public right and less of individual interests, peace might no doubt have been preserved. But they could not do that; and so, for the present, vanishes all chance of international arbitration, or of any international

resistance to the success of the subtlest and strongest.

Sagacious Russia has had a quick perception of the force which, like that of gravity, keeps the States quiescent; and she has rightly judged that while they all are thus comatized is the time for her, who is free to move, to go in and attain her objects. She, however, seems not to have sufficiently regarded the truth that a bird's weight may destroy, any day, the torpor in which she puts her trust. It is all very nice as it stands; but if the sparrow *should* alight on the unlucky spot—if the spell of cross purposes *should* be unsaid—if the fire should begin to burn the stick, the stick begin to beat the dog, &c., as in the fable,—in what sort of case would holy Russia be? An exceedingly bad one, as it seems to us.

If it be bad, how came she, an old intriguer, a patient waiter, with a strong digestion and not over-tender conscience (the sole gifts which, as we are often told, command success in life), with a robust will and a mind not apt to be influenced by sudden impulse—how came she, we say, to be taken—to take herself, as it were—at such disadvantage? There be many who will reply, "It was the obstinacy of the Turk, and nothing else, which has caused this fearful war. Had he been moderately yielding, and returned a soft answer to Russia, the holy Power would have been appeased, and all would be going sweet and merry as marriage-bells." Possibly; but for how long? Would a soft answer have satisfied a Power that has been at work for the last two years preparing, by most energetic means, for the rupture that has now come about? Was the word given for revolt in Herzegovina and Bosnia, and afterwards for war in Serbia and Montenegro, with no further object than to

extract a few smooth words from the Porte? Were the wretched Bulgarians encouraged to plot sedition and murder, so as to bring upon themselves the awful scourge of the now celebrated "atrocities," simply that an Ottoman ambassador might repair to St Petersburg, and take sweet counsel with Gortschakoff concerning disarmament, and that Russia and Turkey might vie with each other in the rapidity with which they could beat their swords into pruning-hooks, or forge rails out of discarded cannon? More than this, was the mobilisation of last autumn without a meaning, or, if it meant anything, what did it mean? Surely no good, either moral or physical, to the Turk.

All these things being considered, it becomes plain that Russia has for many months been foreseeing an occasion of distressing Turkey somehow—not necessarily with her army, but the army was made ready as one means that might possibly commend itself to an aggressor in certain circumstances. There were indications of many events by which the preparation of Turkey for the *coup-de-grâce* might be advanced a stage, and there can be no doubt that by some of those means it was believed at St Petersburg that Turkey would be afflicted. Of course, if this reasoning be sound, Turkey was not wrong in defying as she has done the wrath of Russia. It was better for her to stand for her life without being further weakened, than to be depleted, harassed, humiliated, first, and then stand to be destroyed after all. These considerations alone were sufficient to make Turkey stand at bay, even if the chances of a struggle had been more against her than they are. But she knows well that, before the war has advanced very far, some of the nations which hitherto have been so shy of meddling with her fate

may be compelled by self-interest to make common cause with her; she knows that if she should bear herself bravely in this unequal contest, she is sure, sooner or later, to awaken sympathy somewhere; she knows, above all, that the war which she has perhaps precipitated, but not caused, is a more serious undertaking for her adversary than is commonly thought. In the abstract, the strength of Russia is greater than the strength of Turkey. In science, in warlike appliances, Russia must be allowed to be superior. Yet for all this, Russia, from the manner in which she, in this particular quarrel, must bring her strength to bear, may probably find herself involved in difficulties of which the resistance of the Turks will be but a fraction. Let us not, because *we* deprecate this war altogether, be too hasty or too severe in condemning the impracticability of Turkey.

But if the difficulties which lie in Russia's way can be so plainly perceived by the Turk, can they not much more plainly be seen by Russia herself? and does not this reflection furnish a refutation of any determination that may be ascribed to Russia to force a contest upon Turkey? By no means. We have said above that her army was only one instrument by which the former Power proposed to weaken the latter, and we do not believe that in all her calculations Russia ever looked to being placed in the position to which the obstinacy of Turkey has driven her. She would have very much liked to leave to Europe the work of weakening Turkey; and it is probable that, but for the protests of the British Government, Europe would have done it. This chance, which again and again looked fair for fulfilment, finally failed of fruition. Again, Russia may have hoped that if Europe declined to hold down Turkey

to be walked over, Europe might at least commission Russia to execute a sentence of all the Powers against the abominable Turk; and that so, with favouring gales, and all the Christian nations smiling on her, and ready to aid her in case of need, Russia might find her errand and her interest in delightful harmony, and sail safely towards her object. As a third chance, some particular Power might be so charmed by the purity and generosity of Russian motives as to volunteer aid without reference to the general feeling of Europe. She has never been very near inducing combined Europe to fall on Turkey; it seemed now and then not unlikely that some if not all of the Powers might allow Russia to act in their names; and it seemed exceedingly probable, more than once, that some particular Power might in some way or other act in concert with Russia; for instance, Austria was said at different periods to be going to undertake a joint occupation of the Turkish provinces, and England was thought by many people to have determined to cast in her lot with Russia. Of course these expectations were mistaken, and in fact not one of the favourable conjunctures for which Russia waited ever occurred. She was thus left single-handed in face of Turkey—a situation to which none of her calculations had pointed. The cards had run unluckily, why not wait a little for more favourable conditions? Well, she could not very conveniently wait, having some time before, when too sanguine of success, committed herself to a false move, from the consequences of which she was never allowed to escape. The "Bulgarian atrocity movement" in England in the autumn of 1876, seems to have seduced the Russian Cabinet from its usual caution.

Completely deceived by the miserable bombast that was roaring up and down England during the parliamentary recess, it prematurely looked upon the game as won. The question (so it seemed) was no longer whether England would be willing to join Russia: it was whether Russia would be ready to strike while the English iron should remain red-hot. Mr Gladstone would be Prime Minister of England by February 1877 at latest; then Russia must take the current when it served, or lose her venture. Fooled by this fancy, she committed the indiscretion of mobilising a part of her army, and her Czar made a silly brag, of which he has probably often bitterly repented since then. Mr Gladstone did not become Prime Minister in February; nay, Mr Gladstone, when at length he met the Parliament which he had been professing himself so anxious to meet, did not dare, in February, even to make an attack on the existing Government. His boasting and screaming ended in a most pitiable *fiasco*. This is not anything very new or very astonishing to say of Mr Gladstone, who is always making mistakes, and never learns anything from them; but for Russia, astute Russia, the nation that has the credit of leading all the world by the nose, the blunder was most compromising. Mr Gladstone's agitation had vanished into thin air, and Mr Gladstone was exposed to the ridicule which has so often visited him that it causes him but little confusion; but Russia had done something other than bluster, or vent words by the hundred thousand. She had called out men by the hundred thousand, paraded them armed before Europe, and now there she stood with harness on and sword loosened in the scabbard, without an ally, and without a chance of finding one.

We sincerely believe that Russia, when she found that she had been deceived in her hopes of England and that she was entirely isolated, would gladly have withdrawn from her unexpected position, that she wished her mobilisation decree recalled, and that she was fully alive to the danger of her attitude. But extrication from such a position was not easily to be accomplished. She could not bear to let Europe see that disarmament would be a relief to her, far less could she afford to let certain untoward portions of her own subjects perceive that she could at any time find war inconvenient. The loss of prestige at home might be even more damaging than a foreign war. What was to be done?

After the mobilisation and the Czar's boastful speech, it behoved the Russian Government boldly to go to war, or to find some means of being credited with the fruit of victory without taking the field. The Protocol was the expedient hit on to serve the latter purpose; and, if that had been accepted by the Turks, it is probable that the blunder of the autumn would have been cancelled, the army demobilised, and the moderation and unselfish aims of Russia demonstrated to the admiration of Europe. But the Turks, as has already been said, saw fit to reject the Protocol altogether; Russia could not pretend that any concession had been made to her; and there she stood armed to the teeth, committed to warlike action, and yet not desiring war. It was one of those difficulties wherein intriguers sometimes find themselves. The Russians had been too clever for everybody, themselves included!

If it be true that Russia is making war against her judgment and against her wish, those facts alone must cause her hand to falter. But, whatever her spirit may be, she has difficulties and dangers in her path

which may well cause the most serious misgivings. In Europe she has at least two hundred, and perhaps four hundred, miles of territory to cross, and, after that, one of the broadest rivers in Europe, before she can reach her foe. Every ration, every article of store, and of ammunition, must be brought across this intervening space; the wounded and sick who can be moved must pass back to Russia by this way; and this would be the line of retreat in case of disaster. A force throwing itself across Roumania might bar the way until it (the force) should have been overcome. If it should so act before any Russian corps had passed, it would draw the war on itself; if it should interpose after a portion of the Russian army had passed over into Turkey, it might sever that portion from its base and leave it a prey to famine and the Turks. Thus, to make war separated from the base by a breadth of country over which any but the belligerent himself can have control, is in a high degree dangerous. Napoleon in 1813 marched across Germany to fight on the line of the Elbe. After he was defeated at Leipzig all Germany became hostile, and the consequence was that only a handful of Frenchmen ever got back to the Rhine. The moment Russia loses the absolute control of Roumania, any force which she may have in Turkey will be in extreme danger. The pulling up of the rails, the destruction of roads and bridges in Roumania, might, without any fighting in that region, cause the surrender of many thousand Russians in Bulgaria. We have dwelt

upon this principle of the necessity of perfect and thorough communication between the base (*i.e.*, the line of safety from which expeditions, stores, and munitions of war proceed) and the theatre of war (*i.e.*, the country where military operations are in progress), because the preservation of this communication is of vital importance to an army. England, it is true, frequently has made war, and probably will again often make war, at a great distance from her true base, which is the United Kingdom: but then the space between her base and the theatre of war is generally sea, of which she has the control by means of her navy. One easily imagines what would be the fate of an English force in Spain, in the Crimea, or at any other distant point, if the supremacy at sea should be once wrested from us, and our ships could be prevented from supplying, and, if necessary, transporting, it—that is to say, from forming an artificial base.*

If there were nothing but the distance between the frontier of Russia and the frontier of Turkey, the European part of the war would be most perilous to Russia; but there *is* more. After the Russian armies with their trains have traversed Roumania, they have the Danube to cross before the invasion of Turkey commences. Now, in however careless a manner newspapers may speak of the passage of the Danube, military men know that, unless the Turks should be infatuated, it will be a most difficult thing to achieve. The problem is: 1st, to land at a point on the right bank such a body of troops as shall

* Not long ago a superior mind in the House of Commons was pleased to be facetious concerning the *Rule Britannia* sentiment, as he called it. It may not have occurred to the hon. member how serious a consideration this is: for assuredly, if Britannia does *not* rule the waves, she can neither carry war into an enemy's country, nor prevent war being brought to her doors. "Rule, Britannia," means our national existence. We trust we shall never forget the "sentiment."

be able to hold its ground against the force which it may find guarding that point; 2d, to reinforce continually the body originally landed, in such numbers, and with such speed, as shall keep them superior to the force which the defenders are able to collect; 3d, to maintain the command of the passage so that transport for all arms, and for stores, may be secured. Indeed, the Turks must be not only overmastered at the time of the first passage, but entirely driven away, and the control of both banks and of the stream acquired by the Russians, who will require to pass continually to and from their base.

Every point where a passage is likely to take place ought to be well known and guarded by the Turks. Preparations must be made by the Russians for protecting the passage by the fire of heavy batteries, and these cannot easily be kept concealed, though, of course, feints will be made and every effort used to deceive the defenders as to the true point. The great breadth of the river would make it extremely difficult to keep up a stream of supports. Attention would be drawn to the attempt before it could advance very far, and the fire of artillery, and the action of vessels, be used to interrupt it. On the other side, heavy artillery fire, and vessels, if the Russians have them, would be freely resorted to in forcing the passage. If the troops first landed, and the batteries combined, can suffice to overpower the defenders, the problem will be solved. But the difficulties appear very great. Again, we frequently hear it suggested that the invading army in-

tends to pass in separate sections: but the hazard of such a proceeding would be extreme. It would increase the chances of any one section being encountered on the other bank by a much superior force. And if that should happen, the section would be destroyed, and this first loss would lead to further disaster. The probability of the separate sections being able to communicate on landing, or of landing simultaneously, could not be reckoned on. So entirely favourable would it be to Turkey to offer to her small sections to cut off in detail, that we can suppose the Turks attempting to decoy isolated corps across by pretended relaxation of vigilance, in full assurance that if the *ruse* should succeed the corps would be destroyed.* Those who go over must be able to establish themselves on the right bank; and such being the case, we have the strongest ground for presuming that the passage of the Danube will not be completed by stealth. It will in all probability be *forced*. A number of Russians competent to hold their ground when they reach the Turkish shore must be passed over at once and in fighting order. The fire of heavy artillery from the left (*i.e.*, the northern) bank of the river, must be the main dependence for keeping down the fire of the Turks, and procuring a passage for the invaders. If this cannot do it, it is difficult to see how the invasion will be effected at all. Of course the heavy artillery may operate from the shore or from vessels, but operate it must if the Russians are to secure communication with Bulgaria by way of Roumania.

But this mention of vessels brings

* This reasoning supposes some approach to equality between the contending armies. Of course a huge preponderance of numbers on the invader's side would enable him to take measures which, without it, would be unjustifiable.

us to another consideration. If Russia had an undoubted superiority in the Black Sea, she might materially aid her troops in passing the Danube, or she might embark them and throw them ashore in Bulgaria, thus making of her fleet an artificial base, as it has above been said that England often does. But Turkey has been bold enough to proclaim a blockade of Russian ports in the Black Sea, and, so far as we know, her ability to maintain this blockade has not been disputed. If she can maintain a blockade of Russian ports, she must be superior to Russia at sea. Russia's chance, then, of aiding in the passage of the Danube with shipping can be but small. If she cannot derive much assistance from shipping, Turkey certainly will; and should Turkey be able to sweep the sea and the river, here is another difficulty for Russia to cope with.

It seems to us probable that naval operations may be prominent early in the war. If Russia has but little naval force in the Black Sea, the Turkish admiral will not object to make that little less. It is also of importance to seize on everything that may be turned to account in the passage of the river. We expect to hear of the Ottoman ships feeling their way in the river before more Russian artillery is up, and are indeed rather puzzled at the navy not having been already more active. The attack on Turkish ships in the Danube must be made by Russian heavy guns, and as yet we know not how far the batteries on the left bank can dominate shipping, or whether they can do so at all. If they can do so, the Turkish ships will have to watch opportunities, and to run considerable risks too, at times when the passage of the

river may be likely to be attempted. What ships can do, if not overpowered, is to reply to the fire of batteries, to fire upon or run down flotillas or military bridges, and to drive hostile vessels under the fire of batteries on shore. The Turks have monitors,* as we know; and it is impossible to believe that these monitors will not be employed in ramming the Russian passage in whatever way that may be made.

The left bank of the Danube is, as a rule, flat and soft,—a circumstance very unfavourable to the invader, who would desire a commanding position for his batteries, and hard ground on which to bring down his heavy trains. The right bank is higher than the left, which is a point to the advantage of the defence. Islands or deltas in the river might be used as half-way points; but these would be liable to attack from shipping as well as from the bank. Attention should also be drawn to another of the conditions—viz., the Russian batteries, being designed to cover troops that are advancing *from* them, must be as near the bank as possible: the Turkish batteries, having to operate against an enemy who is approaching them, may keep farther from the bank, and thus at longer range from the opposite side.

The Turks being superior at sea, it is by no means impossible that they may at some period attempt to throw an expedition on shore in Roumania, for the purpose of destroying the Russian communications. This would be a brilliant stroke, and to avoid it the Russians must keep always a strong guard in Roumania.

We can imagine that a reader who may have been good enough to

* Since writing the above we have learned that one of them has been blown up, and that nearly every soul on board her perished. She was struck by a shell from a Russian battery on the Danube. We may expect much fighting between ships and batteries, and, we fear, many accidents as terrible as this.

accompany us thus far in our paper, may have been saying mentally for the last few minutes, "Yes, yes; but you are forgetting torpedoes. What of them?" Well; first, we haven't forgotten torpedoes; and secondly, we don't know what to say of them, neither do we believe that anybody does. They are an entirely new power, never tried to any extent in war, and it is impossible to say whether warfare carried on by them may be more favourable to the attack or the defence. They may give a great superiority to one side or other, but experience only can show us what their full effect will be. There is a parry for every thrust, and means may be found of making even infernal machines comparatively harmless. Indeed it is possible that expectation may be much disappointed concerning these submarine explosives. The mere fact of their being capable of producing astounding demolition in certain circumstances does not necessarily make them of paramount importance in warfare. This may be illustrated by what we know of the effects of countermines and mines in sieges. It is undoubtedly true that a few mines might be so arranged as to blow a whole army into the air; and yet we know that, in practice, explosions of mines do not govern the results of sieges. It may be otherwise with torpedoes; but we must wait for facts to guide us in estimating their effects.

In thus rapidly mentioning some of the difficulties which lie in the invader's way, we hope we have shown that the path of the Russians will not necessarily be smooth. The apathy and incapacity of the Turks may make it so, we know; but assuredly the Turks have many chances in their favour, and perhaps they may know how to use them. At any rate, in making a forecast of the war we are bound to

credit both sides with reasonable prudence and activity.

It is easy to perceive that, whatever difficulties may lie in Russia's path while she is opposed by Turkey alone, might be indefinitely increased by political causes which should give the latter allies. We do not desire at present to enter upon political speculation, seeing that all Powers, save the belligerents, distinctly profess neutrality. But it is right to remark on the financial weakness which is universally ascribed to Russia. If she cannot "strike soon and strike hard" she may find her resources fail her. True, she is richer than Turkey; but, on the other hand, she is the assailant, and cannot hold her hand without damage; while Turkey, already bankrupt and the party attacked, has less material or moral loss to dread.

We observe as we go on writing that insurrection in Turkey is frequently reported, and is not unlikely to be occurring. This will be, of course, a cause of distraction and further weakness, very favourable to Russia. But then Russia, too, has her disaffected populations, and, if she should begin to lose ground, might find these a considerable aggravation of her troubles.

Looking at the whole case, there are good reasons why Russia should finally win if she can hold out, and if none but the Turks resist her. But then, again, she cannot, probably, hold out, and Turkey, as before hinted at, may find allies.

We have considered the war in Europe first, that seeming to be what chiefly interests European readers. We do not forget that there is war in Asia too, and that, on that ground, armies are reported to have already joined battle. From a point between Poti and Batoum on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, across to Mount Ararat, by an

irregular line passing near Alexandropol, Kulpi, and Mossun, the frontier of Russia touches that of Turkey. We may presume that Russia considers her Caucasian provinces a safe base, and, that being so, her invasion of Turkey in Asia is in one respect far less dangerous than her invasion of Turkey in Europe. We do not know with any accuracy the comparative strengths of the armies on this line ; but there are reasons for supposing that the Russian strength exceeds the Turkish ; so here is another important point in Russia's favour. On the other hand, Turkey is favoured by the mountainous country through which an invader may find it difficult to force his way, by the very bad state of the roads, by the severity of the climate, and by her ascendancy on the sea. Correspondents are already telling us of the delays which the Russians in Armenia are suffering through severity of the weather. This severity may continue for a week or two yet, and will probably recommence in October. Any line on which Russia is not established by October would therefore have to be surrendered by her in that month : so that here again she must strike soon and strike hard if she wishes to shorten the war. The Turks, on the other hand, knowing that an early winter would bring them relief, must do all they can to defend the roads and passes ; to prevent Russia from deriving much advantage from her numerical superiority, by detaining her among the mountains, and by vigilantly guarding against her advance on the flanks ; to keep the supplies of the country from being made available by the invader ; and to make use of their navy as much as possible to distress and thwart him. Either the invaders must get a footing in some towns where they can winter, or their summer progress

(supposing them to make any) will have been made in vain, and they must go back to winter quarters on the Russian side of the frontier.

Thus, it being so much easier for Russia to invade Turkey in Asia, the war has first begun on that continent. It has been suggested that the real attack will be made there, while, on the Danube, the Turks will be kept engaged by continual demonstrations and feints. It is true that Russia might fight her way round to Constantinople by way of Asia Minor ; but, with only four or five months of the year available for operations till she is clear of the mountains, she will hardly have patience to proceed in that way. To advance by that route with confidence she would require naval superiority, so that she might not be molested in her course by incursions from the coast. She could not strike such a blow in Asia as would force Turkey to yield her what she wants in Europe. Therefore it is that the Asiatic, though the first commenced, is not likely to be the principal war, and that before long operations on or near the Danube will claim our chief interest.

But if the Asiatic cannot be the chief, it may be an important auxiliary attack. The possession of Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia, by Russia, would be a serious loss and great dishonour to Turkey. And the secure possession of Erzeroum would argue the reduction of the famed Kars ; it would also enable the Russian army to winter in its new possessions, and to be ready for a fresh advance in the summer of 1878. Up to the middle of May it would seem as if the Turkish army had had the best of the newly opened campaign, and as if the Russians, instead of invading Armenia to any great extent, might have some trouble in holding their

own. Their attacks by land are said to have failed—as we write on we may probably be able to say to what extent, if any, they have failed—and the Turks, making good use of their navy, claim to have stirred up revolt in the Caucasus, in the Russian rear, and to have grievously afflicted the Russian post of Sukhum Kale. If this news be true it furnishes an instance of the naval activity which we before stated that we expected to see displayed early in the war. It will be a richly deserved retribution if the Turks are able to excite insurrection anywhere on the Russian borders. It is a lesson which the Muscovites have taught the Turks and burnt into their minds. Possibly, if it should once begin, it might not be confined to the borders. Strange stories reach England now and then of a party of progress in the heart of the Russian empire. Success abroad might stop the mouths of this party; but failure, even partial failure, might loosen its tongue and nerve its arm. The Servian and Montenegrin and Herzegovinian fires have pretty well burnt out. The Turks know the scope of them and will probably not in the least turn from their main operations to deal with them. Russian insurrections, if they come, must be fresh and uncomprehended. They cannot fail to paralyse Russian action in the enemy's country. Even to stamp them out will cause a loss of time, and a withdrawal of energy from the war.

The last war with which Europe was afflicted, caused the nerves of every one who heard of it to tingle at the tremendous powers then brought into operation, the huge and well-appointed armies, the perfect weapons, the impressment of science and art into the service of war, the organisation, the rapid

locomotion, the immense resources, the astounding results achieved in a few months! It was then half a century or so since the wars of the First Napoleon over the same ground, and men were astounded at the perfection (may we use the word?) to which the art of destruction had attained in that interval. "Away with old maxims," they said; "we are living now under a new dispensation when wars, if bloody, must necessarily be short, from absolute want of wherewithal to feed long upon." We were inclined to fix two or three months as the extreme of the future duration of wars. We laid down the rule that the nation that was not prepared for war before war began would have little chance of preparing afterwards, for it could have but a week or two of national life left. War, in its force and rapidity, in its startling events following one upon another like claps of thunder, was to suggest continually that we live in days of electricity and steam. Fate seems never to tire of stultifying the calculations of the wise. Here is Europe, five years older in invention than she then was, now looking on at a war, waged between two of its nations, both semi-barbarous, both "heinously unprovided" with the sinews of war, and both likely to be convicted of considerable unpreparedness before they have proceeded very far with their contest. We must not omit to note, moreover, that, whereas in the Franco-Prussian war the struggle was openly enough made for a material prize, the semi-barbarians are fighting, one in the name of Christianity, and the other for existence. We have to make a retreat from our grand ideas and brilliant epithets about war, and to condescend once more to acknowledge delays and difficulties, to recognise the old-fashioned powers of nature, to tolerate,

even while war is raging, uneventful days, perhaps weeks. It is as if (*parvis componere magna*) we were compelled for a while to do without railways, and to return to the coaches and waggons of our fathers. The war drags its slow length along, and can in no wise keep pace with expectation. Nay, so dense is the darkness to which we have returned, that, with one belligerent army at least, we are not allowed to have the luxury of special correspondents. Marches are to be undertaken, towns to be stormed, ships to be sunk, battles to be fought, without approval of, or even consultation with, the accomplished representatives of the press. If this is not a return to the reign of Chaos and old Night, how otherwise shall we characterise it? Do we not remember the chivalrous deeds, the hairbreadth escapes, the wonderful adventures of those devoted quill-bearers, more thrilling than any chances that befell poor soldiers? Do we not still sigh over their delightful familiarity with emperors and kings, the saturation of their style with military terms, the double-shotted thunder with which they rejoiced to split the ears of the groundlings! and are these to cease? Bah, then! let us talk no more of progress.

The Russians are dragging up themselves, their cannon, and their stores, to the banks of the Danube. They are impeded by dearth of conveyances, by bad roads, by the rising of rivers, by winds and rains. The Turks, knowing the Russian difficulties, have failed to take advantage of them, and to forestall their enemy. In Asia scarcity of provisions is said to be seriously embarrassing the invaders,* though war has not been declared four

weeks. When encounters occur they will look like anachronisms. Cossacks and Circassians fighting on a real stage, and not on the boards of the theatre—this is war *à l'antique*.

We are quite prepared to find that, when Maga's June number shall issue, the aggressor will not have set foot in Bulgaria. Although the progress will be that of old days, the prices of provisions will be cruelly modern, and we should think the coin or credit which either side may have kept in reserve for this contest might be seriously eaten into before half of the work is done. When last there was much dragging of artillery and stores by thongs and muscles, artillery and stores were comparatively light. Modern engines and old-fashioned transport sort but ill together. There is just a possibility that want of means to launch and move the monstrous machines of modern days may bring the invasion to a stand-still ere it is well begun. We hazard this speculation, in full consciousness of the now generally received maxim, that a nation determined on, or compelled to, war, will find the means somehow of waging war, however poor she may be. We do not think this maxim generally true, although there is much to make it plausible. Bankrupt nations have undoubtedly managed to make war, and that on a large scale; but have not these generally been nations which, besides being able to turn out an unlimited number of men, had also great resources within themselves, notwithstanding that these resources were not in the hands of their governments? Had they not private wealth, manufactories, dockyards, science, natural products to meet the requirements of war; and what

* This must mean that the supply of the season is wellnigh consumed. The invader has stores in the neighbourhood.

their governments procured on credit, did not they procure from the inhabitants of the states which they governed? It makes a great difference whether a government borrows from its own, or whether it is obliged to buy in a foreign market. It was not, however, so much to money as to appliances that our remark pointed. Those who invented huge guns, and who have encumbered war with such immense *matériel*, were people who, having other things in proportion, can thoroughly handle, transport, and use their gigantic inventions. But it is possible for a Power which is far behind them in mechanical ingenuity and resources to buy their engines and then to find that it cannot wield them; that so much necessary machinery and such familiarity with mechanism are requisite, which it has not at hand; that armaments, capable under favourable circumstances of producing the grandest results, may to it be more an incumbrance than a help. Further experience may show that this is baseless speculation; nevertheless, for the present it may be well to keep it in mind, because it may, if there be truth in the rumours we allude to, serve to explain hereafter some puzzling contradictions and delays. It is observable that, day after day, the accounts report *increasing difficulties*. Insufficient railway stock, insufficient labour, break of gauge, want of carts, probability that an enormous number of horses will be required, and all this before the waste of war has begun. What may the deficiency not become after a short time, from wear and tear alone, to say nothing of destruction by the enemy. A correspondent of ours, speculating on the coming of the war which is now instant, referred a few months ago to Crusoe and his canoe. Poor Robinson felled his

tree, scooped it out with infinite labour, his toil and patience got it into sea-going order, it only wanted to be *launched*; but with all the strength and skill he had he could not move it!

But we turn (as the arrival of intelligence continually obliges us to do) to another part of the war. Several days have elapsed since a signal victory of the Turks near Batoum was announced. We read the despatch with much incredulity, and have been expecting a contradiction of it. But the Russian account does not amount to a contradiction, and it leaves much ground for believing that the Turkish report was not, in the main, inaccurate. What the Turks claimed was that, after an engagement which lasted eight and a half hours, they had thoroughly beaten the Russians and driven them back with the loss of 4000 men killed. The British and Hanoverians killed at Waterloo were a little over 2000: Napoleon owned to having lost 4000 killed at Aspern: so we may reasonably doubt the number given as killed. But, subject to the authority of further particulars, we are bound to believe that the Russians have suffered much in a great and important battle. We observe that one correspondent declares that he was a witness of the battle, and that it was undoubtedly a Turkish victory. Now this is the first blow of any magnitude which either side has inflicted; so its moral effect must not be underrated. It is, moreover, an undoubted check to troops who can afford to lose neither time nor men. It enables us to see a possibility that the Turks in Armenia may be fit to hold their ground through the summer, which means for a year. Men who can stand to their work for eight and a half hours must be counted respectable enemies. We have never

doubted that the Russians would do this, but we make the remark to show that the Russians have found not unworthy opponents in the Turks.

The other report of the success at Sukhum Kale has been more boldly contradicted by the Russians, who claim to have prevented the Turks from taking the town. The Russian report does, however, admit that the Turkish ships were still off the town; and it is possible that there may have been a second attack wherein the success was achieved, and of which the Russians say nothing. Of the rising in the Caucasus, which is said to have followed this exploit, there does not seem to be confirmation. We do not, however, hold with some who have noted the account, that a rising is impossible and absurd. The tribes differ very much in disposition, and some of them would undoubtedly hail with delight a favourable chance of insurrection. We are aware, too, that there has been extensive emigration from the neighbourhood of Sukhum Kale, but we believe the remnant would readily revolt. If there has been ever so little of this spirit shown, it is enough to make the Russian commander uneasy, to hamper his progress, and to keep his regards fixed elsewhere than on the enemy in his front—an unlucky necessity for a chief who wants to advance and establish himself. But, putting the insurrection aside for the present, we have in this little action evidence that the Turks are alive to the importance of using their navy at this juncture, and that they have a good idea of how it may be made available. We must not forget that it was a native admiral who carried out this attack. There is every reason to expect that there may be more of such attempts. They cannot fail considerably to

harass, and possibly to impede, the Russians in that quarter. Well-stored Russian magazines are reported, and probably with truth, to be provided near the Armenian frontier; but should any want occur which has to be supplied by sea, the activity of the Turkish navy will be found very inconvenient.

Should the Turks hereafter fight as well as they fought in their first battle, above commented on, we may expect that their mountains will not easily be won from them, or that they may not be won at all. It seems that they were short of cavalry in the action near Batoum, or they would have made of it a more brilliant victory. Indeed, this cavalry is likely to play a conspicuous part in the hill warfare which we may expect. Cavalry generally are much out of place among the mountains, but the Turkish horsemen appear to have been prepared for mountain warfare as much as for any, that is to say if they have still the characteristics recorded by Von Moltke in 1828. He says:—

“The horses, especially those of the Asiatic Spahis, were small, but fiery, well broken, capable of enduring great fatigue and privations. The Kurdish and Cappadocian horses were accustomed to be picketed, and to bear the mid day heat and the midnight cold. They were only watered once a-day, and kept in condition without barley, when fed on the coarsest fodder. The light and easy-fitting palanu, or saddle, made of felt, remained on their backs day and night, so that the horseman was ready at any moment to mount. The bit was very severe for so well-broken an animal, and was intended to stop the horse suddenly in mid career, or to wheel him round in a moment. The bar of the bit was often five or six inches long, and instead of the curb-chain there was a ring. The round shoe was admirably suited to its purpose. The steel was forged cold,

was thin and light, lasted five or six weeks, and protected the hoof admirably on stony ground. Although they use no cruppers, the Turkish horseman rides down the most precipitous places, covered with brushwood or trees, at full gallop." *

Perhaps the Cossack horses may be equally clever; but at any rate the Turks seem well provided in that respect. At present it is not known what points they mean principally to defend. The Russians now (past the middle of May) are reported to be before Ardahan. This town has not, we believe, been fortified, unless temporary works may have been lately thrown up; and it seems a pity that this should be so, as it is near the frontier and on a river, and lies in a fertile plain. Whether Kars will again be defended is an interesting question, but cannot as yet be answered. Should the Ottomans find that they have troops enough, they will probably garrison this renowned, but not very strong, fortress, and try to keep from the enemy the fertile district in which it is situated; but the paramount importance of defending Erzeroum may induce them to leave Kars to its fate, and to defend with all their skill and strength the mountain passes of the line of the Soghanli Dag, which is behind Kars, but some way in advance of the capital. This line admits of being most obstinately defended; but much science and labour would be required to make the most of it, and there is always the chance that these may not be forthcoming or not applied.†

As the hours pass and our day of going to press draws near, this war in Armenia takes more and more

the place of foremost interest. The corroborations of the news of the rising in the Caucasus overbear the Russian denial, and it is possible that an incident of the very gravest import has occurred—an incident which gives rise to an entirely new train of anticipations. We must for the present accept the fact so repeatedly announced in telegrams from Constantinople. We must believe that Sukhum Kale has been attacked and taken, and that *some* disturbance has taken place in the neighbouring district. How the Russian commander came to move on the Armenian posts without leaving behind him such a force as would render a rising of the Circassians impossible, passes comprehension. But men are besotted sometimes, and we can only suppose that all was considered to be safe behind the invading army. We will take the cautious course of assuming that the rising is at present but a small affair. The results of it may nevertheless prove considerable. We grant that, if the general facing the Turks could accurately measure it, a small rising might not be of much account. But it is his misfortune that he cannot take the measure of it. Its proportions may possibly be increasing while he is reflecting on it. He *must* suppress it before his operations to the front can be confidently proceeded with, and how is he to judge what force must return to the scene of insurrection and what he shall retain to invade Armenia? If he should despatch a thousand men too few to deal with the insurgents he might better have sent none at all. If he should send a thousand men too many he unneces-

* From 'The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828-29.' By Von Moltke.

† Pitiable accounts reach us towards the end of the month, of guns landed for the defence of Armenia being buried in the snow or lying on the roads for lack of transport.

sarily weakens his attack on the enemy in his front, and possibly lays himself open to defeat. The diversion cannot but be good for the Turks whether the insurrection be small or great : and, if it should be allowed to live any time, its dimensions may become most formidable. It is just a question whether the invaders may not deem it expedient to turn about, and, at any cost, secure their communications with Northern Russia and quell the insurrection. Should such a retrograde movement be decided on, the next question is whether the Turkish force now in Armenia would be smart in following them, harassing their retreat, and finally maintaining the insurrection. If the Turks should act in a manner worthy of the occasion, they might, on such a chance being given them, change the whole aspect of things. Russia, we are assured, has spared neither money nor pains in fitting her Caucasian provinces for military purposes. She has made roads, opened up fastnesses, and fortified many positions. But in doing this she has looked more to attacking than defending, more to advance than retreat, so that if she should find herself in difficulties, her expensive works might aid her enemy. In thus looking at possible chances what was said above must not be forgotten,—namely, that all the tribes of the Caucasus are not alike warlike or alike hostile to Russia. Some of them might take arms in her favour, and many would remain long neutral.

Arms and ammunition we now hear are to be supplied to the insurgents by the Turks. Much depends upon whether this may or may not be effectually done. After all the sympathy that has been lavished upon the revolted subjects of the Sultan, we trust that Englishmen will not refuse some little encourage-

ment to these Circassians, who are undoubtedly victims of cruel oppression, and who on the first opportunity, not after the long-continued solicitations of agitators, have flown to arms for fatherland and liberty. All that has been said for the Christian subjects of the Porte may, *mutato nomine*, be said for these Caucasian tribes. It is true their patriotism will come a little awkwardly just now for the philanthropists who have been so anxious to take the part of Russia. We know of only one way in which the latter might be relieved from their dilemma. It is that Mr Gladstone should proceed at once to the Caucasus, and in his simple, earnest way, tell the disaffected (of course he speaks their language) what a heinous wickedness they commit in rebelling against their excellent ruler. Only think what a beautiful mission this would be, and what delicious hours—nay, days and months—of talking it would yield ! To be sure, it would oblige the right hon. gentleman to bring out a train of sentiments totally opposed to those which he has been lately airing at home ; but this will present no difficulty to him though it might do so to other men. He excels in making wheels. To eat his own words, to combat his own previously spoken opinions, and to denounce all who dare to hold them after he has done with them, is one of the grandest of his grand powers !

To glance now at another people, the Roumanians : we imagine that the news now coming in from 'Asia will induce them to pause and not to hurry on an open rupture with the Porte. They seemed on the point of throwing themselves unreservedly into the arms of Russia, and perhaps the hint that Russia may yet be disappointed of her aims, may have reached in time to save them

from much folly. They certainly deserve consideration and a lenient judgment; for the problem thrust upon them has been a very hard one to solve. All through the Servian war they played their part with discretion, and had Europe behaved at all generously they should have had no difficulty now. Unquestionably they deserved better treatment than to be compelled to choose between two combatants, for neither of whom they are interested, and from both of whom they are likely to suffer injury. At least this is their public and official position. Like all other people they have their private leanings, and these may possibly be in favour of Russia. Had the Powers forbidden the violation of Roumania, it would have been a polite way of interdicting the war as far as Europe is concerned. It is a melancholy thing to think on, what small results may come in time of need, from all the resolves and undertakings of conferring States. Small principalities which are set up for the general convenience ought, until they are strong enough to take care of themselves, to receive the general support. The eventual fate of Roumania is not the point of least interest connected with the war.

We have remarked in the course of this paper on the awkward position of nations who, having amassed large armaments, are restricted in the use of them by want of wealth; and the remark naturally leads to the consideration of the opposite case, not quite so awkward—that of a nation that has means in plenty but lacks the men and munitions which those means might render very effectual. England, we suppose, will never have a gigantic army to equip and move, though she of all the Powers is the one that can best afford to have one. This

being so, it is not easy to see why England, if she can attain her political ends by the use of her money, should not do so as freely as others attain theirs by arms. This dead-lock, now, in the balance of power, on which we commented above, if we could break it up with gold and chose to do so, why should not gold be used? Nobody scruples to do it with iron; but surely to buy is as allowable as to rob. It is only the difference of paying the money directly for what is wanted, and paying it indirectly in going to war, with the certainty of causing much misery and the chance of not succeeding after all. Poverty is so general at present that we think it likely that a few of our millions judiciously laid out might bring certain needy Powers to our way of thinking on public questions. We know that there are Powers in Europe that have been hired to help other Powers in their ambitious schemes, and then paid in territory torn from a third Power. If it be lawful to spoil another Power to pay for such service, why may it not be lawful to pay for it out of what is honestly our own? In old days English gold had the credit of greatly aiding British diplomacy, but there seems nowadays to be abroad an idea that it is not altogether creditable to give *douceurs* for being served. We do not agree to this. If there are States which we can keep from aiding in strifes by helping them a little in their purses, we can do it without wronging anybody, and it ought to be done. That by the way: it may be applicable ere long.

Russia, being at war with the Porte, can hardly be otherwise than at war with Egypt; and we perceive that the minds of some persons are being troubled at the idea of her making a descent upon the Khedive's dominions, which may ulti-

mately lead to her closing the Suez Canal. Egypt is supplying a contingent to the Turkish army, and Russia may therefore legitimately try to stop that supply by putting her heel upon Egypt. Of course she would not say that she was going to meddle with the Canal—rather, she *would* say, that she would most strictly refrain from in any way interfering with it. But we may feel sure that our Government would object to her carrying the war into Egypt at all, and that for the present we need be under no anxiety concerning the Canal. A Russian squadron, we are told, is coming home from California by way of the East—it may be round the Cape of Good Hope, it may be by the Suez Canal. The Canal, as far as we are concerned, is a highway, and open, we should presume, to Russian ships as to those of any other nation. But, to the Turks, Russian ships are enemy's ships; and we should expect the Turkish navy to give some account of this squadron if it should show in or near Egyptian or Turkish waters other than the Canal. Russia seems to require elsewhere every one of her myriads, and is not likely to be able to attend to the Khedive until her hands are more free. Even then she would hardly be mad enough to do an act directly calculated to alarm and provoke Great Britain unless she had first secured a British Cabinet pledged to aid her in all her schemes; and it will be the fault of Great Britain herself if that comes about. We do not expect that the country will lend itself to anything so destructive; yet, as rumours reach us of an intention to attempt a fresh excitement in favour of aiding Russia, we think it well to drop a hint now and then concerning the British interests against which this excitement would be directed.

Besides pointing out how, in our opinion, British interests may, as regards this war, be seriously affected by mistaken excitement, let us venture also to glean from the known incidents of the quarrel some little sound belief as to the recent agitation in England. We know for certain two things: first, that Russia was determined that the crisis in Europe should not pass without Turkey being punished in some way; second, that Turkey has exhibited an unexpected obstinacy, and has shown that the obstinacy is not of words only, but that it will be supported in act. Now the party which opposes our Government so violently, appeared, in the early days of their agitation, to desire as follows (at present it is difficult to divine what they want). They wanted, we say, to proceed hand in hand with Russia up to a certain point—that point to be, when Turkey should have been amply punished for her atrocities old and new. After securing the punishment of Turkey, and thus purging ourselves of the possible suspicion of condoning Turkey's many and horrible misdeeds, we were to turn and look at our ally, Russia, take note of the situation which she had attained side by side with us, and, if that situation should appear at all threatening to British interests, order her back forthwith. The last we could do with a clear conscience after having executed our first duty, to wit, the punishment of Turkey. This, we think, is a fair statement of their policy; indeed we have a distinct recollection of Mr Gladstone having written or spoken exactly to this effect. No doubt the supporters of this policy saw mentally the point where Turkey, overborne by the combined pressure of Russia and England, would be brought to her knee. What they did not see was that the obstinacy

of Turkey might withdraw that point to an indefinite distance; that she might not cry for quarter when the Russian flag should be flying in Constantinople, and the British fleet be sweeping Turkish waters from the Dardanelles to the Sea of Azof. When his capital should lie in ashes, and the Grand Turk should, like the last Moor from Granada, be taking his departure from Europe for ever, England might look at Russia and find it difficult to order her back, or to replace her if she went. It was this forethought of the amount of pounding which the Turk might possibly stand which made prudent Englishmen decline to join Russia in any such adventure. What has actually happened is the best possible justification of their thus declining. The Turk has shown an obstinacy and an ability which would entirely have baffled the agitators' policy; and which would, had that policy prevailed, have seated Russia exactly where England does not want her to be.

Why the agitation should recommence, or what the agitators at present dread, it is difficult to divine; for, assuredly, since the war began, the probability of British interests being interfered with, and therefore of Britain being tempted to join in the fray, moves further off. Neither is India threatened, nor the road to India blocked at present: we are not in view of any contingency which can draw us into war: everybody wants to keep out of war: what then can be the object of an anti-war agitation? The situation reminds one of the story of a glorious old salt, now dead and gone, who at Trafalgar danced about his quarter-deck exclaiming, "I won't strike. Damme if I strike," until he so bothered those near him that a quartermaster who was at the wheel turned round and said, "Nobody's axing of ye

to." Make it, "We won't fight," instead of "I won't strike," and the illustration is seen to be apt. Nobody talks of fighting except contingently; and although the contingency might have seemed to some people near, as long as it was believed that Russia would have an easy "walk-over," it does not look imminent now. Let us, at any rate, not distress ourselves about being drawn into the war until Russia is through the difficulties which are embarrassing her. She is much engaged at present, and she has not done anything which need immediately oblige us to take up arms.

We are inclined to believe that if there is going to be any sudden movement of public opinion in England it will be a movement favourable to Turkey. Whatever have been Turkey's crimes or her shortcomings, she is appearing now in a character very different from that which we have been ascribing to her. The slothful, sensual, apathetic Turk is beginning to recede from our minds, and as the old view dissolves there come up hazy outlines more like the Saracens of old days, the unbelievers who were allowed to be worthy of Christian steel. There must be something better than cruelty, or lust, or fatalism, in a people who, without money, without a friend or a sympathiser, can refuse to be sat upon, and turn out ready to die if they can do no better, rather than submit to foreign dictation. It will not do to call their temper mere stubborn pride; for no people on earth could have shown themselves more amenable to reason, more patient under provocation, or more willing to meet the wishes of those who meant kindly towards them, than the Turks lately showed themselves. Witness their behaviour to the

beaten Servians and Montenegrins, their reform of their whole system of government, their appeal to the treaties by which Europe had bound itself. It was only against the demands of the Power which they believed to be bent more on weakening than on reforming them, that they stood up, erect, determined, and said that they would die rather than submit. Neither was it simply passively that they meant to endure. They have shown an energy with which nobody credited them; and although it is to be expected that they will get the worst of the contest, yet if they gain in reputation they will not be wholly unfortunate. However mistaken or vicious we may think them, Englishmen will not, we are sure, long observe such gallantry unmoved. The Turks are doing at this present time nothing but what we should do ourselves, and glory in doing it—fighting for hearth and home, resisting invasion and possible ruin, refusing to be ejected “bag and baggage.” There is every appearance of their meaning to die hard; and if they fight till they are stricken down sword in hand, we shall at the least acknowledge that they were gallant fellows.

It is already coming out plainly that Russia will find great difficulty in proceeding far with this war without dashing her foot against a stone somewhere. She does not intend to do this. She does not intend to take, like a bully, her own course, trampling recklessly over all that comes in her way. She would, no doubt, gladly avoid giving offence to neutrals, or allowing the singleness of her aim to be called in question. But the accidents and necessities of war are beyond her control. As well set fire to a forest and say that the flames shall extend in one only direction, as begin a war like this

and pretend to define its exact limits. A change of wind, or a chance spark, will ramify the course of the conflagration; a cross accident, or the imperative requirements of a campaign, will bring encroachments. It is difficult to avoid unforeseen and undesired collisions when a war has been well considered and undertaken with every precaution; but in such a dangerous contest as Russia is waging, it seems impossible but that offences must come. We are not alluding now to imbroglions with Great Britain; Russia has dangers nearer than those. As an example of the small control which she can exercise in guarding herself from collateral dangers, let us remember what has just happened in Roumania. Russia made a covenant, no doubt an honestly intended one, in which it was stipulated that her troops in their passage should not enter Bucharest. They have been there. By permission, it is said. But, permission or no permission, the Roumanians did not want them there; the contract has been violated, and necessity was too strong for the treaty before the latter was three weeks old. Again, we read now of Servia being impracticable—taking her own course, and arming for war in defiance even of the mandate of Russia. Russia cannot help this; but neither can she escape from the difficulty which the headstrong conduct of Servia is likely to create. We know pretty well that the alliance of Servia would not be worth much; but we can easily see that her folly may give rise to the gravest complications. Russia's right flank is her tenderest part. Let trouble begin there, and Bulgaria will cease to be the most interesting region. Russia will certainly keep all quiet there if she can, but events and sentiments seem to thwart her. Servia is not her only trouble in that direction.

She is extending—compelled to extend, no doubt—to her right in Roumania further than was expected, or, perhaps, than was promised. She cannot help this, neither can she prevent her action from being regarded as a demonstration against Hungary. These are the beginnings of troubles, the troubles of the first month of the war. If all were satisfied with Russia's undertakings, much might be borne from her while she was executing them; but, surrounded as she is with suspicion, she can hardly keep her acts from being construed injuriously. There is tinder all about her: how can she so regulate her fire that no spark shall fall on an unlucky spot?

Among our latest news, too, we are told that the new-born Turkish constitution is not likely to survive. It is difficult to see how it could. It would have had a hard enough infancy and adolescence in peaceful times; but with war raging throughout the empire it had no chance of growing up. "You should not swop horses," said Mr Lincoln, "when you are crossing a ford:" certainly by the same rule you should not attempt to carry out a revolution in government when you are engaged in a fierce and obstinate war. But we must not blame Turkey if her constitution come to nought. We believe that it was instituted by the Porte in good faith; we doubt whether it could ever have been in the power, even if it had been in the mind, of the Sultan to have abrogated it. It would have taken care of itself, spite of internal enemies and obstacles, and struggled to maturity, if only the country could have been left tranquil; but its healthy existence is, it may be feared, incompatible with a foreign war. War has nipped the experiment in the bud. That is not the least of the regrets which this unhappy conflict must create in minds that care more

for civilisation than for poetical justice.

The perusal, late in the month, of an article in a weekly contemporary, has shown us that we made an omission in the early pages of this paper. This we will try to make good now. It is very natural that persons who desire to inform themselves concerning the probable issues of the present war should refer to the former struggle of 1828-29, as our contemporary did. They will find by such reference that, once Russia got her force together in Wallachia, the Turks made but a wretched resistance to the passage of the Danube, and that in fact their defence was a disgrace to them—much more feeble than it need have been. We are not going to say that it will be better this time; but we must point out a difference of circumstances between then and now which is favourable to the Turks. In 1828 the Russians were decidedly superior to the Turks *at sea*. That is not the case now. And therefore the passage of a navigable river ought not to be so easily made now as then. The Russians on the left bank were able to pursue their work unmolested. They made a long laborious causeway to the river; one of their divisions, by favour of a disloyal tribe, crossed in boats; this division arrived on the right bank, fought and routed the Turks, who fled shamefully; and then it leisurely made a bridge. The navy ought to prevent a passage being so made again. Moreover, it is stated in Von Moltke's account of the war that the Turkish leaders, knowing Russia to be in the ascendant at sea, expected her to embark the main body of her troops, and land them near Constantinople; it is thought that consequently they had taken the flower of their army to defend the capital, and not provided adequately for defence of the

Danube. There can be no doubt that, this time, the importance of defending the line of the Danube is quite understood; there is no danger of the invader making a descent in Roumelia from the sea; and, therefore, the event of 1828 may be put aside in speculating on what is now about to happen.

The fall of the town (we can scarcely call it fortress) of Ardahan in Armenia, of which accounts were received on 20th May, is undoubtedly an event of importance. It is the gain to the Russians of a position which may be very useful, of sixty pieces of artillery, and of stores which are said to be of very large amount. It is, moreover, a decided success, which may be set down against the Turkish advantages at Batoum and Sukhum Kale. The event is important in many ways, and gives a little, though but a little, more light as to the condition of the campaign in Asia. It shows us that as yet the disturbances in the Caucasus have not prevented the advance of the Russians beyond the frontier. It shows that the Turks have elected to defend their advanced posts; but it does not show whether in so electing they have done wisely or not. It shows that they have done little to improve the defences of at least one of their towns. If the Turks are numerically much weaker than the Russians, they would probably have done better to keep their forces well together for the defence of their capital (Erzeroum), and not to disperse them to points where they may be cut off in detail, or at any rate shut up, without materially impeding the invader's progress. If they have plenty of men left

after garrisoning the more advanced towns, it is well to offer obstacles wherever situations are favourable, and the defence of the towns near the frontier is justifiable. We are left to conclude that the invader is still observing, if he is not attacking, Batoum; for he must have some regard to it, if he intends to push forward. He is making attempts, too, on Kars, which he may either endeavour to reduce before he advances further, or which he may neutralise if he can afford to leave a large force before it, and pass on. Kars is over 120 miles from Erzeroum, and 35 miles in advance of the Soghanli Dag, where the principal effort for defence of the capital will probably be made. It should be added that while Turkey has possession of Batoum and Trebizond, and the command of the sea, the position of a Russian force, even in Erzeroum, cannot be regarded as perfectly secure; by a Turkish advance from Batoum, especially, communication might be interrupted and plans frustrated.

On the side of the Turks we must note that they appear, in a second fight, to have made good their footing at Sukhum Kale, and that they appear also to have been successful in arming and inspiring the insurgents of the Caucasus.*

It is probable that, while this paper is passing through the press, some events of importance may take place. Our endeavour has been so to place the condition of the war before our readers that the bearing and importance of such events may be apprehended. We think that the Turkish navy ought, ere long, to give us some proof of its activity, and it would not surprise us if fur-

* It is claimed, on the part of the Russians, that they foresaw the rising, and are prepared to deal with it. If they had foreseen it, they would surely have made it impossible by retaining an army in the Caucasus. Prevention was easier than cure. A telegram (for confirmation of whose news we cannot wait before going to press) affirms that the Russian general in the Caucasus has been obliged by the Circassians to fall back.

ther successes of the Russians in Armenia should be reported before the end of the month.

The Caspian Sea is wholly Russian, and from that side Russia may be able to check any of the Eastern Caucasians who may be inclined to give her trouble. But the very area of the districts in which insurrection is possible is alone embarrassing to her. She must occupy so much ground in preventing and keeping down revolt—that is, she must maintain so many troops at home—that the forces disposable against the external enemy may be reduced to a considerable extent. One notable means of setting her foot firmly in Armenia this summer was the launching of almost unlimited masses of troops against the Turkish force there—saving in time what she might lose by her vast armament. Now, if she cannot continue to bring up the intended reinforcements, and the Turks among the mountains are allowed breathing-time to strengthen their passes and bring up their guns and munitions, Armenia will be still free in November. We thought when we read the rather pompous announcement that Ardahan had been taken, and that *henceforth* Russian civil rule was established there, that there were various possible contingencies, any of which might throw ridicule on the writer of it. The political complications of this war, the scope for naval enterprise, and the surprising diversions of which it admits, render it, to observers, of the very highest interest.

It is matter of congratulation that the war has begun, and one month of it has passed over, without the interference of any of the great Powers being imminent. The prospect is, we fear, but gloomy; nevertheless such hopes of an early peace as seem to consist at all with pro-

bability are worth noting. “The speedy and brilliant success of the Russians,” say some calculators, “would end the war at once. Russia has no desire for annexation now, and would be content with victory.” This has not been Russia’s favourite way of finishing wars; but, under present circumstances, it is possible that *éclat* would satisfy her. There be others who say that the Turk might make his peace even now, if he would but give a guarantee for good behaviour. That the Turk seems very unlikely to do just now. A third party trusts that, if the war should last a few months without being very decisive, both sides may recoil a little from the prospect before them, and allow their friends to propose a settlement of the quarrel. When it is remembered that Russia will scarcely be allowed to reap material benefit from the invasion, that her expenses must be enormous and inconvenient, and that she is in daily danger of treading on the toes of some Power whose interposition would alter the whole aspect of the war, there does seem a chance that, after a few months’ reflection, the unhappy strife may be composed in this way, that poverty and not will may consent to a reconciliation. Thus, any way, there is hope; for nobody will for a moment entertain the idea of the Turks being in a marked manner successful. While expectation is thus exercised, and history is shaping itself, we trust that the nations will not forget that the responsibility for this unjust, unnecessary, and dangerous war rests chiefly on Russia; that she lies under suspicion of selfish motives; and that the curbing of efforts for acquisition, and the confinement of States rigidly within legitimate compass, are necessary to the repose and well-being of Europe.

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